

As of the start of this writing, what I'm feeling is disappointment. I trust by the time I post it I will feel differently. The last couple of days though, whole other story.

Earlier this week, my son was rear ended by a teenager obviously not paying attention. Fortunately no one was hurt. This story should end right here, because what else should matter? Except that like with most incidents, there are consequences to deal with. In this instance, getting our vehicle repaired. To that end, my husband and I chose to play nice (as we would hope others would do for us) in an effort to save the other teen from the wrath of license points and higher insurance, and agreed to work out an arrangement between the adults for the auto repairs. Within minutes a deal was reached verbally and in writing and everyone went on their merry way. Worked out for all. Or so I thought.

I won't get into details so as not to crank myself up again, but suffice it to say the events that followed have put a dent (no pun intended) in my willingness to trust another's word (at least for the time being). What *ever* happened to accountability and responsibility? A good reminder that life is a constant lesson. I live and learn.

Despite the turn this eventful week took, I feel good about our initial choice to help another and even better about our actions thereafter. Surely, I'm still bothered by the whole thing (honestly, up until last night I was kind of mad and frustrated….grrrrr!….that kind), but that passed. I can't say the same about my being disappointed. I'm still feeling that, although that's passing too.

After all, in the grand scheme of things, I realize this mostly is a matter of inconvenience. We have to take the time and spend the money to replace the damaged part on the truck, while my cousin's husband patiently, eagerly, and faithfully awaits a new heart to replace the damaged one in his body.

'Nuff said.

“I thank Thee first because I was never robbed before;
second, because although they took my purse they did not take my life;
third, because although they took my all, it was not much; and fourth
because it was I who was robbed, and not I who robbed.”
~Matthew Henry

“It all depends on how we look at things, and not on how things are
in themselves. The least of things with a meaning is worth more in life
than the greatest of things without it.”
~Carl Jung

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