

The Lesson of the Tortilla Chip

Few things are more cruel, writes blogger Adam Hayden, than standing in the way of someone being fully who they are.

August 15, 2024 By [Adam Hayden](#)

I've not been in the best headspace for a while, and for a while, I suppose I mean something on the order of several months. Great moments and fun times, but all in all, I've struggled with maintaining the buoyancy I'm accustomed to, rolling with the waves.

In an effort to thumb the user manual for troubleshooting help, I recalled that maybe a year and a half ago, I was in a much more satisfied state of affairs. My barometer for this sort of thing is the degree to which I'm learning things about myself. That sounds like a fairly self-interested path to maintaining satisfaction, and maybe so, but when we are in touch with ourselves, I think our presence in the world floats just enough to avoid sinking the curvature of spacetime that pulls people toward us involuntarily. Leaning into our identity lightens us; removes the weight of holding both who we are and who others may want us to be. Few things are more cruel than standing in the way of someone being fully who they are.

Someone in their fullness always lifts a room.

I've very recently re-introduced some practices into the rhythm of my life. One of these practices is to begin living with more attention paid to the tradition that I hold with deep complexity. One of those practices means that I am being more mindful of my meat consumption, just for a little bit here.

Tonight was the standard issue family dinner. I wrapped work around 5:45 to make tacos, Whitney worked then ran errands before a PTO meeting, the kids are still catching up to the school schedule after summer break, so they're zoned out on the couch.

Just to taste for seasoning, I drag a tortilla chip through the ground beef and pop it in my mouth.

I clinch my jaw. Grimace. Shit! The reason I was limiting meat just started last night at sundown! Not even one full day, dummy! And then, a thought somewhere in old duder's head, "Just dip the next one in the refried beans."

Reset.

And I guess that's the lesson. We can pretty much always reset. Life altering decisions won't fit on

a chip, and anything less can be worked out. A lot of us forget that really, pretty often, you can just sort of reset. Redo. Mulligan.

Whoops-a-daisy.

We aren't measured by our fuck ups; we're measured by our ability to be mindful when we miss an opportunity to live in a way we wanted, then try to get a little better next time to be in alignment with our values.

What are your tortilla chips saying?

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