

Good morning! The world is going to hell in a handbasket. What are you thankful for today?

We are seeing all things evil, folks. My heart goes out to all afflicted, especially the children. And all this talk of WWIII is concerning and sad. So hopeless. I sympathize, no joke, because it's scary.

But, even scarier is where some are putting the blame for the chaos. "If God is good how come…" this and that and the other. Surely, I tell you, the second we start to blame the One true source of hope, our souls are doomed.

> "In one way we think a great deal too much of the atomic bomb. 'How are we to live in an atomic age?' I am tempted to reply: 'Why, as you would have lived in the sixteenth century when the plague visited London almost every year, or as you would have lived in a Viking age when raiders from Scandinavia might land and cut your throat any night; or indeed, as you are already living in an age of cancer, an age of syphilis, an age of paralysis, an age of air raids, an age of railway accidents, an age of motor accidents.'
>
> This is the first point to be made: and the first action to be taken is to pull ourselves together. If we are all going to be destroyed by an atomic bomb, let that bomb when it comes find us doing sensible and human things—praying, working, teaching, reading, listening to music, bathing the children, playing tennis, chatting to our friends over a pint and a game of darts—not huddled together like frightened sheep and thinking about bombs. They may break our bodies (a microbe can do that) but they need not dominate our minds." — Timeless words from CS Lewis.

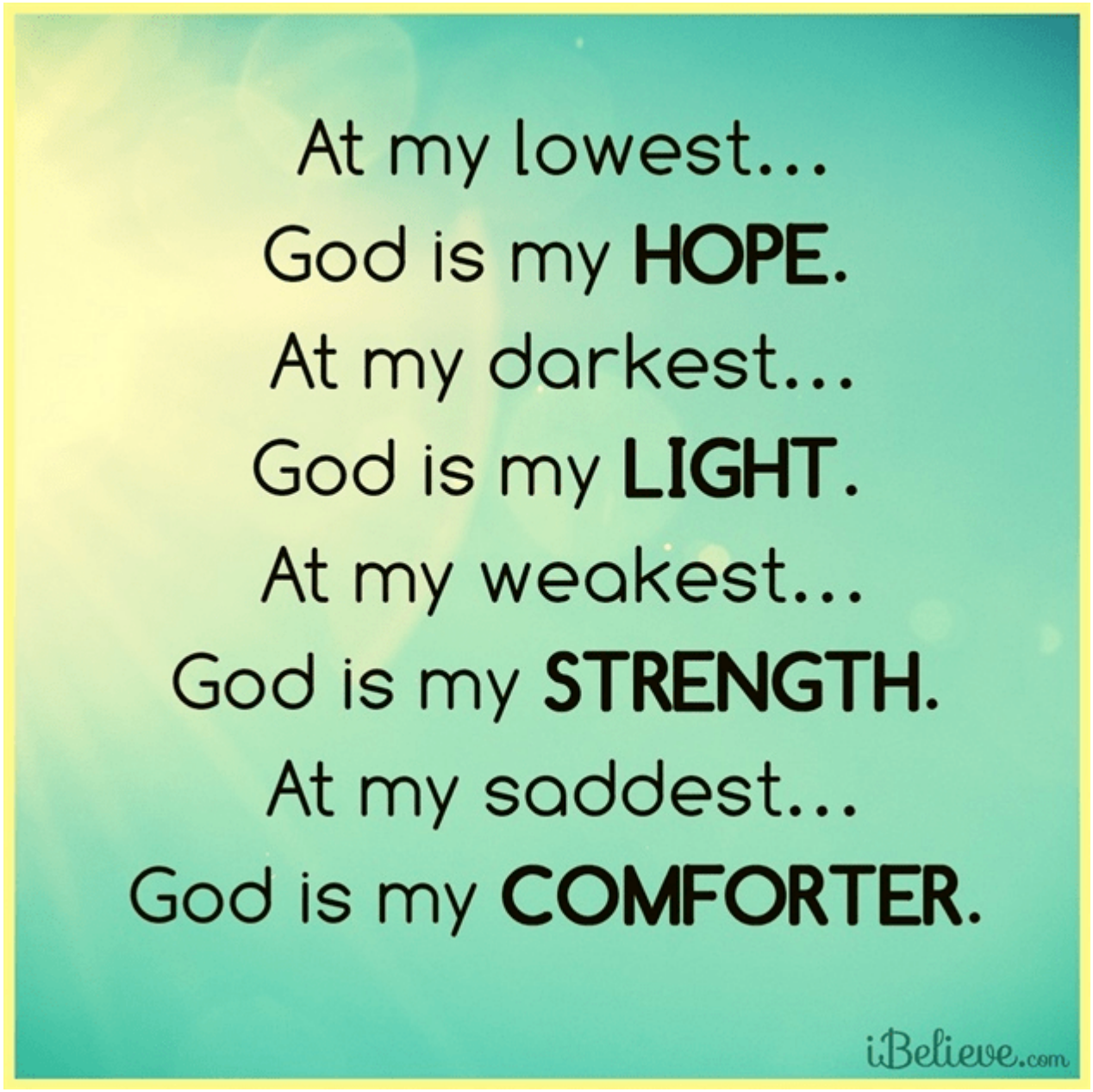
When the world seems like it's going to hell in a handbasket, friends and family, let's keep the faith and dig deep for gratitude. In the name of those afflicted. It will fuel hope. And we are in such need of that.

So, again I ask you, what are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"Poor God, how often He is blamed for all the suffering in the world. It's like praising Satan for allowing all the good that happens."
-E.A. Bucchianeri

"Hope" is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops at all.
-Emily Dickinson



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