

More and more, lately, I find myself saying “What the #%&@?!”

Seems like every week I learn of someone I know whose life all of a sudden was thrown into a wolf den upon learning they weren’t healthy anymore. This and that disease. Who needs a war? What’s going on? Really. Is it what’s in the food? In the air? Is it stress?

And those darn hidden masses! Don’t even get me started. They can sneak up on anyone at any time and turn our lives upside down. Whether they turn out to be malignant or not, the scare is bad enough to leave one scarred. I know, I’ve had those scares.

I want “Healthy” to be the new black. I want everyone to be wearing it, and I want to be able to take a break from praying for those who are struggling with health issues or fighting for their lives. I really want that.

Meanwhile, my prayers continue. If you are one of those who is struggling with a health issue, please know that I am praying for you, even if I don’t know you personally.

For every single breath we take in Health, I am so very thankful.

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday’s post…si Dios quiere.

> [Note: In case you’re not Spanglish-speaking, “si Dios quiere” means God-willing. Mom finished most of her sentences with that phrase. I added it to my sendoff in her honor after her passing].



Share this:

- Share on Facebook (Opens in new window) Facebook
- Share on X (Opens in new window) X
- Share on Pinterest (Opens in new window) Pinterest
- Print (Opens in new window) Print