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*Coaching***NEWSLETTER****May 2007****Denise Hedges**denise@lifeworkcoaching.comwww.lifeworkcoaching.com**[Forward this newsletter to a friend](#)****This Issue:****The Boy with the Klondike Bar****Table of Contents:****The Boy with the Klondike Bar**

For busy professional women and small business owners wanting more success and fulfillment in their careers and more time, balance, and joy in their personal lives.

The Boy with the Klondike Bar

There he was as we were about to leave the store. A little guy about three years old, cute as could be, coming up to the counter with a Klondike Bar in his hands. Coming up to the counter doesn't exactly describe it. He was excitedly bouncing from foot to foot on his toes like little ones do, straining to hold his purchase out in front of him over his head so the checkout lady could reach it, his eyes wide, ready for the sweet payoff. We're talkin' pure ice cream possibility manifesting itself as a kind of quaking, shaking excitement throughout his whole little body. The anticipation was all consuming. He was about to have ICE CREAM... very, very soon!

But there was the matter of payment. A temporary roadblock. He ran over to Mom, got the money, and repeated the little dance with the cashier. It was really fun to watch. We didn't get to see him open the bar and eat it, but I'm sure he enjoyed it. And you didn't think they sold anything at the Walgreens outside the pharmacy section that could produce that kind of whole body thrill. That's because you're an adult. If you're three, that place is a pleasure palace.

It got me thinking how I would love to feel that kind of pure joyful exuberance welling up, uncontainable, in the pure possibility of the moment... over something as commonplace as a Klondike Bar. I remember the feeling. It's just been a while.

But I was just like that little guy once. We all were. I have home movies of me when I was that age. There I am on Christmas morning running down the stairs in happy anticipation, opening the packages, my face beaming, waving my arms in delight at the Bissell Little Homemaker Kit, complete with miniature iron and ironing board!!!

So what happened? I got older. I got jaded and worldly-wise.

Klondike Bars are pretty good, but they add empty calories and make me feel guilty. And ironing just doesn't hold the same magical appeal it did then.

And I experienced disappointments. You know what would have happened if someone had denied our little friend his ice cream that day. It wouldn't have been pretty. He would have been tearfully disappointed and angry at the world around him. Figuratively speaking, I've had my Klondike bar taken away from me... more than once or twice. I'm sure you have too.

And what do we tell ourselves in the wake of those disappointments? Better not to expect too much... to hope for too much... to dream too big. Better to make do with what you have and be happy enough with that. Yeah, that makes sense. Limit the disappointment. Limit the pain.

But that means saying goodbye to the excitement... the exuberance... the joy of the little three-year old that's still inside us.

Good idea? I don't think so.

Do you?

Just consider that what we really want isn't the Klondike bar, the thing itself... the actual object of our desire. It's the feeling. It's the anticipation. It's the pure possibility that lights us up and makes us happy when we think about having it.

We have things backwards. Follow me closely here.

We want what we want, but when we get it, ***the having of it*** isn't nearly as satisfying as ***the wanting of it*** was exciting. Did you ever feel a letdown after Christmas morning was done or your birthday party was over, even though you got everything you wanted? Sure. That's a normal human reaction.

So, if anticipation is a really great experience and the realization of your dream usually isn't as great, maybe we should put more emphasis on enjoying the pursuit of happiness and less on actually capturing the prize.

My advice? It's okay to want a lot. Life's short. Play big!

It all starts with re-capturing the spirit of the boy with the Klondike bar, allowing that child-like enthusiasm to animate your whole body and soul again as you enjoy the anticipation of lots of good things to come.

Because that's where the sweetness in life really is.

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