

Sometimes we are just too enveloped in our own little worlds that we don't realize the amount of love surrounding us.

Because of the absence of my brain in trying to guide my powerful heart, I just recently put myself in a traumatic situation. I went out of it fine, because I have the strength and the desire to get out of it.

Of course, I came out of it fine, but not precisely gracefully.

On this journey, I forgot the support I have from friends. I did find support, since I have gotten really good at creating support and help networks since I started becoming more social, but I forgot about a few core friends... even some that I know I have hurt in the past for one reason or the other... and today, I find out they are like invisible angels just kind of hovering over my shoulder or maybe up in heaven, or across the ocean, but like angels, all I have to do is ask for help – pray – and I will be heard, and I will be helped.

Like real angels, I am lucky to have friends who worry about me in spite of my faults and even in spite of my own self.

I know there are parts of my journey through life in which I am pretty much on my own. When I have to dig deep into myself and discover real true reasons to make a choice, that's when I know I am on my own... but even then, my friends, even the overlooked ones, or the ones that I haven't been too good to be around... one way or the other.

My family may not be the best. I can't count on them for much. I know I can count on them for major issues – emergencies – as long as they don't involve very deep personal stuff... other than that, I can't really count on them for much or for everyday issues, which are ultimately the ones that matter. I didn't choose them, and for a reason they were assigned to me... I am not sure what was the reason, but I like to think that the reason I grew up in my family was to make me the strong woman I am now.

However, there is one kind of family called community. Community is half chosen and half assigned. The link is weaker because there is no blood connecting it, but it is stronger because we choose to be with one another.

This is not making sense now. So I will stop it here.

All I will say is that I am thankful for my friends – my chosen family.