



The Observer & Eccentric

SUBURBAN LIFE

1-C (0)

AUGUST 1, 1974

Till I grow up . . .

Being three and something less than tall can be exhausting. You may have forgotten how much energy it takes to find a tree with a branch low enough to swing from. But once I find the branch, I don't just swing.

Suddenly, what I'm hanging from becomes a whole new world. The bark is filled with lines and shapes. Sometimes little animals and plants appear. And it really takes quite a while to find out all those things.

I guess that's what being a kid is all about.

I hear grown-ups say they're glad they're grown up. From where I stand (usually close to the ground) being young and little has numerous advantages.

I CAN (and grown-ups don't) put my

emotions up front. A blade of grass intrigues me as much as an animal in the zoo. I can run and jump and skip and nobody thinks it's strange that I'm happy. I can love a doll or a friend and no one says how silly I am. And when I'm hurt or feel bad, I can cry without being teased.

Best of all I can play . . . all day long. I can push a baby carriage or balance on a curb or ride a bike with both feet on the handlebars. My only time clock is energy. When that goes I just stretch out and someone picks me up and puts me to bed.

Every day is a new discovery for me, whether I realize that rain puddles are fun to jump in or that puppies feel soft and smooth on my hands.

Yea, I think I'll be a kid for a while. At least until I grow up. After all, looking up at things is more fun than being a grown up who's always looking down.



Photographed by Barbara McClellan

