

beastly IMAGINATION

I was zipping along through my neighborhood, just my sneakers and me, on a beautiful after-work afternoon feeling the simple pleasure of daylight living longer. A UPS truck was parked at my neighbor's house and I watched the UPS girl begin to walk across the large expanse of lawn with a brown package in her hand.

Yet when she heard dogs barking, she stopped to listen closely to which direction the yapping may have erupted. She couldn't see them behind the house and she wanted to make sure no animals were coming to eat her. The girl began again toward the house, but decided she wasn't taking any biting chances with these unseen doggies, and instead retreated to her truck.

I called across, "It's okay. They're fenced." and she trusted, and finished the delivery onto the porch, packing up her fear as well.

How often do we stop ourselves from doing something because we fear something we cannot see? Our imagination sneaks an imaginary beast into the scenario, ready to pounce us, when sometimes our worries are based on nothing. Instead, we chicken out to what we want to try, and retreat to safety. Fear not, remain strong.

**let's get the package
all the way to the porch**