



For colors. Especially Pipo's.

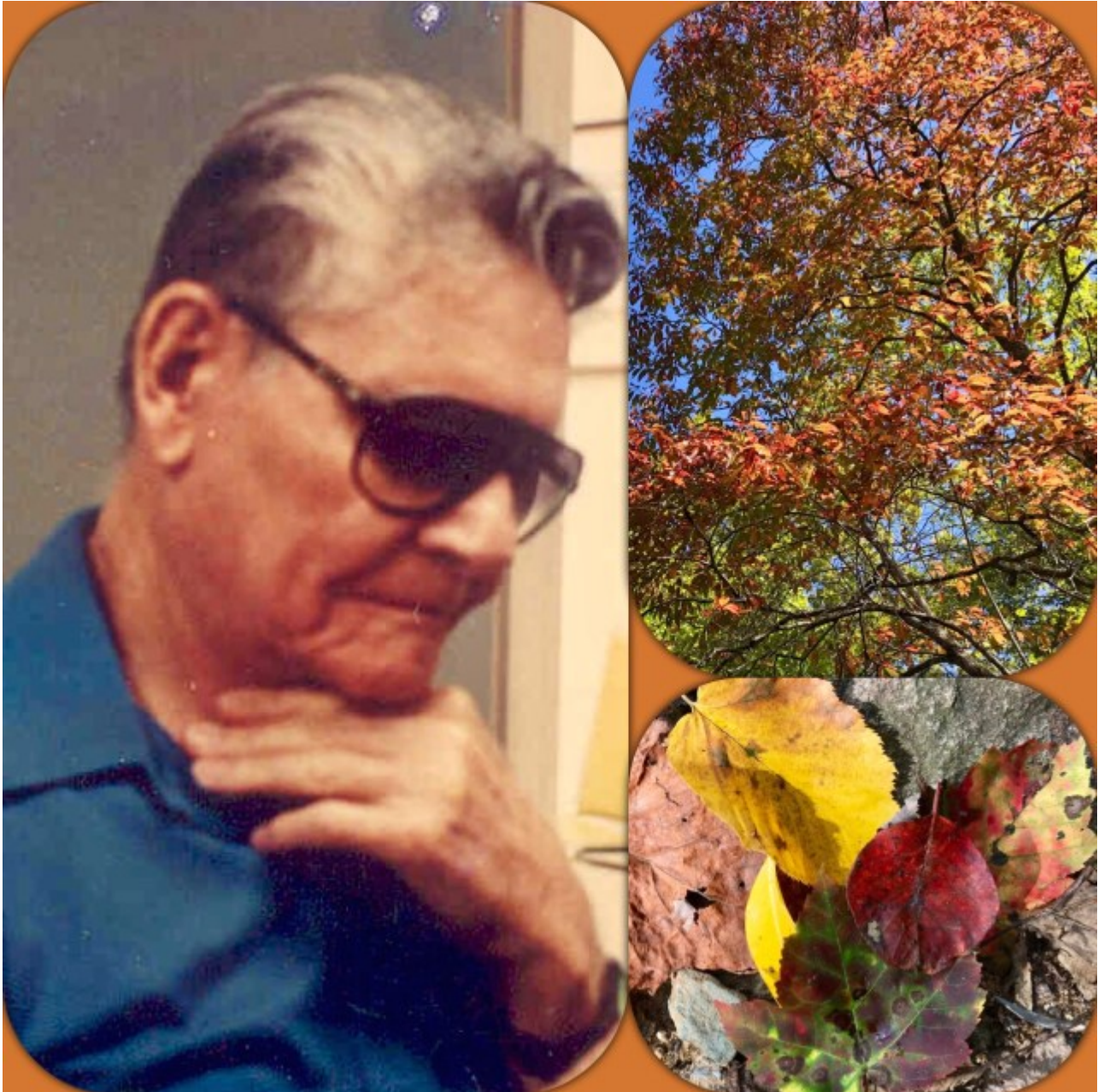
Today, I find myself enjoying the fresh shades of autumn, while we travel along the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia. What a feast for the eyes. And as I take in the reds, yellows, oranges, and maroons of this spectacular scenery, I think about my grandfather, Arturo.

Pipo, as we fondly called him, was blind for most of his life and couldn't enjoy the beauty of colors. But, I tell you this, his true colors, those of strength, patience, peace, compassion, and love, were on full display every season for all of us to enjoy. I remember that well.

I dedicate this post to Pipo, our family's gentle giant. An awesome man. A beautiful soul.

What are you thankful for today?

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



“Everything has beauty, but not everyone sees it.”

Share this:

- [Click to share on Facebook \(Opens in new window\)](#)
- [Click to share on Twitter \(Opens in new window\)](#)
- [Click to share on Pinterest \(Opens in new window\)](#)

- [Click to print \(Opens in new window\)](#)