

A guest post by my good friend Barbie Rodriguez —

"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen."
Hebrews 11:1

Like a very dear friend, I hate change. This stems from all the changes my family went through when I was a child. Leaving Cuba, going to Mexico, then Panama (where we spent a few hellish months). Flying to Miami, Florida and on to Los Angeles, California. A few years later, back to Miami, Florida, when my Dad's parents arrived from Cuba. A few months after moving to Miami, my Abuelo (my Mom's dad) became ill and passed away. My Mom's parents always lived with us. They raised me as much as my parents did. We truly were a family unit, the five of us, my parents, my grandparents and me. We were, for lack of a better term, a whole. After Abuelo's death, we weren't so whole anymore. I know now, of course, that it is part of life, losing loved ones. But still, I really detest change.

Through all the changes we went through, one thing was always clear. Their faith. I really believe it was what got them through. It can't have been easy for them, leaving their country, their way of life, everything familiar, to start anew in a country with a different language, customs. No matter where we were, however, there were some rock solid constants. Abuela prayed the rosary first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Abuelo always walked me to and from school. Dad made pancakes for breakfast Saturdays. Mom always burned the bread on Nochebuena (the roast pork, though, was always perfect). Midnight Mass was not to be missed. And Sunday mornings, rain or shine, it was off to church, the five of us.

A lot has changed through the years. Abuela passed away a few years after Abuelo. Then my Mom and Dad. I found myself making a new life without them. I am grateful for our time together. I was blessed to have them. I was and am blessed to have truly dear friends. I found a job where I was very happy. A little apartment I deemed my cocoon. I was content. And now change. Again. My job, where I have always been quite happy (and how many people can truly say that) is ending. The company has been in trouble for a while. I find myself sending out resumes and going on interviews I really don't want to go on. Maybe it is God's way of telling me I had gotten too comfortable, I don't know. Every night I get home and thank the Father for getting me through another day. I ask Him to please keep all

my friends and me gainfully employed. I ask Him to continue holding all of us in the shelter of His loving arms. I know that, much as I detest change, it is inevitable. I know that just like my grandparents and parents, my faith will see me through.

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