
Everyday is A Gift

Posted by flyfish - 2009/06/16 04:22

Everyday is A Gift

My brother-in-law opened the bottom drawer of my sister's bureau and lifted out a tissue-wrapped package. "This", he said, "is not a slip. This is lingerie." He discarded the tissue and handed me the slip. It was exquisite, silk, handmade and trimmed with a cobweb of lace. The price tag with an astronomical figure on it was still attached." Jan bought this the first time we went to New York, at least 8 or 9 years ago. She never wore it. She was saving it for a special occasion.

Well, I guess this is the occasion. (wow gold,)

He took the slip from me and put it on the bed, with the other clothes we were taking to the mortician. His hands lingered on the soft material for a moment, then he slammed the drawer shut and turned to me, "Don't ever save anything for a special occasion. Every day you' re alive is a special occasion."

I remembered those words through the funeral and the days that followed when I helped him and my niece attend to all the sad chores that follow an unexpected death. I thought about them on the plane returning to California from the midwestern town where my sister's family lives. I thought about all the things that she hadn't seen or heard or done. I thought about the things that she had done without realizing that they were special.

I'm still thinking about his words, and they've changed the weeds in the garden. I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time in committee meetings. Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experience to savour, not endure. I'm trying to recognize these moment now and cherish them.

I'm not "saving" anything; we use our good china and crystal for every special. Event such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped, the first camellia blossom... I wear my good blazer to the market if I feel like it. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out \$28. 49 for one small bag of groceries without wincing. I'm not saving my good perfume for special parties; clerks in hardware stores and tellers in banks have noses that function as well as my party going friends.

"Someday" and "one of these days" are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now. I' m not sure what my sister would've done had she know that she wouldn't be here for the tomorrow we all take for granted.

I think she would have called family members and a few close friends. She might have called a few former friends to apologize, and mend fences for past squabbles. I like to think she would have gone out for a Chinese dinner, her favorite food. I'm guessing. I'll never know.(wow gold)

It's those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew that my hours were limited. Angry because I put off seeing good friends whom I was going to get in touch with someday. Angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write one of these days. Angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband and daughter often enough how much I truly love them.

I'm trying very hard not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives. And every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that every day, every minute, every breath truly, is... a gift from God.

Re:Everyday is A Gift

Posted by wangxin1r - 2009/12/29 06:22

The Story of Deirdre

There was a man in Ireland once who was called Malcolm Harper. The man was a right good man, and he had a goodly share of this world's goods. He had a wife, but no family. What did Malcolm hear but that a soothsayer had come home to the place, and as the man was a right good man, he wished that the soothsayer might come near them. Whether it was that he was invited or that he came of himself, the soothsayer came to the house of Malcolm. Just out of the chat.

And the soothsayer went forth out of the house and he was not long outside when he returned.

"Well," said the soothsayer, "I saw in my second sight that it is on account of a daughter of yours that the greatest amount of blood shall be shed that has ever been shed in Erin since time and race began. And the three most famous heroes that ever were found will lose their heads on her account."

world of warcraft power leveling,

After a time a daughter was born to Malcolm, he did not allow a living being to come to his house, only himself and the nurse. He asked this woman, "Will you yourself bring up the child to keep her in hiding far away where eye will not see a sight of her nor ear hear a word about her?"

The woman said she would, so Malcolm got three men, and he took them away to a large mountain, distant and far from reach, without the knowledge or notice of any one. He caused there a hillock, round and green, to be dug out of the middle, and the hole thus made to be covered carefully over so that a little company could dwell there together. This was done. This site is on the Crushers sbm

Deirdre and her foster-mother dwelt in the bothy mid the hills without the knowledge or the suspicion of any living person about them and without anything occurring, until Deirdre was sixteen years of age. Deirdre grew like the white sapling, straight and trim as the rash on the moss. She was the creature of fairest form, of loveliest aspect, and of gentlest nature that existed between earth and heaven in all Ireland--whatever colour of hue she had before, there was nobody that looked into her face but she would blush fiery red over it.

The woman that had charge of her, gave Deirdre every information and skill of which she herself had knowledge and skill. There was not a blade of grass growing from root, nor a bird singing in the wood, nor a star shining from heaven but Deirdre had a name for it. But one thing, she did not wish her to have either part or parley with any single living man of the rest of the world. But on a gloomy winter night, fast now gold, with black, scowling clouds, a hunter of game was wearily travelling the hills, and what happened but that he missed the trail of the hunt, and lost his course and companions. A drowsiness came upon the man as he wearily wandered over the hills, and he lay down by the side of the beautiful green knoll in which Deirdre lived, and he slept. The man was faint from hunger and wandering, and benumbed with cold, and a deep sleep fell upon him. When he lay down beside the green hill where Deirdre was, a troubled dream came to the man, and he thought that he enjoyed the warmth of a fairy brooch, the fairies being inside playing music. The hunter shouted out in his dream, if there was any one in the brooch, to let him in for the Holy One's sake. Deirdre heard the voice and said to her foster-mother: "O foster-mother, what cry is that?" "It is nothing at all, Deirdre--merely the birds of the air astray and seeking each other. But let them go past to the bosky glade. There is no shelter or house for them here." "Oh, foster-mother, the bird asked to get inside for the sake of the God of the Elements, and you yourself tell me that anything that is asked in His name we ought to do. If you will not allow the bird that is being benumbed with cold, and done to death with hunger, to be let in, I do not think much of your language or your faith. But since I give credence to your language and to your faith, which you taught me, I will myself let in the bird." And Deirdre arose and drew the bolt from the leaf of the door, and she let in the hunter. She placed a seat in the place for sitting, food in the place for eating, and drink in the place for drinking for the man who came to the house. "Oh, for this life and raiment, you man that came in, keep restraint on your tongue!" said the old woman. "It is not a great thing for you to keep your mouth shut and your tongue quiet when you get a home and shelter of a hearth on a gloomy winter's night."

"Well," said the hunter, "I may do that--keep my mouth shut and my tongue quiet, since I came to the house and received hospitality from you; but by the hand of thy father and grandfather, and by your own two hands, if some other of the people of the world saw this beautiful creature you have here hid away, they would not long leave her with you, I swear."

"What men are these you refer to?" said Deirdre.

"Well, I will tell you, young woman," said the hunter. This is the next

"They are Naois, son of Uisnech, and Allen and Arden his two brothers."

"What like are these men when seen, if we were to see them?" said Deirdre.

"Why, the aspect and form of the men when seen are these," said the hunter: "they have the colour of the raven on their hair, their skin like swan on the wave in whiteness, and their cheeks as the blood of the brindled red calf, and their speed and their leap are those of the salmon of the torrent and the deer of the grey mountain side. And Naois is head and shoulders over the rest of the people of Erin." cheap aion kinah,

"However they are," said the nurse, "be you off from here and take another road. And, King of Light and Sun! in good sooth and certainty, little are my thanks for yourself or for her that let you in!"

The hunter went away, and went straight to the palace of King Connachar. He sent word in to the king that he wished to speak to him if he pleased. The king answered the message and came out to speak to the man. "What is the reason of your journey?" said the king to the hunter. Just out of the chat. wedding dress,

Connachar, King of Ulster, sent for his nearest kinsmen, and he told them of his intent. Though early rose the song of the birds mid the rocky caves and the music of the birds in the grove, earlier than that did Connachar, King of Ulster, arise, with his little troop of dear friends, in the delightful twilight of the fresh and gentle May; the dew was heavy on each bush and flower and stem, as they went to bring Deirdre forth from the green knoll where she stayed. Many a youth was there who had a lithe leaping and lissom step when they started whose step was faint, failing, and faltering when they reached the bothy on account of the length of the way and roughness of the road.

The Story of Deirdre

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Re:Everyday is A Gift

Posted by Ramya - 2010/01/06 03:48

A Coke and a Smile

I know now that the man who sat with me on the old wooden stairs that hot summer night over thirty-five years ago was not a tall man. But to a five-year-old, he was a giant. We sat side by side, watching the sun go down behind the old Texaco service station across the busy street. A street that I was never allowed to cross unless accompanied by an adult, or at the very least, an older sibling. (wow power leveling)

Cherry-scented smoke from Grampy's pipe kept the hungry mosquitoes at bay while gray, wispy swirls danced around our heads. Now and again, he blew a smoke ring and laughed as I tried to target the hole with my finger. I, clad in a cool summer nightie, and Grampy, his sleeveless T-shirt, sat watching the traffic. We counted cars and tried to guess the color of the next one to turn the corner.

Once again, I was caught in the middle of circumstances. The fourth born of six children, it was not uncommon that I was either too young or too old for something. This night I was both. While my two baby brothers slept inside the house, my three older siblings played with friends around the corner, where I was not allowed to go. I stayed with Grampy, and that was okay with me. I was where I wanted to be. My grandfather was baby-sitting while my mother, father and grandmother went out. world of warcraft gold

"Thirsty?" Grampy asked, never removing the pipe from his mouth.

"Yes," was my reply. "How would you like to run over to the gas station there and get yourself a bottle of Coke?"

I couldn't believe my ears. Had I heard right? Was he talking to me? On my family's modest income, Coke was not a part of our budget or diet. A few tantalizing sips was all I had ever had, and certainly never my own bottle.

"Okay," I replied shyly, already wondering how I would get across the street. Surely Grampy was going to come with me.

Grampy stretched his long leg out straight and reached his huge hand deep into the pocket. I could hear the familiar jangling of the loose change he always carried. Opening his fist, he exposed a mound of silver coins. There must have been a million dollars there. He instructed me to pick out a dime. After he deposited the rest of the change back into his pocket, he stood up. World of warcraft Power Leveling

"Okay," he said, helping me down the stairs and to the curb, "I'm going to stay here and keep an ear out for the babies. I'll tell you when it's safe to cross. You go over to the Coke machine, get your Coke and come back out. Wait for me to tell you when it's safe to cross back."

My heart pounded. I clutched my dime tightly in my sweaty palm. Excitement took my breath away.

Grampy held my hand tightly. Together we looked up the street and down, and back up again. He stepped off the curb and told me it was safe to cross. He let go of my hand and I ran. I ran faster than I had ever run before. The street seemed wide. I wondered if I would make it to the other side. Reaching the other side, I turned to find Grampy. There he was, standing exactly where I had left him, smiling proudly. I waved.

"Go on, hurry up," he yelled. cd keys

My heart pounded wildly as I walked inside the dark garage. I had been inside the garage before with my father. My surroundings were familiar. I heard the Coca-Cola machine motor humming even before I saw it. I walked directly to the big old red-and-white dispenser. I knew where to insert my dime. I had seen it done before and had fantasized about this moment many times.

The big old monster greedily accepted my dime, and I heard the bottles shift. On tiptoes I reached up and opened the heavy door. There they were: one neat row of thick green bottles, necks staring directly at me, and ice cold from the refrigeration. I held the door open with my shoulder and grabbed one. With a quick yank, I pulled it free from its bondage. Another one immediately took its place. The bottle was cold in my sweaty hands. I will never forget the feeling of the cool glass on my skin. With two hands, I positioned the bottleneck under the heavy brass opener that was bolted to the wall. The cap dropped into an old wooden box, and I reached in to retrieve it. I was cold and bent in the middle, but I knew I needed to have this souvenir. Coke in hand, I proudly marched back out into the early evening dusk. Grampy was

waiting patiently. He smiled.

wow power leveling," Stop right there," he yelled. One or two cars sped by me, and once again, Grampy stepped off the curb." Come on, now," he said, " run." I did. Cool brown foam sprayed my hands." Don't ever do that alone," he warned.I held the Coke bottle tightly, fearful he would make me pour it into a cup, ruining this dream come true. He didn't. One long swallow of the cold beverage cooled my sweating body. I don't think I ever felt so proud.

Re:Everyday is A Gift

Posted by eagle1r - 2010/01/26 03:24

The Letter

The following day was dull and foggy.The Hall was surrounded by heavy,low clouds,which opened now and then to show the grim,cold moor and its wet,grey rocks.The weather made us miserable.It was difficult to be cheerful when we felt danger all around us.I thought of Sir Charles'death,and the awful sound of the hound,which I had now heard twice.Holmes did not believe that there was a supernatural hound.But facts are facts,and I had heard a hound.Was there a huge hound living on the moor?If so,where could it hide?Where did it get its food?Why was it never seen by day? It was almost as difficult to accept a natural explanation as a supernatural explanation.

wow power leveling,

That morning Sir Henry and Barrymore argued about Selden,the escaped prisoner.Barrymore said that it was wrong to try to catch Selden.

'But the man is dangerous,'said Sir Henry.'He'll do any thing.Nobody is safe until he is in prison again.We must tell the police.'

'I promise he won't break into any house,'said Barrymore,'and he won't cause any trouble.In a few days he will catch a boat for South America.Please don't tell the police about him.If you tell the police,my wife and I will be in serious trouble.'

'What do you say,Watson?' asked Sir Henry,turning to me.

'I don't think he will break into houses,or cause trouble.If he did,the police would know where to look for him and would catch him.He's not a stupid man.'

'I hope you're right,'said Sir Henry.'I'm sure we're breaking the law.But I don't want to get Barrymore and his wife into trouble,so I shall not tell the police.I shall leave Selden in peace.', ffxi gil,

Barrymore could not find the words to thank Sir Henry enough.Then he said:'You have been so kind to us that I want to do something for you in return.I have never told any one else.I know something more about poor Sir Charles'death.'

Sir Henry and I jumped up at once.

'Do you know how he died?'Sir Henry asked.

'No,sir,I don't know that,but I know why he was waiting at the gate He was going to meet a woman.'

'Sir Charles was meeting a woman?Who was the woman?'

'I don't know her name,'Barrymore said,'but it begins with L.L.'

'How do you know this,Barrymore?'I asked.

cheap aion kinah,

'Well,Sir Charles got a letter on the morning of the day he died.It was from Newtown,and the address was in a woman's writing.I forgot all about it,but some time after Sir Charles died my wife was cleaning the fireplace in his study.She found a letter.Most of it was burned,but the bottom of one page was not burned.On it was written:"Please,please,burn this letter,and be at the gate by ten o'clock.L.L."The paper fell into pieces as my wife went to move it.We don't know who L.L.is,but if you could find out,you might learn more about Sir Charles'death.We haven't told anyone else.We felt it would not be good for poor,kind Sir Charles.But we thought we ought to tell you,Sir Henry.'

The Barrymores left us and Sir Henry turned to me.'If we can find L.L.,the mystery may be at an end,'he said.'What do you think we should do,Watson?'

'I must write to Holmes at once,'I said,and I went straight to my room and wrote a letter to Holmes,which gave him all the

details of Barrymore's story.

On the following day heavy rain fell without stopping. I put on my coat and went for a long walk on the moor. I thought of Selden out on the cold moor in this weather. And I thought of the other man, the mysterious watcher.

As I walked, Dr Mortimer drove past me. He stopped and said he would take me back to the Hall.

'I expect you know almost everybody living near here,' I said. 'Do you know a woman whose name begins with the letters L.L.?' 'wedding dresses,

Dr Mortimer thought for a minute, and then he said: 'Yes, Mrs Laura Lyons. She lives in Newtown.'

'Who is she?' I asked.

'She's Mr Frankland's daughter.'

'What, old Frankland who has the large telescope?'

'Yes,' said Dr Mortimer. 'Laura married a painter called Lyons who came to paint pictures of the moor. But he was cruel to her, and after a while he left her. Her father will not speak to her, because she married against his wishes. So her husband and her father have made her life very unhappy.'
wedding dresses,

The Letter

Re: Everyday is A Gift

Posted by ailj168 - 2010/06/24 09:13

I. Benefits of Smoking

Sir, The essential fact about smoking, which most commentators of recent years seem to have ignored is that cigarettes give a vast number of people a good deal of pleasure a lot of the time. That is why the world smoked almost 5,000,000,000 of them last year; approximately 1,200 for every man, woman, and child on earth.

luna gold,

None of which proves that smoking may not cause cancer or other illnesses. luna gold But, as the late Compton Maekenzie wrote, "If cigarettes vanished from the earth today, I believe the world would go to war again within a comparatively short time."

2. Is Smoking a Bad Habit?

1, a casual smoker always wonders if smoking is really a bad habit. If it is, why does our country produce such a large number of cigarettes every year? (As you know, China is the largest cigarette producing country in the world.) If it is, why do so many girls admire handsome boys with a cigarette on their lip?

wow cd keys,

In my opinion, wow cd keys smoking is only an amusement, like playing cards, reading, etc. Many years ago, when an adult handed me a cigarette and lit it for me, I felt grown up. When I am with friends and have nothing to say, we smoke, consequently we no longer feel embarrassed.

3. Smokers of the World, Unite

It can scarcely have escaped the notice of thinking men, I think, being a thinking man myself, that the forces of darkness opposed to those of us who like a quiet smoke are gathering momentum daily and starting to throw their weight about more somewhat. Every morning I read in the papers a long article by another of those doctors who are the spearhead of the movement.

World of Warcraft power leveling,

It is pitiful to think that that is how these men spend their lives, World of Warcraft power leveling putting drops of nicotine on the tongues of cats day after day. Slaves to a habit, is the way I look at it.

4. Common Sense about Smoking

It is often said, "I know all about the risk to my health, but I think that the risk is worth it." When this statement is true it

mouths have to be fed every year and yet a high proportion of the existing population are not getting enough of the right kind of food. Over the past two years the total amount of food has decreased, and of course the total amount of food per person has decreased even more sharply.

world of warcraft power leveling,

More and more of the babies born in developing countries have been surviving infancy, world of warcraft power leveling and now nearly half the people living in those countries are under the age of 15. The adults have to work harder than ever to provide for the needs of the children, who cannot contribute to the economy until they are older. There is a shortage of schools and teachers, and there are not enough hospitals, doctors and nurses. Farming land is becoming scarce, so country people are moving to the towns and cities in the hope of finding a better standard of living. But the cities have not been able to provide housing, and the newcomers live in crowded slums. Finally, there are too few jobs, and unemployment leads to further poverty.

Re:Everyday is A Gift

Posted by simann - 2010/11/06 07:35

wow power leveling

In an official post on the World of Warcraft forums, players are warned that Deathwing will not be a distant, instanced adversary, but will rather be one that is actively seeking to destroy the inhabitants of Azeroth wow power leveling.

wow power leveling

Deathwing will randomly choose areas of Azeroth on which to vent his fury and will keep doing so until his 'reign of terror is brought to an end'. One of Azeroth's oldest adversaries will soon tear through the Elemental Plane to reforge the world in flame, but this foe won't be conducting his reign of terror from the confines of a castle or lair wow power leveling.

world of warcraft power leveling

Deathwing is a destructive force the likes of which adventurers have yet to see in World of Warcraft, and his appetite for devastation can only be satisfied by the shattering of the world. Following his explosive escape from Deepholm, Deathwing will cast a deadly shadow over the people of Azeroth as he wreaks indiscriminate havoc across the land world of warcraft power leveling.

World of Warcraft power leveling

Once free to terrorize the world, Deathwing will randomly choose territories in Azeroth to attack each day until his ruinous reign is brought to an end. A blackened sky will be the only warning before every living creature caught in his approach is consumed by his terrible fire. The unfortunate victims of his malice will receive a rare Feat of Strength... as well as a repair bill and corpse run. When Deathwing returns, you'd best keep your eyes on the skies World of Warcraft power leveling.

Re:Everyday is A Gift

Posted by aillong - 2010/12/10 09:44

How do you feel the world of warcraft of the 4.0.3 update? Let's go to the article Garrett Fuller takes to find some worth words. wow power leveling

As a follow up to last week's article on the WoW Patch 4.0.3, wow power leveling I wanted to write about my experiences in the new starting area of Warcraft. I made two new characters, a Tauren Paladin and an Orc Mage. The Mage won out and I started playing in the old zone of Durator once again. Only this time there were some serious changes. Are they changes for the better? I think so. wow power leveling

Many MMO companies will tell you that the game is about the journey, wow power leveling that each zone is crafted to give the player an adventurous experience as they rise in power. MMO players have a different philosophy; they want to level and gain in power as well. Some may stop and smell the roses, but in a game like WoW with six years under its belt, most players have gone through the opening zones several times. I wanted to check out the changes made to the Valley of Trials, but at the same time I wanted to get out of there and explore the world. I got through a bunch of quests in Razor Hill and again find the pace of the game has drastically changed. There is no more of an old style MMO feel where you are just dropped in the world. This is much more linear and gives the player direction. It is like a streamlined game now that moves at a faster pace. I don't think this is a bad thing. If anything it bugs me, it's that they did not do this in the first place, but that was six years ago. world of warcraft power leveling

Overall, world of warcraft power leveling WoW has definitely changed for the better. I think the stream-lined questing and advancement will give new players a much easier time. In many ways the changes come at the right time in MMOs as games become faster and more action based. Sure there will always be the old schoolers who say things like, World of Warcraft power leveling back in my day, World of Warcraft power leveling we grinded things out. Well I did play back in those days, and I hated the grind of every MMO. If you have not tried a new character in WoW for a while, I definitely recommend it. With the new class and race combinations there are a lot of options to create something fun. Now is the

time to play as next week everyone will be questing to 85 or starting a Goblin or Worgen. See you in Azeroth.

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Re:Everyday is A Gift

Posted by LouBekhira - 2011/11/09 14:26

my goodness this is gorgeous...what a lovely compo and so vintage on that backdrop i love it phyllis...yes, everyday is a gift. good to see you post.

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