

July 23, 2026 Sometimes I forget about anamnesis.



"To remember is to resurrect." - Elie Wiesel

Plato thought that much knowledge and understanding is innate; that we are born with it. Through anamnesis, we remember or (re)learn what we already know because it's been within us since birth. I'm not sure Plato thought instinctual behaviors of animals is the same, but somehow bees learn (or remember) how to dance out the directions to the delphiniums, penguins remember how to walk like Chaplin, and nuthatches know to walk on their hands. I don't believe there any schools where they can learn these things, are there?

So, isn't it odd, then, how easy it is to forget why we are doing whatever it is we are doing? We can get so caught up in getting things accomplished, making a living, meeting other peoples' expectations, and dutifully completing our tasks that we forget why we are striving so hard. Well, it happens to me, anyway; and I expect I'm not the only one. Passions become tasks. Visions become tunnels. Hopes become lost or hidden. And then... then a word of inspiration and encouragement or kindness is offered; a time of rest and rejuvenation comes along. A moment of anamnesis- remembrance and recognition- is triggered and we are given a time to regather, to correct our course, and to set off again passionately in pursuit of our hopes and visions, or perhaps in grateful presence and sanguinity. "Ahh yes, of course, I already knew that!" More often than not, my moment of anamnesis is not that of discovering or remembering who I am (although, for a long while I thought so), but of being reminded of who or what I'm striving to become, and more importantly, why. Because, as Michael Wyatt said, "When you know your why, you'll know your way". You probably already knew that.

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I won't name names here---but chances are excellent that it's you I'm speaking of who reawakens me: My heroes are those people in my life who trigger my anamnesis. A word, a way of being, a bit of advice, a kindness, observing how they treat others, their courage, their joyfulness, and their seemingly iron grasp* on who and what matters most are prickling reminders and inspirations to me to make a course correction and to keep striving. They ignite a rediscovering flash of remembering and recognition that pokes me- "Oh yes, I mean to be like that!"



**("Seemingly", because don't we all have hands that tremble at times, don't we all occasionally need someone or something to trigger our own anamnesis-to push our refresh button?)*

God is not done with me yet.....and neither are you.

Thank you. Thank you. Lead on!

Happy Thinksday.