

Rumor has it last Sunday's fiasco was my fault, thanks to a "slight" overreaction to a snake creeping into our garage. Personally, I blame the snake, but fine… whatever.

This past weekend taught us three things: (1) always double-check the bumper before driving off, (2) kindness is alive and well in this world, and (3) Ray and I would definitely kick butt on the *Amazing Race*.

In a snake-induced moment of distraction, we left the trifecta of essentials (phone, keys, and wallet) on the bumper of the car. We only realized something was wrong when our family started calling saying they had received crash-alert texts from the iPhone. What the heck?! Thankfully, we had another phone with us, but yeah, sorry guys for scaring you that way.

We pulled into a parking lot to check the back, praying all three items had miraculously clung to the bumper. And (cue heavenly trumpets) there was the wallet! Somewhere along the way, the phone and keys went flying, but man, that wallet held on like a champ. So then to find the phone and keys. Of course, the car wouldn't start again because, well, no keys. Should I discuss the pros and cons of automation? I'll spare you. Anywho, that's when we both went into challenge mode.

We hopped in an Uber to the last pinned location of the phone. Just as we began searching on foot, the phone's pin started moving. Oh no! Our hearts sank. We immediately called it and the man who answered was nice enough to give us his address. Hopped back in the Uber. Phone recovered! A little banged up, but working fine.

Keys were still MIA, though. Our Uber driver, Saint-Mathiew (yes, really), who absolutely refused to let us repay him (I practically had to beg for his Zelle info), got us home. Then our amazing neighbor stepped in, chauffeuring us back out to search for the wandering keys. And there they were, lying in the middle of US41 like they had just given up on life. The fob looked like a wreck. Would it work? Our neighbor then drove us to the spot where our car had abandoned us. Incredibly, the fob did work. Giant sigh of relief right then.

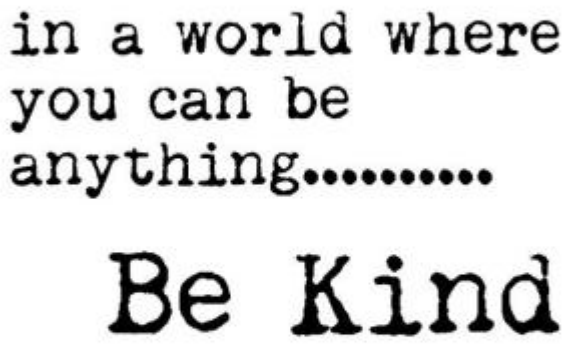
Yeah, last Sunday could've gone a whole other level of crazy, I tell you. Instead, a stranger who returned a phone, an Uber driver with a heart of gold, and a neighbor who went the extra mile reminded us that most people are good. Really good.

So today, I'm extra grateful for the everyday good samaritans who show kindness. And also…for sticky wallets. How 'bout you? Any good samaritan story that turned your day around? And what are you thankful for today?

P.S. On a sad note- while some may not want to hear the words "Thoughts and Prayers" at this moment, I truly believe that, more than ever, the world could use more of both. My thoughts and prayers are with the victims and families of yesterday's senseless tragedy.

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"The world is full of nice people. If you can't find one, be one."
-Unknown



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