

This morning, I woke up to a nasty migraine. But my body was on a mattress, my head was on a pillow, I saw a roof overhead, and I felt safe. Minutes later, I was holding a hot cup of Colada Joe, and I thanked God that the worst I woke up to was a migraine and a nocturnal creature's number two in our pool.

The amount of people opening their eyes to a soggy sky, body on a pavement, head resting on a bag, nothing of substance to feed their bodies, and fearing for their lives is absolutely staggering and sad to see. How can we fix that?

We go into space, we throw money others' way like it grows on trees, yet there are countless zombie-looking souls wandering our streets aimlessly. Doesn't seem right when we prioritize colonizing Mars and fueling wars over conquering homelessness. How can we fix that? Feels like the 64 thousand dollar question.

Grateful but with a conflicted heart, I thank God that the worst myself woke up to this morning was a migraine…and the number 2 thing.

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"Another day is just a homelessness person's dream."
-A.T. Hincks

"My piece of bread only belongs to me when I know that everyone else has a share, and that no one starves while I eat."
– Leo Tolstoy



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