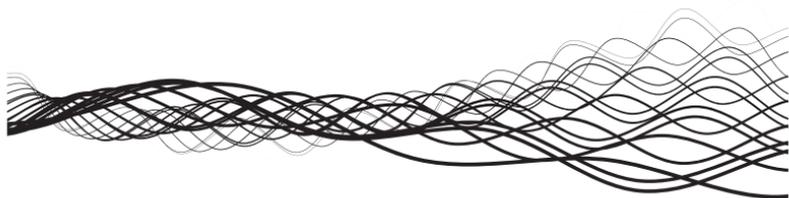


introduction



I want us to take a walk through a playground. But I don't want us to do so with all of our years of experience behind us. I want us to approach it with the wonder of a two year old, a child just learning that they can interact with and control their environment. From their vantage point a few feet off the ground, slides look like giants. The world is fresh, not having been dulled by life. The kaleidoscope of color stretching across the wood chips in front of us seems a forest of excitement waiting to be explored.

We toddle past horses set on massive springs and ladders that stretch to eternity. We climb stairs that force us to get on our hands and knees and pull ourselves up with all our might. Looking at the ground from the top of the slide makes us feel queasy and giddy all at the same time. The rush of sliding is a feeling we never tire of.

RESONANT FREQUENCY

It's as if happiness was bottled and then poured out in one place and then covered in woodchips.

The more we explore, the more we find.

Then we see it. At the edge of the playground is a strange device. It isn't as exciting looking as the rest. There are no massive colorful pieces like the rest of the playground. In fact, this piece looks forgotten. Small seats hang suspended from chains that tie into pipes. It looks like someone painted those pipes long ago, spots of yellow smile thinly through rust.

You toddle over and realize that you can't get on it yourself. Unlike the slide, there are no stairs you can climb. You push one of the seats and it moves easily, but it seems pretty boring, so you move on.

Then she comes along. She's four, maybe even six years old. And she knows the playground. She's ridden the springy horse, and knows every slide, every ladder and stair. But she ignores those things. Confidently she strides past them to the old rusty poles.

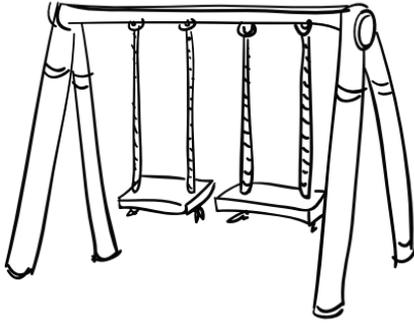
She sits down and begins rocking. What is she doing? Doesn't she know that slides are way more fun than that old thing?

But soon she is no longer rocking. She's soaring. Gravity doesn't seem to apply to her as she rockets back and forth. She smiles and closes her eyes, her legs moving in perfect rhythm with the movement of the swing. When it reaches it's apex, she leans back, her hair dangling as the swing moves. When she reaches the other end, she sits up and pulls her legs under her. Back and forth she goes.

Realizing you have underestimated that contraption, you move in its direction. Unable to climb up yourself your mom

places you in the seat. You try to move your legs like the big girl, but you go nowhere. You realize that you've got a lot to learn. Your mom smiles and has mercy on you and pushes you gently in the back. You soon learn what the big girl already knew:

Swinging is amazing.



Most of us learned to swing so early in life we don't remember the process. Children don't sit on swings and instinctively know what to do. Their legs dangle, and their hands grip the chains in little white knuckled death grips. They see the other kids swinging and jerk back and forth, but the swing goes nowhere. We all started off with someone, a parent, a grandparent, a babysitter, pushing us until we learned to move with the rhythm of the swing, maximizing it's back and forth motion and our center of gravity to fly.

Eventually, you learn and instinctively pump your legs to the rhythm of the swing, moving it back and forth in ever extending arcs until you feel you could touch the clouds. Kids don't care about why a swing works. They just want to swing. Swings work

RESONANT FREQUENCY

because of one thing: Resonant Frequency. Don't worry about the details, there will be time for that later. For now realize:

Life is like that swing.

Sometimes we feel like the two year old, looking at the big kids who seem to be having fun, and we look dismayed as our feet dangle beneath us, realizing there has to be more, but we don't know how to make it go.

We know one thing for sure:

Swings were made for more than this.

What we really need, is a push.