

## Love, life's real gold.



To me a blog is supposed to be somewhat Organic. I have trouble pressing themes into a space I am not feeling. There is supposed to be an honesty here. That's why I have always hated putting them up. Honesty isn't always cohesive, and readers seem to like cohesive. I could make some sort of snarky elitist sounding resolve here, but we both know it wouldn't be honest. So at this early stage I have made the decision to risk viewers for truth... Justice... and the cough cough American way!

Actually today I want to talk more about relationships. As you will learn, I have a very close relationship with a young lady in the Philippines. I have no intention of explaining it. That would take too many words and you still wouldn't understand it. I am simply going to acknowledge that it exists and is real, and will probably be an ongoing source of material for these pages.

We have now known each other for nearly 3 years. I have gone to visit her twice in that time, we have spent about 2 months together face to face.

In that time we have both faced challenges, some life threatening. We have had disagreements... several that nearly broke us apart. LDR's as they like to call them are not easy to maintain. Hell face to face relationships are difficult enough, lots and lots fail every single day.

What exists here, is teaching me lessons every single day. She literally is young enough to be my daughter and she graduated from the school of hard knocks. She is bright, and a fighter. God that girl knows how to suck it up and go another round. It amazes me at times. Lots of times. There have been times we had fights... Ali-Frazier caliber fights. There have been times we didn't like each other very much... yet every time we have broken from the clinch and looked up... we realized there was some sort of glue bonding us together something worth holding onto, something important we don't dare throw away.

I could toss labels about like they were pieces of candy, But that would not answer the questions. My questions. So I figure the best way to answer them is to simply tell the story as it comes to me, and figure out what labels fit after that. Labels should describe, not define.

This is who and what I am. There is a woman with three Daughters in the Philippines. No I didn't make any of them. But I feel like they all are my family. When report cards come out

and they are on honor roll again... they are always on honor roll. I am happy and proud, and completely amazed. When their mom freaks out about them starting to see boys... well, I guess she has three big reasons why she worries... But it shows me she loves them, and they love her. Please don't ever tell me, being poor is an excuse for failing in school. There are likely a million reasons that apply. But Poor alone, is not one of them. I have learned from her, wealth is not a sign of good people. It is what lives in their heart, rich or poor that counts.

Some one told me Poverty is the result of the choices you made. No, Poverty is not. People equate Poor with Poverty.. I don't think they are the same thing, not even close. Poor is an economic status, Poverty is a spiritual one. I have seen what Poor is... I also have seen how rich poor can also be. Trust me, it's not Impoverished.

Ok, thats my rant for today... Back to real life and listening to the Impoverished Rants of the President of the United States. Have a god day all.



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