



For the roof over our heads.

My family was displaced a couple of times in the course of exile. Both for political and economic reasons. At one point, at the age of six, I remember sitting on the floor of an airport in a foreign European city not knowing where to go or what would come next. We had fled from a suffocating communist island to catch our breath in a socialist nation. All part of a plan to eventually reach a free country some years later, where we knew we would have to start from scratch yet again.

This is why global circumstances, like the displacement of people world over, overwhelm me with gratitude, because my kids are blessed to have a roof over their heads. And also with compassion, no doubt, regardless of my political stance on the issues, because I know how grueling and exhausting a process it is.

But being an immigrant is not for the faint of heart. It took my parents faith, vision, sacrifice, hard work, and patience in the process (extraordinary patience), to establish a home in Spain and finally in the USA, and bounce us back on our feet each and every time.

Sometimes, there are no winners or losers, just a lot of heartbreak, sweat, and tears. And unfortunately much division. This week a Facebook friend posted a question to her religious friends: "If Jesus was walking the Earth today would He be at a Trump rally or walking with the caravan?"

What kind of question is that, I thought. Jesus is everywhere! I pray He gives

us all guidance.

Meanwhile, for the roof my parents always sought to put over our heads, today and always, I am eternally grateful.

What are you thankful for today?

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

**"I do not think we know our own strength  
until we have seen how strong love makes us."**

**"The fish,  
Even in the fisherman's net,  
Still carries,  
The smell of the sea."**

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*M.Barghouti*

We're afraid of losing  
what we have,  
whether it's our life  
or our possessions and property.  
But this fear evaporates  
when we understand  
that our life stories and  
the history of the world  
were written by the same hand.

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~ The Alchemist