As a child, I was reckless, wild, carefree and listless. I ran barefoot in the backyard not even bothering to think about stepping on a bee. I hung upside down from my knees on the monkey bars; I wasn't going to fall. My best friend and I would ride around the neighborhood on our bikes shouting "Look, Ma! No hands!" Nothing could go wrong. On the off chance that I did fall off of my bike or scrape my knee, my mother was always there to mend me with the classic approach of "I'll kiss it and make it better." It was a system that never failed. Now that I am an adult and I can look back on those carefree days, I can't help but think about all that has changed. In the adult world of bills and taxes, laundry and broken hearts, what ever happened to "kiss it and make it better?"

In the life of an 8 year old, it is so easy not to have a care in the world. When your main concerns are finishing the third grade and picking out a Halloween costume, not much else matters. Why do things have to become so complicated? As early as high school, people have to start worrying about getting a job to pay for their cars, saving up for college or paying off student loans, or fighting off rumors that had no reason to be started in the first place. It seems that we can chalk up those experiences to the first time anyone has their heart broken.

The first time you love someone is overpowering. It is the type of feeling that leaves you without fear. The minutes spent with the one you love are totally free of reservation and full of pure, unabashed joy. An "I love you" actually means something and simply holding hands can make you feel faint. For the lucky ones, those feelings don't fade and nothing goes wrong. For the others, first heartbreak ensues. Because you have no frame of reference for love (or for heartbreak), you have no shield. And for the rest of your life, the idea that love can hurt so badly will alter and restrain just a bit. Closing off your heart can lead to cynicism, bad moods and an aversion to future relationships. We start to fret about bills and rumors. Wouldn't it be so much easier if we had a "kiss it and make it better" button to fix those unpleasant situations?

So what do we do? How do we turn the awful times into joyful ones? Where is our "easy" button? As cliché as it may sound, it takes time. You have to wake up every day and make the conscious effort to have a positive outlook on life. You have to learn to accept your defeats with your head up, with refinement and not heartache. In time, things don't hurt as much and you can finally look back on the good times and truly remember the *good* times. We may not have an easy button. It isn't as simple as kissing something and making it instantly better… but we can take comfort in the fact that we won't cry over spilled milk forever. We're big kids now.