



When our kids consider and appreciate us.

My mother once wrote, “Unas sencillas palabras de agradecimiento y reconocimiento venidas de un hijo es lo más hermoso y grande que hace latir nuestro corazón de gozo.” (“A few simple words of gratitude and acknowledgement coming from your child is the biggest and most beautiful thing that makes our heart beat with joy.”)

I can vouch for that. Few things give us parents a boost like our kids expressing appreciation for who we are and what we do. For us, it could be the notes left hidden in our travel bag, or texted, or left on the kitchen counter, or the small tokens for no special reason, or the kiss goodnight. Their recognition equals value and love and, in an unsolicited way, validates our efforts and sacrifices.

With every written message, small token, or gesture, our hearts swell and everything is well with the world. A second later, our kids may be a pain in the butt again, but if we can hold on to that previous moment and remain under its spell, all goes back to being well in the world.

Teach your children to be considerate and appreciate others; chances are they'll practice it on you as well. That has been our personal experience. For that, today and always I am thankful.

Today, I also want to wish all the dads a very happy Father's Day this coming Sunday. Especially, and in a big way, to the dad in our home — the best father a woman could ever wish and hope for her children. Thank you, babe, for your hard work, encouragement, dedication, love, and time. We appreciate you so very much.

Until next Thursday's post...si Dios quiere.

What are you thankful for today?

*“If I had received good instruction as a child I would be with my family today and at peace*

with my neighbors. I hope and pray that all you parents in the sound of my voice will train up your children in the way they should go.”

*-C. Portis*

“The quality of a father can be seen in the goals, dreams and aspirations he sets not only for himself, but for his family.”

*-R. Markham*

“Parents rarely let go of their children, so children let go of them.

They move on. They move away.

The moments that used to define them are covered by moments of their own accomplishments.

It is not until much later, that

children understand;

their stories and all their accomplishments, sit atop the stories of their mothers and fathers, stones upon stones,

beneath the water of their lives.”

*-Paulo Coelho*



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