

Ease and Do[©]

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It's Just My Imagination

and I'm letting it run away with me.

Recently I read about a newly retired New Yorker who purchased a modest farm in Portugal. The property had been on the market for some time; the owners, heirless and long-deceased. Nobody had much interest in buying the property or in peering inside the barn with the welded-shut, steel doors.

Our New Yorker bought the farm (and lived to tell) and proceeded to crack his way into the mysterious barn. Much to his surprise there were scores of vintage autos within; total value in excess of \$35 million. Man, what a great way to retire! A most excellent story!

Ah but then reality sets in...

The farm, the barn and its welded-shut steel doors does exist; the original owner is also very much alive. The contents of the barn- yup, over \$35 million in vintage autos that the owner, a former auto dealer had collected over time. The pictures were taken in an effort to document the collection; the story- a modern invention, an urban legend.

Well, perhaps it was a bit far-fetched, but for a brief feel-good moment I chose to believe and it was worth it to me. For a moment I was transported away from a world where terror, catastrophe and politics are more prevalent than high-fives and hugs. It's not that I advocate 'escaping reality' but I believe that a healthy imagination goes a long way.

The potential of a child is limited to large extent by the depth of their imagination. An umbrella becomes a parachute, an empty room is magically filled with *real* friends and a towel becomes a Superman cape, capable of imparting truly amazing powers. Through the eyes of a child *anything* is possible and better still, a child is neither embarrassed by nor fearful of the possibility. Think about it! Imagination opens us to possibility; possibility paves the way for potential and potential is the gateway to reality. That sounds like an incredible recipe for success, doesn't it?

It seems to me that many adults take the imagination for granted and give it less credit than it deserves; I suppose it just doesn't fit their idea of being a grown-up. Regardless of the camp you're in, consider this. Think of those times when you're

struggling to devise a plan, generate novel ideas or write that proposal; the ideas might be lurking but they just don't come out the right way. What do you suppose might happen if at times like these you started listening to your inner child? How would it feel to open yourself to possibility, even that which at first blush seems far-fetched or dare I say, childish? What is the risk? Assuming that you'll properly vet the outcome anyway, I don't really believe there is *any* risk. On the other hand the potential is considerable. By letting go of the stuffy adultitude (that is, adult attitude) you might just find that your creativity reaches new heights.

Listen, I'm not suggesting we all start dressing up like Superman and jumping from chairs. Good old common sense matters, but maybe it's time we paid attention to our inner-child.

Just imagine the possibilities!