

A Reminder I Didn't Know I Needed

In case you didn't know, we just finished the Vietnamese scout jamboree Thưởng Tiến XIII.

After 4 years of planning, countless meetings, endless details, unexpected challenges, and a week of pouring our hearts into serving over 435 campers...

It was finally over.

People often see the Camp Chief standing at the front.

They see the decisions.

They see the leadership.

They see the moments on stage.

But behind every big event are so many people quietly giving their time, energy, and heart to make it possible.

Their stories deserve their own space, and I will share more about my TT13 experience in another post.

But today, I want to tell you about one person in particular...

One of those people who quietly carried so much of the weight alongside me was my husband.

While I was leading the camp, he was the person making sure things happened behind the scenes.

The prep

The building.

The problem-solving.

The clean up.

The things that nobody notices when they go right...

but everyone notices when they go wrong.

He gave everything he had to this camp.

And honestly...

by the time it ended, we were both exhausted.

Not just physically tired.

The kind of tired that reaches deeper.

Mentally.

Emotionally.

Spiritually.

We knew we needed time to recharge.

So we decided to give ourselves a gift.

A road trip.

Just the two of us.

No schedules.

No responsibilities.

No one needing anything from us.

Just nature.

The water.

The forests.

The open road.

A chance to breathe.
A chance to recover.
A chance to simply be husband and wife again.
After spending so much time taking care of everyone else...
it was time to take care of ourselves.
And honestly...
it was exactly what we needed.
Yesterday afternoon, around 2 p.m., I was sleeping in the passenger seat.
Then suddenly...
I woke up.
Not gently.
Not slowly.
I woke up to the sound of our car leaving the highway
The loud roar of tires on grass and gravel.
We were flying through the ditch at around 100 km/hr.
Everything happened so fast.
The shaking.
The noise.
The movement
For a few seconds, I didn't even understand what was happening.
There was no time to think.
No time to panic.
No time to be afraid
My only instinct was to yell:
"Cha!"
(the name I call my husband)
For a split second, I wondered if he was still asleep at the wheel.
But of course...
he was wide awake.
I watched him fighting to control the car.
Trying to slow it down.
Trying to guide us back onto the road.
Trying everything he could.
And then...
Everything stopped.
Silence.
The car came to a complete stop.
And somehow...
we were okay.
We didn't hit any trees
We didn't hit any signs
We didn't hit any boulders.
The airbags didn't even deploy.
And neither of us had a single scratch.

Not one.
But our car...
was destroyed.
Standing there looking at the vehicle, I felt something I didn't expect.
Not fear.
Not even shock.
Just gratitude.
Because that car had taken the hit for us.
Something had sacrificed itself so we could walk away
And the funny thing is..
I don't even remember asking my husband if he was okay.
Not until an hour later.
I think I just assumed he was.
Maybe because I knew I was okay.

And he still hasn't asked me if I'm okay. 😂
But honestly...
I think he knows.
Because I've been smiling ever since.
Not because the accident was funny.
It wasn't.
But because underneath everything, I have this overwhelming feeling:
I am so lucky to still be here.
For a long time, I've believed that life is impermanent.
After more than 22 years of Vipassana meditation practice, I've spent a lot of time
contemplating that everything comes...
and everything goes.
I thought I understood it.
But yesterday reminded me of something
There is a big difference between understanding something in your mind...
and feeling it in your heart.
Yesterday, I felt it
And what surprised me most was this:
I didn't walk away afraid.
I walked away grateful.
So grateful.
Grateful for another conversation.
Another meal.
Another laugh.
Another ordinary moment.
Because maybe ordinary moments are not ordinary at all.
Maybe they are the whole thing.
Yesterday, we thought we were driving toward the ocean.
Instead, life drove us straight into gratitude.

We left home looking for rest.
We come home with something even more valuable:
a renewed appreciation for the ordinary moments we so easily take for granted.
I hope you will never need a moment like this to be reminded
But this experience has made me reflect on a few things.
Not as advice.
Just as something I'm reminding myself.
If there is someone you love...
Reach out
Send the message.
Make the call.
Say the words.
Not because something bad is about to happen...
but because love is meant to be expressed anytime we have the chance.
And if there is something you've been putting off...
A trip you've always wanted to take.
A business you've always wanted to start.
A dream you've been carrying quietly.
Take a piece of paper
Write it down
Write the first step.
Write the date.
And begin.
Because we often wait for the perfect time.
But maybe the perfect time never comes.
Unless we create it.
Today, I am not thinking about what could have happened.
I'm thinking about what did happen.
I woke up.
I stepped out of that car.
I get another day.
Another chance.
Another chapter.
And I am simply...
so grateful to be alive.



