



To Be Six Again

To Whom It May Concern:

I hereby officially tender my resignation as an adult.
I have decided I would like to accept the responsibilities of a 6 year old again.

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I want to go to McDonald's and think that it's a four star restaurant.
I want to sail sticks across a fresh mud puddle and make ripples with rocks.
I want to think M&Ms are better than money, because you can eat them.
I want to play kickball during recess and paint with watercolors in art.
I want to lie under a big Oak tree and run a lemonade stand with my friends on a hot summers' day.

I want to return to a time when life was simple.

When all you knew were colors, addition tables and simple nursery rhymes, but that didn't bother you, because you didn't know what you didn't know and you didn't care.

When all you knew was to be happy because you didn't know all the things that should make you worried and upset.

I want to think that the world is fair.
That everyone in it is honest and good.
I want to believe that anything is possible.

Somewhere in my youth, I matured and I learned too much.

I learned of nuclear weapons, war, prejudice, starvation and abused children.
I learned of lies, unhappy marriages, suffering, illness, pain and death.
I learned of a world where men left their families to go and fight for our country, and returned only to end up living on the streets begging for their next meal.
I learned of a world where children knew how to kill and did!

What happened to the time when we thought that everyone would live forever, because we didn't grasp the concept of death?

When we thought the worst thing in the world was if someone took the jump rope from you or picked you last for kickball?

I want to be oblivious to the complexity of life and be overly excited by little things once again. I want to return to the days when reading was fun and music was clean.

When television was used to report the news or for family entertainment and not to promote sex, violence and deceit.

I remember being naive and thinking that everyone was happy because I was. I would walk on the beach and only think of the sand between my toes and the prettiest seashell I could find.

I would spend my afternoons climbing trees and riding my bike. I didn't worry about time, bills or where I was going to find the money to fix my car.

I used to wonder what I was going to do or be when I grew up, not worry about what I'll do if this doesn't work out.

I want to live simple again.

I don't want my day to consist of computer crashes, mountains of paperwork, depressing news, how to survive more days in the month than there is money in the bank, doctor bills, gossip, illness and loss of loved ones.

I want to believe in the power of smiles, hugs, a kind word, truth, justice, peace, dreams, the imagination, mankind and making angels in the snow.

I want to be 6 again.

--- Author Unknown

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