



If you could have a conversation with yourself from 20 years ago, what would you tell yourself? Me? That there's only so many times one can get away with putting 38 on a birthday cake. [Wink, wink...inside joke to family and friends].

Seriously, though, I would tell myself not to sweat the small stuff. As a control freak and overly concerned person, sometimes I go on alert mode waaaayyy prematurely, not waiting to see if the small stuff even turns into big stuff. It's quite the conundrum given that I'm also an extremely patient person — I think I want to worry but I'm willing to wait. The suspense is real. ?

It's weird that I don't get rattled by the big stuff, it's the trivial things that seem to consume my thoughts. Maybe because when the going gets really tough, I grab for my faith, and there's no match for that. It's sweating the feeble, micro-stuff I have to work on. It's a waste of good brain cells and time. And time is valuable, my friends, as I'm sure you know. Just ask yourself from 20 years ago. Kids, word of advice: don't sweat the small stuff, save your brain cells.

For every instance I am able to wipe my forehead and keep the small stuff in check, I am thankful.

If you could have a conversation with yourself from 20 years ago, what would you tell yourself? And what are you thankful for today?

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

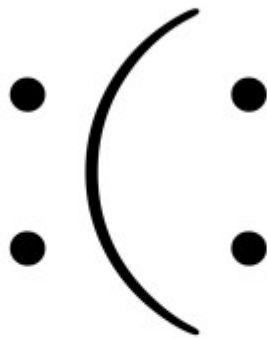
*"Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own."*

*-Matthew 6:34*

*"Indeed, the important question in terms of becoming more peaceful isn't whether or not*

you're going to have negative thoughts – you are – it's what you choose to do with the ones that you have.”

*-Richard Carlson*



You decide.

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