



Being Positive

Two Days Without Worry

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry, two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is *Yesterday* with all its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. Yesterday had passed forever beyond our control. All the money in the world cannot bring back Yesterday. We cannot undo a single act we performed; We cannot erase a single word we said. Yesterday is gone forever.

The other day we should not worry about is *Tomorrow* with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its large promise and its poor performance; Tomorrow is also beyond our immediate control. Tomorrow's sun will rise, either in splendour or behind a mask of clouds, but it will rise. Until it does, we have no stake in Tomorrow, for it is yet to be born.

This leaves only one day, **Today**.

Any person can fight the battle of just one day. It is when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities, *Yesterday* and *Tomorrow*, that we break down. It is not the experience of today that drives a person mad, it is the remorse or bitterness of something which happened yesterday and the dread of what tomorrow may bring.

Let us, therefore, live but one day at a time.

Every Day...

Share a kind word with a friend.

Give away a smile. Tell one secret.

Listen to what someone has to say.

Listen with your heart to what someone cannot say.

Try one new thing.

Forgive one person who has hurt you.

Forgive yourself for past mistakes.

Realise your imperfections.
Discover your possibilities.
Make a new friend.
Accept responsibility for everything you do.
Refuse responsibility for anyone else's actions.
Dream one dream.
Watch the sunset.
Cherish what you have.
Cherish who you are.
Love your life.

The Beauty of a Woman

The beauty of a woman
Is not in the clothes she wears,
The figure that she carries
Or the way she combs her hair.
The beauty of a woman must be seen from in her eyes,
Because that is the doorway to her heart,
The place where love resides.
The beauty of a woman is not in a facial mole
But true beauty of a woman is reflected in her soul.
It is the caring that she lovingly gives,
The passion that she shows,
And the beauty of a woman
With passing years only grows!
Author unknown

Meditation while flying a kite

If I had my life to live again, I'd make more mistakes next time
I would relax, I would be sillier than I have been on this trip
I know of very few things that I would take seriously
I could worry less about what people thought of me
And I would accept myself as I am

I would climb more mountains, swim more and watch more sunsets
I would watch less TV and have more picnics
I would have only actual troubles and very few imaginary ones
I would feel only sad, not depressed
I would be concerned, not anxious. I would be annoyed, not angry
I would regret my mistakes, but not feel guilty about them

You see, I am one of those people who lived cautiously and sensibly and sanely, hour after hour,
day after day

Oh, I have had my moments and if I had to do it over again, I'd have more of them

In fact I'd have nothing else, just moments, one after another

Instead of living so many years ahead of each day

I wouldn't place such a great value on money

If I had to do it all over again

I'd go places and do things and travel lighter than I have

I would plant seeds and make the world more beautiful

I would express my feelings of life without fear

I would touch my friends

I would play with more children

I would listen to more old people

If I had my life to do all over again

I would ride more merry-go-rounds, and pick more daisies and I'd smile

Author Unknown