

Oh, the comfort — the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person — having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together; certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away. *~ A Life for a Life, Dinah Craik*

Who possesses this gift? I should be so lucky, I tell you. A Korean proverb says, “Words have no wings but they can travel a thousand miles.” – – I am aware of this, yet I’m guilty of often forgetting. Have a great weekend my friends. :)

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