For a chance like this one.

Go ahead, and take a seat on that bench. The bench is anywhere you'd like it to be. Next to you is anyone you choose to chat with for one hour. Who would that someone be?

Although I would be tempted to choose God, I really don't think I'm ready to hear His answers to my questions, or His reasons to my whys. That's a conversation for a time when my soul will be capable of deeper understanding.

Although I would be tempted to choose my mother, I think she instilled in me enough of the best of her to guide me for the rest of my life. No questions would be asked, only thanks would be given.

And although I would be tempted to choose my father, I think I already know how that hour would go: lots of laughs and baseball talk over a game of dominos.



No, I would choose the one person I miss the most. The one I have an unfinished life with – – my sister. Her untimely death robbed me (yes, I'm being selfish), robbed me of … her shy smile, her obsessive neatness, her relentless thoughtfulness, our countless conversations throughout the day, her solid advice, her unfailing call always the first on my birthday, and of the way she loved my kids. What a chat this would be.



Thankfully, my faith is my ticket to this sit down. One day. This bench right here would be good.

For a chance like this, I'll be eternally grateful.

So who would your someone be? And what are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

“There are stars whose light only reaches the Earth long after they have fallen apart. There are people whose remembrance gives light in this world, long after they have passed away. This light shines in our darkest nights on the road we must follow.”
-The Talmud

If I could talk to God, I’d have a million questions
If we could sit down face to face
I’d inquire how He likes to spend His days
And if He has any regrets about this world He made

Everywhere I look, children hungry, people hurting
Is it working? Does it really have to be this way?
I think He might say
“Hey, it’s really very simple, follow My example”
People, it’s not so hard living the right way
Learn to love each other, your sister and your brother

If I could talk to God, I wonder if that’s what he’d say
If I could talk to God, I’d look him in the eye and
Ask him about my destiny
Shouldn’t I spend my time on grander things
And does it even make a difference anyway
In a world full of confusion am I part of the solution?
And will it take a revolution for the world to change

I think He might say
“Children you’re not there for a long, long time”

Is it so hard to just play nice?

-Alice Peacock

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