

“I am still every age that I have been.

Because I was once a child, I am always a child.

Because I was once a searching adolescent, given to moods and ecstasies, these are still part of me, and always will be...

This does not mean that I ought to be trapped or enclosed in any of these ages...the delayed adolescent, the childish adult,

but that they are in me to be drawn on; to forget is a form of suicide...

Far too many people misunderstand what “putting away childish things” means,

and think that forgetting what it is like to

think and feel and touch

and smell and taste

and see and hear

like a three-year-old or a thirteen-year-old or a

twenty-three-year-old means being grownup.”

~ Madeleine L'Engle, *A Circle of Quiet*