

Friends for a Season

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I went to a site this morning to look for a friendship poem that was running around in the back of my mind. It talks about friends being there for a reason, a season or a lifetime.

Here's the funny thing...sad really. The comments that followed the poem posted on someone else's blog were a huge mud-slinging fight over who wrote the poem. There were several "authors" each claiming to have written the original poem in a different year.

I just thought how interesting it was to have such acrimony over a poem about friendship. It's funny that it points to the truth. Friendships are one of the most valuable human experiences, but they are also one of the most tricky. It can be one of the things that gives the most joy in life and one that causes the most heart ache.

My friend John said one time, "I want to mature, not just grow older." Part of my process in the struggle to gain maturity and not just wrinkles is my outlook on friendship. In the last few years, I have really been working to embrace the idea of the poem I was looking for. Not all friendships last a lifetime, and I want to be ok with that. I want to value each friendship for what it is or for what it was.

I'm realizing that only a small handful of women are the ones that I'll still be close to when I'm old, but that I can reflect thankfully on a lifetime of friendships--

My childhood friends who shared secrets and firsts.

My college friends who shared dorm rooms and early independence.

My teaching friends who shared lesson plans and the joys and frustrations of a room full of children.

My toddler days friends who shared play groups and recipes.

My soccer field friends who shared cheering and consoling.

My church friends who shared faith, growth and lessons.



My neighbor friends who shared yard work, chats on the porch and split perennials.

I want to cherish them all and look back with love rather than regret or bitterness over ones that have faded. I have to confess that sometimes it's hard to let go with completely open hands, but that's my goal.

How are you dealing with friendships that have faded away? Do you ever struggle with that like I do?

