

For colorful blooms.

I was taking them for granted, I guess. All the pretty flowers we plant every year. But this spring and summer they are not going unnoticed. On the contrary, the are being watered and cared for and admired more than ever. With the lockdown and home confinement, there's been more time to "stop and smell the roses."

And with it, a miraculous infusion of hope. After two minutes of news, I step out back and my gloom is brightened with the beauty of God's nature. Better days will come, my friends. Have faith. Be hopeful. Let's bloom where we are planted!


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I dedicate today's post to my husband, the man who nurtures our garden and trees and Lauren and Danny. Happy Father's Day, babe!

For colorful and meaningful blooms, today and always, I am thankful.

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"You're only here for a short visit.
Don't hurry. Don't worry.
And be sure to smell the flowers
along the way."
-W. Hagen

"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

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