

The Burned Bread

When I was a kid, my Mom cooked food for us.....

One night in particular when she had made dinner after a long hard day's work, Mom placed a plate of subzi (vegetables) and extremely burnt roti (Indian bread) in front of my Dad.

I was waiting to see if anyone noticed the burnt roti.

But Dad just ate his roti and asked me how my day was at school.

I don't remember what I told him that night,.... but I do remember I heard Mom apologising to Dad for the burnt roti....

And I'll never forget what he said: "Honey, I love burnt roti."...

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy, good night & I asked him if he really liked his roti burnt.....?

He wrapped me in his arms & said: "Your momma put in a long hard day at work today and she was really tired....

And besides... A burnt roti never hurts anyone but harsh words do.....!"

"You know beta (son) - life is full of imperfect things... & imperfect people.....

I'M NOT THE BEST & AM HARDLY GOOD AT ANYTHING!

I forget birthdays & anniversaries just like everyone else.

What I've learnt over the years is:



To Accept Each Other's Faults & Choose To Celebrate Relationships".....!



Life Is Too Short To Wake Up With Regrets!

Love the people who treat you right & have compassion for the ones who don't...

!!! ENJOY LIFE NOW !!!

It has an expiry date....!

Lesson learned... Life is short but you can make it sweet – sweet for you and for others around.

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