

Don’t you just love when the most ordinary, everyday chores suddenly turn into a “hmmm…” moment?

I was changing the linens this weeks on one of our beds, where I have three little cushions. One says Faith, one says Hope, and one says Love. I always put them back in the same order as the Scripture: “And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.” (1 Corinthians 13:13)

But the other day, I looked at them and wondered whether love really is the greatest.

My world revolves around my family. The love I have for them, and the love they give back to me, means everything. At the same time, my faith is what keeps me grounded. *Sin ella*, I’m lost.

But lately, I find myself thinking a lot about hope. The hope that I’ll live a long life and watch my grandchildren grow up. The hope that my family stays healthy, strong, and close. The hope that the people I love find peace and purpose. The hope that even when life throws us a curveball, we’ll find the strength to get through it. And the hope that always, always gives me something to look forward to.

So how does one choose? Which one is the most important?

Don’t know. The older I get, the more I think maybe we’re not supposed to. I think the three lean on each other, and I know I wouldn’t want to face a day without any one of them.

I’d love to know if you had to answer the question, what would you say? And what are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday’s post…si Dios quiere.

“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



#758

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