



For flaws.

I have a decent amount of OCD-type blood running through my veins and...I'm somewhat of a control freak. Quite the combo, I know. I would love it if all of life (me, everyone and everything in the world) worked like a perfectly oiled machine. Yet, I know better, I know that God alone is perfect and that perfection, for us, is unattainable.

Luckily, there is an upside to this unattainability: Our flaws, you see, throw into focus that which requires acceptance, forgiveness, and patience -- you and me -- and more importantly, make us unique, relatable, and memorable. If we look at it this way, it's not so bad to have rough edges, is it?

In this life of fleeting moments, I think it serves us best to remember that things not be perfect to truly feel perfect, and that we're all in this together, flaws included. For perfect imperfections, today and always, I am thankful.

What are you thankful for today?

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

*"It is in the process of embracing our imperfections that we find our truest gifts: courage, compassion, and connection."*

*-Brené Brown*

*"You don't love someone because they're perfect...You love them in spite of the fact that they're not."*

*-Jodi Picoult, My Sister's Keeper*

*"I am a contradiction*

*a perfect imperfection*

*On looking in from outside*

I think I'd pass inspection

My nails are neat, each hair in place  
My clothes the latest styles  
But look a little closer,  
And you can see my trials

The window to my balanced soul  
Is stained from too much smoke  
A birds eye view down at my heart  
Will clearly show it's broke

My best intentions lead to pain  
And complicated messes  
My head is filled with wishes,  
My decisions second guesses

There was a time I tried to hide  
each wrinkle, scar and tear  
But I'm learning to appreciate  
That I'm more than I appear

Each wrinkle tells a story  
The path from there to here  
I've earned a little wisdom  
With every falling tear

My soul will soar in brilliant skies  
But then I'll need to rest  
The embers of my passion  
Still smolder in my chest

Perhaps I'll let my hair go wild  
And skip the manicure  
I'll wear my favorite color  
They'll say "Hey, look at her"

My hair, my heart, my clothes, my soul  
Will walk in one direction  
No longer contradicting  
My perfect imperfection."



-Melissa Bachara

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 \(Opens in new window\)](#)