

Poem – “The Life of a Day” by Tom Hennen
in “Good Poems” compiled by Garrison Keillor

Puerto Rico reflections - Jean Strawbridge

This poem was read during vespers on day 3. I do believe that many of us live our days, waiting for a day that something notable or memorable happens. Yet, as the poem mentions we are not anxious for our last day. The days that we spent in PR had a life of their own (maybe with a little help from Lucia, our cruise director). It was inspiring how the entire group held such purpose for each and every day we spent there. Even with the exhaustion, dog poop, power outages, close encounters with iguanas (in the car, on the beach at camp), late nights, melted and refrozen ice cream, dog poop, chaos, cold showers, pig intestines, doors that don't fit, insect attacks, tire-eating pot holes, did I mention-dog poop, roof safety? and very early mornings it was apparent that each and every member of our group was on a mission- on a mission to help the struggling in Puerto Rico, on a mission to be a hardworking and upbeat team member, on a mission to better themselves through service.

Each day is a blessing and while in Puerto Rico, I felt that each day held special meaning and made me realize that each day- no matter how routine, holds special meaning in each of our lives. I certainly feel privileged to be included in this amazing group of people- what an experience.