

For my village. “It takes a village,” as you know. As I’ve mentioned before, the last 10 months or so have been overwhelming, to say the least. With Mom’s health and mind deteriorating, selling her home, relocating her to an interim place, and subsequently moving her to an apartment, seemed like an unsurmountable task. Crazy stuff.

Fortunatelly, I’ve had a village of folks behind me and by me. From giving me real estate and financial advice to helping with sorting and packing up the house to searching for apartments to finally moving Mom to her new digs. New digs which she says she loves. “El viejo hizo muy bien trabajo,” Mom said. “The old man (meaning her late husband or father) did a great job” putting together and decorating the apartment. Kudos to the six of us – Ray, Lauren, Danny, my brother and sister in law- I guess we have great taste, guys!

This huge undertaking couldn’t have been accomplished without the support of family members, close friends and co-workers, and even some individuals I met in the process. And of course, without the prayers; your many intentions and prayers that fueled my every decision and step, and helped me resolve the glitches along the way.

So, for my village, dear Lord, I am thankful.

Who’s your village, and what are you thankful for today?

“Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their labor:
If either of them falls down, one can help the other up.
But pity anyone who falls and has no one to help them up.”
-Ecclesiastes 4:9-10

“I can do things you cannot,
you can do things I cannot;
together we can do great things.”
-Mother Teresa


because it takes a village

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