

They say that experience is worth its weight in gold…or Bitcoin, or NFTs…or currently, possibly even Gatorade, take your pick. Occasionally, it is gained via positive events that happen in our lives but, most of it, as you know, comes via a big hit and after a lot of kicking and screaming on our part.

Once the initial shock, tachycardia and pain of the newly acquired knowledge has passed, we are able to see what we have learned from it and how it has made us more resilient. What doesn't break us makes us stronger. You know. Plus, as my mother used to say, "Dios aprieta pero no ahoga," God squeezes but does not suffocate. We must trust that He will get us through those teaching moments.

I believe I have banked a considerable amount of experience in my life so far. Not much of it was gained voluntarily, I can tell you that. I kicked and screamed my way through most of it. But I am better for it, and richer. Enough to pass on that wealth to my kids. For that, and especially for that, I am so thankful.

Kiddos reading this post: pay close attention to those teaching moments and learn the lessons, because us older folks won't be around forever to share our wealth of experience and wisdom.

What are you thankful for today?

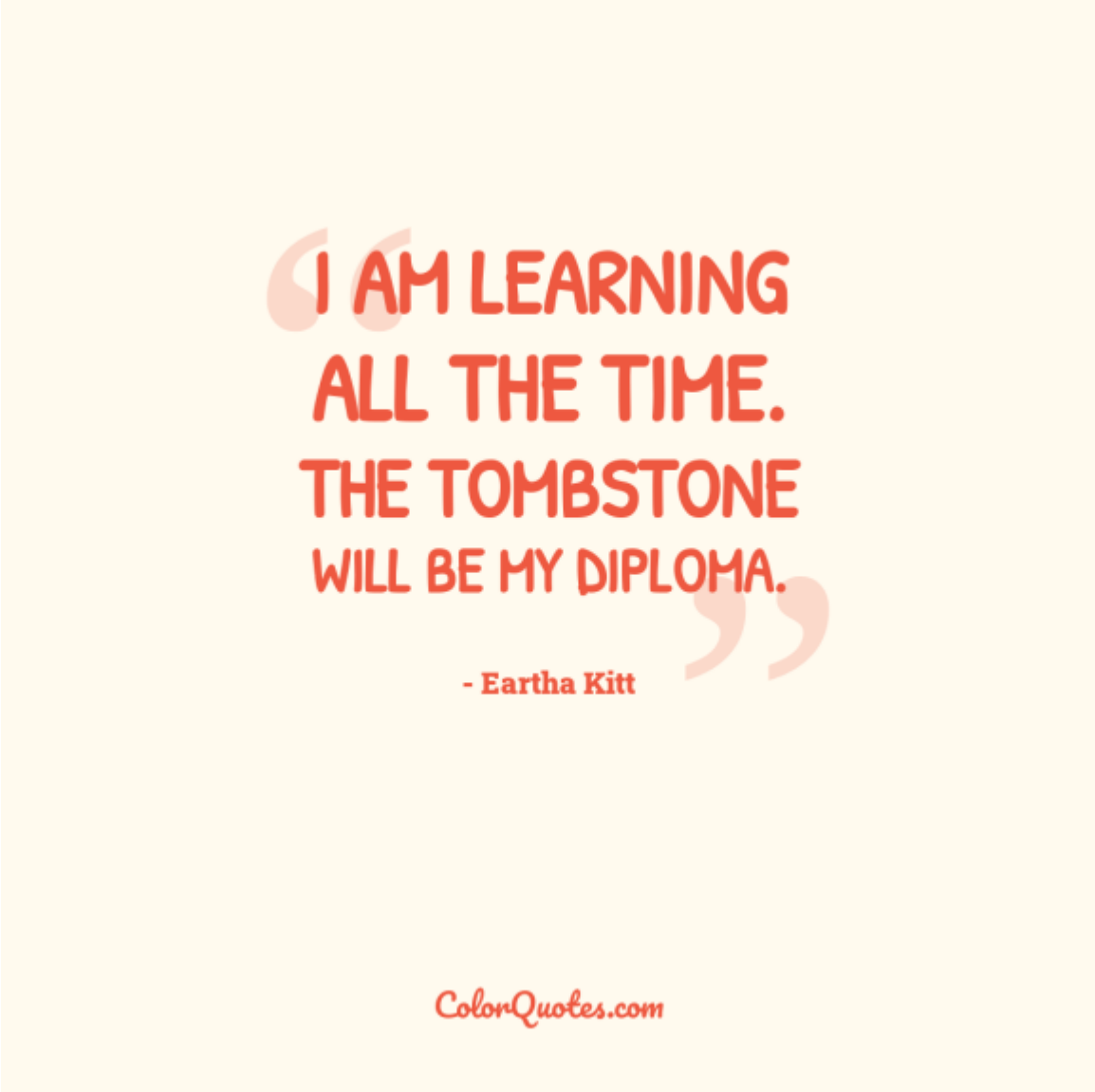
Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"No pain that we suffer, no trial that we experience is wasted. It ministers to our education, to the development of such qualities as patience, faith, fortitude and humility. All that we suffer and all that we endure, especially when we endure it patiently, builds up our characters, purifies our hearts, expands our souls, and makes us more tender and charitable, more worthy to be called the children of God . . . and it is through sorrow and suffering, toil and tribulation, that we gain the education that we come here to acquire and which will make

us more like our Father and Mother in heaven.”
-O.F. Whitney

“Do you know the difference between education and experience? Education is when you read the fine print; experience is what you get when you don’t.”
-P. Seeger

“I walked a mile with Pleasure;
She chatted all the way;
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.
I walked a mile with Sorrow;
And ne’er a word said she;
But, oh! The things I learned from her,
When Sorrow walked with me.”
R. B. Hamilton



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