

You know those friendships that last decades? The kind that feel like an old, worn-in sweater you pull out of your closet—familiar, reliable, and always there when you need it most? Let me tell you, in a world where people tend to come and go faster than the latest viral trend, these long-lasting bonds are the real deal…and honestly, kind of magical.

I think about the friendships I've had for years—even decades (40+ years, you know who you are). What I love most is that they've never required constant maintenance to stay strong. They remind me of a favorite book I keep coming back to. I might not read it every day, but when I do, it feels like nothing's changed. It's not about daily texts or hanging out all the time. It's about the moments we've shared over the years and that quiet understanding between us, even when life takes us in different directions. Those friendships have a depth and comfort that you can always count on.

My old friends and I have aged together but apart, growing into different versions of ourselves, living our own lives, yet still knowing that bond is there. We've had different experiences, different paths, but somehow, we're still the same at the core. Our friendship's built on something intangible, almost magical, that just works.

And what's so magical about it? That when I reconnect with an old friend after time apart, it feels like no time has passed at all. We pick up right where we left off. So cool.

Do you have a friendship like that? One that's just easy, no matter how long it's been since you last caught up?

I am so very grateful for my "magical" friendships.

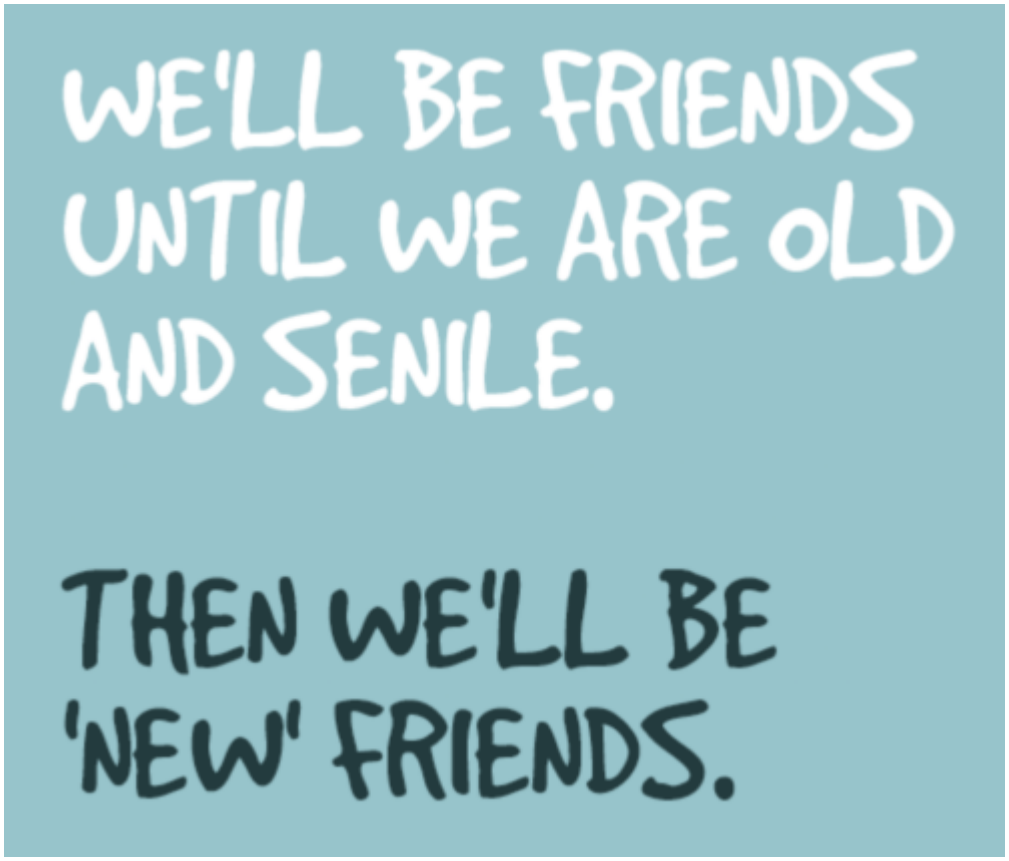
What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"Cheese, wine, and a friend must be old to be good."

-R. Niebuhr

“When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives mean the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.”
-H. Nouwen



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