

Imaginations

By Sheila Johnson

It has often been written, published, and spoken that our imaginations have the ability to run wild. In fact, they can be so untamed that they are able to run toward us like wild horses or wild geese or an angry herd of elephants. According to Wikipedia, imagination is defined as: "The faculty or action of forming new ideas, or images or concepts of external objects not present to the senses." Miriam Webster's lexicon expresses it this way: "The act or power of forming a mental image of something not present to the senses or never before wholly perceived in reality." My dear friends of the Universe, I question if these definitions are tried and true.

In our human imagination as the world became older and wiser, we could not have envisioned a piece of metal being transported by coal, steam, gasoline, or aeronautics. The minds of Africans and Native Americans were not equipped to dream of genocide. The people of Ireland and Germany and Russia were not able to extend their imaginations to the government inflicted inhumane sufferings led by those posing to protect their people. While our imaginations were yet shy and naïve, we were thrust into the reality of the Great Depression, Hiroshima, and Auschwitz. Never, in our wildest imaginations, did we think these events could be formed in the minds of others; we never fathomed that they would indeed become pages, chapters, and volumes of books in the course of world history. And now that our imaginations have matured, and are truly running wild, we have the pleasure of eating genetically modified organisms, disappearing into sink holes, and braving the effects of climate change.

Yet on the other hand, I am grateful for the many diligent and brilliant minds that in their wild imaginations gave and continue to give the world life changing and lifesaving inventions. There are so many whose lives we could not share had it not been for the development of pacemakers, stem cell production, organ transplants, cell phones, laser surgery, blood transfusions, genetic testing, and the list goes on.

I am thankful that the only limit is the sky, and that Martin had a wild dream about little black boys and little white girls, and Theresa had wild compassion for the suffering, and Winston wildly owned the market on optimism for the world, and they all wildly shared it with the Universe. I am overjoyed that our minds can go where the wild things live; that we can dream of unbridled peace; and we can even imagine wildly making love to lovers we may never meet. I imagine that Wikipedia and Miriam are wildly correct.