



Here's a little nostalgia for my fellow Baby Boomers to appreciate:

"We are that generation that will not return.

We grew up with dusty shoes, scratched knees and a heart in a hurry, not to look at a screen, but to finish the snack and run out to the street, where the only thing important was a ball and some friends.

We were the ones walking back from school, speaking aloud or dreaming in silence, with our minds already on the next game, the next adventure, between a hole in the sand and a whispered secret behind a corner.

A stick could be a sword.

A pond became a sea to conquer.

Our treasures were marbles, chrome, and paper boats.

And the sky was our only limit.

We didn't have backups, just memories in our minds and photo reels. The photos were touched, smelled, and kept in drawers—together with handwritten letters, postcards from the grandparents, and colored drawings that parents kept as treasures.

We called "Mom" the one who cured our fevers, and "Dad" the one who taught us how to ride a bike.

No more was needed.

At night, under the covers, we talked quietly to our brother in the bed next door, laughing at the nonsense, afraid that some adult would hear us and shut off that little world of complicity.

That generation is going little by little, like a photograph that loses its color.

We silently walked away, carrying an invisible suitcase: the echo of laughter in the street, the smell of freshly baked bread, the meaningless races, and that freedom that didn't know notifications.

We were kids when it could still be.

And maybe, that's our greatest fortune."

"Kids today are different." How many times do we hear that? It seems like every generation eventually looks at the one coming behind them and says that.

And today, it seems the younger generations are getting more criticism than ever. We hear that they don't have the work ethic, respect, values, resilience, or manners that previous generations had. But kids are influenced by so many things that we can't control. And they're also watching us.

As I look at my two-month-old grandson, I wonder about the person he will become. I hope he grows up with a kind heart and the compassion to make a difference in the lives of others.

Because when it's all said and done, I don't care what generation someone belongs to.

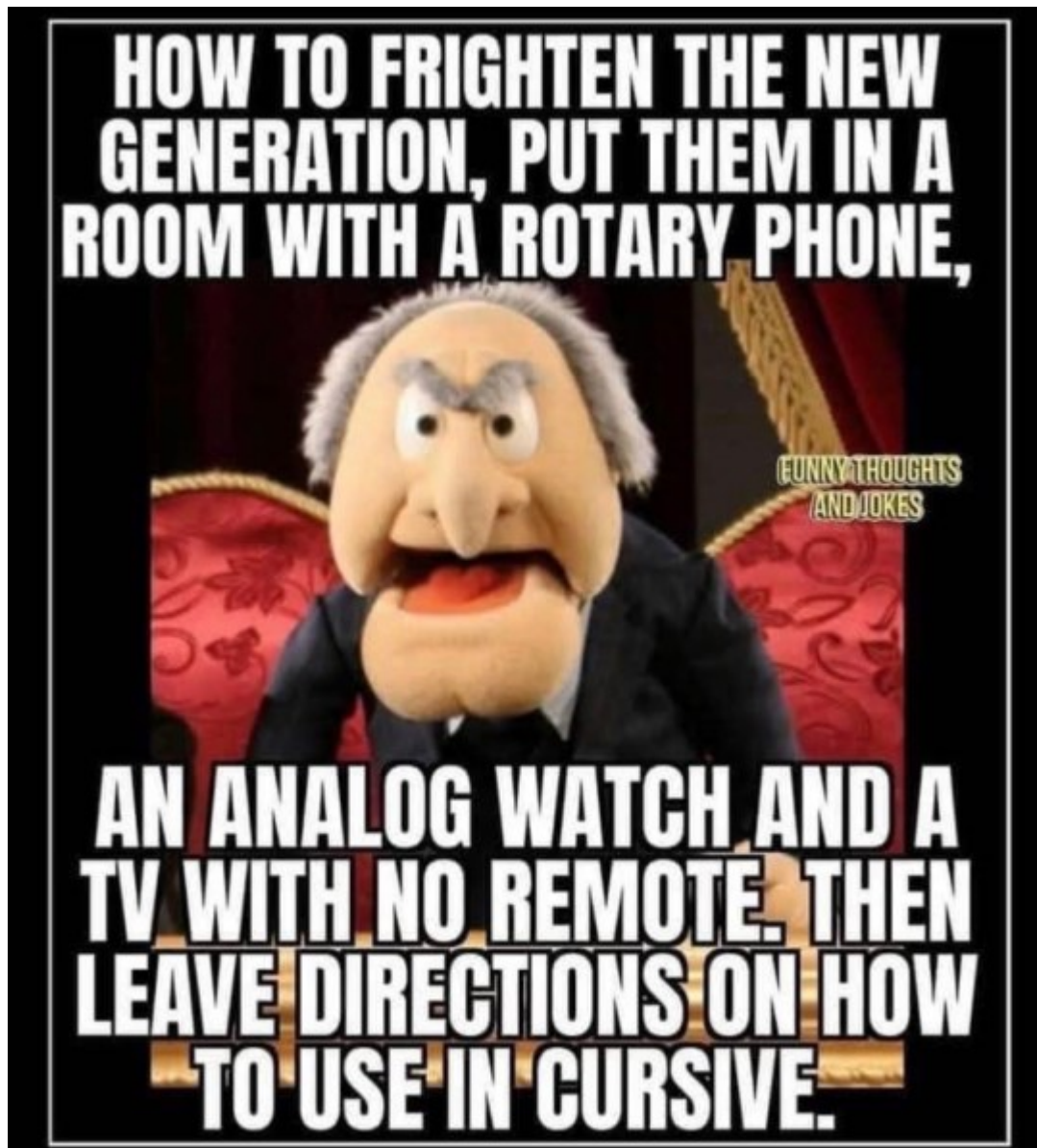
I think what matters most is that we help raise good humans.

I am grateful for those who came before me and guided me. What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post...si Dios quiere.

*"Every generation inherits both wounds and remedies."*

*-L. Nault*



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