



For tough skin and a soft heart. I'm a measured person. Still, these days I almost feel obligated to tiptoe through my day. How exhausting. I don't dare to elaborate here, but, in a nutshell, it seems the "No Vacancy" signs are blinking bright at all the super crowded "safe spaces" out there. Perhaps I should've invested in such real estate. Safe Space, \$10 a minute. Hmmm...cha-ching!

What's happened to "live and let live" and "agree to disagree"? What's happened to "everything in moderation"? Must our words and actions veer to extremes? ¡Qué locura!

Herein lies the trick, I think: to grow tough skin that's not too thick and cultivate a soft heart, so we can block the nonsense and care enough to respect those who differ from us. Easier said than done, you say? Maybe, but try not, at least, and we risk losing ourselves inside an intolerant and unsympathetic bubble. Not a good place. So, for those who are thick-skinned and tender-hearted, I am thankful.

What are you thankful for today?

"If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal."

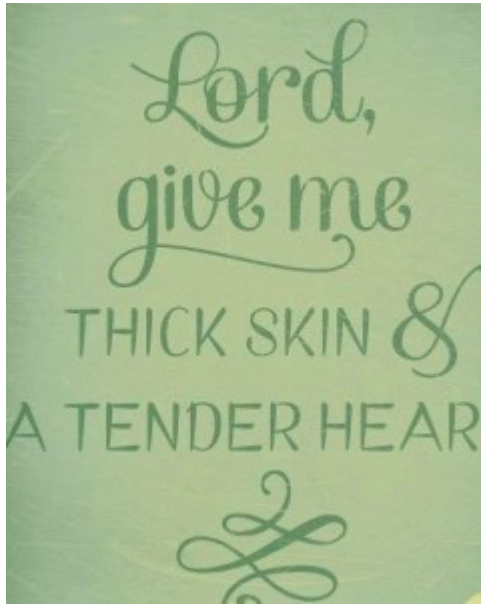
- 1 Corinthians 13:1

"Today's college students demand a self-segregating 'safe space.' Rosa Parks spinning in her grave."

-A.E. Samaan

"Kind words can be short and easy to speak, but their echoes are truly endless."

-Mother Teresa



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