After a long morning of hiking and getting lost, I walked to the pebbled edge of the lake to wash my feet. When I looked up, a toddler with a smile of pure and fearless joy was running up to me. He stopped short, bent down to select a stone, and handed it to me, his face full of a hope so bold it was a knowing—that I’d think his gift as rich as gems. I smiled back. Like he had bowed to choose his gift, I bowed to accept it. I held the stone in my open palm to give it proper honor, loving not just the gift but how it came after the thought to give. He’d approached me empty-handed, found what he needed just when he needed it—nothing planned or stockpiled, as would be my way. I said, Thank you, and put the stone in my pocket. He ran back to his father, mother, sister. A beauty suffused the whole family. Maybe they were angels. Maybe we all take turns playing angel. Maybe I did earlier, for another child who’d come running down the mountain, crying, Can you help me? I’m lost! So we all are, so often. And then we’re found—someone appears, leads us back up the path or offers us a talisman of praise, and once again, we’re good enough for now.