

# Happy Places 2.0

By Anna Von Reitz



Many years ago, my Sister and I learned to retreat from life's many challenges, simply by closing our eyes and going to our "Happy Place". By the rules of our game, our Happy Place could be a favorite actual place, or a place we created in our imagination. Either way, it had to be a place where we felt safe and at peace and.....well,..... happy.

This little game between Sisters kept our hearts and minds free.

Bored senseless waiting for a dental appointment? Never mind. It's okay. Check out for a few moments and visit one of your Happy Places.

Frustrated to tears? No problem. That special beach is waiting for you.

Tired? Sad? Bury your senses and your grief in the comforts of nature. Feel the wind or the water washing away your cares.

Sure, it's all in your mind, but would you rather stare steadfastly at the back of an airplane seat for four hours?

Or let somebody else, like Hollywood, pick your mental destination?

Our own dreams are always better.

So use your capacity to imagine and visualize and put it to good use.

My Sister's favorite Happy Place is a little wooden beach cabin, weathered and grey, with wood shingles and a front porch that has a railing, and bright colored flowers, red geraniums and pink petunias, in hanging baskets, well-worn rocking chairs, and a table with a checkerboard. Braided rugs in tones of blue and white, cream and orange.

Over the years she has described her Happy Place until it has become one of my special places, too.

I know where she goes when she is hurt, or frightened, or lonely.

Whatever "real" life throws at you, you are blessed to have your Happy Places, your little bits of Heaven, to comfort you, close by as a thought.

In your Happy Place, you can always draw a deep breath.

So, now, I am encouraging everyone to step it up a bit, and stretch your imaginations. Add to your Happy Places. Expand upon them. Take a walk down the beach to the next cove.

Think about the setting of your Happy Place. What kind of place is it? What kind of community would it belong to? Imagine that community. Would it have a bakery? A General Store? A ballpark?

What kind of people live in your town? Are they happy, healthy, and friendly? Do they know you? What have you been doing in this community? Fixing cars? Building houses? Working at the library? Pulling fresh loaves of bread out of the big oven at the bakery? Selling tickets at the railway station? Nursing the sick and the elderly? Maybe you are a brewmaster, making a fine single malt whiskey? Or a grocer, putting up a display of fresh blueberries in paper boxes?

Maybe you are a writer, a fisherman, or a garlic farmer.

It's up to you, it's your town. It's your life. You are in control of what goes on inside your head, even if the world around you seems dangerously out of control. You have the right and the ability to create your own town, and your own world.

Soon, you will carry this ability forward into your physical life, too, and what you create will only be limited by you. Instead of just imagining it, you will be able to build it. And share it.

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