

August 27, 2026: Shroom to Grow



"We rise by lifting others." - Robert Ingersoll

Sunday morning, like every morning, I stopped for a moment to look at the little patch of flowers at the end of the driveway. I spotted these mushrooms that sprang up from the ground overnight like a genie's magic- a seemingly impossible change in just a few hours. I snapped a picture because I thought it would delight Ruthanne. She's eleven and living life exuberantly in Louisiana. Of the many things that bring her joy are mushrooms, forest gnomes, and soft stuffies. Eleven in heaven! As I hit send to deliver the picture and my greeting south, I stopped to wonder: what overnight changes have I missed? Is she still excited about mushrooms, or perhaps she's moved on to something else---ponies, friends, koala bears, or who knows what? By holding up an image or reminder of what was winsome or momentarily defining about a loved one once, do we unintentionally fail to recognize who they are now? At 17, who wants even a beloved aunt to pinch their cheeks? People grow so fast, and new interests come alongside or pass by former ones. It's part of what makes kids (and larger people too) so endearing: the growth and maturing, the shift in perspectives and focus, the deepening and layering on of experience and insights, the letting go of some things and taking hold of new ones.

I thought a moment about how much (or how little) my understanding and connection to the people I love is always running behind the curve. My sons are not little boys anymore, and yet still my heart holds them in that frame without my thinking. In doing so, do I miss knowing who they are now a bit? The woman I love today is not the same woman I married—although she has the same name and paperwork. Life changes, we grow, we adapt, and we change. We are constantly evolving into someone new. So, too, is the other person, even if we don't always recognize and realize it at the same pace. None of us should stop growing and becoming--- we are not meant to be stuck. There are so many joys and wonders to delight us, and so many ways to reframe and embrace anew the familiar and long held joys. Who knows, someday we too may spring from the ground unexpectedly - or maybe not. But let's dance with the forest gnomes, sneak into the garden, and let's make cherished friends now just in case.....either way it goes.

On Monday morning, the mushrooms were already gone. I wonder if a gnome carried them home for some magical purpose.

Happy Thinksday Ruru, I love who you are!