Children, all ages, colors and shapes;

Children, imagination, friendship, fantasy;

Children, sometimes bad, often bad, but what is bad?

Children!
Children at play — they do as they please — running and jumping, as free as a breeze. They use their playthings to build and create, trying to make sense of “what is” and “what ain’t.”

Children, at first they’re seldom afraid to say what they mean and mean what they say; their minds are wide open they listen and try to build upon dreams reaching up to the sky.

Children, their playthings are the “tools of their trade,” they use them to find out how everything’s made; their toys are the stuff that help them to grow, and to understand what they once didn’t know.

A child’s life is limited in so many ways — he stays in the neighborhood most of his days. But children have a magic all their very own, it’s their special way of travelling far from home.

Children can imagine a make believe place, where everything happens and there’s plenty of space; They act without fear of making mistakes, something we grownups give up for what seems to be “higher stakes.”

Children, mad, glad, serious, or just wanting to play, have different moods each and every day; Whatever your child means, or is, to you there’s one thing that you must make sure to do; give him the chance to be free to explore, for only he can open that “magic door.”