

This story has been one of my readers' favorites over the years, and one of mine too. Every time I share it, I'm reminded how easily we can misunderstand a moment. So, by popular request, and in celebration of National Cookie Day, here it is again:

The Cookie Thief

A woman was waiting at an airport one night,
With several long hours before her flight.
She hunted for a book in the airport shop,
Bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.

She was engrossed in her book, but happened to see,
That the man beside her, as bold as could be,
Grabbed a cookie or two from the bag between,
Which she tried to ignore, to avoid a scene.

She read, munched cookies, and watched the clock,
As the gutsy "cookie thief" diminished her stock.
She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by,
Thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I'd blacken his eye!"

With each cookie she took, he took one too.
When only one was left, she wondered what he'd do.
With a smile on his face and a nervous laugh,
He took the last cookie and broke it in half.

He offered her half, as he ate the other.
She snatched it from him and thought, "Oh brother,
This guy has some nerve, and he's also rude,
Why, he didn't even show any gratitude!"

She had never known when she has been so galled,
And sighed with relief when her flight was called.
She gathered her belongings and headed for the gate,
Refusing to look back at the "thieving ingrate."

She boarded the plane and sank in her seat,
Then sought her book, which was almost complete.
As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise:
There was her bag of cookies in front of her eyes!

"If mine are here," she moaned with despair,
"Then the others were his and he tried to share!"
Too late to apologize, she realized with grief,
That she was the rude one, the ingrate, the thief!
*-V. Cox*

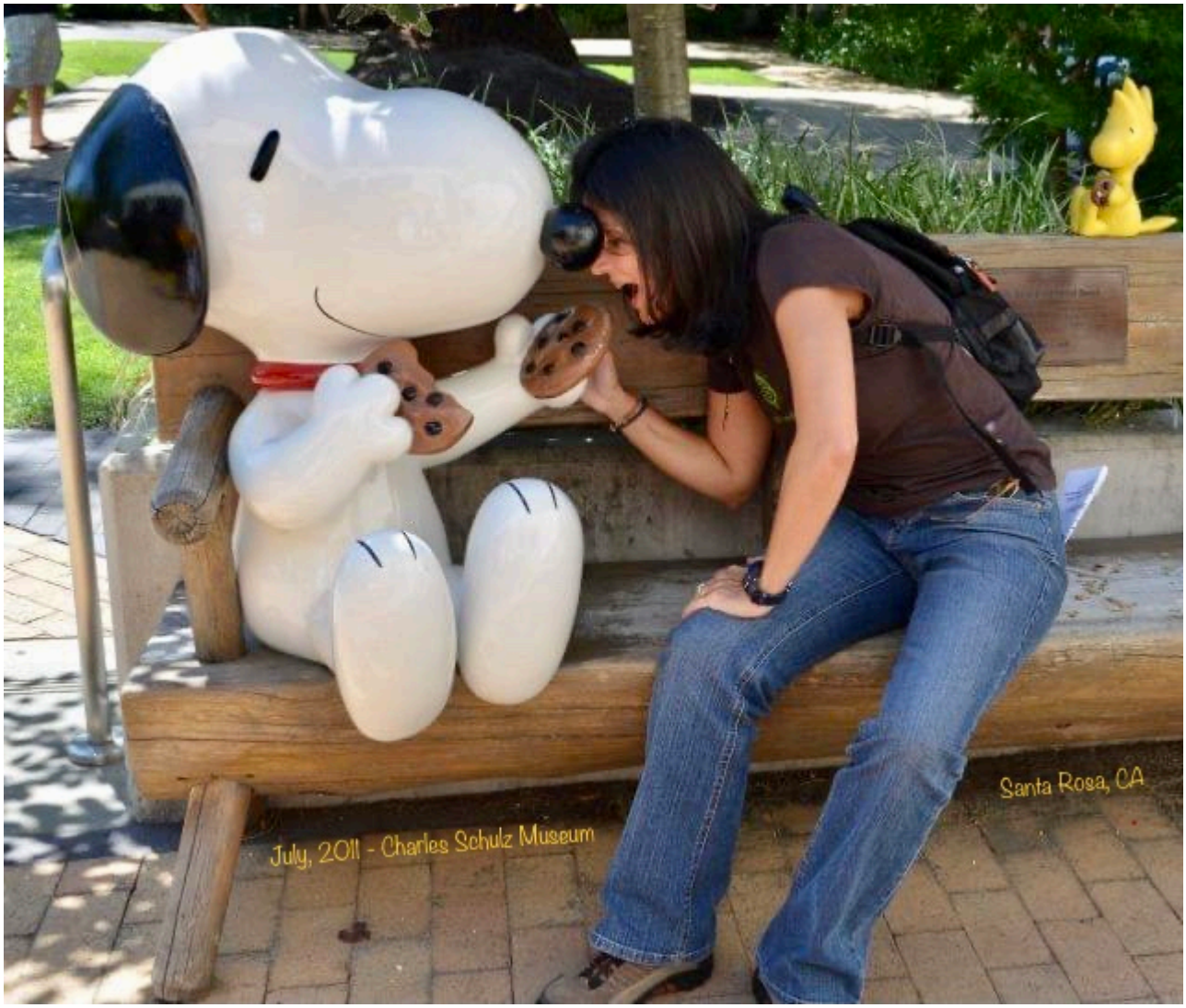
Man, how relatable is that? How often are we so certain we're right, only to find out later we were seeing through our own lens? If there's one thing I've learned, is that a little kindness, patience and humility help keep that foggy lens cleaner.

So today, I'm grateful for this repeat reminder and second chances to see things more clearer.

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are."
*-Anaïs Nin*




Snoopy sharing a cookie with me.
July 2011, Charles Schulz Museum, Santa Rosa, CA

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