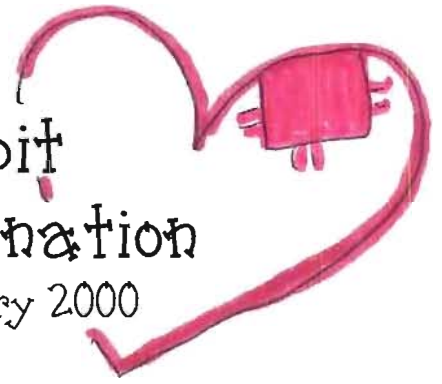
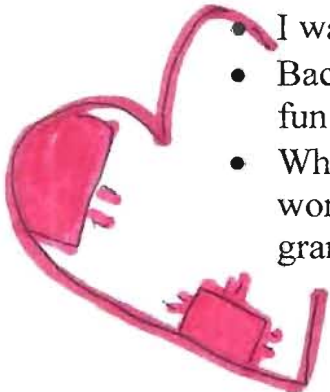


# After Completing Spit Here's My Formal Resignation

By Diane L. Tondreau-Flohr January 2000

- I am hereby officially submitting my resignation as an adult.
- I have decided I would like to be a kid again.
- I want to eat a happy meal, and truly be happy about it.
- I want to splash in a fresh mud puddle and not worry about the laundry, or God forbid--a stain!
- I want to skip a stone across the water and make ripples, and then—up and decide that it's a good day to go wading with my pants rolled up, and not worry that I haven't shaved my legs.
- I want to build sand castles and feel the warmth of the sun on my face and not worry about wrinkles or how I look in my bathing suit.
- I want to be able to get ready in 5 minutes and spend my money on more important things than makeup, perms and panty hose.
- I want to believe that anything's possible, my dreams will come true, and that a kiss really will make it all better.
- I want to believe in Santa, the Tooth Fairy, and Happily-Ever-After again.
- I want to feel rich—because I have a .50 cent allowance, feel lucky—because I have a best friend, and feel beautiful—(just like a princess) because my daddy said I was.
- I want lemonade and Hawaiian Punch instead of caffeine and coffee.
- I want a hot dog that tastes better than filet mignon.
- I want to grow taller and smarter with each year, instead of wider and more senile.
- I want to eat anything I want and never gain an ounce!
- I want to be excited that I have another candle on my birthday cake, and not worry that blowing them out will set off the smoke alarm.
- I want to live simply again...
- Back in a time where getting to the top of the hill was half the fun...and I wasn't worried about being over it or worse yet—under it!
- Where the only thing I took for granted, was the fact that I was wonderfully and unconditionally loved, because my parents and grandparents were all still alive.

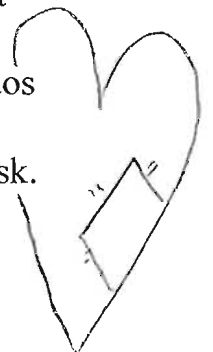


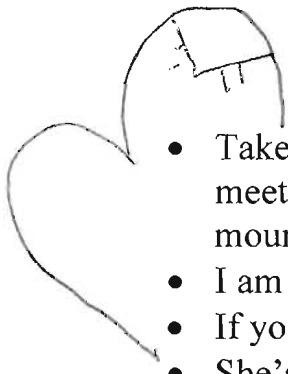


- When all I knew were colors, Once-upon-a-time, silly songs and nursery rhymes.
- No one graded, critiqued, or evaluated me; no tests, no drill and kill.
- And... it didn't bother me that I didn't know what I didn't know, because I didn't care that I didn't!
- All I knew was that everything always turned out OK, because my mom said it would, and I remember that mostly it did!
- I want fireflies, sparklers, and "I'm so proud of you!" to light up my world again.
- I want to think that life is fair, winning isn't everything...and that everyone is caring and good, honest and sincere.
- I want to be innocent and trusting again.
- I want to believe like the bumble bee, that I CAN fly, even though quantum physics and other realities of life say I can't.
- I want to have that imagination back that soars me on to new heights and discoveries; where each day is an adventure, and an awesome journey, not just a traffic-jammed destination.
- I want to see the world behind those rose-colored glasses, wide-eyed with wonder.
- I want to believe that anything IS possible, and
- I can be anything I want to be when I grow up...and
- That money, race, gender and education really won't matter.
- Because God really did create everyone equal.
- I want to turn mountains into mole hills, living a carefree existence, not even knowing the definition of worry, oblivious to the hate, frustration and injustice in the world.
- I want to be interested and get extremely excited by all the wonderful little things...like wishing on a star, writing my name in cursive, baking cookies, and listening to my grama Lydia play the piano.
- I want to blow on a dandelion puff, pluck the petals from a daisy and know that He really does love ME!
- I want to get lost under my blankets, with the safety of my flashlight and the excitement of a Nancy Drew mystery; where I travel the world by simply turning pages...and where going to grama and grampa's is better than getting on a Caribbean cruise.
- I want to feel the "I'll love you forever, just the way you are." hugs from them, where I was safe and everything really was alright with the world—when I was on their laps, and in their arms.



- I want to race with the wind wearing my Mary Janes with the little silver hearts on them, roller skate down the block trying to catch my twin, or zoom down the street on my bike, feeling proud that I didn't have training wheels anymore; instead of racing against the clock and trying to cram one more thing into an already frenzied day.
- I want to reach for the sky while swinging on my swing set, and feel the dizzy affect as I lean back and look at the oceans of blue.
- I want to pretend to be a mommy in my playhouse, pick wildflowers, and then cartwheel down the hill into the sweet-smelling grass to lie contentedly on my back, watching the cloud puffs float by.
- I want to cut, color and paste, and know I'm a Rembrandt, because my mom and Nana have their own private collection displayed on the fridge.
- I want to climb the fragrant apple-blossomed branches to my tree house, and not worry about falling down and breaking something, or whether my insurance will cover the mishap if I did.
- I want to feel brilliant when I earn a gold star, and be able to achieve it, do it—just because my parents believed I could, and told me so.
- I want to plop down in the snow and make angels, catch flakes on my tongue, sail down the slopes on my sled—and not worry how goofy and heavy I look, bundled up in pink snow pants, with plastered-down hair, under a mismatched pompon hat.
- Give me Toys R Us instead of Wall Street, a sand pail instead of a purse, and a little read coaster wagon for my lawn mower.
- I'll take laughter over logic, and recess instead of the rat-race.
- I turn in my high heels for flip-flops.
- Give me the awesome fascination of the stars, the thrill of a sleeping bag, and the wonder of the future.
- I need the health and vitality, the zest for living, and that non-stop energy too!
- A time when I didn't wanna go to bed, and I couldn't wait to bounce out of it the next morning!
- I don't want my day to consist of hassles, hurry, hate and all the rest of the hurricane disasters in the world.
- Let me exchange computers, cell phones, coupons, credit cards, chaos and my check book, for crayons, cartoons, comfort, and ice cream.
- I want a teddy bear instead of a time card, and a doll house not a desk.
- So....here's my purse, the car and its payments, my unbalanced budget, and my alarm clock too.





- Take my responsibilities, deadlines, daily juggling of appointments, meetings, and the 101 hats I wear---along with all the rest of the paper mountain that threatens to bury me.
- I am officially resigning from the anxiety of adulthood!
- If you want to discuss this further, take it up with my mom.
- She's not only my chauffeur she also knows everything!
- Or...if you really want my opinion, you'll just have to catch me first. Because...
- I'm playing Hide and Go Seek in my bathtub, where for just a little while, amidst the bubbles, I can be a little girl again...Once-Upon-A-Time.

