

# perspective

**Perspective.** I really learned the value of it one day when my daughter came home from school, beaming. “Great news, Mom! It’s my lucky day. I’ve been chosen Chairperson of my class.”

I don’t have to tell you how proud I was. So much so, that it didn’t occur to me to question her good fortune—even though she was only four years old at the time. Rather, I was reassured to know that her teacher was so “on the ball” that she recognized the leadership potential in Annie so early in her school career. I had to fight the urge to whip out my Rolodex and call everyone I knew to brag.

When my husband came home, Annie again proudly announced, “Dad, I’m the Chairperson of my class.” To my surprise Peter asked, “Just what does the Chairperson do in a room full of four-year-olds?”

“After snack, I put the chairs back under the tables,” she answered.

The earth stopped spinning. I stammered, “What are you talking about?”

“See, Mom, there’s the Trash Person, the Napkin Person, and the Chair Person. And I’m the Chair Person!” Peter cracked up laughing. I, on the other hand, was thanking my lucky stars that I had refrained from alerting the media of their need to do a featured segment on my child prodigy.

What a lesson in perspective! I believed my child was exceptional, and her being selected to what I thought was a leadership position supported this belief. I never looked for another meaning.

Faulty perspectives are a part of human nature. They can be positive—in my case reminding me that my daughter was special. Or they can be negative—when we notice things that underscore our own belief that we are stupid or klutzy or unappreciated, etc.

It’s been said that reality is of our own choosing. What you choose to see can keep you healthy or make you sick. It’s your choice. Choose well. And as for me, if my daughter ever comes home announcing she is President, I will be smart enough to ask, “Of what?” before I shout it from the rooftops.