



“Nada de eso importa,” she said to me one day while I whined to her about some drama going on in my life. None of that matters, my sister told me. She knew. Her days were counted as she fought for her life, and she understood more than ever what mattered.

I know it’s nature to whine and complain and to get all worked up. Even about the small stuff. It stems mostly from our thirst for control. But should we be putting off realizing what is worth our aggravation and what isn’t? What is real and what is soap opera? What matters and what doesn’t? At what cost? Our young adult kids, by the way, seem to live inside a constant soap opera; more than we ever did at their age, what’s up with that? If we let the small stuff get the best of us, how will we make it through the tough times? I say, bend like a palm tree or break in the mildest of breezes.

We get it. We all do, we just forget it. I do, trust me. Except, I don’t know if it’s my age, or the aches and pains I wake up with every morning now, or the adversity and tragedies hitting close to home and those happening far away, or a combination of it all, but I’m remembering my sister’s words more and more lately, and I’m feeling an urgency to live life like never before.

Let’s all make a conscious effort to figure out what’s worth the aggravation and what isn’t. In real time, as it happens. Because our days are counted, period, and we don’t always get a heads-up to the countdown.

For every time I realize, in real time, “que nada de eso importa,” 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].

“The human capacity for burden is like bamboo- far more flexible than you’d ever believe at first glance.”

*-J. Picoult*

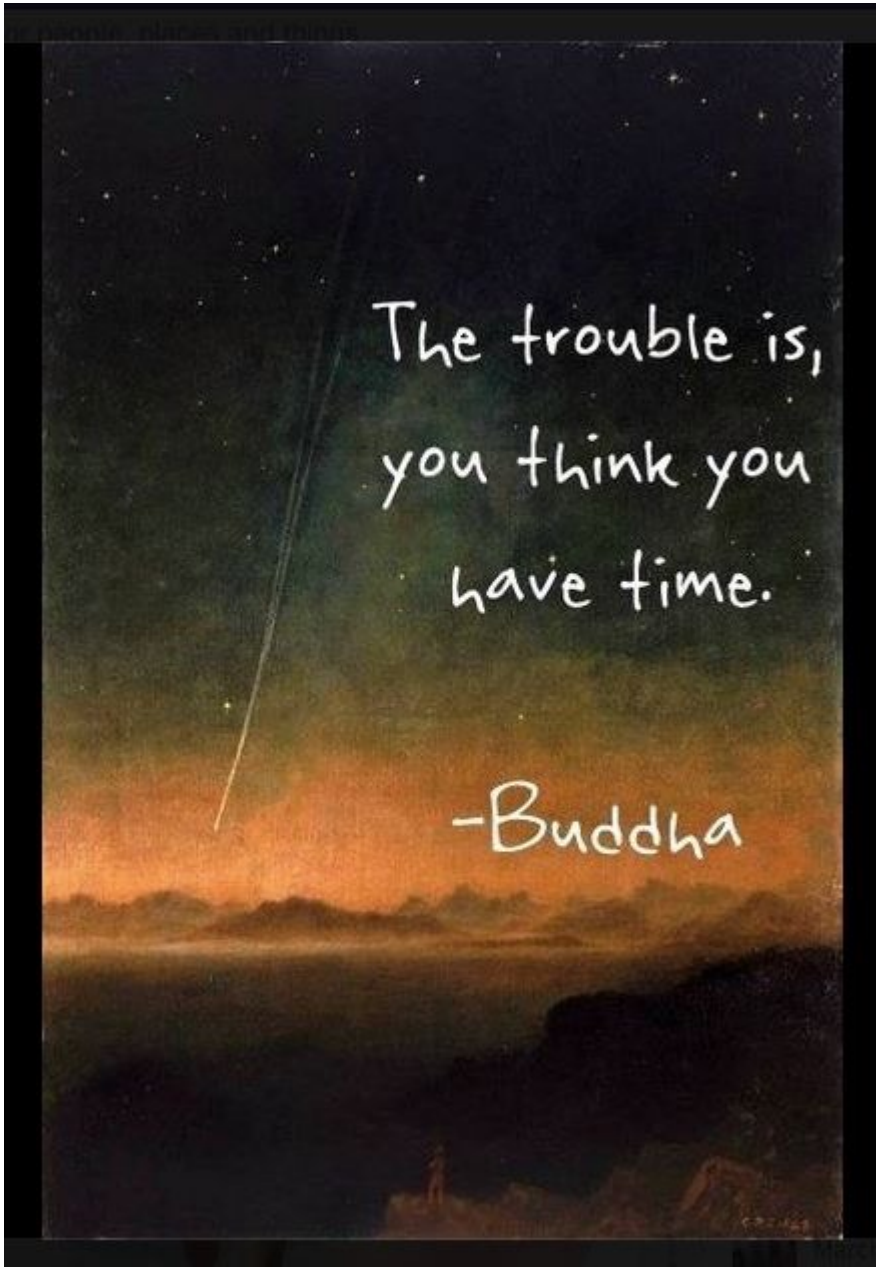
“That which yields is not always weak.”

*-J. Carey*

“The most beautiful people we have known are those who have known defeat, known suffering, known struggle, known loss, and have found their way out of the depths. These persons have an appreciation, a sensitivity, and an understanding of life that fills them with compassion, gentleness, and a deep loving concern. Beautiful people do not just happen.”

*-E. Kübler-Ross*

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