

Our stories are countless, and pretty much the same. We don't need today's images to remind us, but it bears repeating over and over that many of us are today, and will forever be, thankful to our parents for having the vision and making the sacrifices they made to rip themselves from their birthland, an island devoured by communism, to give our families a chance to live free and to once again prosper. Grateful that the Lord gave them the insight and the opportunity.

¡Gracias, Mami y Papi! Your hard work, courage and resolve is engraved in my heart.

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quire.

"We left the way one leaves a cherished but impossible love: our hearts heavy with regret but beating with great hope."
-Mirta Ojito

"El amor, madre, a la patria
no es el amor ridículo a la tierra,
ni a la yerba que pisan nuestras plantas;
Es el odio invencible a quien la oprime,
es el rencor eterno a quien la ataca"
-José Martí

Us in La Habana, Cuba, 1965. I'm the one in my grandfather's arms.



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