

For my inner GPS.

My mother always tried to guide my steps, God bless her soul. Mostly, she did so by way of phrases commonly known and widely used in the Cuban household. Sometimes I pretended not to listen, but for the most part, *me aconsejaba*, and I would follow her advice. I can still hear her: “Consuelo, no te mates limpiando la casa, que ella se queda y uno se va.” Don’t kill yourself cleaning the house, that it stays and we go. One of my favorites. Not only because it has to do with cleaning less (ha, ha), but because she would associate the “it stays and we go” to everything that is material. And there’s nothing truer. When it came to my health, her go-to was “Consuelo, llévate el sueter.” Like if sweaters are 100% effective against colds. Please, everybody knows it’s only 97%. ? But yeah, that one’s so ingrained in my head that I don’t leave home without a sweater, EVER. Eighty degrees, sweater in hand.

Whenever I would dismiss her advisory phrases, she’d follow with “Mas sabe el diablo por viejo que por diablo.” The devil knows more for old than for devil. Her way of saying suit yourself. Mom’s wisdom behind her advice has been the stepping-stones along my life’s path. So many of her phrases pop in my mind at any given moment, I swear she resides in a piece of real estate in my brain she must have bought when she got to heaven. Today is Mom’s birthday, by the way. The fourth one since her passing. I miss her more every year.

Not to take anything away from Mom, but the voice I wish I could hear loud and clear is God’s. I pray to Him for guidance all the time, and I pray He guides my kids most of all, because I don’t think we’ve ever been in greater need of that. His voice, however, is not as loud as Mom’s is, and it’s a very noisy world out there. It’s been my experience, though, that the more acquainted we are with Him, the louder the reception. Since He doesn’t show up in any unmistakable manner we choose so we can easily discern his direction, we have to make it a point to be still and tune in. Just so happens, Lent began yesterday. Perfect time to practice this.

For my inner GPS (Mom and God), and for every time I am able to hear or feel their voice,

today and always, I am grateful.

Speaking of Lent, ever had the ashes put on you with a Q-tip? Lent in the time of Corona. Made for a very unique start to this season. Have a blessed one. ✝

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"Show me your ways, Lord, teach me your paths. Guide me in your Truth and teach me, for you are God my Savior, and my hope is in you all day long."
-Psalm 25:4-5

"Turns out that washing your hands, maintaining personal hygiene, being considerate of other's personal space, and covering up when you cough or sneeze… Basically everything my Mom taught me when I was a kid… is what will save the world."
-Steve Maraboli

"My mother does not own my hands, though she works hard to train them.
My mother does not own my eyes, though she frequently directs their focus.
My mother does not own my mind, though she yields great influence upon it. My heart, however, she owns completely, for it was hers the day I was born."
-Richelle E. Goodrich



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