

MY VIEW

By Victor Didkowsky, CFP

Is there a lesson to be learned?

As a child some of the most fun I had was when I was on a swing. Now as a father, let me share a story about a situation we can all relate to.

It was a beautiful summer day and I was sitting in a park near some swings when a man appeared with his young son, who may have been four years old. The young lad seemed delighted about the idea that his father wanted to place him on the swing, probably because it was a very large swing, much larger than the one he had at home. After some parental *coaching about the need to hold on tight with both hands*, the young lad was lifted onto the seat by his father and started to rock back and forth. As the father pushed from behind, the boy's face showed a smile that extended from ear to ear and the frequent shrieks of excitement could be heard in between the laughter. *What a grand time was being had!*

As the boy gained confidence and momentum, the father's assistance in pushing the swing lessened. Then all of a sudden the boy let go of the swing with one hand, lost his balance and came tumbling down to the ground. Now, the look on his face *changed to fear and disbelief*. The father came lurching forward to comfort his child and to also protect him from being struck from behind as the swing would inevitably come crashing back ... but it was too late and with a thump the seat hit the young lad square in the back of the head. Now *tears and screams* of pain was all that could be heard slicing through the air where only seconds ago, joy and laughter were the bellwether emotions.

As the father reached his son, he picked him up, *held him close and whispered tender loving words of understanding and support*. He kissed the boo-boo better, which was now starting to form a bump on the back of the boy's head, and then without missing a beat, *put his son right back onto the swing*. All along, reinforcing how much fun it was, what joy and rewards it provided to his son, but also *emphasizing once again how important it was to hold on tight with both hands and what the consequences were if he didn't*.

Why do you think the father put his son right back onto the swing? Why would he not instead allow the boy to wallow in the incident and provide the opportunity to let it manifest into something much larger and more significant than it actually was? Because of his genuine care, knowledge and concern for his son. He also knew that he needed to get him back on that swing right away and not allow this one incident to either alter or control his son's life.

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The analogy that I would like to draw, is one that compares what we have all just experienced. Without doubt the markets have been hitting us not only on the back of the head, but also straight between the eyes, for a long time now. My role has been to keep you focused on the big picture, encourage you to disregard the short term noise, pain and anxiety, hold you tight and whisper words of reassurance, support and understanding when your world seemed to be coming apart at the seams, just as the father did for his son.

For your own good, you need to trust me and get back onto the swing. Markets go up, markets go down, that is what they do. We need to hold on tight, control what we can and have faith and trust in not only the journey, but also the guidance and outcome of the final destination. ***That is also why we have a long-term commitment to each other, so we can see it through together.***

Never since the Great Depression have we had such an obvious opportunity to create wealth ... take advantage of it while it presents itself.

My most significant role is to understand your fears, dreams, desires, and emotions and then be the guardian of you and your loved ones financial dreams.

Like the bond between this father and son.

That is 'my view'.

Victor.