

August 13, 2026: Old News.



“Misery may love company, but so does Joy, and Joy throws much better parties.”

- Billy Ivey

I’ve got a birthday this week, and it’s not my first one. I’ll be simultaneously the oldest I have ever been, and the youngest I’ll ever be. That ought to make it hard to know what to wear to the party.

But I know that I will wear a smile. A smile rising out of gratitude for the many blessings, moments, challenges, love, and opportunities that have all conspired to bring me this far. That would also be a smile of self-forgiveness for my many mistakes, missteps, and failings along the way. But, more, it will be a smile of excitement, wonder, and hope for what the future still has in store for me, and perhaps for what service, love, wisdom, and grace I may yet have to give — and for the courage, curiosity, and caring to share. And, it would be a smile of contentment, connection, and love that I share in this present moment. This one. This one. And this one. My birthday is a gift unto itself. Come to my party!

Happy Thinksday.