

My best friend died today 13.10.05 and this is something he wrote when we worked together on The Kidz Dream Team. It represents the true spirit of what everyone feels; he had the courage to reach into himself to find this:

Window on the World

by

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"a parent and a businessman"

I cannot count the numerous international trips that I have taken over the past 15 years and I cannot describe the sense of detachment that one gets traveling alone around the planet. However, I noticed that no matter where I was, and no matter the mental state, corporate and financial pressures I was living, one thing always brought a sense of warmth and made me smile, it was the children.

Whether I was sitting in taxicabs in congested city centers or waiting in cafes for my next appointment to close the next "big deal", simply observing the children of the world always threw me in a different zone. A zone where I could not help but notice how similar the children are: full of innocent energy, playing in make believe worlds and inspired by youthful dreams and hopes.

Although quite intangible at the present moments, I also felt a sadness that not many of these children would really and truly reach their full potential due to the adult systems that surround them. I always wonder which one of these kids will become the next great political leaders, scientists, architects, artists, athletes or corporate leaders of the world if we, adults, would just let them carry out their dreams.

This moment of realization occurred under the most mundane of circumstances during a business trip to Japan few years ago. I landed at Nerita Airport and was traveling through the streets of Tokyo in a taxicab in a virtual state of comatose from the Trans-Pacific jet lag. The humidity was already unbearable although it was only early spring! It was late afternoon and I had to rush to my hotel to take a shower and get dressed for a supper appointment. The taxi was stopped at a traffic light at a medium sized intersection near the hotel, not far from the Imperial Palace (although I don't think I could ever find this intersection again). Just a few meters from the car, a young mother and a tiny little boy dressed in an immaculate school uniform with a matching cap and carrying a school bag on his back walked by the car. The little boy was bouncing and smiling something that I have not commonly seen in the typically reserved business world of Japan. All of a sudden, the boy managed to detach himself from his mother and started running on the narrow sidewalk towards a city park. The mother, in a moment of panic, quickly moved to take hold of him again and started to scold him. At that same moment, the traffic light changed and my taxi started to move through the intersection and I lost site of the little boy and his mother.

Although this incident was very innocent in nature, I thought to myself that this is something that is being replayed 1000's of times around the world every day and it truly made me realize, right there 10,000 kilometers away from home, that children and parents everywhere on the planet have the same desires, dreams and concerns.

Through every subsequent trip, everything I saw, whether it was with the unsettling feelings I got while watching kids running in the playground under the watchful eyes of concerned parents in a high security compound in Riyadh (just weeks after a car-bomb had taken out an entire block of homes and just a couple of days before the second war in neighboring Iraq); or the elegantly dressed mothers and fathers hurriedly escorting their kids through the wrought iron school gates before rushing off to work themselves in an upscale arrondissement in Paris at the break of the winter dawn sunlight; or while taking a brief respite from the intense negotiations in a downtown park in Hong Kong, with what seemed to be literally thousands of kids playing ball with their parents to celebrate the Mid-Autumn Festival, all the while discussing the finer details of a deal structure with the corporate lawyers; re-enforced these thoughts.

Also, every time I travel to a different place, I often wonder, how it would be if I had to raise my

children in the great cities that I visit (whether it be Boston, New York, Miami, Atlanta, Ottawa, Toronto, Chicago, Detroit, Winnipeg, Dallas, Denver, Phoenix, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Vancouver, Tokyo, Seoul, Singapore, Hong Kong, southern and inner Provinces of China, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, Kuwait, Muscat, Dubai, Abu Dhabi, Riyadh, Qatar, Bahrain, Cairo, Alexandria, Vienna, Sophia, Zurich, Geneva, Amsterdam, Brussels, Frankfurt, Munich, Paris, Madrid, Milan, Athens, or London just to name the few places that I can actually remember)? Each city and culture presents different dynamics that may stimulate certain inane abilities and interests in the children. But what if some of these children were not exposed to a broader spectrum of choices? How could I help in creating such a vehicle?

When presented with Michael's manifesto I immediately decided to contribute what I could to make this project a reality. I was attracted to the project, as The Kidz Dream Team enacts simplicity without engaging in potentially sensitive social, political or economic topics.

So in a world, which is ever more conscious of maintaining order and stability, I believe that the Kidz Dream Team can be used as an educational tool that will allow our children to be exposed to different ideas and concepts to make them understand that everyone can make a difference. However, this can only work if the adults enable the children to find their passion early enough in life. Early enough so that the reality of paying the rent and monthly bills doesn't affect the view of one self and shuts down or filters the internal flame to accomplish something great.

And hopefully, at the same time, this may even bring the world a little closer together by sharing these dreams around the planet.

By the way, that business deal in Tokyo never closed! Thanks for asking!

God Bless You My Friend_michael pokocky