

Why Grow Up?

by Liz Gibbons

When I think about it, I don't think being an adult really works for me. When I walk past a playground I am often moved to try out the swings or see if I can propel myself across the length of the monkey bars. Many children's storybooks are much more exciting and imaginative than most of the best seller adult books, and I have absolutely no interest in adult romance novels.

As a child I got to play all day, that is, until I became old enough to sit at a desk for much of the year to be indoctrinated into the ways of society. Even then I did have lots of vacations and three months off in the summer. I don't go to double feature movies on Saturday afternoons with friends the way I did in my youth. I did not have to keep track of my expenses to report them to my parents as I now must do annually for the IRS. I seldom had problems to deal with. Being an adult brought some challenges which I would have been happy to do without. My meals just appeared at set times. I was up as soon as the sun rose and had lots of energy to last me through the day. I laughed a lot and dreamed of living on a ranch in Arizona and being able to ride horses all day.

Why do we look forward to growing up? Life turns so serious then. We are expected to be role models for younger people, and often forego our dreams because we have others who are depending on us. We are told not to be outrageous, to dress as fashion decrees, and to act as society dictates. Why do we even consider letting others control our life? That's partly why I ditched my TV. I want to determine my own beliefs. I want to keep exploring new ideas, eat dessert first, bug my kids, find out how much noise I can make running my metal cane along the rods on a metal fence, and go to a multiplex theater to see how many movies I can view in a day. Some may think I need professional help. I agree. A cook, a housekeeper, and a personal shopper should do.

One thing I did figure out is what I want to be. That was easy. Younger.