

Hero Stories

I love hero stories – the ones where people rise through incredible odds to reach their goals, to make a difference, to give back. In one short life they go from tiny pebble, to actually Being the Mountain, to being a source of hope for others, a guide through twisting paths, full of sheer cliffs and rockslides.

I hope someday to be part of that climb up that mountain, to where the air is clear and the view is jaw dropping, buckle-your-knees gorgeous, and so worth all that work to get so high. Right now I’m in a little bit of a detour, stuck wading through the creek at the bottom of the mountain, feeling the water between my toes, and splashing and dancing and getting completely wet in the process. I believe that my path up that mountain requires that I live this portion of the trip to the fullest. I believe that perhaps there is someone who needs to reach the top, and I’m here to help them find their way, and reaching the tippy top may not be my story.

If I can help them learn to enjoy life, and live their dreams to the fullest, than my Mountain will have come to me. I will see the view through their eyes, through the eyes of the children who travel through my home – my own and the many others who find themselves digging through my cupboards, or sitting around my table. As they tiptoe out into the world, all cautious and shy, yet with encouragement ringing in their ears, as they start to find their way, and begin climbing their various mountains, I will get a chance to perch on their shoulders and see all that they become, all that they are able to achieve because I played in the puddles at the base of my own mountain!

I love hero stories. I hope someday to be a part of one!

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Great End

For every great hero – there is someone behind the scenes, washing clothes, or mending tears, making sure there’s dinner on the table or a cheery note in a lunchbox. For every great hero, there’s a mom or a dad or someone who stands in that spot to make all that hero work possible. Let’s remember the little ones around us, in our homes or in our communities, that just want someone to believe in them and send them flying off to find their rainbows or their shooting stars!