

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

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