



Re5 's Use the rest that I wrote for Psalms from the heart

Re5 #	 Coffee 4 Carers! Recharge –Renew—Refresh—Refill—Revive! HEART4KIDZ -A Nurturing Network http://h4kz.tumblr.com/ Chalsey Dooley cltdooley@gmail.com	Date	
001	<p>Re5 001: Abra-cadabra--Poof!</p> <p>A mysterious happening! Last weekend my husband and I took our young children to a large science museum. It was filled with people, and has many floors and rooms. A pretty complex place. When I sat down to nurse my baby in a quiet room, it was then that I noticed my phone wasn't in its case—an arm band type holder. We looked in all the places in the building that we had been, and asked at “lost and found” if a phone had been turned in. I looked in my purse and in the baby stroller. It wasn't to be found. Then I remembered my birthday promise. (It was my birthday the day before.) I had promised that as much as I could do it, NO MATTER WHAT happened to me throughout this next year I would strive to utter a positive word about it. I would thank God for it, no matter what.</p> <p>There wasn't anything more I could think of saying for this situation, besides, “Thank You, Lord, that my phone got lost...” after which I was then busy and focused in the care of our little ones. My husband then said he'd take the baby, and go to fill out a form stating what was lost, our contact information, and so forth, in case it showed up later on. He planned to put the baby in the stroller which was parked outside the room we were in, but within seconds he had come back. The phone, as odd as it seemed was sitting there in the stroller! It was almost as if I had said the magic words! It isn't those kind of strollers that are cozy and luxurious and it could slip down somewhere out of view. It is a very flat, twin seater stroller, with no top cushion, or blanket. Miracles happen! And I trust more will happen as I utter the magic words of possessiveness & gratitude.</p> <p>I stopped trying to think that everything needs to make sense before I praise God for it. Nor do I need to have a groundswell in my heart of happy feelings. I just simply say “Thank You” if I can't actually think of a string of reasons why some seemingly bad situation could be good. If I can't see anything good at all, I trust and thank God anyway, and leave the “working the magic” up to Him.</p> <p>I'm sure Mary & Joseph as they took residence in the stable, didn't have too many great thoughts about it. But we can see now how perfect it was, in showing to the world the humility of God, and His becoming poor so that we all could relate and become rich in His love, regardless of our situation.</p>	Aug 25 2010	

	<p>He took away all excuses by starting out in a lowly state. But we can see now how right-on Mary would have been were she to have said, “Thank You, God, that there wasn’t room in the inn for us. This is Your perfect place for baby Jesus to be born. I’m so glad for the good that will come out of this unexpected and rather uncomfortable place to be giving birth in. It’s all good!”</p>		
002	<p>Re5 002: Things that made me strong</p> <p>For every single hill I've ever had to climb, For every stone that ever bruised my feet, For all those hard times wading through the muck and grime, For blinding storms and burning heat, My heart sings but a grateful song, Those were the things that made me strong.</p> <p>For all the heartache, every single tear, For every gloomy day and any fruitless year, For all the sorrow and all the pain, And for all the hopes that lived in vain, I give You thanks, for now I really know, These were the things that helped me grow.</p> <p>It's not the softer things in life That made my will to strive. It's all those hard and trying times That kept my will alive. I want to walk Your chosen path, Though at times I feel so weak. I want a brave heart that's full of faith And dares to climb the steep.</p> <p>--Author Unknown</p>	Aug 29 2010	
003	<p>Re5 003: Angel Without Hands</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley (Written July, 2008)</p> <p>The lot had been vacant and unused for the 2 years we had lived in this area. Now for the first time it seemed to be open for parking, with an attendant sitting at the entrance. I was living in Lebanon at the time, and in the “ritzy” area, where ladies doll up for hours to walk to the corner store. I definitely stood out as I struggled—as gracefully as I could appear—to push my toddler in the stroller while carrying my newborn baby in the sling. Time for make-up or fancy hair-do’s seemed light-years away. My husband had unexpectedly had to leave the country—with only 2 days notice—and had been unable to return for several months, due the legalities. In his absence I’d had gone on vacation with our co-workers, had a baby (a sudden C-section weeks before my due-date), and now had two little ones growing and learning along with me in</p>	Sept 1 2010	

	<p>this new stage of motherhood.</p> <p>As I was walking with my little boys to the nearby store, that hot summer day, I saw the look I haven't forgotten yet. It's etched in my memory. The new parking attendant looked up into my face. What I saw could only be described as an angel or God looking through him to me. He had a gentle smile on his face, and eyes were filled with compassion mixed with faith, as if he knew my situation, and was tenderly trying to encourage me. There was a godly light, a loving warmth in his gaze. It both caught me by surprise as well as deeply encouraged me—I looked back twice just to see it again, it made me feel so good inside.</p> <p>What gave me renewed strength for any struggles I faced after that was the fact that this man was handicapped. He had no hands, his arms ended at the wrists. Yet he sat there like any, confident and comfortable with himself and doing his job. If he could be content, and tackle a job that it would seem impossible to do in his state—(counting money, giving change, opening and locking the gate), so could I handle things in my far more fortunate condition. I had hands. What could you say? Comparatively there was nothing I was limited in.</p> <p>When I returned on my way home, he looked like any other old man, sitting there smoking his hubbly-bubbly. Somehow God had looked at me in that moment, and used the perfect one to do it.</p> <p>He sat there day after day, through the hot summer sun—at least whenever I went out he was there. Just looking at him gave me a boost of courage. After leaving the country to join my husband for a few months, and being able to return all together, I found the parking lot closed again, as it always had been. No sign of this stranger. But every time I pass that corner I remember "the Angel without hands". And I also learned the value of a single, well-timed, smile. I've tried to share mine more freely with others since then.</p>		
004	<p>Re5 004: They mattered more!</p> <p>Almost two centuries ago men followed the events of General Napoleon's march of conquest across Europe, waiting with bated breath for any news of the outcome of his various wars. All the while, babies were being born in their own homes. But who could think about babies? Everybody was thinking about battles!</p> <p>However, in that one year, 1809, there came into the World several babies who were destined to become stars of the greatest magnitude--William Gladstone, considered by many as Britain's greatest statesman of the 19th century; Abraham Lincoln, one of America's most famous Presidents; Alfred Lord Tennyson, the celebrated poet laureate of Britain; and Louis Braille, the blind inventor of the widely used Braille system of reading for the blind! But while they were being born, no one thought of babies, just battles. Yet which of the <i>battles</i> of 1809 mattered more than the <i>babies</i> of 1809?</p> <p>Some fancy that God can manage His world only with big battalions, when all the while He is doing it by babies! Whenever a wrong needs righting, or a truth needs preaching, God sends a baby into the world to do it!</p>	Sept 2 2010	

	(Taken from <i>Reflections</i> TFI)		
005	<p><i>Re5 005: Take Time</i></p> <p>Take time to love, it's your source of joy Take time to appreciate and enjoy The simple things, oft gone unseen Take time to listen, learn and glean, The lessons & dreams from others' lives Take time to embrace and realize The wonder of God's eternal care Take time to give the gift of prayer For those in straits graver than your own Take time to reap the good you've sown Take time to share a kind look, a smile Take time to walk the "extra mile" Take time to savor what's truly best Take time to tell of how you've been blessed. Take time to encourage a friend in their need. Take time to sit, absorb or read Enhancing understanding, refreshing your mind. Take time to share the treasures you find When you have taken the time</p> <p>—By Chalsey Dooley</p>	Sept 4 2010	
006	<p><i>Re5 006: An Epic Journey</i></p> <p>Is it a struggle just to keep your family fed and their basic needs met? Read what this tiny creature has to do. You'll feel a wave of energy, as if you have wings comparatively!</p> <p>(Transcript from "Life 2009, BBC" documentary:)</p> <p>30 meters beneath the Costa Rican forest canopy, a dedicated mother ensures that her young have the best possible start in life. This tiny strawberry poison arrow frog, only the size of a fingernail, is guarding her fertilized eggs. Whilst the eggs and tadpoles are developing, she and her mate keep watch, making sure that they are safe from predators. But they can't stay here forever. The leaf litter is drying out, and tadpoles need water. She must do something, and fast.</p> <p>She needs to move them, and so encourages one tadpole to climb on her back. She now begins an epic journey. But it's not to a pond, as you might expect. She is looking for something very particular. Her journey takes her across the forest floor to the foot of a tall tree and then she starts to climb. For such a little frog it is a marathon ascent, like a human mother climbing the Empire State Building with a child on her back.</p> <p>She's looking for a plant, a bromeliad, growing on the tree. It holds a pool of water at its center, the perfect nursery pool for a developing tadpole. In slides her youngster. But</p>	Sept 6 2010	

	<p>this is only one of six tadpoles. She must rush back down to rescue the others. One by one she collects them and carries each to its own bromeliad.</p> <p>But there is another problem. The little pools contain no food. So she has to provide it. She lays an unfertilized egg in each pool for her tadpoles to eat. And then she leaves. But one egg won't sustain a growing tadpole for long, so she has to return every few days with another egg.</p> <p>Over the next two weeks she can climb almost half a mile tending her young. An astonishing feat for such a tiny creature. While she's busy delivering eggs, the tadpole grows legs, and its tail begins to disappear. And then one day it leaves its bromeliad nursery forever, and it climbs out into the forest. Whilst its mother has a well-deserved rest.</p>		
007	<p>Re5 007: How'z Gardening?</p> <p>The concept articulated below has given me the courage to face hourly, daily, my personal challenges. I think we must each have something, or multiple things, that just don't seem to go away, no matter how hard we try to do things "right". But it's all part of the learning and strengthening side of life. This month I celebrate that it has been five years now since I first became a mother. Five years of struggle & tears, though mixed with more laughter and smiles than hard times. Being a mother has been one of the toughest tasks I've tackled yet. But here we are, we've made it to today! And though we have our struggles, we are thriving and filled with the joy and wonder of life, walking hand in hand, closer than ever to the One who made and loves us.</p> <p><i>"It's glamorous to fight a giant, but it takes humility, patience, and persistence to fight weeds. You feel like a failure when you have to plug along, dirty and sweaty, in the garden, rooting out and replanting again and again. Few have written songs or poems about the struggles of the gardener, yet it is a struggle just the same, and in some ways a nobler one than the glorious but quick victories of legend."</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>The soul of a child is the loveliest flower That grows in the garden of God. Its climb is from weakness to knowledge & power, To the sky from the clay & the clod.</p> <p>To beauty & sweetness it grows under care, Neglected, 'tis ragged & wild. 'Tis a plant that is tender, but wondrously rare, The sweet, wistful soul of a child.</p> <p>Be tender, O gardener, & give it its share Of moisture, of warmth, & of light,</p>	Sept 8 2010	

And let it not lack for the painstaking care,
To protect it from frost & from blight.

A glad day will come when its bloom shall unfold,
It will seem that an angel has smiled,
Reflecting a beauty & sweetness untold
In the sensitive soul of a child.

--Author Unknown



The greatest battle that ever was fought-
Shall I tell you where & when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
It was fought by the Mothers of Men.

Not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Not with eloquent word or thought
From the wonderful minds of men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart;
A woman that would not yield;
But bravely & patiently bore her part;
Lo! There is the battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam & wave;
But, Oh, these battles they last so long--
From babyhood to the grave!


But faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on, & on, in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen goes down!


Ho! ye with banners & battle shot,
With soldiers to shout & praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

--Joaquin Miller



The man who wants a garden fair,
Or small or very big,
With flowers growing here and there,
Must bend his back and dig.
The things are mighty few on earth
That wishes can attain.
Whate'er we want of any worth

	<p>We've got to work to gain. It matters not what goal you seek Its secret here reposes: You've got to dig from week to week To get results or roses. <i>By Edgar Guest</i></p>		
008	<p>Re5 008: Olympics for Mothers (& Fathers) !</p> <p>Location: Wherever you are</p> <p>Date: Today (and tomorrow, and the next day..)</p> <p>Medals given for:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> --Who can smile the most, even when in the most patience-trying or stressful situation --Who can bravely put aside, yet again, that bit of fun, book to read, friend to chat with, dream to be realized, while letting the greater needs of a youngster be fulfilled --Who can encourage, compliment, praise, notice and say the good, first and far more than correcting or pointing out flaws in the children or others. --Who can put loving reactions, deeds and words above "getting things done," having the house in perfect shape, doing what you had planned, or appearing "together & on top of things" to other parents --Who can mind the feelings of a child or someone else more than their own embarrassment or feelings in front of others --Who can forgo something you have convinced yourself that you really need in order to maintain "sanity", if or when it just doesn't work out, and make things great for a child else instead <p><i>There are so many heroic, great things parents and caretakers do each day, that God alone knows, but if medals were given out and hung up, the walls wouldn't have space for pictures!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">  </p> <p>Then there are the totally "unsung" daily giving and helping tasks that really should be in the Guinness book of records! As they've done more for furthering the human race than just about anything else listed in there:</p> <p>"Most pieces of laundry washed & put away"</p>	Sept 10 2010	

	<p>“Most times breast-fed a baby”</p> <p>“Most patience-trying situation taken gracefully & calmly”</p> <p>“Most times been asked ‘why’ and answered courteously and informatively”</p> <p>“Most dishes washed”</p> <p>“Most prayers prayed”</p> <p>“Longest time stayed awake caring for sick children or colicky babies”</p> <p>“Most meals cooked”</p> <p>“Most little girl’s hair brushed and fixed”</p> <p>“Most potties emptied”</p> <p>“Most diapers changed”</p> <p>“Longest time gone without your own basic needs met—while needing to tirelessly give your time to care for others”</p> <p>..The list could go on and on... as do the parents and caregivers in their daily giving. And medals will be given out, of the most meaningful, rewarding kind, in the best way, at the right time, to each one for the daily acts of loving and caring for God little creations. He’ll see to it! With wonder we’ll discover how nothing has gone unnoticed by Him.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">  </p>		
009	<p>Re5 009: “I want that pacifier!” (& Shoes!)</p> <p>Sometimes we think, and are convinced that there is something we absolutely must have, that it is the answer to our problem, that it is a real need, but God knows better. We seldom think so at the time. But time has a great way of sorting things out. We just need to be patient.</p> <p>My baby was tired, hungry and thirsty. All he needed was a good nurse and cuddle before a nap. He was vigorously sucking on his pacifier, and since his eyes were nearly all the way shut he couldn’t see that there was anything else, something better I was offering. No matter how much he sucked on that pacifier, he felt no nourishment. I had to pull hard to release it, and be able to satisfy his real need. He didn’t know what I had in mind.</p>	Sept 13 2010	

He thought I was taking away the only small bit of comfort he had left. But in time—and for him it was only a matter of a few seconds—he saw that it was all for the best, and was happier for it.

It reminded me of myself, getting my eyes and heart so fixed on something I thought I needed, when all the while there was something better ready to be given to me. I just had to give up what was in my hand (or what I wanted to be in them) and hold out for what He knew was better. The most recent time I can remember was a few months ago.

My account below is a very down-to-earth example. But maybe there's something in your life or heart that you can relate this too—a painful or bothersome health challenge you wish would end, a longed for loved one or heart breaking separation, change and travel dreamed of, specialized needs for you or your children, legalities sorted out and granted, a difficult personality to face day after day, physical or emotional needs gone without for what seems like way too long, moral support & camaraderie, or whatever is “waiting on ice” for a solution or relief. I pray it can give you comfort to know that the best may be “just around the corner”. God's not blind nor forgetful. He'll answer in the best way and time, with what we need.

The Shoes

In this part of the world it was the middle of a cold winter, and I had no shoes! Now when I say “none” I mean I had a pair of flip flops for house use and a pair of thin suede moccasins with ripping seams, for trying to look nice when traveling or whatnot. The one pair of tennies I had were beginning to evolve into some new type of shoe, the holes were getting so big. And my feet had now gotten an ailment due to these and other old and improper shoes. So for the betterment of my feet I had to chuck them. To me it seemed to be a very big need, and should be an easy one to grant, from a God who “holds the cattle on a thousand hills”. We looked for long hours in many shops, I prayed, a friend gave her extra shoes... but still there was nothing that fit me, or fit our price range. I was looking for a “one type suits all” type of shoe. –So we'd only have to buy one pair! But anything in my size and that was quality enough to last a bit, was outrageous in price. And anything on sale didn't fit!

The need seemed so apparent to me. Just hanging the laundry outside took me an hour to thaw my toes out again. And we were going on a 1 ½ week trip, traveling and staying in a motor home, in the winter. I was looking forward to the trip, but it seemed an absolute that I'd need shoes! I begged. I pleaded with God. I saw no reason for this clearly desperate need being delayed. Well, the trip came and went, and I survived it with my flip

	<p>flops and suedes when needed.</p> <p>Then an odd happening. I was walking near some shops, after getting veggies for the week, and I noticed a sign saying there were shoes for sale. The moment I pondered it, wondering if I should go it, a person walking beside me said clearly enough for me to also hear, “shoe shop!” Obviously noticing it too, at that split second. And yes, it was the time for the miracle. I was in and out of the shop in a matter of minutes with a perfect fit and type and color—and price! Ahh! At last.</p> <p>But then it began to unfold, the understanding, the reason for the delay in getting shoes up till then. I discovered that I was unable to wear these new shoes for more than a short while at a time, without it causing me a lot of discomfort. My feet still needed more time to heal. If I had gotten those oh-so-cool million-dollar shoes, I wouldn’t have been able to use them anyway, and it would have made my condition unbearable trying to wear them too often. I would have sorely regretted (pardon the pun) the decision to get them then. I saw His wisdom now. And thanked Him for denying me what I was convinced I needed. So I donned my flip flops, braved the cold, and gave healing time. But I also had the miracle pair to use when I needed something more suitable. I’m healed now, and I thank the Lord for saying “no” and “wait” and giving me first what I truly needed. “He knows He loves He cares... He gives the very best to those who leave the choices up to Him.”</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
010	<p>Re5 010: Can a Cloud Smile? (Or a Carrot?)</p> <p>Yes, a cloud smiled at me. I gasped! It was freeky. It was the biggest “smiley face” I’d ever seen. It would have been “normal” if it was just one of those, “Oh, that cloud looks like a sheep... and that one looks like a ball of cotton... and that one looks like eyes and a smile”. But no...</p> <p>I guess I needed the “pat on my back” right then. I had just spent the semi-rainy night on the grassy ground, with nothing to sleep on but a tarp (and one pulled over our heads as well) while we shivered in our sleeping bags. Sounds rough, but for those teenagers it was called “fun”. They begged to go “camping”, freestyle. But since it was rainy, and already late afternoon, and we didn’t even have a tent, it was a new experience. There was no “camp fire” as much as we had tried, because the evening dew and light rain had already made the sticks we found too damp. I was helping a team of missionaries for a few months, in Mexico in 2002. And I was the only one available to do something “fun” with the 5 teenagers that weekend. This is what they longed for—adventure and nature. After discussing it with the parents extensively, it was decided to be worth a go. Off we went. Well, the rain did stop after the teens’ and my prayers, and with wind blowing the clouds away we actually saw the stars as we went to sleep.</p>	Sept 16 2010	

	<p>With an early start the next morning (not really the kind of bed you enjoy “sleeping in” on) we enjoyed a nice day of hiking, sun bathing on the mountain rocks, playing in the stream, throwing “mud balls” and so forth. Late in the afternoon we were picked up and driven home. I looked at the clouds as we drove, for fun spotting the animal shapes noticed and so forth. There was also this huge side view of a smiling face--one eye and the curved corner of the smile--on a big fluffy circle cloud. Noticeable enough. I pointed it out to the others. Then as I looked at it again, the wind must have blown as I watched, and it appeared as if the “face” was turning and looking at me. As it moved there was now two eyes formed with grey clouds atop the large circle cloud, and the full curve of the smile was now in the perfect position. (Wish I’d had a camera.) I let out a shriek! And inwardly felt Someone from “Upstairs” expressing “Thanks for helping the young people have a nice weekend. Wasn’t your choice of an activity, as tired as you were, but you put others’ happiness first. I saw it, and I’m proud of you.”</p> <p>Maybe these smiles seem to spring out on me, but they do the trick! Two weeks ago while eating dinner with my children, it happened again. If I’d mixed my food in my bowl a hundred times it still wouldn’t have formed it. But there on my plate was a perfectly formed smiley face, made with food. Now to set the scene, “dinner” or any meal for me and the children isn’t the usual type of menus. We eat a bit differently. Just the way we are made. There are few ingredients that agree with us, so we stick to them. To spruce things up at times, the addition of a sprinkle of raisins & nuts helps make things fun. The smile in my bowl was made with a round slice of carrot, two raisin eyes, and a cashew nut smile! I showed my plate to my 4 year old without saying what I noticed. He saw it immediately too. We laughed together and my food remained unfinished. I just couldn’t bring myself to eat this last bite of love!</p> <p><i>Keep your eyes open today to notice the personalized ways Jesus will tell you He loves you!</i></p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
011	<p><i>Re5 011: Grace for the Space</i></p> <p>Last night I was reminded of this poem I’d heard put to music many years ago. I held on to it. It had been a “bumpy” past few days, as I call it. The concept of being able to act gracefully, with easy, politeness, being non-ruffled by things, is a great goal. To after a long day of trying to please, and still hearing yet more complaining from the little ones, to smile and try to make things nice; to accept yet another disappointment and “hoped for” not working out, cheerfully; to realize that every goal and “priority” of the day wasn’t reached, and to remember that as long as the goal of acting in love is reached, that really is the priority.</p> <p>Well, I didn’t attain, but somehow even the times of falling short, apologizing and making things right again help keep our hearts tender and our friendships close, and work to create a stronger desire to hold on to that “grace” for next time.</p> <p>Some meanings of the word “grace”: -beauty or charm of form, composition, movement, or expression</p>	Sept 19 2010	

	<p>-an attractive quality, feature, manner, etc. -a sense of what is right and proper; decency -thoughtfulness toward others -goodwill; favor - mercy; clemency</p> <p>Today I pray that I will show:</p> <p>Grace when the sun is shining Lord, Grace when the sky is black, Grace when I get the unkind word, Grace on the too-smooth track, Grace when I'm elbowed into a nook, Grace when I get my turn, Grace when the dinner will not cook, Grace when the fire won't burn. Grace when my duties all go wrong, Grace when they all go right, Grace when it's gladness, praise and song, Grace when I have to fight, Grace when my clothes are fresh and new, Grace when they're worn and old, Grace when my purse is empty too, Grace when it's full of gold. Grace when the saved ones don't act saved, Grace when they outshine me, Grace when denied the good I've craved, Grace when I get my plea, Grace when the midnight hours I tell, Grace when the morn is nigh, Grace when I'm healthy, strong and well Grace when I come to die. --Author Unknown</p>		
012	<p>Re5 012: Mother's Nature</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>Make my nature like a tree...</p> <p>Quiet</p> <p>Dependable</p> <p>Stable</p> <p>Life-giving</p> <p>Supportive</p>	Sept 21 2010	

	<p>Bending and flowing</p> <p>Bravely facing the wind and storms</p> <p>Changing & growing</p> <p>Holding firm & tight</p> <p>Strong & able</p> <p>Beautiful</p> <p>Reaching and looking upward</p> <p>Full of smiles</p> <p>Bearing fruit</p> <p>Protective</p> <p>Constant, sticking to its place</p> <p>Uplifting</p>		
013	<p><i>Re5 013:</i> Concert with a Carrot</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>There's those times when words fail you—you either laugh or cry, or both. But to “let it all out” in a way that not only amuses, but benefits those around, now that's a challenge and test of control and creativity.</p> <p>The beds—all of them—had been wet on in the night. Finally I got around to changing the bedding and hanging out the blankets, sheets, covers and all (being the coldest month of winter). Feeling like we were getting on top of things I go out of the room for a minute to work on breakfast, leaving my husband and 3 boys. I come back in, and well, I felt beyond words. My young son had a large drinking water bottle (that had been full) and was pouring the entire thing over the now bare mattress!</p> <p>A little later on in the day: What?! My 4 year old decided to play dress up or just was in a silly mood. He managed to climb up, take it off the line and strut around the muddy yard with it on, like a cape on a king. This talent for creativity, ingenuity, and putting their mind to a difficult task and seeing it to completion, will benefit them greatly in their adult life. For now, it can be a challenge to see the positive in the various ways it's expressed!</p> <p>“Mommy, Mommy! I drew a veery beauuutiful picture. When you see it you are going to say, ‘That's so beautiful!’” I sensed my then 2 year old son trying to put the words into my mouth, bracing me for what I was to see. A wall mural! ...Uh.. numerous wall murals! (Thankfully this time he'd chosen to use</p>	Sept 24 2010	

sidewalk chalk—rather than the whiteboard marker or crayons.) We had a family activity then, washing a wall in every room in the house that had been decorated!

So on a day like these, topped with the growing pile of dishes to wash, the living room covered in toys & laundry to fold, the dirty clothes dominating the laundry room, every floor in the house crying out for cleaning, a proper dinner waiting to be cooked, and a baby with constant needs... I had reached “pick up a carrot and sing” stage. The kids loved it. It took away the building stress & frustration. I stood on a chair and gave them a show. We had a good laugh.

That single carrot was a microphone, an electric guitar, a violin (with an added spoon), a drum stick on a container. I sang opera, rock, melodically, wildly, softly, changing style and instrument demonstrating with each phrase of the song. And it was the words of the song I was singing that brought the relief, “One day at a time...” With it then ringing in our head, we kept bravely facing the challenges, and learning to love the ride of life.

One Day At A Time

Music & lyrics: Michael F.

One day at a time,
One step closer to Heaven;
With love as our guide,
Each mountain we'll climb,
One day at a time.

Before us lies an unknown way,
But beside us is our Guide,
And He's there day by day.
He'll fight for you when ya just can't fight,
And He'll whisper words of comfort,
No matter how dark the night;

Sometimes a day seems so long ,
When the heart's no longer brave,
And the battle's so strong.
Even the sun sinks at night ,
But it rises in the morning
With a glorious light.

Where God's finger points,
There His hand will make a way;
He will never lead us down a path that's not been taken.
Don't worry 'bout tomorrow,
And all of its cares.
And even when we fall, my love,
His loving arms will always, always be there.

<http://www.nubeat.org/ABodtT.html>

015	<p>Re5! 015: Elements of a lovely day</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>Forecast for rain, it started off sunny. It was the one day a week when we invest the day in whole-family activities. We go on outings and what not. But by the time we got to the bank of the river for our play and picnic the rain was starting, the wind blowing, and the baby asleep in the car. I sat there enjoying the quiet moments, while my husband took the boys for some sand play, till the rain got too hard to continue. The “imperfect elements” of the day were many. But we had a great day! I think it was due to the buoyancy and joy that our children felt, no matter what happened.</p> <p>--The attempt at flying the kite, which didn’t work due to lack of enough wind, ended in smiles, as our son was grateful his dad tried, and was amused seeing his dad run so much trying!</p> <p>--The rain that ended the outdoor play shorter than intended allowed for mommy to have a bit of indoor exercise at the gym, and the perfect timing for the boys to see a “new car carrier” unloading cars, as they drove home with daddy. A fun and rare sight!</p> <p>--The biting wind and cold rain for mom’s walk back home didn’t faze her much, as she pondered in awe how an unexpected car missed hitting her when she crossed the road.</p> <p>--Their daddy had to leave for a couple days on a trip, and so our “family day” was going to only be half a day this week, but it was packed with fun, focusing on the children’s enjoyment. The housework left for later. They felt loved and happy.</p> <p>--But while daddy was packing the car, mommy making a start on dinner, the boys sat in the car, make believing they were on a trip. And then—and how they did it, we don’t know—but they managed to accidentally pull the rear-view mirror down! Since daddy was running late (having given so much to his family) we now had to get it up, and fast. Together we attempted. With his screwdrivers in hand, and I holding the fussing baby, using my other hand, we managed to make it work enough! We laughed together. It wasn’t our choice of “bonding together” before being apart, but laughing together on a project was fun—attitude made it so.</p> <p>--After a bubble bath, their favourite video, (and though interspersed with putting the baby back to sleep several times due to “baby belly blues”) the dinner was great, and happily eaten.</p> <p>--The day ended in smiles and stories, though the kitchen & bathroom were yet in shambles.</p> <p>Nothing would seem “perfect” to an onlooker. But that wasn’t important.</p>	<p>Oct 2 2010</p>	
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	<p>Each element to make the day wonderful was in place: Seeing the children smile regardless of what turns the day took, and my husband and I making the choice to laugh instead of stressing as each event unfolded, was more than perfect for me. I'm reminded of the saying: "Your day goes the way the corners of your mouth turn!" Attitude and reactions seem to make or break a day, and having the joy of helping others smile adds a sparkle to any day!</p> <p>I was thinking, while they were enjoying the play in the spring wind and light drizzle, that if the children only had sunshine, at all times—in body and in heart—they would lack so much more experience. I'd rather they know how to smile through the rain that is interspersed through our life, then only experiencing the perfect "sunny" days. Seeing them able to "bounce back again" through unexpected and difficult moments is a wonderful gift to have. So no matter how hard I try to make things as ideal as possible, there is so much that escapes my wishes. I just have to brace up, face the wind, and keep walking—and help the children through their child-sized storms and challenges.</p>		
014	<p>Re5! 014: Unique ways children said "I love you"</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>Child: Mommy, why is your nose running?</p> <p>Mom: It's the cold air, and I don't have a tissue right now. (While at the park.)</p> <p>Child: You can wipe your nose on my sweater sleeve!</p> <p>I need you to hold my hand, because you are "the hero next door". (If your child is into the children's show "Fireman Sam" you'll know what this means, and it's a BIG compliment!)</p> <p>Mommy, if you were a puppy, I'd feed you grass. I'd take care of you!</p> <p>Children and daddy come home: Mommy, we got you a hard hat (dress-up) so you can be on our construction team! (And they made sure I wore it often!)</p> <p>Mom: I'm sooo tired (after three-hours of non-stop standing-and-rocking-fussing-baby marathon, on mom's birthday)</p> <p>Toddler: Dung (while pushing her to lie down on the bed. "Dung" meant "down". In English: sleep, mommy!)</p> <p>I love you a kajillian!</p>	Sept 29 2010	

	<p>Child: (Hugs mommy) I love you soooo much! Even when I don't like you, still I like you. Even if you are sad I love you. I love you anytime.</p> <p>Mommy you are my cuddly animal! (stuffy, teddy bear)</p> <p>Nanny: I was tired to the point of wanting to crawl, while trying to do the dinner dishes. One of the children asked me to come and see something. Did I have the strength to go upstairs one more time? His mom had been gone to a seminar for nearly a week. I was trying to be the best nanny I could. I put on a smile and said I'd come and look. He brought me to my own room and showed me a display on my bed. He'd picked rose petals of different colors from the bushes outside and sprinkled them all over my bed, with a hand-written note saying Jesus loved me. It touched me so. I let a tear fall. I had renewed strength to keep on.</p> <p>Doing things together with you is the thing I like best. Even just thinking about not being with you makes me start to feel lonely.</p> <p>I love you to infinity and forever!</p>		
016	<p>Re5! 016: Rainbows in the dark</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>(When pondering on this write-up, the other morning, something interesting occurred. The children had troubles in the night, and the baby wasn't feeling well as the day dawned. The room was very dim, but not all dark, as the sun was slowly starting to rise, and a faint tint of light turned the walls to grey, rather than dark. I was thinking of this article, as it had been a trying night, with the children's various difficulties, and I was on the verge of tears already. Then we looked up to the wall, and saw the closest thing we could to a "rainbow in the dark". There was a large arch on the wall, in a darker grey than the rest of the wall. It could have been formed by some shadow of some light somewhere, perhaps. But to us it was a touch of God's love, reminding us of the rainbows we could have in our hearts, through our tears and hard times. We were in His loving hands. We were going to have a great day.)</p> <p>I'm reminded of a song I learned when I was young. "If your heart keeps right, you can find a rainbow in the darkest night." I never fully understood what it was saying, then. But it's a wonderful concept. There will always be something good to notice, even when things seem as black as night. As a child I never understood the "heart keeping right" part, or it didn't seem attainable. I thought it meant to always feel happy, never making a wrong move, nor marred with regret of some childish wrong doing, or negative feeling. That I was to always feel joyful about doing everything I was supposed to do. Rather, my heart was filled with emotional ups and downs, and I seemed to be always feeling bad about something. But now when I ponder those words I think about a sunflower. It has to be in the right position to get the sun's rays full on, and to grow in the fastest,</p>	Oct. 5 2010	

strongest way. Perhaps having the heart right, and being able to see the good no matter what, is simply looking to the light. It's looking at Jesus, to want to see and know His love, to want to get His take on a situation, to stand tall knowing the light of His love is what makes me grow, and is what will nurture me.

While looking out the window one rainy day, feeling the squeeze of personalized difficulties, the following words began to come to me. I typed them in the night while the children slept.

*Rain fall, blend with mine, wash my eyes, restore my sight
Sunshine, make me whole, cleanse my soul, shed your light
Rainbow there, magic bend, showing good that troubles send.
Wipe my tears now washed with rain, restore my strength, bring joy again.*

*Delight my soul, once aching sore, give me grace down to my core
Flower drear, let me water, with the rain flow that I've felt
You too will see the rainbow that can come from darkened skies.
Light your eyes, to see the blessings that come to us in disguise.*

And oddly enough, the following day, there were rainbows displayed brightly in the sky at two different times—morning and afternoon. Rare enough to see one, much less twice in a day!

Taking into account those who have lost their homes, loved ones, or face great hardship or loss in some way, does have a way of making even the biggest challenges we face seem rather minuscule comparatively. I have a house, even electricity and running water, food & clothes, and I'm with my family. Even the toughest moments in a day could seem like yearned-for bliss to those who have little or nothing, or have lost it all in a sudden calamity, or the ravages of war or greed have left them torn. But still, regardless of state or fortune, life works its magic on us all, and to-the-man, at times we all can feel we're tackling or enduring things that make us "stretch" or take us to our limit, and perhaps a bit beyond.

None are exempt from growth or heartache, from sorrow or pain, from loss or loneliness, from health struggles or accidents, or from being handicapped in someway—physically, mentally, socially, financially, healthwise or whatnot. Not wanting to belittle the plight of any, nor to shrug off each of our responsibility to help each other out on this planet, but for those who struggle with seeing the seemingly great imbalance and terrific hardship of others, I'd like to say I believe that in some way things do or will yet balance out—eventually.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 5: 3,4,9, KJV)

017	<p>Re5! 017: What if...?</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>If the trees were tired of standing in the same place, bored of doing the same thing day after day, year after year, we'd have only deserts.</p> <p>If the sand on the beach, and the surrounding land felt dry and wished people would stop stepping all over it, then we'd have floods.</p> <p>If the water in the world wished for a break from constantly being needed to help people and refused to be on the move, moved here and there with tides, waves, trickling springs and brooks, flowing rivers, dams, irrigation for farming, water pumps, pipes, kitchen taps, taken from wells, poured out, turned into clouds and then rain, freezing and melting, needing to change and move according to the seasons and needs, it would be the end of life as we know it.</p> <p>Some days we'll feel dry and lacking the spark and inspiration that we wish we'd have; other days will be boring and we'll wish for change and excitement; other days we'll feel so tired of the constant needs to fill, the never ending "pouring out"; some days we'll feel a lack of appreciation from others; but let's learn from nature and keep on going, keep on loving, keep on giving to those who need us.</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>	Oct 9	
018	<p>Re5! 018: Have a laugh!</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>(Note: Here's a "just for fun" article for laughs, should you find it enjoyable, if you are due for a stress reliever. While the new baby had his nightly fussy and crying time after dinner, and all I could do was hold and care for him, my toddler, nearly 2 years old, was creative at finding things to do. Thus the following true and funny tales. As written by my toddler.)</p> <p>Toddler's Activities</p> <p><i>Tried and proven ideas of how to keep busy while Mom rocks or nurses your baby sibling.</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ➤ Take a clean roll of toilet paper (I've learned it's better to use clean, rather than used paper, plus a new roll has more on it to play with.) Unroll slowly and spit on each square, and throw that piece away. ➤ Another fun thing to do with toilet paper is unravel it and spin in circles. See how many times it can wrap around you. Or make a neck scarf out of it. I'm sure you'll find just as many creative ideas as I would have come up with, were my mom to have let me continue. ➤ For those times when you still have energy at bed time, look around the room and see anything that could possibly be climbed up on, things even that you've never tried before. An upside-down baby bathtub works good as a stool, for trying to reach the cleaning fluid that's normally out of your reach, when you are in a cleaning mood. 	Oct 12 2010	

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ➤ Grab the nearest stool around and finally get to reach all those “put on a high shelf so the toddler doesn’t get them” things. One sure way to combat boredom. ➤ Make your mom’s day by cleaning the bathroom for her. Get any sponge you can find—the only one I had was the one for washing the toys—and get scrubbing. I used the nearest bar of soap and lots of elbow grease and started vigorously on the toilet seat. And then I discovered the neatest thing. I didn’t have to keep getting water on my sponge from the tap, there was water right there in the bowl of the toilet! Handy for getting the job done quickly. ➤ Do some practical math with a large bottle of water. Hold the tiny cap in one hand and pour the bottle into it. See how many caps it can fill. I found it usually is about 2 till the bottle is empty. Well, a little bit spills, but then even that can provide some more fun cleaning it up! I cleaned the spill with a water spray bottle and broom! ➤ To really end the day feeling nice, toiletries are really the way to do it. If you can get your hands on a bottle of lotion, you can spread a soft layer all over, as if you are icing a cake. It feels great. Toothpaste is another winner. A little at a time, so it’s not too strong, but keep at it, brush and get more, brush and add more. Or just skip the toothbrush part and put it directly in your mouth. It’s very refreshing. 		
019	<p style="text-align: center;">Re5! 019: The Invisible Famous—The mothers who made ’em great.</p> <p>When Sir Walter Scott was a boy he was considered a dull student, and was often made to sit in the ignominious dunce corner and wear the high-pointed paper cap of shame. When about twelve or fourteen, he happened to be in a house where Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, and some others were being entertained. Burns was standing admiring a picture under which was written a couple of lines of poetry. He inquired concerning the author, but no one seemed to know. Timidly a boy crept up to his side, named the author, and quoted the rest of the poem. Burns was surprised and delighted. Laying his hand on the boy’s head, he exclaimed, “Ah, bairnie, you will be a great man in Scotland some day.” From that day Walter Scott was changed. One word of encouragement set him on the road to greatness. --Author Unknown</p> <p>Many years ago, a boy of ten was working in a factory in Naples. He longed to be a singer, but his first teacher discouraged him. “You can’t sing,” he said. “You haven’t any voice at all. It sounds like the wind in the shutters.” But his mother, a poor peasant woman, put her arms around the boy and praised him. She knew he could sing, she told him, she could already see an improvement. Then she went barefoot in order to save money to pay for his music lessons. That peasant mother’s praise and encouragement changed that boy’s life. His name was Enrico Caruso, and he became the most famous opera singer of his time.</p>	Oct 15	

	<p>-Dale Carnegie</p> <p>A six-year-old came home from school one day with a note from his teacher in which it was suggested that he be taken out of school as he was "too stupid to learn". His name: Thomas Alva Edison.</p> <p>" I did not have my mother long, but she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation & her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should never likely have become an inventor. I was always a careless boy, & with a mother of different mental calibre, I should have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."</p> <p>--Thomas A. Edison</p> <p>If you have a boy who just can't learn in your class, don't despair. He may be a late bloomer. It has now come out that Dr. Wernher von Braun, the missile & satellite expert, flunked math & physics in his early teens. Everybody has heard of Martin Luther; but who knows the name of his mother, the wife of a coal miner who often went hungry so that little Martin might attend school? –Author Unknown</p> <p>Some years ago in a manufacturing town of Scotland a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday school for a class. At his suggestions she gathered a class of poor boys. The superintendent told them to come to his house during the week & he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came, & each was nicely fitted out.</p> <p>The worst & most unpromising boy in the class was a lad named Bob. After two or three Sundays he was missing & the teacher went out to hunt him up. She found that his new clothes were torn & dirty, but she invited him back to the school, & he came. The superintendent gave him a second new suit, but, after attending once or twice, Bob was again absent. Once again she sought him out, only to find that the second suit had gone the way of the first.</p> <p>"I am utterly discouraged with Bob," she said, when she reported the case to the superintendent, "& I must give him up."</p> <p>"Please don't do that," the superintendent replied. "I can't but hope there is something good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit if he'll promise to attend regularly."</p> <p>Bob did promise, & received his third new suit. He attended regularly after that, & became interested in the school. He became an earnest & persevering seeker after Jesus, & found Him. He joined the church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry. The end of the story is that this discouraging boy--forlorn, ragged, runaway Bob--became Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, & by so doing, opened the kingdom of heaven to the teeming millions of that vast country.</p> <p>–Author Unknown</p>		
021	<p>Re5! 021: Treasures in unexpected places</p> <p>I like to train myself to react to each unexpected disruption as an opportunity to get to do or learn something I wouldn't have, had things gone as I wanted. To notice and retrieve something new and positive from a difficult situation helps to</p>	25 oct	

	<p>take the “bite” or pang out of it.</p> <p>One memorable time was a night several months ago when my children were sick and having stomach pains. They must have taken turns waking every 5 minutes throughout the entire night, crying and needing to be cared for. It would have been pointless to consider getting any sleep myself. So I got my laptop, and sat on the floor beside their beds, and worked through the night on a new project. It is something that I will use and be grateful for, daily, for at least the next 10 years. I thank the Lord for the gift of that wonderful night!</p> <p>The treasure from that long night is what I call, “The Character Calendar”. Do you ever feel overwhelmed by all the things you want to teach and impart to the children? The skills you’d like them to get a chance to begin learning? The character traits and moral development you’d like to be a part of their personalities? The languages they might be so glad to know or be familiar with? The extracurricular activities to have as part of their learning and development?</p> <p>So, in-between their waking moments that night I wrote lists of all I’d like to be included in their lives during these years that I am training and raising them. Next I divided them up and pegged them to different months of the year, choosing what would be the focus of each month. For example every time “October” rolls around, we’ll continue working on and learning what’s listed for that month. Stress free! Now if anything starts to get to me, and I start to get the “We should be teaching our children... and they should get a chance to...” type of overwhelming thoughts, well, they will! All in time. It’s slotted and planned for! Ah, if it wasn’t for that long and sleepless night, I would have been far too busy to do it.</p> <p>Another memorable treasure was a child story series, and other individual stories. Over the past few years my children have had sleep-disturbing health issues. It’s been difficult. To deal with it, stories really helped. New stories, entertaining ones, character building, faith strengthening stories. Now, after the past year of verbally making up the stories each night, the boys who are addicted to their “Berry Beary Kind” stories (a kind Bear who helps others, and uses all types of vehicles to do his job), urge me to now type them up and read them, so we can have a record of them. It’s a fun project, and who knows, maybe one day I’ll make a book of them! But had we had only clear skies and stormless days and nights, we’d probably never needed stories so much, and missed out on this fun, bonding, memory-creating side of our time together as a family. Like that saying, “The pain passes, the beauty remains.” They’ve forgotten the tears of past hard times, and only remember the great stories. It’s something that they treasure.</p> <p>Difficult time? Could be something wonderful in disguise.</p>		
020	<p>Re5! 020: Short Inspirational Videos</p> <p>(Here are some links to short inspirational videos that were sent to me. I found them enjoyable.)</p> <p>What women would have said, if they could have told themselves something when starting out a mother.</p> <p>http://www.godtube.com/featured/video/reflections-motherhood/all Interview with God!</p>	Oct. 19	

	<p>http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l3Agm5ztO1s&feature=player_embedded#!</p> <p>Illustrated Poem http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yemk7iWPU18&feature=related</p> <p>Playing Piano with his feet—an overcomer! http://www.godtube.com/featured/video/unbelievable-armless-pianist-liu-wei</p>		
022	<p>Re5! 022: He sent us mother</p> <p>God could not be in every place With loving hands to help erase The teardrops from each baby's face, And so He thought of mother.</p> <p>He could not send us here alone And leave us to a fate unknown; Without providing for His own, The outstretched arms of mother.</p> <p>God could not watch us night & day And kneel beside your crib & pray. Or kiss our little aches away; And so He sent us mother.</p> <p>And when our childhood days began, He simply could not take command, That's why He placed our tiny hand Securely into mother's.</p> <p>The days of youth slipped quickly by, Life's sun rose higher in the sky, Full grown were we, yet ever nigh To love us still, was mother.</p> <p>And when life's span of years shall end, I know that God will gladly send, To welcome home her child again, That ever faithful mother. --George W. Wiseman</p>	Oct 22	
023	<p>Re5! 023: Unforgettable people I met...</p> <p>There are some people that upon the memory of them always help me to count my blessings. Meeting them in their situation was an unforgettable encounter.</p> <p>On a rainy day, with bags on our shoes to keep the deep mud from covering them, we delivered donated cake to poor families at their houses.</p>	Oct 28 2010	

	<p>Out of one version of a house, with only a cloth for the door, came a 12 year old girl, to accept the food for her and her several younger siblings. She was now responsible for them, as her remaining parent—mother—was in hospital. It was a large cake and we were giving parts of it away to each family. We asked her for a plate or tray to put their portion on... they didn't have one. We found a way.</p> <p>A family with 11 children. The father was currently out of a job. There was no running water in their one room house. We delivered a box of food supplies to the grateful family.</p> <p>On the same day we brought a box to another family. They too were very poor. Their family had a unique way of dealing with the food shortage. The children and family members simply took turns eating—not meals, but days. One day some ate, the next day was the other's turn. Our gift box must have gone a long way and been so appreciated.</p> <p>So what was I complaining about... I forgot. It doesn't really matter, anyway.</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
024	<p>The Shiny Green Stone</p> <p>It didn't seem fair to me at the time. I was 10 years old. I don't think it's just children that have an inbuilt balance alarm system that seems to ring when it appears that someone else is getting something better than you—whether it be health, or wealth, family situation or skills & job opportunities. There will ALWAYS be someone who seems to have it easier or get the better fortune. But that Sunday in the mountains of Petropolis, Brazil, my alarm seemed to go off extra loudly. I and my friends were exploring our "backyard". Our mountain house had a great property, spacious, and filled with nature wonders.</p> <p>"Look what I found!" My friend, said as she pulled a shiny green rock out of the dirt. We all were amazed, and feeling somewhat sad that we hadn't encounter such a treasure. It was about the size of half her hand. I don't actually know the name of that kind of special stone. Maybe one day I'll encounter it again.</p> <p>Vigorously we all got to work digging in the same location, just in case there were more of them. We couldn't believe it when another one was found—this time much bigger, about 8 times the size of the last one. The only problem was, it was found by the same girl!</p>	Nov. 2 2010	

	<p><i>What? She finds them both?</i> None others were found that day by us. See the rules we played by were, whoever finds it, gets to keep it. And even if she were to give it to one of us, we didn't have that thrill of being the "discoverer". I questioned at that age, why God would be so unbalanced to us. One special rock that only she got was hard enough. Now two, and bigger—and my brothers, and the rest of our friends found none?</p> <p>That childhood memory sat in the back of my mind for years. I couldn't resolve it, so I let it rest. Many years past, we moved, they moved, we lost contact, then had children of our own. I heard bits of news a few years ago how things were going for her. She was a single mom now, with a couple of children. Though she was happy and had friends that helped her, I couldn't help think about my dear husband. I'd waited long—and given up hope—for someone so perfect for me. I thank God every day for him. And so do our three wonderful children. I can imagine if she observed our family there could be feelings of "not fair" in her mind. Because things just don't seem perfectly "equal" to every human on this planet. We are all individuals, and each have a separate-style journey through life.</p> <p>I'm glad now that she found the rocks, all of them—and hope and pray, and some how think, that in His love, God has seen fit to bring out the balance in her life, to show His love. That "unfair" balance at the time, taught me that He sees farther than this moment, and eventually does balance things out, in personalised ways. Maybe to me I seem to have it better than her, now, but because He let her find those precious stones then, gives me faith that He's sent other "special rocks" her way as the years go on, that have made her feel loved.</p> <p>Balance of "good things" comes, in time, I think to all. But can't always be measured or seen. Some treasures—actually the ones that count the most—are probably the invisible ones. The gifts He gives to our heart and soul. And remembering this life isn't the all-in-all... just one piece of the puzzle. "The best is yet to come", as we give him our hearts and lives here and now.</p> <p>--Chalsey Dooley</p>		
025	<p>Slow progress?</p> <p>Does it seem like any progress is hard to come by and you don't have much to show for all your efforts? Ponder these notable facts on some plants as I did. God doesn't seem to be in a hurry, nor only wishing for fast, showy proofs of success of other parts of his creation. Just staying at it and doing what we're meant to do, day after day, year after year—being "faithful"—regardless of visible outcome, seems more the name of the game and what scores points.</p> <p>Bristlecone pines grow very very slowly, often only a millimetre or two a year. (And can live for thousands of years.)(From Wikipedia: Bristlecone pines grow in isolated groves at and just below the tree line. Because of cold temperatures, dry soils, high winds, and short growing seasons, the trees grow very slowly. The wood is very dense and resinous, and thus resistant to invasion by insects, fungi,</p>	Nov. 5 2010	

	<p>and other potential pests.)</p> <p>Welwitschias plants grow only in one African desert. Each welwitschia produces only two leaves in its lifetime and it may live for 2,000 years. The longest and biggest leaves recorded were eight meters long and two meters wide.</p> <p>New plants have been grown from 1,000 year old lotus seeds. Their seedcases were so hard, scientist had to dissolve them first with sulphuric acid.</p>		
026	<p>When the last diploma's granted, And the race takes its degree, And the worthwhile things are graven In the Hall of History; When the World's great benefactors Gather at the Master's call, There will be one more deserving, One more worthy than them all. When the deeds of men are measured And their services are weighed, And the Master of all masters, Hands to each his final grade, Then the warrior, merchant, banker, Each shall take his separate place 'Round about a central figure, The most honoured of our race. Then the ones who fought for power And the ones who strove for wealth Will discover that the greatest Was the one who offered self; Then the teacher, true & faithful, Will be greeted from the Throne By the greatest of all Teachers; "Ye shall reap as ye have sown!" --Riley Scott</p>	Nov. 9 2010	
027	<p>Coping Fathers</p> <p>Author Unknown</p> <p>A young father was pushing a baby buggy down the street. He seemed to be unruffled by the bawling of the baby & softly said, "Easy, Albert! Control yourself! Keep calm!" The baby bawled more loudly. "Now, now, Albert, keep your temper!" the father went on. A mother, passing by, said, "I must congratulate you on your self-control. You surely know how to speak to a baby--calmly & gently!" She patted the crying baby on the head, & asked soothingly, "What's wrong, Albert?" "No, no!" exclaimed the father, "the baby's name is Johnny. I'm Albert!"</p> <p>One father was complaining in the presence of another father of the fact that his son was costing him so much. He had to have money for clothes, books, carfare, lunch, etc. It was a burden.</p> <p>The other father remarked, "My son does not cost me a dollar. I wish I could spend something on him." "Why doesn't your son cost you?" "Because," replied the second father, "we lost him a few months ago."</p>	11-11-1 0	

028	<p data-bbox="228 260 542 289">Crawling up life’s pathway</p> <p data-bbox="152 327 1130 678">To him it seemed a total “road block”, a problem he couldn’t get past. I was sitting on the low step outside, in our backyard. My nearly 1 year old was crawling on the concrete pathway towards me. He really wanted to come, but his face winced. He lifted up his hand to move once again. Nothing doing. He couldn’t go. He didn’t know what was causing the discomfort, too much so to move forward. I saw it. I wouldn’t have thought it was anything worth noting, but it was enough to make him feel unable to go forward. A very small rock was on the pathway, right where he hand was being placed. His weight pressing into it was too uncomfortable for him. In one second I brushed it out of the way, and he was happily able to meet me.</p> <p data-bbox="152 716 1114 852">Mobility has been great for him. Since learning to crawl he’s been so much happier. I’m sure those of you with a crawling baby know what it’s like. Although it can make it nearly impossible to do much of anything else for awhile, trying to monitor his new ability and the safety factors now in play.</p> <p data-bbox="152 890 1127 1167">I was thinking how the problems that come into my pathway must seem like that to me—too hard to go forward. But to the Lord they are nothing to brush out of the way. I feel “I can’t go forward. I can’t do a single thing.” He says, “Pause. Look up to Me. Let Me know what you are feeling. Even if you don’t understand what’s causing the problems, let alone know the solutions, I’ll clear the way and get you past it. It’s part of your learning-and-exploring process, but what seems too much for you, is nothing for Me to fix. I’m right here with you. You’re not alone in this.”</p> <p data-bbox="152 1205 342 1232">--Chalsey Dooley</p>	Nov 13 2010	
030	<p data-bbox="228 1239 456 1268">Enjoy the moment</p> <p data-bbox="152 1306 1127 1619">When a sudden struggle time happens upon me, I think, “Enjoy the moment... you paid for it.” Add up the rent and utilities bill for this day. The experience and training. The difficult things you’ve gone through. The births and raising of the little children. A lifetime of hard learning. The gathering supplies, for house and children’s care. Just every detail that has gone into making this moment what it is, and is holding you in place, at this time. <i>You’ve put out a lot of time and effort and money and giving, and learning, that’s all led up to this individual moment. So even if it’s not what you’d expect or wish it to be, right now, enjoy it!</i></p> <p data-bbox="152 1656 1101 1759">Kind of like going to a show that you pay for... if the tickets are expensive, you make sure to laugh as often as you can. You don’t want that money to have been wasted! So laugh, love, learn and live!</p> <p data-bbox="152 1797 1101 1860">Every day is a once-in-a-lifetime chance. –You won’t get another chance at today.</p>	18-11-1 0	

029	<p data-bbox="191 241 1096 304">Here is a wonderful song that is sure to lift you. My husband wrote the words to it.</p> <p data-bbox="516 336 771 367" style="text-align: center;">"UNSUNG HERO"</p> <p data-bbox="592 399 695 430" style="text-align: center;">Verse 1</p> <p data-bbox="438 462 844 934">I saw you when no one noticed, I watched you from day to day, Observed your humble spirit, Admired your simple ways. I wondered what it had cost you To so willingly play your part? Until I could not hold back The words that filled my heart:</p> <p data-bbox="592 966 695 997" style="text-align: center;">Chorus</p> <p data-bbox="316 1029 966 1375">You are the unsung hero Letting your hopes and dreams go That other lives may find what they're dreaming of, Giving yourself to the uttermost, Holding on no matter what the cost. In all the world there is no greater love.</p> <p data-bbox="592 1407 695 1438" style="text-align: center;">Verse 2</p> <p data-bbox="422 1470 860 1879">I've wanted so much to tell you, But words seem so hard to find To show the admiration I feel so deep inside. All of those unseen labors That nobody seems to see Are making your crown in Heaven</p>	16, Nov. 2010	

	<p style="text-align: center;">That will shine eternally.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Bridge:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I couldn't do what I do. Without you there to help me through. Our lives would know an emptiness Without your love and faithfulness.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Chorus</p> <p style="text-align: center;">You are the unsung hero Letting your hopes and dreams go That other lives may find what they're dreaming of, Giving yourself to the uttermost, Holding on no matter what the cost. In all the world there is no greater love.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Lead vocal: Vas Myers Lyrics and Music: Michael Dooley Producer: S. De Bezenac</p> <p>http://www.nubeat.org/ABkusT.html</p>		
031	<p>Re5! 031: When do you call it quits or “failure”? –Emma & John Withnell never did.</p> <p>I recently read a true life story about a couple who were pioneers and settlers in Northern Australia. It gave me a great boost of inspiration and energy. Their determination to carry on, regardless of major and repeated set-backs, great difficulties and hardships, while providing and caring for 11 children, was stirring. They kept their faith in God and sense of humor through it all. Emma & John Withnell didn't have the word “failure” or “quit” in their dictionary or mindsets. Here are a few notes I took from their story:</p>	21 nov 2010	

<p>Emma Mary Withnell and John Withnell, 1864, while she was 6 months pregnant and with 2 children moved their entire farm on a ship to set up and pioneer in Australia. The ship was shipwrecked, and only about 1/6 was left of their livestock.</p> <p>They never made it to their original destination. But made a homestead closer to where they landed. Off to a rough start they got busy, and kept at it.</p> <p>They had 11 children over the years.</p> <p>John was a great farm worker but illiterate. Emma taught him how to read and write.</p> <p>Fruit and vegetables were rare or non-existent.</p> <p>All the births of the babies were done without help, besides her husband and at times her sister. No doctors of any kind around.</p> <p>Cyclones, drought, fire repeatedly destroyed their houses (all which had to be built and rebuilt by hand, using the rough materials available.)</p> <p>At one point, 4 months after a cyclone, Emma had twins. She had 5 children besides them to care for. Their house was still not completed at that time. Somehow they managed.</p> <p>Husband dies at 75 years old, and Emily out-lives yet another 30 years, busy and active. All 11 of her children still growing, and thriving in their own lives, and having children of their own.</p> <p>In conclusion: The setbacks and difficulties I read about were too numerous to list here. But they just kept on. Others left the area, but they never called it “failure” or “too hard”. They sailed with 650 healthy sheep, when</p>		
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	<p>beginning their journey, but due to the shipwreck had been left with only eighty-four ewes, two rams, a horse and a cow. After many years of hard work and not losing hope, courage and determination they possessed 20,000 sheep, 130 horses and 150 head of cattle and were regarded as very successful pioneers.</p> <p>You may have a fresh start any moment you choose, for this thing that we call “failure” is not the falling down but the staying down.—Mary Pickford</p> <p>Success seems to be largely a matter of hanging on after others have let go.—William Feather, American writer</p>		
032	<p>The Length of a Proper day</p> <p>Some have estimated that to have a well-balanced day, and do all that we “should” do in a day, it would take 48 hours! I would venture to say that for a mother of small, or many children, it would take more! With that in mind, if we get around to even half the things on our list of “top priority” and “important” we are doing the max for a 24 hr day! Feel better?</p> <p>I just have resigned to the fact that the “do daily’s” are to be done every few days or so. Some days are primarily “a clean house” days. Other days are great bonding with the children days. Other days I care for myself (good exercise, grooming, “good hair days”). Other days are for computer work getting done. Other days are for friendship time, or focused time with my husband. Other days are for going out and having a great time as a family. Other days are for a sparkling kitchen and extra great meals. Other days are for times of relaxation, book reading, online friends, a game of scrabble. And so on, and so forth. I can’t do all the “balanced life” activities, as well as accomplish a lot, as well as be the “attentive to every detail and need” type of mother, as well as care for myself “self-maintenance”, plus have all rooms & closets & drawers in the house spick ‘n’ span ‘n’ tidy, plus be a fun “seize the moment, and flow with it” and “enrich the children’s lives in all that I do, giving them my all” person, all in one day!</p> <p>Take this therapeutic stress relieving exercise too (like you have time to.): List all the “you’ve gotta do it every day”, things you and/or others have deemed so, things you have mentally adopted as “must do’s”. Estimate the amount of time you’d need for your main job (be it at home or out) and related “homework” or prep for it, travel times, plus all your family needs, or personal needs, or education ventures, or house and yard care, and see what you come up with!</p>	24 Nov 2010	

You'll see that there is no way you, or anyone, can practically do 'em all each day! So let's stop berating ourselves for being unable to get around to many things on our "to do" list or have perfect days. Let's do the best we can with today, and then chill about what just can't happen.

For example...

Sleep (8-9 hours), Main job (8-10 hours), 3 balanced meals, eaten slowly, relaxing to have proper digestion (2 hours), snacks of the right quality, interspersed at the right time allotment throughout the day (1 hr), meals cooked (2 hours), dishes washed and kitchen cleaned (don't forget to wash out the inside of the trash, not just change the bag) (2 hours), Time to reflect, read, pray, relax (1-2 hours), Exercise time (1-2 hours), Personal upkeep (shower, teeth—don't forget to floss!—hair care, toilet needs, toenails clipped, shaving, etc, etc.) (2 hours), House upkeep and deeper cleaning, drawers organized (3 hours), Yard & garden care (if you have one) (1 hour), Laundry & clothing care, mending, etc (including sock matching) (1 hour), bonding or communicating with your partner (1 hour), Business, shopping, travelling, etc. (2-3 hours), Hobby or creative skill (1 hour), Time to talk and bond with the children (1 hour), phone/email answering (1 hour), news watching/reading, keeping up with the current events (45 mins), Pet care (if you have one) (1/2 hr), Special-time things for others (birthdays, anniversary, special events, outings, snacks, letters) (a few hours on those days), Educating yourself, research, or learning a language (1-2 hours), Music (learning an instrument, singing with family or friends, listening to IQ increasing classical music) (1/2 hour), Car care, cleaning, gas, loading, unloading from the day's events (1/2 hour), legal & business work (1 hour), etc, etc.

Some things will always fall through the cracks. Yesterday I had to wear unmatching socks, and put the frozen chicken in the oven in one big mix with veggies and all, to thaw and cook at the same time. I managed to throw some salt on it. I didn't brush my hair either. (Long hair, takes time.) The laundry still waits to be hung—it rained too much to hang it anyway. I didn't have time alone to read or rest or pray quietly, undisturbed. The kids need a good bath, and my toenails are way too long. (Gotta find those clippers!) I usually never get around to writing personal notes or acknowledging everyone's birthdays, yesterday was no exception. The main school room/ printing computer won't turn on and is in need of repair. My closet has serious reorganization issues, as do most drawers in the house. But we had a great day! The children had quality and fun learning/ school time, Bible & and other stories with activities, a wonderful time near a river to play and enjoy. I had exercise! The house got basically tidy, and my husband was able to spend a little extra time with the children playing trains and lego—much to their delight! The school logs were filled out. And because of the laundry-stalling rain, there was the most amazing double rainbow display in the sky for the children and I to enjoy. Like that saying, "You win some, you lose some."

--By Chalsey Dooley

033	When the Healer Comes	29-11-10	
<p>Here are the lyrics (and attached song) that's given my heart a balm of strength during those times of ongoing pain. Have you had those times where you just wish it would stop, and it seems nothing helps? Could be physically, or hurts of the heart, turmoil, painful memories, or whatever is your personal "need healing" situation is. We all need healing—of body, or mind, or emotions, or whatever. I pray this helps you too. It was written by my husband, Michael Dooley.</p> <p>—</p>			
<p><u>WHEN THE HEALER COMES</u></p>			
<p><u>Verse 1:</u></p>			
<p>I see you searching to find relief in a sea of pain Reaching for answers of why your life had to be this way Can't face the fear that grows in your mind That life goes on and leaves you behind Don't know how long you can keep on waiting For some light to shine</p>			
<p><u>Chorus:</u></p>			
<p>When it's been so long since you felt no pain When your hopes are dim and your dreams seem vain When your world is dark and your night is long And there's no sign of the morning sun When you're all alone, no-one seems to care Even the prayers you pray seem to go nowhere Faith will find a way if you don't give up Everything will change when The Healer comes</p>			
<p><u>Verse 2:</u></p>			
<p>Let Jesus draw near you There is healing touch in those tender hands Yes He can hear you His heart has suffered and understands That the lessons that we learn in the dark Are the ones that make us all that we are And His presence shines like an angel in your lonely night</p>			
<p><u>Chorus 2:</u></p>			
<p>When it's been so long since you felt no pain When your hopes are dim and your dreams seem vain When your world is dark and your night is long And there's no sign of the morning sun When you're all alone, no-one seems to care</p>			

	<p>Even the prayers you pray seem to go nowhere Faith will find a way if you don't give up Everything will change when The Healer comes</p> <p><u>Bridge:</u> When the answer does not come right away That's the time to hold on to faith Cause there's no question The Healer will keep His Word And every desperate prayer is heard</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Lead vocal: Richard Hansen Lyrics and Music: Michael Dooley Producer: Michael Dooley</p>		
034	<p>10 Tips for a Terrible Today</p> <p>--By C.Dooley</p> <p>(Or skip 'em and have a great one!)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.) Tell yourself you just can't manage, you'll never be able to get around to each thing you feel needs your attention. Things are just too hard for you. 2.) Keep looking at your watch, seeing how fast (or slow) the time is passing, wondering why you haven't yet solved all the problems of the whole world, today...time is ticking 3.) Every time you see something that you just haven't been able to get around to doing, repeat to yourself, "I'm a loser!" 4.) Realise that you are much too busy to smile, talk casually with anyone, play a funny game with the children, or sit down to get quiet for a moment of prayer. 5.) Keep a movie playing in your mind of past times that you regret happened, or that caused you heartache, or a longed-for good time that you are pining for. 6.) Fault-find in every situation and with everyone you come in contact with. Nothing will ever be completely to your liking. Make it your automatic reaction to find the flaws. 7.) If you are in pain, or ill, or going without genuine needs keep focusing on the important fact, "I'm the one that matters most right now... (oh why isn't everyone in the universe rushing into aid me, immediately?)" 8.) Say it out loud! No matter what the feeling or irritability, frustration or bother, 	Dec 3, 2010	

	<p>just put it into words, so all can join you in the play-by-play moments of your ups and downs.</p> <p>9.) Take note and tally up all the seeming “imbalances”, the times you seem to work harder, get less sleep, always have to be the one to do a certain dreary task, and whatnot.</p> <p>10.) Keep the formula: First get what I need, then I’ll see if I can get a chance to help others.</p>		
035	<p>A House—Friend or Foe? <i>--By Chalsey Dooley</i></p> <p>It’s my friend when I have a place to store the food, and cook meals for my family.</p> <p>A foe when I get my tired eyes on the pile of dishes to wash, more than on the One Who supplied the food to fill them.</p> <p>It is a friend when I have a place to get things done, with electricity, sheltered from the elements, the tools to do whatever I need to do from home.</p> <p>A foe when a sense of work is casting a shadow on the gratitude that should be prevalent for all that I have been blessed with.</p> <p>It is a friend when on a cold, rainy day, the children have a warm place to play.</p> <p>A foe when I nag and get impatient about the mess of toys left around, allowing myself to be too busy to play with the children, to laugh at their creative designs, and to enjoy watching them grow.</p> <p>It is my friend when it provides a comfortable place to rest.</p> <p>A foe when that’s the only thing I’m wishing for. Forgetting the millions who would love to have just one night in a comfortable bed like I get to enjoy nightly.</p> <p>It is a friend when I have a place for friends to gather, family to meet, events and get-togethers.</p> <p>A foe when I stress over the work, set up, and clean up afterwards that is involved, making my personal family feel the tension of pressures I’m allowing to dominate me.</p>	26 nov 2010	

It is a friend when I can have at my finger tips what I need in my domestic duties—a place to do the laundry, cook the meals, wash the dishes, bathe and dress the children, iron the clothes, and so forth.

A foe when I can't keep a peaceful air about me, and am fretting over the mountains of cleaning and washing that just piles up. When I can't speak patiently or react calmly in response to additional requests made, because I'm too consumed in the work I feel swamped in.

It is a friend when I have a place to raise, train and teach my eager-to-learn, happy-for-life bubbly children, with everything handy that I feel I need for them—books, table, computer, running water, toys, walls & doors to keep them safe.

A foe when I feel I can't leave the house, to take them out, till everything is tidy and in its place, and every dish is washed, and every bed is made. When I forget that it's more important to “leave it all behind” to let them enjoy the real world, and tend to their greater needs—nature exploration, fresh air, exercise, fun times together, learning new things, making friends. –Giving priority to the growing children's needs, before my needs to feel “snug” and “together” and have the acclaim of others of my domestic organization.

Rule of thumb:

Tend the needs of the animate before the inanimate; the living before the non-living objects; give more thought and energy into being something for others (kind, patient, fun), than doing something for others (house care, work); doing things *with* others more than doing things *for* others; having (and helping my children) have a clean and fresh inside (heart & thoughts), before the outside and what can be seen.

Thought to ponder:

When I tend mostly to the children's needs, the house seems to go wild. But when I tend mostly to the house care or other work, the children grow wild—if not always in action, in heart and mind, their thoughts & conversation. “A child left to himself brings his mother to shame”, it says in the book of Proverbs 29:15. Both need care, and a balance is good, but getting 100% in every area of life's to do is just not possible. I have to choose each day what will truly be important in the long run. What will leave me, my children, and those whose lives my children will influence, with the least regrets, and the best “fruit” to show?

(Posted on “Heart4Kidz” blog)

036	<p>More ways children said “I love you”</p> <p>“I like your earrings! You look so handsome.”</p> <p>“You shared your hat with me, so I’m sharing mine with you!” (A funny looking dress up hat.) “My ‘love cup’ us boiling over!”</p> <p>“I can be your friend, Mommy.”</p> <p>“I’m going to take care of you. I’ll use you for jobs that I could never do. If I did all the jobs that would be silly.”</p> <p>“If an angel came to our house I will cut bananas and apples for them, and cashews and share our car books and toy ambulance.” (All his favourite things.) (5 year old boy had 90% of the toys... and 3 year old was trying to build something with the few little remaining pieces of duplo.) Five year old just has to have yet another piece or two that the 3 year old has, and starts to do an animated crying scene about it. After a while, 3 year old says, to his brother, “Here you can have the whole thing that I made. It’s a surprise for you. I will never stop loving you. I love to infinity.” A little while later comes happily bounding to me, “We worked it out! I gave him the piece that he needed, and he’s happy now.” More happy to have his has-too-many-of-the-toys brother glad, than to have the pieces of duplo. Now that’s love. (The conscience of the 5 year old then stimulated, builds his brother something.)</p> <p>3 year old washed a strawberry in a cup of water, and brought it to mom. “Here mommy is a surprised for you, to show you appreciation for teaching the Bible book to us! It’s a fresh cup of water and a strawberry! I washed the strawberry for you.” (Hmm... looking in the cup of water handed to me it’s clear the strawberry was washed! Ha!)</p> <p>Five year old had built a very tall tower out of duplo blocks, his brother knocked it down once (brother was upset), then twice (yet more upset, and builds it up), when it’s knocked down the third time I was holding my breath. Five year old brother just says, “I love you more than my tower.” And promptly forgives, and does something else, rather than rebuilding right then. I was shocked. Would I have the grace to do that...</p> <p>3 year old: “I’m going to do all the chores in the house for you, so you can just rest. I’ll do all the dirty jobs.” (He said while vigorously sweeping the carpet with a broom!</p>	Dec 5 2010	
037	<p>Re5! 037: A Mom’s Mottos</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>#1: When you can’t do something, be something.</p> <p>(Those caring for babies understand how often you just are</p>	7 Dec, 2010	

“armless” as you have a bundle of love in them. It seems every time you are carrying and holding the young one there are 1,000 things that scream out that you are not getting around to doing ‘em, that you really, can’t physically do. So focus on *being* something. That’s the most important anyway: Be patient. Be kind. Be friendly. Be attuned. Be happy. Be approachable. Be understanding. Be compassionate.)

#2: If it’s gone, move on.

(It can be very hard to cope with loss. Thankfully, I haven’t had to deal with the loss of children or partner. Loss of any kind can be difficult, though I discovered the stress and agonizing made things twice as hard. I’m someone who can’t handle stress very well. I get physically ill. I need to stay as calm as possible , for my own good—and those around me. And loss is particularly difficult for my oldest son. Anytime something even small breaks, there are tears. We started a “broken things” box. We keep it on a top shelf. No matter what breaks, it seems to suddenly be the “it was my favorite...!” It’s too hard to toss it—double pain. So we bag it up, and put it in our special box, with a note of something we can think of that we have that will never break. The unbreakable things we have that we are glad for. “The fun time we had on our outing yesterday can’t be broken”, “the hugs we gave this morning”, and so forth.)

#3: Do the difficult. Do the uncomfortable. Do the best.

(I made this my motto when I was a teen. I was incredibly shy till 19 years old. Initiating a conversation with anyone just about did me in. I would do anything to miss meeting up with someone on the road walking home. The level of awkwardness I felt and shyness was so painful to deal with. I never said much, even when on camping trips with my friends. Quiet was my name. But I wanted to come out of it. So anytime I felt that pang of wanting to run the other way, rather than reach out and make a friend, or do something to help someone else, I quoted this as a mantra almost, and did it! It wasn’t too long till I grew out of my shell. I’m a totally different person now. But I never grew out of there being something each day that is hard. Something I’d rather not do—but that needs to be done, or said—be it getting up in the night to potty the children, or to broach a subject with my partner that I’m hesitant to bring up, or to get exercise when feeling I’d rather do those millions of things that need to be taken care of. As hard as it is for me to realize once and for all: *life will never be comfortable!* Doing the best will always take work, effort, humble acts, communication, prayer, putting others first, and so much more.)

#4: Compliment before correcting.

	<p>(I wish I can say I have attained to this one. But it's something I've been wanting to be a part of my nature, my reactions, that on the tip of my tongue is a word of thanks, of commenting on the good a child is doing, before telling them to please stop or change whatever it is that they are doing amiss—no matter how off they are behaving. Such genuine type comments are like grease to machinery, it makes things work smoother, have less friction, and go faster. My suggestions and requests for change or correction of behavior will go much further and be more readily accepted if "greased" first with a compliment, thanks, and noticing of the good first—of which there is the most of anyway, when we look hard enough.)</p>		
038	<p>Re5! 038: Daring Dreamers who Did it! (Part 1)</p> <p>I jotted down some amazing, even crazy-wild feats by those who dared to not only dream, but put out the hard work to succeed, and endure the opposition of nature & I'm sure plenty of well-meaning folks. <i>(Like the anecdote about the Panama Canal: While contending with the manifold problems of geography and climate in the building of the Panama Canal, Colonel George Washington Goethals had to endure the carping criticism of countless busybodies back home who freely predicted that he would never complete his great task. But the resolute builder pressed steadily forward in his work, and said nothing. "Aren't you going to answer your critics?" a subordinate inquired. "In time," Goethals replied. "How?" The great engineer smiled. "With the canal," he replied.)</i></p> <p>The following true accounts are not a list of good ideas for you to try! Heh! But maybe hearing of others who defied the odds will help give you a boost of courage to</p>	9 Dec, 2010	

stick with whatever it is that you are tackling, tough as it may seem, having the confidence that "victory belongs to the most persevering".

2007, Quinn Baumberger set out on a nine-month bike journey from Alaska to Argentina. He covered 30,600 km and had 50 flat tires on the way.

2004, U.S. motorcycle stuntman Robbie Knievel, made a 55-m jump over two helicopters and five airplanes parked on the deck of the Intrepid Museum (an aircraft-carrier-turned-museum, in New York)

2006, English photographer Roz Gordon travelled the length of Britain, from John O'Groats to Land's End, using 73 different types of transportation, including a pogo stick, camel, dog sled, golf cart, and stilts.

The 2,000-tonne space shuttle has its own transporter to move it to the launch pad. The crawler weighs 2,400 tonnes, and travels the 5.6 km from the shuttle depot at a maximum speed of just 1.6 km/h. The journey takes an average of about 5 hours.

Gene Pool not only covered a whole bus in growing grass, but also made himself a grass suit. He watered both daily.

In 2001 vehicles in the UK travelled 474 billion km—the same as driving to Pluto and back 40 times.

March 5, 2005, 47 people went surfing on Australia's Gold Coast on a single massive surfboard measuring 12 meters long and 3 meters wide.

In 2006, two British women (Antonia Bolingbroke-Kent,

and Jo Huxster) drove a three-wheeled taxi, called a tuk-tuk, 19,000 km from Thailand to England, through 12 countries.

French vet Raphaela Le Gouvello crossed the Indian Ocean on a sailboard just 8 meters long and 1.2 meters wide. The 6,300 km journey took 60 days. Raphaela spent 8 hours a day at the sail. She has also crossed the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea by sailboard. (To be continued...)

(Notes taken from "Ripley's Mighty Machines" book.)

I can give you a six-word formula for success: Think things through—then follow through.—*Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker*

Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss it, you will land among the stars.—*Les Brown*

There is nothing so fatal to character as half-finished tasks.—*David Lloyd George*

Have the dogged determination to follow through to achieve your goal, regardless of circumstances or whatever other people say, think, or do.—*Paul Meyer*

A leader, once convinced that a particular course of action is the right one, must be undaunted when the going gets tough.—*Ronald Reagan*

Re5! 039: Have another laugh!Dec
13 2010

--By Chalsey Dooley

“Don’t worry, there are more smiles than tears!” I said to a young couple preparing to have their first baby (facing some of the many fears, concerns, nervousness that comes while waiting for it all to begin—being thrust into the challenge of parenthood). They were visiting and hearing my, then 2 year old, crying about something.

Sometimes the difficult moments and “dramas” that happen daily can be rather intense, and make us take less note of the calm, happy, laughter-filled, cute moments. But really, if we were to take a tally of each side of the coin-of-life with children events (*and if we are doing what we can to make each day the happiest-hit-the-mark day that we can*) then there really will be more joy than tears. How could there not be? Little children are angels fresh from Heaven. Let’s notice and revel more in the fun and sparkles that they give each, if we’re aren’t too busy trying to “right things” or make ‘em be what we wish they’d be!

Here are some cute-kids I was able to write down... there are so many more. As I’m sure you’ve discovered in your own little ones.

😊 I have an idea! We can take the little pieces of paper and photocopy them, and then there’d be two. That way we can save paper! (4 years old)

😊 “If it knocks me down, I’ll bop that gravity away!! What if I bopped gravity all the way to another country?” (not wanting to fall and get hurt) (3 years old)

😊 “I make mistakes sooo good” 3 year old boy said, somewhat lamentably.

😄 For his 3rd Birthday someone gave my son a Lego cherry picker. He calls it a “chicky perry”. Today I helped to lift him up to reach some toys that were up high. He laughed and said, “You are my chicky perry!”

😄 “A lot of children at the park were shy at me. But a lot of them I asked what names they were, but they didn’t know what names they were.” (3 year old boy)

😄 (Said very excitedly emphatically while doing dress-up:) “I’m an astronaut and *I found the solar system!!*” (3 year old boy)

😄 “Whobody can get it?” (3 year old boy)

😄 “It’s very scary to fly without wings!” (while pretending to do so on the trampoline) (3 year old boy)

😄 “I’m so happy, I’m impressed!” (Trying to use a big word he’s heard) (3 year old boy)

😄 “Do you know how good I am at science? I’m so good at it that I even grew up a little bit!” (3 year old boy)

😄 “Yonder” will look better if I draw it this way. (“Yonder?”) Yes, it’s the name of the star the wise men saw to find Jesus. (I guess the song does say it... “Following ‘Yonder’ star”!)

😄 Mom to 1 year old baby: Would you like a mango? (Baby responds with “brrrm!” hearing the word “go!” His favourite thing to do!)

040	<p>Parent of All Virtues</p> <p>“Gratitude can transform common days into thanksgivings, turn routine jobs into joy, and change ordinary opportunities into blessings.”—William Arthur Ward</p> <p><i>Perhaps you read this article already, but if not, I thought it was good food for thought, and is bound to put a “spring to your step”! Have a wonderful, gratitude-filled day. Yours, Chalsey</i></p> <p>Perhaps you read this article already, but if not, I thought it was good food for thought, and is bound to put a “spring to your step”!</p> <p>The Parent of All Virtues</p> <p>By Mollie Ziegler Hemingway,</p> <p>Christianity Today, 11/22/2010</p> <p>Appearing on Conan O’Brien’s show last year, comedian Louis C. K. lamented how frustrated people get when cell phones and cross-country flights are slow or faulty. “Everything is amazing right now and nobody’s happy,” he said. When people complain that their flight boarded 20 minutes late or that they had to sit on the runway for 40 minutes before takeoff, he asks a few additional questions.</p> <p>“Oh really, what happened next? Did you fly through the air, incredibly, like a bird? Did you partake in the miracle of human flight?”</p> <p>The appearance hit a nerve—with over a million YouTube views and counting—because it’s true: Whether it’s our impatience with technology or, more likely, with family members and friends, our complaints reflect how much we take for granted.</p> <p>We know that God has given us our bodies and souls, reason and senses, material possessions, and relationships. Yet with all that God richly provides us daily, many of us struggle to be grateful.</p> <p>This is also unhealthy. Studies show that grateful people are happier and more satisfied with their lives and social relationships. They are more forgiving and supportive than those who are ungrateful. They are less depressed, stressed, envious, and anxious. In fact, high levels of gratitude explain more about psychological well-being than 30 of the most commonly studied personality traits, according to two recent studies published in the journal <i>Personality and Individual</i></p>	16 Dec 2010	

	<p>Differences.</p> <p>The Roman philosopher Cicero was on to something when he said, “Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of all the others.” It’s also the basic Christian attitude. Paul tells the Thessalonians to “give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God’s will for you in Christ Jesus” (1 Thess. 5:18).</p> <p>That might seem a challenge during a season of economic trouble and political unrest. But consider German pastor Martin Rinckart, who served a town that became a refuge for political and military fugitives during the Thirty Years War. The situation in Eilenburg was bad even before the Black Plague arrived in 1637. One pastor fled. Rinckart buried another two on the same day. The only pastor remaining, he conducted funeral services for as many as 50 people a day and 4,480 within one year.</p> <p>Yet Rinckart is best known for writing, in the midst of the war, the great hymn that triumphantly proclaims this:</p> <p>Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices Who wondrous things has done, in whom this world rejoices; Who from our mothers’ arms has blessed us on our way With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.</p> <p>How many of us could focus on God’s blessings with death and hardship all around us? Perhaps the problem is that we think too highly of ourselves. Margaret Visser studied cultural differences in showing thanks as she prepared her 2009 book <i>The Gift of Thanks: The Roots and Rituals of Gratitude</i>. The Japanese sometimes accept gifts by saying, “I’m sorry.” The subtext, Visser explains, is, “I am fully aware of my debt to you. I can never repay it.”</p> <p>We have so many things to be thankful for, including family, home, work, play, food, drink, and everything else that goes into daily life. But the God who provides these things has given us an even better gift: Himself.</p>		
041	<p>A Mom’s Mottos (#5-7)</p> <p>#5: Gently criticize what you’d generously compensate.</p> <p>(When you are a parent, and struggling, trying to cover every need, in the greatest challenge known to us—raising and caring for little ones—trying to “get it right” and facing the hard facts that it costs more funds than are coming in to cover all the “would be nice’s”, and just the fact that it’s humanly impossible to do each and every thing that needs doing, and to do it immediately, not to speak of the needs of each child being so unique, and some things that look imperfect are actually what that child needs more than “perfection”... just a helping hand, or a plain cash hand-out would go a lot further than all the comments from others about</p>	Dec 18 2010	

what you should be doing better in and tending to! From personal experience I've seen the value of adopting this mentality: Don't criticize others, unless I'm willing to pull up my sleeves and help out in a real way to make the change I feel they should be making, a reality. If someone can't help out, or "put their money where their mouth is", then it'd do more good to just say a silent prayer instead, keeping our comment to ourselves, and expand our level of understanding. Things often aren't as they appear. What we see in others is usually a very tiny piece of the puzzle of all that is going on in their lives. If we saw it all, and knew of the enormous challenges and road-blocking problems, we'd understand, sympathize and lend a helping hand. –Rather than assuming people are just "not trying hard enough". There is so much more in play in each of our lives. Thank God He sees and knows it all. And loves each one anyway!)

#6: People just want to hear themselves saying it.

(Whether it's always right or not, it's helped to give me tougher skin when barraged with a run of nasty-hurtful comments from someone. They are not saying it, for the most part, because they thought ahead of time what exactly you might feel, and are choosing the words that will hit your heart's soft spot in the worst way. They most likely just thought of their feelings, reactions, and formulated the words in their mind. To air it and say it gives a sense of fulfilment. –Though it's not right to do this, at least we can just brush off the negative "down" that their comments might give us. The hurt wasn't the goal. Their hearing themselves speak and saying aloud what has been building up inside was the goal. You happen to be at the hearing side of it. Don't take it further than trying to make whatever you can easier for them. The hurt you feel, though a sad side-effect of unkind comments, wasn't part of a pre-meditated plan on their part. Just hearing themselves say it out loud (or write it out) was, more often than not. They are often just doing it for themselves, as part of their relief-finding methods. This thought might help in the forgiving process on our, part bearing the brunt of it.)

#7: "Be kind—everyone you meet is facing a difficult battle."

(Someone told this saying to me two decades ago, and it still rings in my mind. Since the outward appearance of each one we see can appear so different from what they are struggling with inside their heart, home, and life, it's so good to assume that they are having even more of a challenge just "making it" than we might be. This will push us to not let anything get in the way of being kind and helping others. We won't keep automatically assuming that in most situations we find ourselves in that day, we are the most worthy of pampering. The person who is getting under your skin could easily, in reality, be the one having a worse go of it and is in need your support, care, understanding, kind word (or no word at all). Sometimes it helps to think hypothetically, since most people won't [or don't have time to or it's not appropriate to] list the string of events and factors that made the present moment or happening or reaction the way it is. Just training your mind to think of others, and how there could be a real problem happening for them right then, and perhaps a harder one than you've had

	to face yet, helps bring out the kind-and-generous reactions that deep down inside we really do want to have.)		
042	<p>Daring Dreamers who Did it! (Part 2)</p> <p>More undaunted daring dreamers, who made it! “So stick to the fight when you are hardest hit. It’s when things seem worse that you must not quit!”</p> <p>Peter Lange from New Zealand took three months to build his 6 meter long brick boat, using 676 bricks. Amazingly, it didn’t sink!</p> <p>2005, Sam Wakeling rode his unicycle the length of Britain, a distance of 1, 406 km.</p> <p>British woman Hilary Lister sailed across the English Channel between England and France in August 2005, even though she could not move her arms or legs. She steered her yacht by sucking and blowing through tubes that operated the rudder and sails.</p> <p>During a round-the-world voyage in 1997, Tony Bullimore survived for five days underneath his capsized yacht in the icy Southern Ocean until help arrived.</p> <p>When a Russian yacht lost its rudder in the Southern Ocean in 2005, the crew replaced it with a cabin door.</p> <p>In March 2003, Tim Fitzhigham rowed a kayak made of paper 257 km down the River Thames. When it leaked during the eight-day journey, he sealed the holes with sticky tape.</p> <p>And the best one:</p> <p>In March 2007, a moose that had been shot with a tranquilliser dart near Gustavus, Alaska, charged the hovering helicopter it had been shot from, and brought it down!</p> <p>(Notes taken from “Ripley’s Mighty Machines” book.)</p> <p>Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn’t do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.—<i>Mark Twain</i></p> <p>Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go.—<i>T.S. Eliot</i></p> <p>If you have men who will only come if they know there is a good road, I don’t want them. I want men who will come if there is no road at all.—<i>David Livingstone</i></p>	Dec 20 2010	

	<p>Obstacles cannot crush me. Every obstacle yields to stern resolve. He who is fixed to a star does not change his mind.—<i>Leonardo da Vinci</i></p> <p>You've got to get up every morning with determination if you're going to go to bed with satisfaction.—<i>George Lorimer</i></p> <p>We will either find a way, or make one.—<i>Hannibal</i> (around 200 BC)</p> <p>Achievement requires more than a vision—it takes courage, resolve and tenacity.—<i>Neil Eskelin</i></p>		
043	<p>Re5! 043: Amazing children</p> <p>Each child is a treasure. Some have showy talents, others quiet gifts of fortitude, wit, or tenderness. The list of the gifts that each child has and hones more each year is endless. Children are amazing. Just think of the perseverance and fighting all opposition that a baby has to demonstrate daily as he learns to crawl and grab, explore and learn—in spite of often difficult and unpleasant outcomes and frequent “no’s” or falls. They just don’t give up. And thank God they don’t. Thus they learn and grow and become capable young ones.</p> <p>For fun, here are some links to videos of some talented children. I enjoyed them and showed parts to my children too! A little light entertainment, while pondering the wonder, the uniqueness, and the gifts that children cheer our lives with—however showy or quiet.</p> <p>Amazing children http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LFqnH3mqsg8 http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EZFZSImlNLJs&feature=related http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3x0RsFSg5xc&feature=related http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QR2F4Apbn94&feature=related http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Ygzf709Cml&feature=fvw</p>	Dec 23-12-1 0	
045	<p>Waking “Uncharged”</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>To wake in the morning feeling refreshed and rearing to go, ready with all our might and vigor to begin another wonderful day is great thing! But what if that stays in the “dream” department? Morning is there, and the lively little ones as well, and you feel you wish you were at the beginning of a long nights sleep. Your battery hasn’t charged, you’re running on empty, but run you must, as the day picks up speed, and the needs around you multiply by the minute.</p>	Dec 27 2010	

	<p>I love the ring to this phrase from a Bible verse that says, “waxed valiant in fight” (from Hebrews 11). In the dictionary the word “wax” is explained as: to grow gradually larger, more numerous, etc.; increase in strength, intensity, volume, to become; grow. And “valiant” is described as: full of or characterized by valor or courage; brave, resolute; determined.</p> <p>So for me, this small, empowering phrase means that as I get on with the challenges and “fight” of the day, I will “wax” and gain the strength, fortitude and all I need as I do it! I will become what is needed as I go forward, one step at a time.</p> <p>Whenever I’ve reached the point of crawling tiredness I often recall a memorable day. I was exhausted and needed a good and long sleep, but instead faced a short and stop-start type of night. My (then) 1 year old had woken often with crying, and then at 4:30 am for the final wake. I felt I couldn’t move, I was so tired. The marathon continued. I was compelled to be up and moving and doing and caring for him and the other needs of the day, without rest or break for what ended up being the next 16 hours. It seemed like something impossible. But I made it and lived to tell the tale.</p> <p>It wasn’t an isolated rare occasion either. But it was a specific day I logged in my mind as feeling “I can’t go on another step. I need sleep so badly” but I did, for many more hours than I thought physically possible. Remembering one of these “I did it before; I can do it again” moments helps me take one step after the next on those mornings that I feel just can’t. It seems to always work. I perk up, and carry on for the next 14-18 hours or whatever it takes in a given day. It always rings true, “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” (Deuteronomy 33:25)</p>		
044	<p>Re5! 044: Babylove</p> <p>Maybe I’m just a softy, but when I see someone with a tiny baby, I just think it’s the most beautiful thing on earth—the bravest women holding the most lovable, tender little thing. As a Christmas deed my family and I made and took gift bags for the mothers and babies in hospital who gave birth just before or on Christmas day.</p> <p>Though we didn’t have the means to fill the shiny bags with expensive items, they were things that would be useful and appreciated. Like Jesus said in the Bible, “As you have done it unto one of least of these... you have done it to Me”. So since we</p>	Dec 30 2010	

weren't there at the first Christmas, to bring something to the baby Jesus, at least we could bring some supplies to these little ones born today.

It felt wonderful. I wish I could do it every day. I know the feeling of being in the recovering part as well as being on the threshold of starting a life with this new tiny person. Every bit of encouragement from others when you have a new little one is always welcome—especially when it's words put into action.

It reminded me of when I was "there" too. It is a special time of bonding as you prepare to be a team for the next (hopefully) long while. Each baby is so unique, special, and isn't without cost. They are like both the trophy for a victory won, as well as the next challenge all wrapped up in one. And each new baby holds special secret treasures, often known in full by the mother alone, in those first beautiful days of life.

Here's one of my little treasures:

The first time I ever called my second son by his name, he knew it. It was as if he always did. We thought he was going to be born a girl—as the doctor said it was 80% chance to be a girl. So we didn't even choose a boy name. Then "he" was born, and over the phone (as my husband had to travel suddenly, and I had to have an unexpected, early C-section), we had to come up with a name! I remembered the name I'd always wanted to give a future child, that I'd chosen years before getting married. So while nursing my one day old new baby I looked down and was talking to him, then asked him, "Is your name Anthony?" And he did the most amazing thing. He stopped nursing at the second I said aloud the name "Anthony" and turned his face up and smiled. And from that moment on, whenever I said his name, his eyes got a certain knowing look, different than when I was just talking to him. It was one of the many special treasures this one brought with him.

	<p><i>Thank God for new babies, new beginnings, and new years!</i></p> <p><i>Happy New Year!</i></p>		
046	<p>Wins and Losses</p> <p>Here are some inspirational short videos, and quotations to help propel you onward! God bless and keep you in this New Year! --Chalsey</p> <p>Famous failures</p> <p>http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y6hz_s2XIAU&feature=related</p> <p>Must not quit</p> <p>http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VkCFeNeqyHk&feature=related</p> <p>When we give ourselves permission to fail, we at the same time give ourselves permission to excel.—<i>Eloise Ristad</i></p> <p>As the saying goes, “No matter what a person’s past may have been, his future is spotless.” You can begin pursuing your dream today!—<i>John C. Maxwell</i></p> <p>We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.—<i>Sir Winston Churchill</i></p> <p>Lewis, perhaps the greatest track and field athlete of all time, did not hesitate with his answer: “Remembering that you have both wins and losses along the way. Don’t take either one too seriously.”—<i>Sherman L. Burford</i></p> <p>Achievement seems to be connected with action. Successful men and women keep moving. They make mistakes, but they don’t quit.—<i>Conrad Hilton</i></p>	Jan 3 2011	
047	<p>Wisdom from Fathers (Part 1)</p> <p>“You can tell the parents from the non-parents, by the looks you get when</p>	Jan 5, 2011	

	<p>travelling with your twin toddlers on an international flight.” A father of eight told me, while our children played at the park. He continued to expound with his take on things, words to the effect of: “Before having children, I would look down on other parents of small children while noting the imperfections, mess, and so forth. Since my first wife had two children already, the youngest five years old, I missed the whole ‘baby’ stage. When I started again from the beginning, and was caring for my first baby, it shed a whole new light on what it was like to parent children. I felt like phoning my dad and saying, ‘Thank you’. I was getting to see a bit of what he’d given to me, a bit of what it cost.”</p> <p>He recounted a time several years ago while travelling with their whole family. The youngest was a pair of twin girls. The long flight, the ear discomfort, and so forth added to the drama and made the 10 month olds very uncomfortable—and the rest of the travellers experiencing the long and difficult night along with them. While the rest of the passengers quickly left the plane upon arrival, this team was the last to gather everything up and collect the energy to carry on. A young man, also one of the last to leave, commented on the drama of the night as he made his exit. “Mate, that was the worst night of my entire life!” This dad recalled what he’d wanted to say, to humour him, but held his wise tongue. He was too exhausted to make a conversation of it: “Stick around with me and I’ll show you nights! Nights that will make this one look like a walk in the park!” Ah, he’s “been there, done that” and given his children his best.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>“Za Shildren, zey set za reezum” (the children, they set the rhythm) a wise dad seemed to have learned over time, with fathering his young ones. The story was recounted to me by my husband after coming home with the children from the park. He’d had a good chat with a fellow-dad. They were travelling and camping for the summer. They set aside 2-3 months for it. We were trying to tackle, maybe not as much distance, but camping and a good amount of driving, in 2-3 days.</p> <p>Trying to do too much, in a short a time, builds up the stress, rather than benefiting from the change of pace and relaxing in new surroundings. Well, sometimes there isn’t much of a choice—with constraints of time and appointments and finances. But hearing how another dad was coping was a refreshing concept. He didn’t try to “hurry up and have fun” or “get his kids on a good schedule”, but went at their pace. When those “life happens” things happened, he just flowed, putting the needs of the children first.</p>		
048	<p>Magical Medicine</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p>	<p>Jan 7 2011</p>	

	<p>I think one of the best healing factors, for those things that are hard to go through, and seem pretty senseless and pointless at the time, is when because of that experience under my belt, I am able help someone else. I can relate, understand, empathise and pull them through. I've been there. At the time it may have been real hard. And there may have been years of wondering what the point of the pain was, until the time I found that beautiful feeling of healing. But it's wonderful to meet that point in time where it all falls into place, where it changes from a bothersome event, to the perfect medicine to heal another's wounds. You feel the healing to your own heart at the same time. The rough and heavy rock that's been a weight in your heart seems to magically change into a jewel.</p> <p>Here is a simple, child-relatable event to bring out the point. Something that was hard at the time, and in my memory for 30 years, as having no rhyme or reason. But the same has happened with the deeper, more adult matters of the heart, when communicating with adults. –To not only find closure for a difficult event in the past, but to actually be grateful that you had such a happening to draw from, is a wonderful healing. Without it you wouldn't have been much of a help at that crucial time to help someone through.</p> <p>Today I heard a loud cry-turned-scream coming from the living room, from my oldest. We still don't know how he managed it. My husband was just feet away. Somehow he hurt the front of his leg, his shin. He hadn't felt that much pain in while. A large bruise and scrape was seen right away. It looked like it really hurt. I winced. He just wanted to lie down, hold his leg, cry and be comforted till the pain stopped.</p> <p>Things finally calmed down and he found courage when I could recount my own accident of that nature, when just about the same age as he is now. Though three decades ago, it had been so painful for me at the time, I still remember it. I described how it happened and reassured him that I knew nearly exactly what it felt like. It was at that point of communication that he calmed down, dealt with it, and braved on. In a bit he was hobbling on his one fine leg to get in the car for our park trip. He'd felt he'd have to miss it, crying to stay home, as he was unable to walk comfortably. But our talk changed him. He wasn't alone in his hurt, feeling we were clueless. He didn't need to continue to prove and express his hurt, through drama and demands for feel-better treats. He knew I knew, and could "feel his pain". He gained hope that just maybe by the time we got to the park he'd feel better. When we arrived 20 minutes later, he exclaimed happily that he was.</p> <p>What was just a moment of seemingly pointless pain for me at the time of my own small-but-memorable accident, now I mentally checked off as "good and essential, wouldn't have wished it happened differently". What happened in the past was perfect for what we needed to get us through one of day's events.</p>		
049	The Determined	10-1-11	

By C. Dooley

My young son had just turned 1 years old, can't yet walk... but that was no obstacle.

Attempt #1: "I gotta put my hands in the sink to play in the water."
(Crawls, manages to pull himself on to the little step-stool, stand and balance, on tip-toes, trying to reach the tap. I rescue before falling on to the hard tile floor. The stool is put out of tot's way—in the bath tub.)

Attempt #2: "Now where is that handy stool? Oh, I see it, in the tub! I'll just crawl over there, pull myself up to be standing, holding on the side of the tub. Okay, now I know it needs to be on the floor or I won't be able to reach the sink." (Succeeds in pulling it out easily and attempts to place it on the floor beside the sink. Thankfully didn't master the art of getting it standing right side up before catching him. This time...)

Attempt #3: (Now able to toddle around a bit) "Hmm, the stool isn't anywhere in the bathroom, not even in the tub. There's gotta be another way to reach the sink. Ah! The drawer!" (Pulls open the bottom drawer of the sink closet.) "Mommy come quick!" I hear my 3 year old say. "He's standing in the drawer in the bathroom!" Yep, standing in the pulled out drawer, holding on to the sink. Just the right height to reach the sink. Obviously the goal wasn't to find an easy way to get down from the sink again... (The makings of a real "we don't have to come back" type of hero. See story below for interest.)

Give him hand for undeterred-by-circumstances, resourceful determination, and success! –At one year old, and 2 months.

I dare say the excuses I give myself for not doing a task would look pretty lame comparatively.

We can learn a lot from our children—when we look past the seeming silly behaviour, and value the quality character traits behind the childish appearances.

Jesus did: "Except ye... become as little children" (Mat.18:3)

Anecdote: A classic in the annals of the U.S. Coast Guard is the story of Captain Pat Etheridge of the Cape Batterne station. One night in the howling hurricane, the look-out saw a distress signal from a ship that had gone aground on the dangerous Diamond Shoals, ten miles at sea. The lifeboats were ordered out. One of the life-guards protested, "Captain Pat,

	<p>we can get out there, but we can never get back." "Boys," came the reply that has gone down in history, "we don't have to come back." —Author Unknown</p>			
050	<p>3-1-11 Sticking around</p> <p>What makes the difference between a nut and full grown tree? Sticking to its place, over a long enough period of time. It just kept on going, one day at a time, until it's the tree we see today. Growth can't be seen in a day either. It's so gradual and slow. It's worth pondering. Here are some more thoughts:</p> <p>Consider the postage stamp: its usefulness consists in the ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.—<i>Josh Billings</i></p> <p>The greatest things ever done on earth have been done little by little.—<i>Thomas Guthrie</i></p> <p>You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you.—<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i></p> <p>One man has enthusiasm for 30 minutes, another for 30 days, but it is the man who has it for 30 years who makes a success of his life.—<i>Edward B. Butler</i></p>	12-1-11		
051	<p>The Daffodil Principle</p> <p><i>By Jaroldeen Asplund Edwards</i></p> <p>Several times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come and see the daffodils before they are over." I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead, California. Going and coming took most of a day, and I honestly did not have a free day until the following week.</p> <p>"I will come next Tuesday," I promised, a little reluctantly, on her third call.</p> <p>Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and so I drove the length of Route 91, continued on I-215, and finally turned onto Route 18 and began to drive up the mountain highway. The tops of the mountains were sheathed in clouds, and I had gone only a few miles when the road was completely covered with a wet, gray blanket of fog. I slowed to a crawl, my heart pounding. The road becomes narrow and winding toward the top of the mountain. As I executed the hazardous turns at a snail's pace, I was praying to reach the turnoff at Blue Jay that would signify I had arrived. When I finally walked into Carolyn's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren I said, "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these darling children that I want to see bad enough</p>	14 Jan 2011		

to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly, "We drive in this all the time, Mother."

"Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears--and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her.

"I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car. The mechanic just called, and they've finished repairing the engine," she answered.

"How far will we have to drive?" I asked cautiously.

"Just a few blocks," Carolyn said cheerfully.

So we buckled up the children and went out to my car. "I'll drive," Carolyn offered. "I'm used to this." We got into the car, and she began driving.

In a few minutes I was aware that we were back on the Rim-of-the-World Road heading over the top of the mountain. "Where are we going?" I exclaimed, distressed to be back on the mountain road in the fog. "This isn't the way to the garage!"

"We're going to my garage the long way," Carolyn smiled, "by way of the daffodils."

"Carolyn," I said sternly, trying to sound as if I was still the mother and in charge of the situation, "please turn around. There is nothing in the world that I want to see enough to drive on this road in this weather."

"It's all right, Mother," she replied with a knowing grin. "I know what I'm doing. I promise, you will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience."

And so my sweet, darling daughter who had never given me a minute of difficulty in her whole life was suddenly in charge--and she was kidnapping me! I couldn't believe it. Like it or not, I was on the way to see some ridiculous daffodils, driving through the thick, gray silence of the mist-wrapped mountaintop at what I thought was risk to life and limb.

I muttered all the way. After about twenty minutes we turned onto a small gravel road that branched down into an oak-filled hollow on the side of the mountain. The fog had lifted a little, but the sky was lowering, gray and heavy with clouds.

We parked in a small parking lot adjoining a little stone church. From our vantage point at the top of the mountain we could see beyond us, in the mist, the crests of the San Bernardino mountain range like the dark, humped backs of a herd of elephants. Far below us the fog-shrouded valleys, hills, and flatlands stretched away to the desert.

On the far side of the church I saw a pine-needle-covered path, with towering evergreens and manzanita bushes and an inconspicuous, lettered sign: "Daffodil Garden."

We each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path as it wound through the trees. The mountain sloped away from the side of the path in irregular dips, folds, and valleys, like a deeply creased skirt.

Live oaks, mountain laurel, shrubs, and bushes clustered in the folds, and in the gray, drizzling air, the green foliage looked dark and monochromatic. I shivered. Then we

turned a corner of the path, and I looked up and gasped. Before me lay the most glorious sight, unexpectedly and completely splendid. It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it down over the mountain peak and slopes where it had run into every crevice and over every rise. Even in the mist-filled air, the mountainside was radiant, clothed in massive drifts and waterfalls of daffodils. The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, saffron, and butter yellow.

Each different-colored variety (I learned later that there were more than thirty-five varieties of daffodils in the vast display) was planted as a group so that it swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue.

In the center of this incredible and dazzling display of gold, a great cascade of purple grape hyacinth flowed down like a waterfall of blossoms framed in its own rock-lined basin, weaving through the brilliant daffodils.

A charming path wound throughout the garden. There were several resting stations, paved with stone and furnished with Victorian wooden benches and great tubs of coral and carmine tulips. As though this were not magnificence enough, Mother Nature had to add her own grace note. Above the daffodils, a bevy of western bluebirds flitted and darted, flashing their brilliance. These charming little birds are the color of sapphires with breasts of magenta red. As they dance in the air, their colors are truly like jewels above the blowing, glowing daffodils. The effect was spectacular.

It did not matter that the sun was not shining. The brilliance of the daffodils was like the glow of the brightest sunlit day. Words, wonderful as they are, simply cannot describe the incredible beauty of that flower-bedecked mountain top.

Five acres of flowers! (This too I discovered later when some of my questions were answered.) "Who has done this?" I asked Carolyn. I was overflowing with gratitude that she brought me, even against my will. This was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

"Who?" I asked again, almost speechless with wonder. "And how, and why, and when?"

"It's just one woman," Carolyn answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory.

We walked up to the house, my mind buzzing with questions. On the patio we saw a poster. "Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking" was the headline. The first answer was a simple one. "50,000 bulbs," it read. The second answer was, "One at a time, by one woman, two hands, two feet, and very little brain." The third answer was, "Began in 1958."

There it was. The Daffodil Principle.

For me that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than thirty-five years before, had begun, one bulb at a time, to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountain top. One bulb at a time.

There was no other way to do it. One bulb at a time. No shortcuts--simply loving


	<p>the slow process of planting. Loving the work as it unfolded. Loving an achievement that grew so slowly and that bloomed for only three weeks of each year. Still, just planting one bulb at a time, year after year, had changed the world.</p> <p>This unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. She had created something of ineffable magnificence, beauty, and inspiration.</p> <p>The principle her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principles of celebration: learning to move toward our goals and desires one step at a time--often just one baby step at a time--learning to love the doing, learning to use the accumulation of time.</p> <p>When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we too will find we can accomplish magnificent things. We can change the world.</p> <p>"Carolyn," I said that morning on the top of the mountain as we left the haven of daffodils, our minds and hearts still bathed and bemused by the splendors we had seen, "it's as though that remarkable woman has needle-pointed the earth! Decorated it. Just think of it, she planted every single bulb for more than thirty years. One bulb at a time! And that's the only way this garden could be created. Every individual bulb had to be planted. There was no way of short-circuiting that process. Five acres of blooms. That magnificent cascade of hyacinth! All, all, just one bulb at a time."</p> <p>The thought of it filled my mind. I was suddenly overwhelmed with the implications of what I had seen. "It makes me sad in a way," I admitted to Carolyn. "What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five years ago and had worked away at it 'one bulb at a time' through all those years. Just think what I might have been able to achieve!"</p> <p>My wise daughter put the car into gear and summed up the message of the day in her direct way. "Start tomorrow," she said with the same knowing smile she had worn for most of the morning. Oh, profound wisdom!</p> <p>It is pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterdays. The way to make learning a lesson a celebration instead of a cause for regret is to only ask, "How can I put this to use tomorrow?"</p> <p>"The Daffodil Principle" is from Jaroldeen Asplund Edwards' book <i>Celebration! Ten Principles of More Joyous Living</i>, Deseret Press, 1995</p>		
052	<p>The Gardens—What's first?</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>When younger, I remember my sister telling me the saying, "You always have time for what you do first". But I face the challenge every day—"Since whatever I do right now, first thing of the day, will get done, which do I chose?" I find that if I let the children "go" and tend to themselves for too long or first thing in the day, while I'm trying to satisfy my yearning for a nice tidy bedroom or personal</p>	17 Jan 2011	

	<p>grooming, then the day starts off rough. –They feel unchallenged, get on each others’ nerves, feel like they aren’t as treasured and important. It’s a time of the day that shapes their feelings and reactions for the day. If I’ve put their needs before my own, and put first in their day what means most to them—connecting with them, and us all connecting Up Above, reminding ourselves afresh of Jesus’ loving care for us—they are much more channelled in the right way, and more content, obey cheerfully, and so forth, as the day progresses.</p> <p>Perhaps you face this dilemma too: If I let the house go, while I tend the garden of the children’s hearts and minds, they flourish and we all are happy. I have that rewarding feeling of “Ah, this is the way it’s meant to be”. Challenged, inspired, on-target, happy children, getting great input, and coming up with good idea themselves, the words they say pleasant and joy...and on goes the happy list.</p> <p>But then the physical needs doing too. So if I choose to primarily tend to the garden of the house and my other to do’s , the weeds grow quick in the garden of the children’s hearts and life and show up in the words they speak and the feelings they have, and the day takes a downwards spiral. And things actually don’t get any more tidy. Because while I’m trying to do this or that, they have to be busy-busy too, and the things they come up with can mess in a second what took an hour to clean!</p> <p>Yesterday I got all 12 containers organised. Each contain some little toy set (lego, blocks, tea set, small building toys, etc). Then while I was busy in the kitchen, my son decides to make a “tennis net” and ties a rope on to the cupboard that these are all stacked on top of. Pulls the rope, the cupboard tips, all containers slide off (most lids come off)... you can imagine the floor and the rest of the story. Well, we think of something positive to say... “Good thing they fell—if they didn’t you might have kept pulling and the cupboard would have fallen on you! I’m glad you are safe. ” We clean things up a bit, and then do something <i>together</i>. “People before things...” as my motto goes.</p>		
053	<p>Wisdom from Fathers (Part 2)</p> <p>My father’s words still ring in my ear. I think it was one of the best and most remembered comments he could have ever said. I was a teen at the time. “I’ll always love you—no matter what you do, or become.” And listed things that I subconsciously thought would have made me ineligible for future love. “Even if you were to become the worst criminal... I would love you just the same.” I don’t remember every example, but the concept stuck. Demonstrating and expressing our unconditional love for our children fortifies the foundation for them to build a good life on. They can’t see God—we have to reflect this concept of His love to them as best as we</p>	Jan 19th 2011	

	<p>possibly can. With His help we can. These children are His creations, His children. In many ways we are but the stewards of His property. May we show the love and care as He'd want to do, were He in our place.</p> <p>I asked my husband before Christmas day, what would be his ideal day. If there were things that would be meaningful or important to include. "A non-stressful day..." was his only Christmas wish. So we didn't try to keep to some "perfect Christmas day" schedule or ritual. It felt good to have his permission to not be under pressure to make things be a certain way, at all costs. The way I handle life and react and carry myself is more important to my family than the great things I attempt to do for them. I need to know this.</p>		
054	<p>"Perfect" or "Best" ?</p> <p>--By C. Dooley</p> <p>I was sure I knew what was best for the children. I wanted to give perfect care. They'd been fighting a cold. We all were. They'd missed sleep, and were tired. All things were in place for a wonderful early night to bed. Or so I thought. They were tucked in for the night. Then the oddest thing happened. A second wind seemed to kick in, and there was no sleep happening in the children's department—not even a hint!</p> <p>I could struggle with it, demand calm sleep of them—though that wouldn't work, and we'd only all be crying tears of frustration. Or I could painfully accept a change of plans. I got alone for a moment of quiet prayer and had the most out-of-the-box idea. Arrrgh! I really didn't like it. I was tired, and I feared them getting a fever if they didn't get enough rest. But with the other option worse—a very grumpy and unhappy time of trying to force what I thought to be best on them—I opted for the new solution. "Okay, you can get out of bed and put on your pants and jackets. Let's get our 'jiggles' out, outside!" So we did. The calmness, the beauty of playing in the setting sun, while I finally got a chance to clean up the yard, made a nice way to end the day. More fresh air was what they needed, I supposed. A solid 10 hour sleep without waking was enjoyed by</p>	24-1-11	

	<p>them that night.</p> <p>—Chalsey Dooley</p>		
055	<p>3-1-11</p> <p>“It takes so long to grow up”</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>My 3 year old often says, “It takes soooo long to grow up!” Today I asked him “Why do you want to be older?”</p> <p>“Because I don’t want to be called “Anthony” anymore, ... But “astronaut” or “workman”... In other words a title of a profession, accomplished, respected, capable.</p> <p>When asked the same question, my 5 year old said: “Because I want to know more how to do things.” And “I want to work with daddy.”</p> <p>We talked about how it would be if children could do the things adults could do within a year or two of being born, without learning patience, and wisdom, and all the other traits that come over the years that enable them to do the job better when finally old enough. Without the quality of patience, that can only come over time, they aren’t as equipped to capably handle things. (We talked about driving, as an example—and how patience helps to aid in the safety aspect of being a good driver, etc.)</p> <p>Later on in the day I was doing one of those “juggle acts” holding the squirming baby with one hand, so he didn’t plunge to the floor, while suddenly deciding to crawl headlong off the bed, and finishing sending an email with the other hand. Do you get those thoughts too at times? “Ah the bliss it would be to actually be able to use both hands, and peacefully, serenely, do some simple task...” without all the juggling and struggling. Just then I heard my own question to the children earlier echo back to me. It was as if Jesus was asking me, “So, why do you want them to grow up fast... If they did, <i>you</i> wouldn’t learn patience, wisdom...” Point taken. So true.</p> <p>I’ve got my lessons to cover too. Just because I’m an adult, I’m not at the end of my “growing-up”. Whatever it is that’s in store for me in the coming years, or decades, these patience-learning experiences now while my children are also growing up, will be essential in preparing me for it. Each day is a building block for the future. What I learn or experience today, as patience-trying as it seems, may be an invaluable resource in the future, that I’ll be so grateful to possess.</p>	Jan 31, 2011	
056	<p>Laughter is Essential</p> <p>Too often the parent or the manager is guilty of growling, “OK, we’ve had enough fun, let’s get back to work,” when the best work could be done while having fun. Thomas A. Edison once received a letter from a solemn stockholder. “A vice-president of your company,” he wrote, “doesn’t have</p>	Feb 2, 2011	

	<p>a proper sense of dignity of his position and of his association with you. I'm told sometimes his laugh can be heard through his door and all over the office."</p> <p>Edison sent the letter to the vice-president, tied to the framed picture of a laughing, jolly friar. "Hang this picture in the entrance hall," he wrote. "Have everyone around the office look at it. Let it be a constant reminder that good business is never done except in a reasonably good-humored frame of mind and on a human basis."</p> <p>People never get to laugh as much as they'd like or have as much fun as they want, so if you can construct your class, your team, or your committee so that laughter breaks out frequently, you'll have people clamoring to join your group.</p> <p>We were created to tease and play. Anne Sullivan was, as we've said, a stern taskmaster and a very firm disciplinarian with Helen Keller. How was she able to get away with that, given her high-spirited young student? In part it was because she mixed laughter and play with the rigors of their study and work together. Immediately after they had learned to communicate words with their fingers, Anne taught Helen how to play. "I had not laughed since I became deaf," Miss Keller says. "One day she came into the room laughing merrily. She put my hand on her bright, mobile face and spelled 'laugh.' Then she tickled me into a burst of mirth that gladdened the heart of the family. Next she guided me through the motions of romping—swinging, tumbling, hopping, skipping—suiting the spelled word to each act. In a few days I was another child, pursuing new discoveries through the magic of Teacher's finger-spelling."</p> <p>Bringing Out the Best in People (Alan Loy McGinnis Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis April 27, 2007)</p>		
057	<p>Lord, make me brave... Feb 3, 2011 By Chalsey Dooley Lord, make me brave To see another relishing a joy I've long wished for, and without sadness being truly glad for them. To give up some time I'd been banking on to fill a certain need in my life, work, mission, to help with an unexpected need or wish of another. To love, again, even when still feeling the sting of hurt from my previous attempts to "love one another". To enjoy watching others doing those things I've always wanted to</p>	Feb 4, 2011	

	<p>do, but can't, because time and ability hinder me. To give up that close friend, and move to where the need calls me, and to just be glad that I did have a friend to say was mine. To feel the blow of my own foolish mistake, and not to harshly berate myself, but smile, knowing I'm a wiser more experienced, and thus useful individual now. To nearly "have and hold" the treasure I've been hoping for, only to see another whisk it away before it is mine, and to still have hope that "the best is yet to come", without anger or bitterness towards them. To see or realise God's hand is in all things for good. To not despair no matter how evil things might appear. He will turn all things around, in the end. All will be made perfect. To think it, believe it, speak it, remember it, no matter what harsh circumstances befall me. To enjoy all things, no matter how mundane, taxing, draining, or common they may seem. Just being glad to be alive and well enough to do anything at all. Many long for the pleasure of all I do get to experience.</p> <p>Never forget that life can only be nobly inspired and rightly lived if you take it bravely and gallantly, as a splendid adventure in which you are setting out into an unknown country, to face many a danger, to meet many a joy, to find many a comrade, to win and lose many a battle.—<i>Annie Besant, English peace and social justice advocate</i></p> <p>We could never learn to be brave and patient if there were only joy in the world.—<i>Helen Keller</i></p> <p>Things don't go wrong and break your heart so you can become bitter and give up. They happen to break you down and build you up so you can be all that you were intended to be.—<i>Charles "Tremendous" Jones, Motivational speaker</i></p>		
058	<p style="text-align: center;"> Coffee 4 Carers!</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Recharge –Renew—Refresh—Refill—Revive!</i></p> <p><i>Re5! 058:</i></p> <p>For Every Breath</p>	7 Feb, 2011	

	<p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>How do you think positively when you get hit with a sudden difficult-to-handle problem, deep sorrow, long and hard to beat illness, life changing loss, unbearable pain, or emotionally wrenching situation? It can feel like it takes as much effort as it would to jump off a 10 meter high Olympic diving board, backwards with a blindfold on, into ice-cold freezing water. You just can't muster it up the words to say, or to think on the good. But we can prepare now, so that the jump isn't that high, and the water not so cold. And perhaps we can even stare it in the face, and boldly make the leap.</p> <p>By praising for every breath—there are many who can't do just that, unaided.</p> <p>By being glad for every blink and sound—should you be abundantly blessed to both see AND hear, you're envied by many.</p> <p>By being in awe at the wonder of every step, or movement of hands or body—if your sudden loss hasn't left you both completely paralyzed and in a coma, you are way ahead of the game by those who only dream of doing (or having their loved ones do) what you can do.</p> <p>By enjoying every sip, bite, swallow—there are countless many who would give anything just to be able to, but lack the food, water, health or ability to do so. If you're not hooked up to a drip, you're blessed!</p> <p>By having gratitude for every word you can speak, and choosing them well. Many cannot. Language barriers, strokes, disabilities, aging related illnesses, deafness, or just being a baby. If you are well and keen enough to not only make yourself heard, but likewise understood, ah, what ease!</p> <p><i>(If at any time you wish to discontinue receiving "coffee4carers", just jot a note. Or if you know of someone who would enjoy them, feel free to pass it on!)</i></p> <p>HEART4KIDZ -A Nurturing Network http://h4kz.tumblr.com/ Chalsey Dooley cltdooley@gmail.com</p>		
059	Re5! 059: Remember to be flexible	10 Feb 2011	

	<p>By Luanne Shackelford</p> <p>Remember to be flexible. You will not be able to have a schedule that is the same every day. Have long-range goals that you keep in mind over daily goals. Every day will be different, so you must expect it, accept it & even plan for it. If you can decide ahead of time that this is not a problem, then you will be ahead of the game. Don't waste energy trying to change the unchangeable. Look at your situation, be realistic about it, & then work with it.</p> <p>Every week is different. There are doctor's appointments, sickness, out-of-town visitors & holidays. There are good days, bad days & crazy days. Every year is different. One year it's toddlers & potty training, & in no time it's teenagers & all that goes with them. This year maybe you have money, but maybe next year you won't. Now you may have three kids, but you may be blessed with six later on. Nothing stays the same except the faithfulness of God. Put your energies into the things that will matter twenty years from now & for eternity. Don't get excited or upset about things that won't matter tomorrow, or next week, or a month from now or even next year. Keep an eternal perspective by looking to the Lord. Read His Word to find out what the truly important things are from His point of view, & concentrate on them.</p>		
060	<p>Re5! 060: Mom's List of Opposites</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>You may find these words are seldom used in the same sentence in a mother's life. Some are wonderful, appreciated gifts, others are gifts in disguise that help to hone in us the gifts* and fruits* of the spirit and good character.</p> <p>Good/ Sleep</p>	11 Feb 2011	

<p>Sit/ Eat</p> <p>Boring/ Day</p> <p>Always/ Organized</p> <p>Free/ Time</p> <p>Endless/ Energy</p> <p>Laundry/ Done</p> <p>Enough/ Time</p> <p>Regular/ Day off</p> <p>Quiet/ Children</p> <p>Nothing/ To do</p> <p>Miracle/ Shortage</p> <p>No/ Love</p> <p>Not/ Needed</p> <p>Hugs/ Rare</p> <p>Laughter 'n' Smiles/ Gone</p> <p>*Gifts: (1 Corinthians 12: 8-10, KJV) For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues.</p> <p>*Fruit: (Galatians 5:22-23, KJV) But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.</p> <p>And here is an audio file, and the link I downloaded it from. It's on the theme of "Thermometer or Thermostat—which are you?" To see it on the net, go to this link and click on the option "down load free sample".</p> <p>http://simplycharlottemason.com/books/discipleship-is/?utm_source=elet</p>		
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061	<p>Re5! 061: My Valentine's Day gift</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>It was nearing the end of January, 2011, and I had been thinking earlier in the day that Valentine's day was coming up. Thinking how I wanted something special to happen, but then brushed it off as a silly thought, not for busy mommies of young children.</p> <p>We have a wonderful marriage, and plenty of "romance on the go", with a hug here, a word of appreciation there, a quick kiss good bye when husband is off to work. But there would be no fancy dinner out or chocolates! (Since I can't eat any of them anyway due to diet issues, even if we could afford or manage a meal out.)</p> <p>I then turned my thoughts outward, like I like to do—I wondered what I could do to cheer others, and moved on from the "what can happen to make me feel special" thoughts. We came back that day from our one day camping trip, and took the mail out of our box.</p> <p>My tooth had been hurting off and on for a few months now. Some days I couldn't even drink water without lots of pain. Other days the pain was dormant until food got stuck in the wrong place. On all days I had to have dental floss in my pocket at all times. It was the only way to bear it.</p> <p>The thing that had stopped me from being able to get help was that for some reason my health card had expired. With it, the dentist trip would be affordable. Without it, impossible. We didn't know why mine was the only one that had expired, and no new one had been issued. We were trying to find the time to one day go in to the office and ask about it and hopefully be eligible for a new one.</p>	14 feb 2011	

Our mail that day held a fun surprise. It was a new health card for me! We hadn't asked for it. But the timing was right. Great! Within seconds my dear husband was phoning to make a dentist appointment. "The soonest appointment is on February the 14th" the lady on the phone said. "Will that be alright?"

Jesus had given me a gift for that special day. A practical and appreciated gift! So, I'm off tomorrow to get my gift! And to give my family's humble gifts too. We prepared, once again, gift bags, for mothers and their newborn babies in the hospital. Included are toiletries, diapers, and the children enthusiastically helped to make heart shaped soaps as a handmade gift to add. Along with the gifts, I also included a laminated picture of Jesus laughing with a baby, and a copy of the article "Children are the solution" (posted on "Heart4Kidz" blog, <http://h4kz.tumblr.com>).

At this point in life, all we can manage is to make and give out a whopping seven beautiful little packages of kindness. I feel the fleeting thought "Why do you bother? It's such a small amount. Anyone would laugh if they knew that's all you could do!" But I'm going to defy the pride 'n' image thoughts, and do it anyway. It won't matter to the mother who gratefully appreciates the encouragement. And I so enjoy it anyway. It's all for love anyway, and babies need all they can get.

I keep reminding myself of the story of the starfish:

As the old man walked the beach at dawn he noticed a youth ahead of him picking up starfish and flinging them into the sea. Finally, catching up with the youth, he asked him why he was doing this. The answer was that the stranded starfish would die if left in the morning sun. "

But the beach goes on for miles and there are millions of starfish," countered the old man. "How can your effort make any difference?"

The young man looked at the starfish in his hand and then threw it to

	<p>the safety of the waves. “It will make a difference to this one,” he said.</p> <p><i>-Brian Cavanaugh, The Sower’s Seeds</i></p> <p>May your day be filled with love—both giving and receiving! Happy Valentine’s Day!</p>		
062	<p>A mysterious miracle and a prayer</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>(Written 13-Feb, 2011)</p> <p>After the first 3 days and nights of holding, cuddling, praying for, trying to feed and get to drink water, my little 1 year old, I was ready for a miracle. He’s teething 4 molars at the same time. Doesn’t want anything to enter his mouth. He got a fever, and has constipation for days now. As I put him to sleep tonight, I sang aloud, “His eye is on the sparrow” and a mysterious happening occurred, telling us Jesus was indeed there with us. Let me tell the rest of the story first.</p> <p>Maybe it all started mysterious with a prayer. Whether that is what brought this into our lives or not—an answered prayer in disguise—I don’t know. Or whether it was a prayer just in time before I faced a long difficult situation and needed it more than ever. I woke a few days ago sincerely asking for a change in personality, in presentation, in communication with my children. I didn’t just want to be happy and fun when I was feeling good and energetic and when the house was tidy and all was going according to schedule. And then short tethered when I was strained and stressed.</p>	Feb 17 2011	

I wanted to manifest all those wonderful fruits—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—all the time. I wanted the “law of kindness*” to be in my mouth anytime I communicated with the children. This of course would be a miracle. (*She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. (Proverbs 31:26)

I’ve learned that He takes me at my word and answers prayer—though often in a new way. I believe that Jesus has all things under control, and is fully aware of every aspect of our lives and the needs of our little ones. I still don’t know all the “working together for good” as it says in Romans 8:28, of the difficult situation my little one is in right now, for these days. But a haunting thought that it started on the day of my prayer, could be one of the many positive side effects of this time of discomfort that I’m expecting to see.

It’s all I *can* do: show love, care, gentleness, faith that he’ll be healed soon. I feel different. I’m not stressed and uptight about the disarray. I’m not weeping in despair. I know we’ll round the bend soon enough. I’m using what little time I have for quality, enjoyable, educational and inspirational activities with the children. I can’t “accomplish” anything. I can’t wash the dinner dishes or even pick the dirty clothes up off the floor. I prepare something quick and easy with my left hand (that is becoming nearly as good as my right hand now) for the other young children to eat. Since my husband has been away for a few days for work, and with the vehicle, it’s really all we can do right now.

When I have a few minutes I take time with the children, give them some school and input, read a Bible story, something to show that I care for them too—since nearly full time and attention is on littlest. I can’t clean up what we do, since we usually can’t even finish it before the next cry comes, and now the house doesn’t have a spare spot left to do things, it seems! Today my husband comes home. Yay! We can find order again, and hopefully peace, healing and comfort for the little one will follow soon. Though, because of the

prayers of others, he's handling it with bravery, just asking for cuddles most of the time.

So now for the mysterious. It was evening--last night, 12th Feb, 2011. The lively boys are playing in the next room. I've just finished, once again, helping little guy to sit on the potty for awhile, while distracting him—sing on the guitar, give stories, play with toys, and so forth. It was a good attempt, but no victory yet, just more discomfort. He only wanted to nurse all day yesterday, not eat or drink anything else. Today he didn't even want a pacifier or to nurse, for the first time ever. Just wanted some water and juicy fruits and a few veggies. So I'm feeling painfully engorged, wishing he'd nurse, for his and my sake. I put him in my bed to cuddle him to sleep and hope for more.

The ceiling light was on in the room, blaring in our faces. He's too tired from the rough nights and days to care. I really wanted it off. But if I got up to turn it off, he'd toss, cry and probably fall off the edge of the bed. I forgo. I tell myself to just be content as is, with the blaring light. I sing softly, "His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches me" as I pull the covers over us.

Blink! What? Did the electricity go off? I wasn't even all the way lying down yet. The light had been suddenly turned off. I could see the computer mouse light still on, the hall light on. Electricity was definitely on. Just our light turned off at the second I wanted it to. No one was there. I had full view of the place the switch was. The boys were in the next room. Ah the warmth I felt. He was near and watching over us. I froze halfway sitting up, and all I could whisper in my heart was, "Thank You, Thank You". Jesus showed me through it that He was here. And somehow I knew we were going to be okay, things were going to get better soon. Baby then nurses and goes to sleep. Beautiful moments.

(Update: The next morning victory came in one department. Another 4 rough days follow. But last night he slept well for the first time, and is nearly feeling his normal self. The house is cleaned up, and we made it! Thanks to all those who prayed us through!)

063	<p>Enjoying the works</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>I fought off the feelings of guilt. But was I right? I was just sitting, watching the cute children play, seeing what they came up with, playing with their building toys. I was too tired to clean, to do anything. "But you are supposed to give the children your best. Surely the best involves making sure the laundry is done, the dishes, the ..whatever. Do anything! Don't just sit!" But being too spent to hop to the rhythm of those "do better, do more" thoughts, I sat long enough to hear something else.</p> <p>The thought came to me that here I work so hard to mold, instruct, teach, wash, clothe, discipline, enrich, nurture, these little children, but then I never step back to enjoy what they are becoming, and the "fruits of my labours". I just keep trying to accomplish more, do more for them, clean up, make things for them, teach them new things, and so forth. So I didn't need to feel guilty that I wasn't up serving my family every second. I just watched them play, enjoying seeing what they'd come up with when creating new duplo inventions.</p> <p>The thought was on my mind that I need to do that more often: Enjoy what I've put so much time into. Then a day or so later I watched something that brought out just that point. It was woven into a talk by Rob Bell. Maybe you've seen it too. (See link below.) I'll type up here a transcription of the parts that touch on this concept: Stopping to enjoy what you've laboured on. Not just unceasingly trying to make fast progress and accomplish more and do better.</p> <p>"...The Hebrews who had been slaves in Egypt... What was life like in Egypt? In Egypt they worked 7 days a week, making bricks. They had quotas in bricks. It was bricks, bricks, bricks, all day, every day, bricks! In Egypt your worth and your value came from meeting your quota of bricks. You were worth as much as you produced.</p> <p>"God rescues these people from life in Egypt and now He's trying to teach these people what it's like to be a human being—not a human doing! God is trying to teach these people what it's like to be human. You're not a machine. And in Egypt their worth came from what they produced and God is trying to teach these people, your worth does not come from what you produce. Your value does not come from bricks. Your value comes because you are rescued and redeemed children of the one true God. So what does God say? Work six days, but then take a day and do no work and rest, reflect, play, whatever feeds your soul. Take one day a week to remind yourself that you are not a machine."</p> <p>"Create, but take time to enjoy. A couple years ago I noticed this disturbing habit in my children. They'd say, "Dad, dad, dad". Was this</p>	21 Feb 2011	

	<p>a stutter, what was the problem? It began to bother me. One day we were playing Lego on the floor and I heard the, “Dad, Dad, Dad.” I noticed it about the second “Dad” and was fully there by the third, “Dad”. And I notice that I was there playing with them, but I was somewhere else. Thinking about a meeting, thinking about something I needed to do, thinking about emails, thinking about phone calls I needed to make when I was done with them. I realised that I was there with them, but I was actually somewhere else. I realised that my boys had gotten used to their dad being here, but actually being somewhere else, so over time they realised that it takes about three tries to get Dad “here”.</p> <p>“Exodus 24 God says to Moses, ‘Come on top of the mountain, and stay here.’ And the Rabbis point out that the literal translation of the word ‘stay’ is the word ‘to be’. So the command literally reads, ‘Moses, come up on top of the mountain, and when you get on top of the mountain, be on top of the mountain.’ It sounds like something from the redundancy school. ‘I get it. If I’m on top of the mountain, I’m on top of the mountain!’ Oh, no, no, on. The Rabbis say, this command is brilliant. See God understand human nature.</p> <p>“God understands that Moses will spend all sorts of energy getting up to the top of the mountain, and then he’ll immediately begin thinking and planning how he’s going to get down and in the process he won’t ever be fully present on top of the mountain, and he’ll miss it. ...Is the writer saying, ‘In the midst of creation, there is so much to do, there is so much to accomplish, there is so much to build, there is so much to administrate, there are so many emails to respond to, there are so many phone calls to return, so much to create, so much to manage, so much to order. Be careful that in your managing, creating, ordering, be careful that in the midst of creation you don’t become so consumed in your work that you don’t spend all your time creating that you don’t spend any time resting, and in the process you lose something, and you find yourself back in another sort of Egypt.’ The writer is saying, “Don’t become a machine who is so caught up in everything you are doing that you miss the joy, the wonder, the awe of being a human in the midst of this whole world God has made.”</p> <p>Rob Bell, on: http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=77024018179262526#</p>		
064	<p>23-02-11</p> <p>Nothing is too hard By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>If you’ve reached the station of “despairing even of life”, not wishing to go on, thinking you don’t have an ounce of will power to do even the simplest thing, realising that “going on” will bring yet more heartache, quote the words of this magic pill to yourself, so</p>	23 Feb 2011	

	<p>repeatedly that it transports you out of the state of mind you are in. You'll see then that you were but in a fog, at the top of a glorious mountain. These words will help the fog lift and you'll be in breath-taking awe at all you see and can yet experience: There is nothing too hard, that God and me together can't handle. More magic pills: The "compensation prizes" given by God for each thing endured while on this journey of life will make even the hardest experience melt into nothing, as I revel in the extreme joys that await me, if I wait, hold on, keep on. This moment is but a drop in the ocean of eternity. There are others feeling just what I am now. God send me some rope, some hope, get me outta here, so I can help them find their way too. There's nothing like having someone trying to help who has "been there done that".</p> <p>The only good luck any great man ever had was being born with ability and determination to overcome bad luck.—<i>Channing Pollock</i></p>		
065	<p>Re5! 065: A day of small things</p> <p>I subscribe to the emails from http://simplycharlottesmason.com/</p> <p>Here is the one from last week. I thought it was worth passing on. Sonya writes books, passes on the concepts, and teaches her children in the methodology of this teacher who lived many years ago. I'm learning so much, and finding invigoration from the thoughts and concepts passed from the books of this lady, Charlotte Mason, who lived a century ago. Her love for children, and methods of nurturing them and making learning and education quality and fun, is very refreshing and echo's the thoughts and feelings in my own heart. There's much that can be researched on her, should there be an interest, or a need for a new and refreshing approach to life and learning with your children. It may be the breath of fresh air you've been wishing for. (Write if you want more links or info.) God bless you in your journey of love, life and learning with your darling young ones!</p> <p>Sonya's email this week said:</p> <p>Today was a day of small things. It looked like this:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> · Walk the dog · Clear off kitchen counter 	28 Feb 2011	

- Make grocery list at breakfast
- Take a phone message
- Put a load of jeans in the washer
- Teach young one's schoolwork
- Empty the recycle bin
- Listen to another phone message
- Supervise older one's schoolwork
- Transfer jeans to dryer; put towels in washer
- Read aloud during lunch of leftovers
- Put potatoes in the slow cooker for supper
- Quiet time
- Put towels in dryer; fold jeans
- Computer time
- Read to young one
- Finish cooking and eat supper
- Put young one to bed

Not much excitement. Nothing earth-shaking or life-altering. And yet there is a certain sense of satisfaction that comes from a day of small things. Though the events of the day were not of huge proportions, they were still of value.

I think that's what Charlotte Mason had in mind when she said, "Let us not despise the day of small things nor grow weary in well-doing" (Vol. 3, p. 23).

To despise something is to have a low opinion of it. It's easy to start despising our daily tasks and regular chores. Our opinion of them tends to sink the more we perform them. The sheer unending-ness of caring for the house and the meals and the clothes and the children and the schedule and the schoolwork can wear us down if we are not careful.

Careful to . . . what? Careful to keep the right perspective. Though our list

	<p>may be full of small things, yet they are good things. We are doing well; and Charlotte encouraged us to lift our heads and not grow weary in well-doing.</p> <p>The small things matter. We are striving to create an environment of small comforts and lots of love--an environment that will make up one-third of our children's education. We are attempting to teach and reinforce small habits that will combine to shape our children's characters--habits that make up another third of their education. We are mirroring the faithfulness of God as we faithfully perform those unceasing small acts.</p> <p>We are doing a good work. Let's celebrate a day of small things!</p>		
066	<p>The Forgiveness Diaries</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>I should have learned by now to just “give it up” instead of holding onto my hurt feelings or grudges. I have to let it go at some point, eventually. So why do I wait years till finally forgiving and forgetting? I don't know. I know in theory to forgive. I've read about it. I pray for it. But it can be so hard to really let something go, especially when I don't understand why something happened. If someone explains their human side, and lets me in on where they were coming from, and asks humbly for forgiveness, then that's easy. But that's not how it usually happens. For one, most of the time they don't know how I feel. And I'm not about to let on!</p> <p>I remember one time years ago when I was able to cut the strings of some burning weights. He says in His Word, “I will be with thee”. So I asked the Lord in a genuine way, “Where were You when each of these things happened?” He told me where He was at, what His thoughts were, why He allowed it, and so forth. I don't actually remember all He said, because of what I asked Him next. I prayed for Him to make me forget each thing that was bothering me. I actually didn't think it was possible. But He did it. Gone then, still gone. Whatever seemed so big at the time is wiped from my thoughts.</p> <p>But it's not always that simple. I had something nagging and troubling me for, well, an embarrassing 27 years... oops. It's not always a wave of a magic wand. I sought long for relief, and prayed so much to be able to let it go. I thought if only I could have the courage to write the person and get their apology that that would help. But they've known enough hard times since. To be reminded yet again of their faults wouldn't help. Besides, forgiveness should be able to happen independently, with or without others begging me for</p>	2 Mar 2011	

forgiveness—even though that could feel pretty nice. A couple weeks ago, our wonderful Jesus cut the weight. I simply heard these words as He spoke them in an assertive way, “Move on”. Holding on to something from my past was making forward progress slow and difficult. Ah, it felt great. It was like a weight was released and I can move ahead without a rope tied to the past.

Now for the present. Some things from a year or two ago were still bothering me. You could call it holding a grudge, bitterness, negative thinking, or whatever the label. The videos and audios would play often in my mind, reminding (or telling) myself how short-changed I was, how misunderstood, how hurt, how wrong they were, and so forth. It was the “I would have been a heroine if I hadn’t become a victim of injustice” scenario. I knew it was unhealthy to coddle these feelings and memories. I needed to get off the treadmill. I was only continuing to cause myself hurt through reliving the experiences. How many years would I let this next round go for? Knowing I just don’t hold the power in myself to forgive I fervently prayed, alone, as well as with my husband.

As I sat on the bench one day at the park watching the children play, I was communing with the Lord in my heart. A thought came to me. There’s a wonderful promise in the Bible, “when though walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned”. A hint of a thought came, that I feel the lingering “burn” of a happening in my life when I let it cause me bitterness. In not letting it go and moving on I was letting the heat settle on me, hurting me further. To move on past it is to let the flames “not kindle upon me”. Then I got the rest of the thought. The verse does not say:

“When thou passest through the water you won’t get wet
And through the rivers, there will be a bridge over them
When thou walkest through the fire, it won’t be hot,
And the flames will be extinguished before you reach them”

No, no. WHEN is the name of the game. We WILL go through hard times, and it will be difficult. But, He’ll be with us, and it won’t be more than we can manage with His help. And there will still be life afterwards.

*When thou passest through the waters, **I will be with thee**; and through the rivers, they **shall not overflow thee**: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt **not be burned**; **neither** shall the flame **kindle upon thee**. (Isaiah 43:2)*

It was a great help, thinking about that. But still, it was in theory. I

	<p>know not to hold on to the hurt... Sometimes I need something more. This time He used a real life example. My tooth had been hurting off and on for months. Then one day it simply crumbled. The walls fell off, and it was nearly non-existent. I finally felt relief! All that had been crammed inside that big hallow cavity was released and it was great. But when I finally got the dental care, it was deemed far too broken to do anything more but have the remains pulled. “You’re lucky it doesn’t hurt” the dentist said. And the tooth was pulled within minutes.</p> <p>That was a first for me. See I have such good teeth, that just one glance from dentist over the years, while getting a routine check up has left them shocked. So when I got my first and only filling 15 years ago, that was surprising, and had an impact on me. I was having a particularly difficult-to-deal-with personal situation. The Lord told me that the metallic filling was to remind me to “be strong in the Lord”. He was shaping my character through the situation. And it was also like a medal of honor for going through the hard times, and coming through victorious. I didn’t mind the filling then, having that new perspective to remind myself of. I can look back at those times positively. They changed me for the better.</p> <p>The filling is actually between two teeth, one on either sides of the teeth. One tooth is fine, but the other cavity beneath the filling had kept on eating away until the whole tooth broke and needed pulling. This was what I needed to cement my lesson on forgiveness—at least this time around. When difficult things happen and we grow from it and see the good we can get out of it, it’s like the first tooth—going strong, with an addition of a medal of honor attached, for our victorious passing through those difficulties. When I keep holding on, letting the negative thoughts eat away at my heart and mind, it’s like the “root of bitterness*”, it doesn’t build up my life, but breaks things down, and needs to be uprooted. Now every time I get those thoughts at the door of my mind, taunting me to think on those hurts of the past, I simply remember my new gap, where used to stand a faithful and strong tooth. Stop. Don’t go there! Losing one is enough.</p> <p>* Looking diligently ... lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you. (Hebrews 12:15)</p>		
067	<p>What makes the difference?</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>What makes the difference between...</p>	05 Mar 2011	

A breeze or a draft
A 'b' or a 'd' or a 'p'
Relaxing or lazy
Careful or overprotective
Rowdy or lively
Cool or chilly
Problem or opportunity
Foolish or undaunted
Weak or recovering
Apathetic or easy-going
Indulgent or generous

It's really a matter of perspective, perception, and personal experience.

It helps to remember this when were in a bad mood, things aren't going well, and the way we see the situation is bringing us down. Try to get a different perspective. Look at it from a new angle. Stand on your head. Use a periscope or binoculars. Get a new feel for what's going on. Our take on the matter may not be the only way to view it, nor even the right or best one.

"Mommy, an 'f' is an upside down 'J' with the line going across it", as my son noted one day.

The words of this song have helped me through many of the hard-to-understand-why events of life.

If We Could See Beyond Today

Author Unknown

If we could see beyond today as God does see,
If all the clouds should roll away, the shadows flee,
For present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet for you and me.

If we could know beyond today as God doth know,
Why dearest treasures pass away and tears must flow,
And why some darkness leads to light,
Why dreary days will soon grow bright.
Some day life's wrongs will be made right,
Faith tells us so.

"If we could see, if we could know," we often say,
But God, in love, a veil doth throw across our way.

	<p>We cannot see what lies before, And so we cling to Him the more. He leads us 'til this life is o'er, Trust and obey.</p>		
068	<p>Gratitude—for Dummies By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>You look in the mirror and the sight is brining you down. Wait, did you say, “sight”. You can see, for goodness sake. I’d give anything to trade places with you—I’m blind!</p> <p>You stub your toe and begin to choose a random phrase for such sudden pain—Did you move your toe yourself, or did someone swing it for you as you sat in your wheelchair? You mean you were just walking or running...? Give me legs! I lost them in the war. I’ll take any toe stub. It would make me smile, reminding me with joy that I have some.</p> <p>That obnoxious person did it again. They know just the words to say that really get on your nerves. It doesn’t matter what you are doing, if they are in the room there is sure to be something said that gets to you. Hearing the words of others? Did you say hearing? I’ve been deaf all my life. I’ve never heard a song. I’ve never known the soothing sounds of nature. I think I could block out the hurt of others’ words, I’d just be so glad I could hear even the sound of my own name being spoken.</p> <p>Your computer crashed. The long document you have been working on got lost. The thought of starting again from scratch makes you exhausted, makes you mad. Ah, but you can! I was born a quadriplegic. I can’t just walk up to the computer and jot a note anytime I want. I’d do your work twice over, three times over, just for the sheer joy of being ABLE to. What a rush!</p> <p>You’ve been up all night holding the baby. He’s been fussing and crying. You’re too tired to keep your eyes all the way open, you’re hoping your arms won’t give way and you’ll be able to make it through the next day, and night, and next day, and on it goes. My arms ache to hold my little one. He passed away last spring. I stay awake at night. I cry, I miss holding him so. Hold him while you have him. Enjoy each moment.</p> <p>You are rushing along the highway, and a traffic accident has</p>	9 mar 2011	

	<p>blocked the road. It's getting backed up. You will be late. You're starting to fume. Did you say you were in an accident? Oh, you're fine? Your children are safe in the car, with you? How blessed. I was in the car ahead, on my way to meet my family after being away for so long. Guess I got too tired from the trip. We'll all have to wait. I hope the hospital stay won't be too long, and that with the help of a wheelchair I'll be able to get around, and with therapy I'll be able to speak clearly again.</p> <p>The wet beds to change and the laundry to wash just seem to be endless. Washing that bedding yet again. You throw it in the machine. Let me get this straight, you just put it in, and bingo it gets clean--and fresh water is readily available. The life of ease and luxury. I have to walk a mile to the nearest water pump. Carrying it back to our humble abode isn't easy. Water pouring out in your own house, and not have to do the scrubbing and rinsing yourself of your laundry! I can only dream... What would I do with all that time on my hands?</p>		
069	<p>Disappointment = Opportunity By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>Disappointment = Opportunity It was the day the children and I planned to visit the nearby church again for story time with other children their age. We walked the 20 minutes there, looking forward to it, only to find that it's the one time a year when it's closed. It's the "Church Camp" weekend. Must have moved to this week end due to the rainy weather when it was schedule before. The kids were disappointed. So on the walk back home we talked about how when things don't work out like we planned or hoped for, it gives an opportunity for something different, possibly better, to happen. As it turned out due to the change, the timing was right for them to video chat, for the first time in way too long, with their friends whom they missed, that are now living at the other side of the globe. It's not something that easily works out. It was a joy for them all.</p> <p>Difficulty = Advantage A year ago when I didn't know what to do about the children's dietary needs. I knew they had major issues with certain foods, the trouble was, trying to pin point it was a long and painful road of discovering and guess work. Even blood tests revealed nothing. So after a Christmas of chocolates and whatnot, desperate to find the keys to their tummy and health issues, I prayed for their bodies to be cleansed of anything that shouldn't be there. The next day, and the days that followed, they had the runs, vomiting, and couldn't hold</p>	11 march 2011	

	<p>anything down. It was at the point that the doctor said they may need to go to hospital because of dehydration if things didn't change soon. On my face again in prayer, not wanting my little guys to go through the trauma and having all sorts of things injected, I pled for healing. Then I remembered my prayer for cleansing. It had happened, obviously. The next day they could keep things down, and I slowly introduced foods and liquids. It was like a clean sheet of paper—every little thing I gave them to eat or drink now could show clearly what had a good or negative effect. Dairy showed clearly being a problem causer! And several other foods. The joy that we had enjoying good, painless sleep at night, through eating the on-target-for-their-bodies foods made it all worth it. I know prayers affect things. And if it weren't for that cleansing sickness, the insight wouldn't have been so clearly seen, making things easier in the long-run.</p>		
070	<p>They learn more... By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>Teaching, admonishing, instruction, correction, Bible lessons, and consequences all have their time and place in the training of children. But it helps us to keep the meekness, the love, the humility of spirit in all we do—as Jesus demonstrated when training His followers--when we remember:</p> <p>The children learn more about love from a warm embrace, than a Bible lesson on “love one another”.</p> <p>The children learn more from a smile, than a reminder to “be cheerful & friendly.”</p> <p>The children learn more about beauty from examining a flower in the backyard, than instructed to think and speak on pleasant and positive topics.</p> <p>The children learn more about how to cope with stress and a difficult moment by a romp and laugh together, than told to, in effect, “grin and bear it”.</p> <p>The children learn more about respecting us, their parents, when I stop to look at them on their level and listen when they are telling to me, than when I admonish them to mind my instructions.</p> <p>The children learn more about the true worth and value of things from me stopping my clean-up and housework to help them when they call or wish for a moment of my focused time—than monitoring and stressing the importance of not being wasteful. People before things.</p> <p>The children learn more about obedience from watching me stop to</p>	14 mar 2011	

	<p>pray and desire to make Godly decisions, and base my actions on His approval and ways—than my disciplining them for being distracted in a child’s world and not responding to my requests immediately.</p> <p>The children learn more about completing a task, and working hard from being given space and time without being rushed, to silently watch a team of ants trying time and again to lift a large seed or crumb of bread—than being told, “No play time, until you’ve completed your job.”</p> <p>The children learn more about God, from watching the countless stars in the night sky appear, and talking to and hearing Him speak to them personally—than admonitions to fear and obey Him, with tales of His power, however eloquently portrayed.</p> <p>The children learn more about courage when observing me facing a major problem, yet choosing to carry on in spite of it, than merely being told to “not be afraid, just do it, try something new” and encouraged to “face your fears”, and so forth.</p> <p>The children learn more about real life while living it along side of us, than in a supposed “perfect environment” for learning.</p> <p>The children learn more about not shirking work while watching me empty and clean the overflowing kitchen trash, than the stories I read with the intent of emphasising that trait to build character in them.</p> <p>The children learn more about becoming a good man and father from a piggy back ride with their Daddy, than vague instructions to “be responsible”.</p> <p>The children learn more about generosity from watching me share my portion of dinner with the eager 1 year old, who wants to share my dish, just for the fun of feeling big, and getting to sit on my lap, than told to “share your toys!”</p> <p>They learn more from watching me and “seeing it done” than from all my choice words and perfectly planned classes.</p>		
071	<p>From Peril to Danger</p> <p>Gravity defying, mountain scaling, adventurer! From peril to danger! That describes the agenda of my 1 year old right now. There are days were I can seldom blink before he’s in another perilous strait. His guardian angels, powered by God’s love, mercy and protection, are working double duty these days.</p> <p>Yesterday he was sitting in the empty bathtub playing. A bar of soap was in there amid the toys, I noticed, so I imagine his foot was a bit slimy when he started his ascent. I wasn’t staring at him each moment—he’s fine for a second, right? Just sitting peacefully with toys in a walled in area—the empty bathtub. In the minute it took me to take 3 steps to the bedroom and back, he had climbed up out of the bath, onto its edge, and from there up to the nearby sink, stood on the precarious edge of the sink and was leaning</p>	16 mar 2011	

over grabbing the little glass bottle of eucalyptus oil that was “put up out of reach”! Each night as I hold him, putting him to sleep, I thank the Lord that he’s made it through another day of toddler adventures and real-life learning experiences.

Then there are the red-backs to guard him and us all from. A common spider, yet fatal if a young child is bitten from them! The stress of this alone was getting to me. It was time for a talk.

As I walked one day I talked with the Lord.

“Isn’t it kind of morbid, that the way things are in this world is causing to have to zig zag our way through the varied ways of dying that there are?” I asked, half joking, but my point dead serious, pardon the pun.

“Through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage” came the verse. (Hebrew 2:15.)

I looked up the rest of the passage and it is shockingly appropriate:

I will put my trust in him. ... Behold I and the children which God hath given me.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil;

And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. (Hebrews 2:13-15)

I was surprised. “I’m not afraid of death! When it comes there’s a wonderful Heaven to look forward to.”

But it was true, and it was a matter for stress in raising children. It had become my new fulltime occupation—keeping them alive! I had come to realize that I was gripped with a fear of death.

“I am come that they might have life,” He added to my thoughts. (John 10:10)

Again I looked up the full passage. It’s beautiful. He says:

The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.(John 10:10,11)

Jesus is not the one scheming new dangers. He’s the protector and caretaker. He’s the one that answers my earnest prayers for protection. He’s the one that has the times of their lives in His hands.

	<p><i>“It is appointed unto men once to die.” (Hebrews 9:27)</i></p> <p><i>“A time to be born, and a time to die” (Ecclesiastes 3:2)</i></p> <p>It’s a timing thing. When the time is up, then it’s up. It’s not me who’s keeping the children entirely. I do my part: Watch and pray. I can’t get lethargic and passive in those duties. But somehow the fear that gripped me, that affected my communications with the children, the panic when they were going into a “danger zone” was gone.</p> <p>I am at peace in that area of daily life, for the first time in a long while. I guess I gave Him more trust to take care of what I can’t. I pray, I watch, I do what I can and should. But He’s not going to let “an hair of [their] head perish”, as His Word says, in Luke 21:18, without His foresight and oversight, and having His hand in the matter. Their life-times are in His hands. I have:</p> <p><i>“Committed the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful creator.” (1 Peter.4:19)</i></p>		
072	<p>The Clover and the Coin By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>It is said that some things bring or predict good fortune: Finding a penny, or a 4-leaf clover, for example. Well, I don’t know about that, but I’m always ready for something special to happen, something rare, something to make me feel I’ve been noticed by Someone bigger and better.</p> <p>I found a penny. Now that wouldn’t be so amazing if I were say, in the US or Canada. But here in Australia it has been nearly 20 years now since the 1 cent coin has been removed from circulation. The smallest coin used now is a 5 cent. We’ve been living in this house for nearly a year now.</p> <p>Every Sunday the large trash bins are rolled out to the side of the road to be in place for the garbage truck on Monday morning. So it’s been 40-50 times moved out of its spot. Then one fine day a few weeks ago, lo and behold, after moving it I noticed a coin on the ground, where the trash can had been sitting. It was very old. I wiped and rubbed it to try and read what it was. “1 cent”. Pretty cool.</p> <p>From Wikipedia: The Australian 1 cent coin was introduced in 1966 and was the least-valued Australian circulation coin until it was withdrawn from circulation in 1992. After removal from circulation, the coins were melted down to make bronze medals for the 2000 Summer Olympics</p>	21 Mar 2011	

	<p>The clover. My son, 5 years old, likes to feel those special things happening too. He can feel sad if something rare happens to someone else, and not him. Awhile back I had to pause on Bible stories telling amazing accounts. It made him feel left out—seeing angels and all that. He’s over it now, but always is happy for fun, encouragement building happenings. One day while camping he and my husband were peacefully sitting in the shade of a tree, talking.</p> <p>There was clover all around them. They playfully looked for 4-leaf clovers. Though it’s rare to find one, it has happened before. “Has anyone ever found a 5-leaf clover?” He asked his daddy. Just as the answer was being said, to the effect of “I don’t think so”, or “I never heard of it...” There is one, right in there where they were looking! A 5-leaf clover. He felt pretty special.</p> <p>We know that each child is wonderfully unique and special! My baby boy of 1 years old now has his own version of his 5-leaf clover, embedded in his smile. I don’t mind it, and I hope it works itself out in time. Teething started out like every other child I ever knew: he got his front teeth.--Four on the top, and four on the bottom. Between two teeth on the top, however, was a gap. Then he grew a 5th to fill the gap. I’d never seen that before. But it looks right—for him. Five top front teeth. Cute as cute can be. Matches his ready and adorable smile whenever the camera comes near.</p> <p>Rare, amazing and unique happenings might not happen every day—but we each are special to Him. And so are the children. Let’s remind them today of our appreciation for their individual beauty and how they hold a special and fond place in our hearts—no matter what.</p>		
073	<p>Take time with the Shepherd</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>“Learn of Me” it says in His Word. It’s in learning from Jesus that we find the “how to’s” and the solutions to rearing the children. All the books in the world that tell of the “best ways to raise children” won’t be as on target as God’s tailor-made plan and counsel for raising my little lambs. As a mother, working together with the Creator of the children, I am like an assistant shepherdess. Jesus is the shepherd who knows His sheep like none other can.</p> <p>I need to take time with Him. –Time to listen, to be still, to get His insight.</p>	27 march 2011	

What stops us from doing things God's loving and on-target way—what He knows is best for each individual child? So many things.

--We are busy, surrounded, and weighed down with so many things.

--We are concerned with what we feel is the "expected way of doing things" but so often isn't God's way, for our children, right now, today—because they are mindsets from those dealing with situations and people that aren't our children. We have to find out from Him what is best in each of our individual situations—for right now.

--We let our pride and circumstances get in the way of downloading from Above the best methods of operation while on the go.

--We use less-than-ideal tools of motivation, out of habit, or because it seems easiest. To do things in a heavenly way goes against the grain of mankind, generally. We have to stretch in new ways, get out of our "comfort zone." Be free.

We can read the books written by other parent "experts", and learn what we can from them. But most of all let's learn from Jesus, first hand, just like they did, when they wrote about it. We aren't to just parrot in our life what God showed others to do with their children.

The point is to break out and try something new, what works with our special little ones. Jesus will lead and guide and He'll answer according to our desperation to know His thoughts and ways.

If we first have a willingness to change and to become anew, then He can work with that and make us more into what we need to be. I say "more", because we're going to fail in some ways, no matter how hard we try, and we'll never be all that is needed in each situation for each of our children. God doesn't expect that. But in working with Him, and being open to His individual "tips and tricks" for each child's care and nurturing we'll be hitting closer to the target more frequently. Having that desire to change our former ways of thinking, and follow God's new ways of doing things with the children He's given us, will bring more joy into our lives.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.
(Matthew 11:28-30)

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. (John 10:14)

074	<p>It Catches Up</p> <p>A wonderful miracle occurred—or at least was documented—on March 7th. I’ve had a long, detailed, proactive prayer list for the children. From the time my first child was a baby I kept a list of things to pray for—things I wouldn’t see the effect of or even need the answer to for a few years. But when the time came, the prayers had paved the way. I was so glad. Whatever aspect that I was particularly concerned about facing or happening, was worked out by the time we got to that stage or age.</p> <p>I’d prayed for good teeth, healthy teeth, for the children. I did all I could in the natural as well. But an odd happening seemed to say it hadn’t had much of an effect. Two of my eldest son’s teeth in the front merged together, with just a cavity being a bit of a gap between them. “Well” I encouraged myself, “perhaps the adult teeth that are yet coming will be good and strong, and that’s where my prayers will pay off.”</p> <p>When we took him to the dentist to have these merged/ cavity teeth checked out, he took an x-ray. “I’ve never seen this before.” He said. “Besides the adult teeth coming in, there is something else, some other growth there. That’s what’s causing the teeth to be pressing together. Come back in a year and we’ll see what’s happening. It could cause the adult teeth to be hindered in proper growth.”</p> <p>As the year of waiting was passing, I prayed for whatever “it” was to completely vanish—or for the grace for him to handle whatever we’d face on the next visit, as well as for God’s supply of funds to cover the needs. “We should try to save up over this year for his dental needs” I was often thinking and suggesting. But during this time we really had no resources to “save”. We got by, and that’s all we could do then.</p> <p>Thoughts of future surgery and teeth pulling and the like were uncomfortably in my mind. A young child having to go through that wasn’t something a mother wished for. Time passed, and we moved to a new country. It’d been a bit over a year now since his last dental visit. We wanted to get it checked. Our friends’ son’s tooth had needed surgery and such, and it cost them in the 4 digits. Where would we come up with the funds to cover it, should an operation be needed in our situation? So the appointment came, the x-ray was taken.</p> <p>Everything was as it should be. The new teeth in the gum lined up to</p>	30 Mar 2011	

	<p>emerge later were growing good, in line, doing the right thing. There was absolutely nothing abnormal to be seen. Whatever the “growth” had been, was gone, vanished—just as I’d prayed for. And all the prayers I prayed for his teeth that I thought hadn’t really done the job, had caught up, when we most needed it. I’m a firm believer in proactive prayers. I’ve seen the effect time and again. As well as the difficult effects when I’ve let myself get too busy to keep it as priority.</p> <p>A mother and father’s prayers can literally save their children time and again, from harm, accidents, and even their life!</p> <p>--Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>P.S. Topics listed, that I expounded on in detail on my personal list are things like:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> --Influences of others, input, etc. --Specific health issues --Growth (body, mind, skills, faith) --Safety in all types of ways --Education on target, enjoyable --Traits and character building issues --Needs for our family --Good health needs (diet, exercise, sleep, etc) --Relationship with the Lord and hunger for His Word --Sibling relations and all aspects affecting --Good communication and parent/child relations --Training, raising, correcting, discipline on target, in Lord’s way, with love --Protection (on house, things, equipment, each other, hearts & minds, etc) --Habits, reactions, character traits --Desires, preferences, interests, Godly appetite --Outings, fun, opportunities <p>(My list has at least 10 specifics articulated on each topic. I printed out my list, divided it by 30, and post a new one each day of the month, in the bathroom!)</p>		
075	<p>Self-Talk</p> <p>This concept has stuck with me, and helped me greatly:</p> <p>--By Jerry Wyckoff, Ph.D, & Barbara C. Unell</p> <p>Self-talk is best defined as what people say to themselves that governs their behaviour. If, for example, a parent says, "I can't stand it when my child whines!" then his or her level of tolerance for the whining will be greatly diminished. If, however, that same parent says to</p>	01 April, 2011	

	<p>him- or herself, "I don't like it when my child whines, but I can survive it," then not only will he or she be able to tolerate the whining longer, but he or she will also be likely to plan adequate ways of changing this behaviour. Parents can calm themselves down in times of stress by using helpful self-talk.</p>		
076	<p>Zacchaeus' Method</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>(Taken from "Heart4Kidz" posts.)</p> <p>A few days ago I prayed to know what my children felt like, what ways I could improve in my communication with them. I wanted to not hurt or offend them unwittingly. My wish to know was answered three days later. I lose my cool at times and speak more sternly than I'd want to. Like when they dash in the room loudly when I know they know I'm finally putting the baby to sleep! Or like yesterday morning when my five year old son was wildly jumping and yelling on the bed first thing in the morning. Totally unnecessary, or so I think. He was trying to have fun, to the beat of the song, but the way of expressing it really wasn't my style.</p> <p>After telling him firmly to calm down, he said something rather thought provoking. "That's the 5th time you've really made me feel bad." I probed more, since the day had just begun. "Do you mean today, or other days...?" He couldn't even remember all the incidents over the past few days, but had kept a tally of times that had gone deeper than just the usual "guidance" kind of comments and instruction.</p> <p>He said, "When you sit down beside me and we talk about it (and you explain things) then it's better than if you just tell me firmly." I was glad for this insight. Some things just hit a nerve I guess, when said in the wrong way. I apologized, I prayed with him for our communication to be better, I hugged him, but I could tell that as far as healing up the hurts that he was trying to express, and had been holding inside for days it seemed, it still wasn't doing the trick.</p> <p>Then a thought came to mind. Zacchaeus! That short man who nobody liked, because he was always taking their money, and short changing people. To make amends he promised to give them back four times the amount. (Luke 19:1-10) So I explained the idea to my son, and since he's</p>	4 april 2011	

into numbers and math I added it up to him and said, “Okay, so that means that since I made you feel bad 5 times, today I will do 20 nice things for you!” Finally the light shone. He’s face lit up with a big grin. That did it for him.

And I followed through with it—wasn’t just a “make him feel good” comment that turns into an empty promise. Course many of the “nice things” were just the usual things that moms do. I just made sure to highlight it to him as the next “loving deed”. Some things were even on the school planner list, but happened to be a favourite activity! I threw in some other special ’n’ fun things too. He felt loved and better, and I felt better knowing what someone felt and being able to make things right—rather than just having smiles, thinking everything was fine, but not being aware of what was below the surface.

They say children are “buoyant” and in many ways they’ve gotta be. But taken from my own way of being as a child, they also know how to hide things better. They feel embarrassed to have negative feelings or don’t even understand their feelings, or know how to express them. It can appear to others as if something doesn’t affect them, but it’s just because they’d rather laugh and have fun. It makes things twice as difficult to think about it too much or stay sad outwardly, and attempts to formulate the thoughts into words that may or may not be taken seriously or treated with tenderness or understanding by grown-ups. And if not, then it feels worse having said something, than just keeping it silently to oneself. But deep inside are those questions, fears, and hidden tears. Sometimes they last a day, a month, or even a lifetime. But you’ll never know, and they’ll have a hard time working through whatever it is that’s a particular issue for them personally, unless there is good communication.

Ask questions. I often ask, “How did that make you feel?” Or “What did you think when that happened?” or other probing questions, when some comment is made giving a glimpse of a thought. Let them know you want to know more, you want to know about them, and it’s okay to have feelings and express them—even opposing feelings, differences of opinion, and so forth. You love them no matter what, and love to get to know their heart and thoughts.

I pray I will be what my children need me to be as a communicator, from the time they are young—hearing them out, drawing them out, showing love

	and acceptance no matter what.		
077	<p>Party on, anyway!</p> <p>Maybe there is something you can do! Instead of letting the months or years go by, wondering when you'll ever get a chance to have "fun" while you are swallowed up in the daily duties and often moment by moment emergencies.</p> <p>It was starting to get to me, every time I opened my closet. My "pretty dresses" were not just "seldom used", I couldn't remember the last time I got to put one on. There wasn't a chance, or opportunity. Christmas dinner? Are you kidding. Try getting all the dinner done, caring for the children and the baby, preparing for relatives and such. Gotta wear work clothes, tough stuff—that can be tugged, pulled, spilled on, easily give a nurse to the baby in, and so forth.</p> <p>But my little boys like to have a princess for their mommy too. Whenever they see those dresses—one real shiny one in particular—they wish I would wear it. It's just never been appropriate thus far. Last night we changed that.</p> <p>My husband had to be gone again, working for the evening. It's been an especially busy few weeks for him. The children miss him, and I knew this time would test their graces. They'd had wishes of lego time with daddy and all. I needed something fun for us all. Then the thought—a new thought—struck. "Why do we have to wait for a perfect time, with friends, and everything all set, to have a party?"</p> <p>So there weren't other friends either of our ages. But we had each other—a 1 year old, a 3 year old, and a 5 year old. We had time. We had the need for fun. We had music. We had a lot of dress-up clothes. We had food to make party nibbles with. It really did help smooth things over. Announcing that it was party night, and that I was finally going to wear that shiny dress, was a welcome idea for them, and their daddy was able to leave without a fuss heard.</p> <p>As they tried on outfit after outfit from our growing dress-up collection, I prepared party snacks—no "normal routine, sit at the table and eat" dinner. Though it was basically the same menu, it was cut up, with dips, and so forth, arranged on a tray and placed in the "party room", and a fun blended drink. The dress was donned. The music went on. The lighting was special—with their favourite tall lamps. We jumped, danced, clowned around, nibbled, played some games, and had fun. Mommy was in "all smiles and just let them have fun" mode. Then: "To end our special party, we'll have a new</p>	6 April, 2011	

	<p>story!" Heh—off to the bedroom for bed time story, and to sleep.</p> <p>Next time I come across one of my “laments” and “since being a mother I never get to...” well, maybe instead of whining there’s something I can just do—maybe not the way I was used to when carefree and single—but better. I have life-long friends I’m building bonds with, who I get the privilege to love and nurture. And one day when they are grown and off having parties of their own, and I have my dresses all to myself, I’ll probably pine for these days! Let’s party now, enjoying the once-in-a-lifetime chance with our darling little ones!</p>		
078	<p>The Young Mother...</p> <p>November 4, 2010 — Facebook It / Buzz It</p> <p>The young mother set her foot on the path of life.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">“Is the way long?” she asked.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And her Guide said” “Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">But the young Mother was happy, & she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, & gathered flowers for them along the way, & bathed with them in the clear streams; & the sun shone on them & life was good, & the young Mother cried, “Nothing will ever be lovelier than this.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The night came, & storm, & the path was dark, & the children shook with fear & cold, & the Mother drew them close & covered them with her mantle, & the children said, “Oh, Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, & no harm can come,” and the Mother said, “This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And the morning came, & there was a hill ahead, & the children climbed & grew weary, & the Mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, “A little patience & we are there.” So the children climbed & when they reached the top, they said, “We could not have done it without you, Mother.” And the Mother, when she lay down that night, looked at the stars & said: “This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in</p>	8 April, 2011	

	<p>the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength.”</p> <p>And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war & hate & evil, & the children groped & stumbled, & the Mother said: “Look up. Lift your eyes to the Light.” And the children looked & saw above the clouds an everlasting Glory, & it guided them & brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the Mother said, “This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God.”</p> <p>And the days went on, & the weeks & the months & the years; & the Mother grew old, & she was little & bent. But her children were tall & strong, & walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their Mother, & when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather; & at last they came to a hill, & beyond the hill they could see a shining road & a golden gate flung wide.</p> <p>And the Mother said: “I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, & their children after them.”</p> <p>And the children said: “You will always walk with us, Mother even when you have gone through the gates.”</p> <p>And they stood & watched her as she went on alone, & the gates closed after her. And they said: “We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence.”</p> <p>—Author Unknown</p>		
079	<p>A note from a friend</p> <p>A friend wrote me:</p> <p>I just thought to send you a couple of quotes I found when reading a book, "Learning At Home" by Marty Layne. I thought you would like it. Have a great day!!</p> <p>It's a quote she saw on the desk of a church secretary when she was booking space for a concert.</p>	11 April, 2011	

	<p>- Do not feel totally, ultimately, and completely responsible for everything.</p> <p>That's my job!</p> <p>Thanks, God</p> <p>And there was another one,</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">-Angels fly because they take themselves lightly!</p> <p>Here are some others I found:</p> <p>Every morning, lean thine arms awhile upon the windowsill of Heaven and gaze upon the Lord.</p> <p>Then, with that vision in thy heart, turn strong to meet the day.</p> <p>You may have tangible wealth untold, caskets of jewels and coffers of gold. richer than I you can never be, I had a mother who read to me.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Strickland Gillilan</p>		
080	<p>The Best Day of My Life By Gregory M. Lousig-Nont, Ph.D.</p> <p>Today, when I awoke, I suddenly realized that this is the best day of my life, ever!</p> <p>There were times when I wondered if I would make it to today; but I did! And because I did I'm going to celebrate!</p>	April 14, 2011	

	<p>Today, I'm going to celebrate what an unbelievable life I have had so far: the accomplishments, the many blessings, and, yes, even the hardships, because they have served to make me stronger.</p> <p>I will go through this day with my head held high, and a happy heart. I will marvel at these seemingly simple gifts: the morning dew, the sun, the clouds, the trees, the flowers, the birds. Today, none of these miraculous creations will escape my notice.</p> <p>Today, I will share my excitement for life with other people. I'll make someone smile. I'll go out of my way to perform an unexpected act of kindness for someone I don't even know. Today, I'll give a sincere compliment to someone who seems down. I'll tell a child how special he is, and I'll tell someone I love just how deeply I care for them and how much they mean to me.</p> <p>Today is the day I quit worrying about what I don't have and start being grateful for all the wonderful things I've been given. I'll remember that to worry is just a waste of time because my faith in the divine plan for my life ensures everything will be just fine.</p> <p>And tonight, before I go to bed, I'll go outside and raise my eyes to the heavens. I will stand in awe at the beauty of the stars and the moon, and I will be grateful for these magnificent treasures.</p> <p>As the day ends and I lay my head down on my pillow, I will thank the Almighty for the best day of my life. And I will sleep the sleep of a contented child, excited with expectation because I know tomorrow is going to be the best day of my life, ever.</p>		
081	A signature story	24 april, 2011	
082	<p>Embrace a real life By Chalsey Dooley 2 May, 2011</p> <p>Laundry's stacked up, my hair's a mess</p> <p>Dishes still awaiting</p> <p>Toddler's found a pen I see</p> <p>His art on walls creating</p> <p>Noises of all types ring out</p> <p>Any time of day</p> <p>Kids have yet to learn "quiet"</p> <p>So much to do and say</p>	2, may 2011	

Longing for orderliness

I tuck the kids in bed

Soon I join in dreamland too

And I rest my weary head...

Alone and quiet, the evening's drear

Not a thing is out of place

But lonely now I feel a tear

Run down my saddened face

Though my house is clean and shiny

No marks upon its walls

How I yearn for gladsome voices

To echo down its halls

A young voice wakes me with a start

From this sour dream

The children have embraced the day

How heavenly it seems

I couldn't live in a place pristine

Without a blemish seen

Without handwriting on the wall

And laughter echoing down the hall.

A perfect house, no disarray

	<p>Can wait until “someday”</p> <p>I lay aside this illusive ideal</p> <p>With joy embrace a life that's real</p> <p>I’d rather not a palace</p> <p>That of joy is gaunt and bare</p> <p>I’ll take a shack for a farthing</p> <p>If the wealth of life’s held there</p>		
083	<p>The Helicopter</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>I had a sweet moment with my 1 ½ year old today. He’s at that age when he’s trying to communicate his joys more. He was in the back yard and started to smile and say his version of the word “helicopter”. Happily he was pointing and telling me about a helicopter that he said was flying. I didn’t see one or hear one. He wanted us to both sit on the step to watch this “helicopter”. Perhaps I’d misunderstood what he was saying? Anyway, it was a balmy afternoon, a clear blue sky, and a special moment together staring up into the sky. He had settled on the step in the way he does when anticipating something he really enjoys.</p> <p>Then after what seemed like a while to me of continuing to see or hear nothing, finally a flying vehicle appeared. Well, it was a yellow propeller plane. Fun and rare enough. I was surprised how keen his ears were. It took nearly seeing it till I could hear it. But he knew it was coming a good 2 minutes earlier.</p> <p>This is just one little example of children’s keen perception and senses. It pays to listen to them. We could learn so much. Sometimes we think we are the “all wise” and “all knowing” ones when compared to those who have lived so many less years than us. But with all that “experience” padding our senses, sometimes the business and hard work and difficulties of life have just dulled us to many thing we could be enjoying—if we’d notice them. It’s refreshing learning, listening to, and living along side those to whom life is a wonder-world of new and exciting things yet to be discovered.</p>	5 may, 2011	
084	Mothers’ Day is ...	11 may,	

	<p>Mothers' day is for letting your motherly qualities shine in all you do. It may include things like...</p> <p>Showing a mother's selflessness while caring for the family and home, while her husband travels over the weekend to a different city to provide the musical entertainment for a special dinner in honor of, well, mother's day.</p> <p>Showing her strength and flexibility to cover the motherly duties, and help with the heavy lifting and fatherly jobs in the house, while her husband rests to recover from his back pain.</p> <p>Showing her generousness to give her time and limited resources to encourage a struggling new mother.</p> <p>Showing her fortitude in continuing to show faith and courage in spite of her child's on going painful health difficulties.</p> <p>Showing her love for her children, putting aside the needs of the house, to spend time just playing along with the children, letting them know she cares more about them than her "to do" list.</p> <p>Showing her dependability by giving the children their needs, when they need them, using the evening to give them a nice story and bed time, and exhausted, drifting off to sleep...</p> <p>...Such as happened to me...</p> <p>But it didn't end there...I am then awoken a few moments later by my husband and eldest child, bringing in a beautiful card created on computer, printed out, and the most delicious bed time snack.</p> <p>Thanks, guys!</p> <p>Just having the joy of being a mother, of having a family, having the best husband I could dream of, and of having such darling children is a 365 day long, mother's day, each year!</p> <p>(In case you thought "Mother's Day" was for time off and pampering...maybe on your birthday? Could happen...maybe...)</p>	2011	
085	<p>Chilling results</p> <p>It's been said that oft a mother's prayers have saved her child's very life. Here's a story of just that, in case you haven't read it on the news already. It's not the most comfortable concept to read about. But the miracle that happened to this Christian mother's child is a good boost to keep us on our knees—the activity and investment that will have the best and most far reaching effects in our children's lives.</p> <p>22 April 2011 Last updated at 07:10 GMT Florida balcony fall baby saved by British tourist</p>	13 May 2011	

	<p>A toddler who fell from the top floor of a four-storey Florida hotel has escaped injury after being caught by a British woman on holiday.</p> <p>Jah-Nea Myles, 16 months, apparently slipped through the balcony railing and fell into the arms of Helen Beard.</p> <p>Ms Beard, of Worksop, was at the pool at Orlando's Econo Lodge hotel when she saw the baby hanging from the railing and ran underneath, she said.</p> <p>She held the child until emergency medical workers arrived.</p> <p>'Not a scratch'</p> <p>The baby was taken to hospital, where medical staff said they saw no bruises or scratches and deemed her in good health.</p> <p>An investigator with the Orange County sheriff's office described her as "playful" and said she was not crying.</p> <p>Helena Myles, Jah-Nea's 20-year-old mother, told police her friend Dominique Holt had been watching the baby in the adjacent hotel room.</p> <p>Ms Holt, 21, said she went to the bathroom about 2100 local time (0100 GMT), then heard screaming and saw the balcony door ajar.</p> <p>She ran out onto the balcony and saw the baby in the arms of Ms Beard, from Nottinghamshire.</p> <p>Ms Myles told Reuters: "She's perfectly fine. Not a scratch on her body.</p> <p>"I'm thanking the Lord above right now for saving my child's life. I'm also thanking that lady because she was an angel sent from heaven."</p>		
086	<p>A night in Hamlyn, without Pied Piper "God is our refuge and strength. A very present help in trouble." (Psalm 46:1)</p> <p>Some things we face, and long for relief from, not another human soul can help. We are left with the best help-option only: God's intervention.</p> <p>Appalled is the word that begins to describe my feelings since this plague has hit our city—and we've not been spared. This is no made up story. I'm comforting myself by thinking of the millions who endure difficulties and dangers many times worse. I don't have snakes here, or scorpions. We've been spared floods and fire. We have not been robbed. Mice are not poisons and aggressive. Things could be a lot worse. But still sometimes it's more than I think I can take.</p> <p>We open the sports bag in the outdoor shed, and out run the mice. I move my purse and jacket from the armchair in the sitting room, off</p>	16 May 2011	

another scurries. Under the kitchen sink, dashing behind the stove, in the closets and drawers. Mice droppings in the corners of every room. Well, usually no more than one at a time is seen or caught each night with our ever-ready traps. But one night it pushed me over the limit.

Now, I'm territorial about my house. It's for people. It's not a zoo, and I'm no entomologist. No hairy foot of any mini bothersome beast is allowed into my kingdom. If they are good creatures, they can go where they belong—outside. If they aren't good, the less there are of them the better the world will be. So to now be facing these larger size pests, and not be able to do much about it is indeed bothersome, and worrisome. You can't catch them. The mice have disappeared from clear view time and again, or so it has seemed when I was sure they were cornered.

Another thing to note is that I nearly never ever wake my husband for the night battles as a mother. Most things God and me can cope with. He works hard all day and often half the night. So with what bit of rest he can get, it's better to let sleeping Dads lie. But what I saw the other night was what I'd consider "worth waking".

I was reading on computer late, in the room with the children while they slept. I saw it with the corner of my eye, yet totally unmistakably. A mouse ran across the children's bed!!! That was it. A trap was to be set in the bedroom, and the light would remain on for the rest of the night, while I just worked or something, while keeping visual vigil. Well, things didn't go as planned, my extremely tired husband tired several times to set the trap, but it just wouldn't set—and he didn't want me hurting myself trying. He pulled a muscle trying in that awkward position. He was tired, I felt bad. He'd try to get what sleep he could in another room, before travelling for the next two days. I would just keep watch of my little ones throughout the night, guarding from these awful intruders.

I saw it next climbing over and behind some boxes. Heard it shuffling behind a dresser. My neck hairs bristled as I saw him feel at home climbing in and around the children's underwear drawer. Feeling helpless I just kept doing my writing on computer. Not even my strong, caring husband could help.

But Jesus wanted to show me, how He can be the one to be there for me. When no one could help, He could. It was a deep moment between Him and I. Depending on Him alone, and having Him do the seemingly impossible was faith inspiring.

The moment was described the next day by my husband, "Did you get the mouse last night? I heard noises resembling Armageddon..."

It made a wrong move, and went behind some little drawers in the closet. Still being cornered has never been a problem for these beasts. They've always escaped. But the miracle took place this time. I grabbed a shoe, and with much grunting, shaking and earnest

	<p>determination got it. A horrible, yet victorious moment. I even got some satisfying sleep after that. And as I lay there, trying to rest from the ordeal, I felt Jesus so near. I could count on Him when there were troubles that not a soul in the world could help. This was only one of the challenges of the past week, not least of all our son's emergency operation. But Jesus "delivered us out of them all." (Psalm 34:19)</p>		
087	<p>Silent test</p> <p>It was raining only a slight drizzle, and my boys just had to have their out time. With baby in the stroller, and the two young boys warmly dressed, we started on our walk to the park. I tried to do something different. Try this test. It can be nearly impossible to pass. But it could be a great stress reliever—for your children.</p> <p>See if you can walk to the park without telling them "come along" "catch up" "let's keep going" and so on and so forth. But just let them chill, walk at their pace, pick daisy (or make mud pies, as mine were doing that day, in the puddles).</p> <p>I tried so hard to bite my tongue. We were out, moving (most of the time) getting fresh air, they were enjoying themselves. There really wasn't any reason to get to the destination as fast as I wanted to—or even at all really, in all honesty.—I tried to convince myself of this, but it was pretty tough.</p> <p>Sometimes I can be so addicted to the feeling of "accomplishment" that the joy of just living and "doing" is lost. Perhaps we have become so accustomed to stress and pressure being a daily part of life that we assume it's "normal" and the way to be with others. We then pass it on to our children, pushing them, pulling them, making their lives filled with as many "good things" as we can, telling them to do this, or that, and questioning why action hasn't been taken immediately.</p> <p>Sometimes poor planning or just the surprise happenings of life can squeeze time out and we are left trying to do more than we'd like to have to do in a short amount of time.</p> <p>But it's good to stop and think before pushing the kiddies along, "Is this really good for them, necessary, or is it just me trying to 'check something off the list' I have determined should happen?"</p> <p>Maybe subconsciously we think that they are going to have to deal with stress all their grown life, so we are helping them to get used to it. But</p>	19 may 2011	

	<p>perhaps it's teaching them the opposite. As grown ups we are supposed to relieve our lives of health-ruining stressful reactions. Why not let them learn the beauty of peace, faith, taking life one wonderful moment at a time?</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
088	<p>Re5! 088: Why do pencils have erasers?</p> <p>A video talk on boosting children's self-esteem. The main two points I remember from it are: (Watch it if you can, to get the full ideas.)</p> <p>--Try using words of encouragement to boost them up BEFORE they've done something well. To only compliment when they've achieved and accomplished something is rather redundant. They are already feeling good then. Use praise to help give them a lift when they aren't there yet.</p> <p>--Pencils have erasers because mistakes are expected. Lots of them. They are part of life. Not a big deal. You can't make mistakes on purpose. They are just that—a mistake. Roll with it. Learn from it. And take it easy on kids—and your self—when they happen. It's how we learn.</p> <p>http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dYxnfCWsgrE&feature=player_embedded</p>	25 May, 2011	
089	<p>Re5! 089: The Butterfly</p> <p>In each of our struggles to give children the best, we get a few bumps and scratches—from a colorful array of sources and people—and can have a rough go of things at times. We're not alone in this. It happens to all of us carers. But it's those times when we most appreciate the personalized touches of God's love, that can be as fuel to keep us going and giving out yet one more day.</p>	27 May 2011	

Here's one such time that happened to me several years ago—when I wasn't married yet, but very involved in caring for children. I wrote of the event 3 years ago...

(The setting: I was helping a team of missionaries in Mexico in 2003, for 6 months. Two families with several children each were working together, to both build a missionary work, as well as home school their children.)

I had a pet butterfly for nearly 3 days. It would not leave my side, and no matter where I placed it, it would fly back to sit on my arm and shoulder. I was in Mexico and had a pretty rough day the day before. I felt like a failure and had people upset at me. I was exhausted from trying to do everything from watching the kids to overseeing the teen's school, making the schedule, cooking, laundry, house clean up, teaching the toddlers, napping and caring for them. We were all very, very busy. I was usually on the go from 6 am till 11:00 or so at night.

I woke crying, feeling at the bottom one morning, after a particular blunder. One of those bad-if-you-do, and bad-if-you-don't situations. As always I chose what was best for the children and young people. An adult friend of ours got miffed, and I got blamed for the tension that followed. We also were not doing well financially; we scraped by with the basics of food for everyone.

So another day had begun, with the added weight of feeling I was the "bad guy". I couldn't stop crying, probably mostly from exhaustion. Then one of the kids told me of a butterfly that was outside. He had a bit of a ripped wing, and was wet.

I put him in the sunshine to dry off and hopefully fly again. But he came again to the door, and crawled on my finger. From

that moment on he would not leave me. He perched on my arm or shoulder, no matter what I was doing. All of a sudden I felt loved and not alone.

I needed to cook so I put him on a plant, but no, he just flew back to me again. When he got hungry and thirsty, his long tiny tongue was extended all the way out. I put a drop of juice from a piece of pear on my hand, and touched his tongue to it. It was enough for his meal then.

At night I had to place him somewhere, so put a box by my bed with a cover on it, with air holes. In the morning he was still alive and happy to be my partner for the next day again. He stayed with me all the next day. His wing was getting worse, and torn more. That night he again slept in the box.

The next day I was going out to several places. My pet butterfly came with me of course. But one of the times we got out of the car, the wind was blowing, and it seemed to take him away with it. He just disappeared and I didn't see where he went. His mission was accomplished, and I was greatly encouraged by this angel butterfly friend.

My heart still warms at the thought of it. God can use the most unusual and special things to touch and cheer those who are giving their all to care for His little ones.

--By Chalsey Dooley

(If at any time you wish to discontinue receiving "coffee4carers", just jot a note. Or if you know of someone who would enjoy them, feel free to pass it on!)

HEART4KIDZ -A Nurturing Network

	<p>(See http://h4kz.tumblr.com/ for more thoughts on heartfelt caring for children)</p> <p>Chalsey Dooley cltdooley@gmail.com</p>		
090	<p>40 Fingernails + 40 Toenails</p> <p>It's hard to keep up with every last toenail and fingernail when you have 3 small children—and the baby usually fussing. I told someone once who helpfully pointed out that one of the children needed their nails clipped, that I was trying to get around to it—and laughed as I told them that I had 80 nails to tend to each week. So that's about 3-4 clips per nail... times 80! Time to do that has to come from somewhere. (It was a new thought for them to process. They'd never thought of it that way. A small strain of understanding began to influence their "perfection" level.)</p> <p>There are lots of "to do's" and varying levels of pressure to tend to each of them. One day while feeling the weight of it all, something odd, that could be considered miraculous happened. It's a small thing. But every little thing off a mother's overflowing "to do" list helps.</p> <p>For some reason, when my baby was a few months old and I was doing that maintenance job that my 5 year old boy's nails where still the right length as they were when I cut them last. Next week the same. A month passed, the same. It's now been a year and a half since I've needed to cut them. He doesn't bite his nails. Somehow they just seem to stay right. I think bits come off here and there or something. It's an odd and tailor-made miracle. Just one of those little pressure-lessening things He sent, given the speed our family's nails grow. Since this boy in particular was a baby it was always a thing to keep up with, sometimes every few days, they grew so fast. (So were down to 60 a week to tend to....it helps.)</p> <p>Which reminds me—my nail clippers are another gift/ miracle. They were given to me, second hand when I was a young teen, 20+ years ago. And they still work as good as new and haven't gotten lost. I just find that notable and one of those tiny things that I don't usually think about, but would be sorely missed!</p> <p>Reminders of how God knows about each hair of our heads—or each fingernail on our children, is a great heart warmer. He's so close, so real, so in touch.</p> <p>When things go wrong we wonder where He is, why He let it happen, and what He's going to do to fix it. But I like to stop sometimes to think: <i>Do I notice then the opposite just as strongly with each thing that is still going right—that He is here, has a purpose in what He's doing, and is keeping things together for us in innumerable ways?</i></p>	30 may, 2011	

	<p>I'm sure there are zillions of things that I take for granted that He's doing or maintaining. Those things that don't get lots, or get broken, or need tending to. Those things that keep working well. The children's bodies and all the different parts that keep growing and operating as they should. We usually just notice the things that go wrong. But for each one of those there are probably 1,000 things note that <i>are</i> going well. Perhaps we could use those "go wrong" things as a trigger switch, to remind us of those things that we're glad are still fine. God's quiet intervention and involvement, in His kind invisible way.</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
	<p><i>Re5! 091: The miraculous within the mysterious</i></p> <p>There is lots that happens in the care of our children that is difficult and just plain puzzles us. Why this or that happens, and on goes the mystery a times. Such as was my night last night. But there is another side to things that I think is sadly seldom brought to light. And that's that in all the difficult times, the Lord always sends something to make it bearable, or easier, or some little miracle that happens. Often we only say the rough-road things to others, but leave out the coolest parts of the story. Here's an example from my night:</p> <p>Last night was a beautiful night. My baby-toddler slept calmly, without his usual discomfort with gas and such. For only the first time in his life he didn't even nurse in the night. And it was a gift. As the "fuel tank" was getting cracked and sore from the extra use lately with his discomfort and teething. I was cringing thinking about the night and the pain I'd have. But he just didn't need or want it. He didn't cry or fuss.</p> <p>Or I could say: He vomited all over me, and repeatedly throughout the night. I could hardly sleep. I had to keep the bowl and cloths handy at all times, holding him most of the night.</p> <p>The truth? --All of the above. A blend of them both.</p> <p>Though he had such an odd never-before-happening, which I'm still caring for and trying to clean up from, he was so very patient, calm, quiet, and strangely comfortable and just kept happily drifting off to sleep, after each deed would wake him suddenly. It was a miracle night.</p>	<p>3 June 2011</p>	

	<p>Like that verse, ".. grace does much more abound". And the song, "He giveth more grace when the burdens are greater."</p> <p>Let's help encourage each other when sharing the lows and bumps on the road of parenthood, the neat things that God does also, at the same time, to make things not more than we can bear. He always keeps things balanced in some way. And if we look for them, think of them, expect them, we may be surprised at how many little miracles just out of love that His sprinkles on our way.</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
092	<p>Re5! 092: Lenses and Labels</p> <p><i>From a "Simply Charlotte Mason" weekly email:</i></p> <p>The other day a friend recounted the time that she was driving on a long trip. The daylight hours were filled with bright sunshine, so she put on her sunglasses. Hours later, as day turned into night, she switched on her headlights. But strangely, they didn't seem to shed much light. For several miles she fought with those lights, casting about in her mind to discover what might be wrong with them. Finally, she realized that she had forgotten to take off her sunglasses.</p> <p>My friend's experience rings true when I think about seeing the child as a person. "My child has cancer." "My child has sensory processing disorders." "My child is an auditory learner." "My child is an introvert." "My child is . . ." (you fill in the blank).</p> <p>Those labels can be an aid as we seek for ways to help our children know themselves and navigate their limitations. However, sometimes it's easy to allow those labels to so color our perception of the child that we forget to see him, first, as a person. We get so used to thinking in terms of the label, that we don't remember to remove those lenses. We forget that we have on our "label glasses."</p> <p>What Do You Expect?</p> <p>I was thinking about this just the other day in connection with my daughter who has autism. It's easy to fall into the habit of thinking mainly in terms of what she can and cannot do. I get used to thinking about her limitations and, without realizing it, I start viewing her primarily through the lens of those limits.</p>	June 10, 2011	

	<p>But it dawned on me that when I fixate on the label, I neglect to look at her as a whole person. And when I neglect to look at her as a whole person, my expectations for her are lacking. That is when I need to remember that what we expect from our children subconsciously shapes what they expect from themselves and who they become.</p> <p>Charlotte reminded us that people will generally live up to (or down to) expectations. "Now one of the secrets of power in dealing with our fellow-beings is, to understand that human nature does that which it is expected to do and is that which it is expected to be" (Vol. 2, p. 251).</p> <p>"Expectation strikes another chord, the chord of '<i>I am, I can, I ought</i>' which must vibrate in every human breast, for ' 'tis our nature to.' The capable, dependable men and women whom we all know were reared upon this principle" (Vol. 2, p. 251).</p> <p>If I want to help my child become the best person she can be, I must not allow a label to blind me. Yes, my child has this condition and it affects many aspects of her life, but it is not the sum total of who she is. She is much more than her autistic tendencies.</p> <p>And I encourage you not to let the lens of a label blind you to who your child is down deep inside. There are most likely hundreds, if not thousands, of other children on the Earth with a similar label. What makes your child different from them? That's part of your child's personhood.</p> <p>When Charlotte lists her main principles of education, this foundational one is always listed first:</p> <p>"1. Children are born <i>persons</i>" (Vol. 1, Preface).</p> <p>So rather than growing accustomed to looking at our children through the limiting lens of their labels—whether learning style, personality type, special need, diagnosis, or something else—let's take off the glasses and see the persons standing right in front of us.</p>		
093	<p>Lord, Teach me to play</p> <p>As I sat there looking at the lego, my mind drew a blank. I really didn't know what or how to make things. If it were dollies I could come up with plenty. But since I have boys, their interests are more creative and inventive. I could say that I never had much lego experience growing up, so I don't know how. But with all the opportunities over the past year and a half, I could have learned something.</p> <p>Give me some books and tools to teach with, and I can educate children and have fun learning together. Give me a guitar and a Bible, I can teach them to sing and learn about God's Word. Give me</p>	14 June, 2011	

	<p>a messy room, and I can tidy it. Give me some water and towels, and I can make dirty boys clean ones. Give me a pot and food and I can make a meal. Give me enough time on a computer and I'll write books. Give me the messiest pants to change, and I can fix things up to a shine. But toys... I had forgotten how to play! Somehow I've just been too busy to sit and play with the children.</p> <p>"Can you please play with me?" The request comes from my dear little ones. I try, and do a token. But then I'm up and active with things that seem more time efficient. Toys are great for kids, teaches them coordination, creativity, imagination, team working, cooperation, diligence, patience, thinking skills and on goes the list. But for me to spend my time on it, I really didn't have the focus for it. It is a way of showing love, acceptance, getting to know each other, to show I enjoy their company and so forth. I realise I need to change. I need remedial therapy. So from now on I've put it on my list of "to do's" that during one of their play slots in our day, instead of doing dishes, cooking, and cleaning (great things for when the kids take their play breaks and are happy and self-entertained) I'll put it all aside and sit with them, and play together... while I still can. One day they'll move on from toys, and I'll have missed those fun special times together.</p> <p>Thank God for Daddies! As the kids say, "Daddy's talent is knowing how to play" ... as opposed to mom lacking it! Ha! Maybe I can change that, if I put my mind and heart to it.</p>		
094	<p>Pausing to Care</p> <p>I don't know how she did it, but the cashier eyes peered right into mine. Ah! I'd been discovered. I had tried to avoid all eye contact as I was finishing the grocery shopping. More embarrassing than being seen in public coping with a rare melt down would be someone discovering the "nothing to cry about" interaction that had just triggered it.</p> <p>I was holding together—as long as I didn't have to be challenged to talk. My husband tried to phone me, couldn't respond. It would have been messy (and noisy) if I attempted to explain what had just happened.</p> <p>When it was my turn at the checkout I knew from past experience that in this store the cashiers work like machines. Every second counts and if I blink I'm kindly told to make a move to keep things flowing, so those in line don't have to wait any longer. With shopping cart lined up I was ready for the speedy processing and to get out of there as soon as possible--before I let it all out.</p> <p>Then she had to ask me "How's it going?" And it wasn't a casual don't-care-what-you-say greeting. She actually wanted an answer. "It's nothing, nothing..." I tried to say wanting to just get on with it. But for the first time ever—I mean ever! The kind woman cashier</p>	23 June 2011	

wouldn't touch a single item of my food waiting to be scanned, until I told her what that problem was. Yes, there were people in line waiting, and her skill at her job was being monitored no doubt. But I was made to feel more important than it all. I was shocked. Some how it cushioned the embarrassment I would have felt blubbering about it. If I could have said "I just found out I have breast cancer..." or "my so and so just died..." I would have felt justified in raking in as much sympathy as possible, without shame, from all who stood around. But somehow "a lady complained in another shop" just didn't have the same ring. Yet I got the impression now, that the woman who cared enough to ask, was going to treat me with compassion, no matter what in the world I was snivelling about.—just because I was important to her.

"Someone's upset you?" She tried to understand. Seeing I wasn't going to get out of it I told in brief, "I kept someone waiting in line at the other store—such a crime!"

I had been up since 3:00 am with the baby, and tiredness + stress = melt downs, at the wrong time and place! It had been a while since I used my bank card, and come check out time I actually forgot my pin number! Additionally, I had gone through the "express line" with miscalculating the items. I'm still trying to get used to things, since I'm fairly new here. (3 tomatoes= 1 item, 2 small bags of identical peanuts = 2, etc) So I was a few over the correct number. Oh boy. It wouldn't have been so bad, but the next lady in line was making a big deal of it.

I found out that there is something more stressful than being late and waiting in line, while being held up by a costumer in front of you—that is *being* that costumer! The nattering was making me unable to think, extending it all painfully. Finally I told the cashier who was patiently reminding me yet again "you just need to enter your pin..." that I couldn't think under this pressure, and after saying a soft prayer aloud I stepped aside to block out the world. In an instant the number came back to me and all was well. After apologies (again) to those waiting, I attempted to give a hug to the one who's stress and struggles were obviously more than I was facing that day, by the looks and sounds of it... a crazy idea, but I felt urged to do so. Well, it wasn't a warm moment, and I quietly left. I held back the tears... just in time for the elevator to the next shop.

The contrast was so stark—being misunderstood, unforgiving, pressured, put under stress, treated as to be causing the problems of the world and then to instead have a halt called on all things till I was made to feel worth something, important, loved, cared for—more than time or money. The kind lady didn't leave it at that when the shopping was finished being processed. She ran off to get me a handful greatly needed tissues.

I don't remember the world ever pausing because I had a tear to

	<p>shed, but as tough as I need to be to take life’s blows, it felt pretty good! All embarrassment was cover in a warm blanket of being cared about. I could get used to it.</p> <p>It was good to go through that. I was reminded how important love really is and how painful and hurtful it can be when we are too focused on what we have to do that we make people feel of less importance.</p> <p>It was good for me to experience what it was like to “not be able to stop crying” and for “no good reason”. I’ll remember that next time my emotional son has an episode. Being treated tenderly, and as important, regardless of the tear-trigger, boosted me up to be able to handle whatever hit me for the next long while. It does the same for my children.</p> <p>Another thing came to mind later that morning, was the way I had been with my eldest son, while we got ready to go shopping. “Everyone is waiting for YOU. YOU are the last one. Come on. Go quickly” and words to that affect. It was true, he <i>had</i> dawdled, and the others <i>were</i> in the car. But he was now doing the best that he could. My continued pressuring was unnecessary. It wouldn’t earn back lost time. In some ways I felt I got some of my own medicine—feeling what it was like to be doing all you can, and have people getting uptight ‘cause it wasn’t good enough for them.</p> <p>The stress is really not a health promoter. I’ve noticed, though my son can appear to be handling my comments and not having a melt down right then, that somehow it takes away from his store of “grace and tolerance” resources when he then hits a snag later on in his day. If I’ve been too high-powered and stingy on the compliments and warmth, there are overall more tears. But if I’ve chilled, enjoyed, smiled, commended, noticed the good, not made a deal of little things, then the children are able to reflect that more—they’ve stored it up, and can then pour it out. It seems to shield them a bit.</p>		
095	<p>Re5! 095: In Gratitude—the husbands that build the family</p> <p><i>(From a letter to a new father of a little baby, titled “From a woman’s heart to yours”)</i></p> <p><i>Congratulations on becoming a father! As it’s been said before, parenting children “is not for the fainthearted.” It’s true. So you are a brave and kindhearted man. I have a few things that sprang from my heart to my mind that I wanted to say at this monumental time in your life. Something to shed some light from a woman’s</i></p>	27 June, 2011	

prospective, and what she admires about her man, at this special time.

I think that mothers have one of the toughest, yet most rewarding and equally important jobs on earth. But the fathers of children—the husbands can have just as big a job. The test of love and giving comes for the mother in ways like, giving up sleep, time for personal interests, new feelings of responsibility and the weight to make the right decisions, the numerous challenges, and just being stretched to the limit and beyond, physically, emotionally, mentally and so forth. Once a child has been part of her life, things will never feel the same again. It's a real giving, a real change.

The fathers have the struggle in other ways.

I got to see a side of [my husband] that I didn't know he had, after we had our first child, and then our next and our next, that made me love him in new and deeper ways than ever. He had to, in essence give something up that was the dearest to him, in order for a child to get the best. He gave up me, in a lot of ways to another "man" albeit a very tiny one, our son.

Instead of my arms being free to hold him, they were more often than not needing to hold our little child, who had so many discomfort issues. We couldn't relieve him of all that troubled him, but at least we could cuddle, and care for him through it.

Instead of having the evenings for free, fun and frolic or friends and whatnot, he had lots of free time—without me there. Mostly to work though, as hard working as he is. I could do nothing but sleep when I finally crashed in bed, with my baby at 8 o'clock or so at night. Many times that was the only sleep I got for the night and the next day, those few hours before midnight, before fussing and issues began. If I ever gave up that little bit of rest to try and socialize or be the perfect wife, I was done for, for the next day or two.

Instead of me being able to do all the cooking or house work, and he just do his job and call it quits, he had to use his sometimes late nights to help out, or do the cooking and dishes and so forth when around. In some ways it was doing double duty for him. But for me it wasn't any easier, and it felt as if he was the one with all the free time! It wasn't really true, but it was just different jobs.

I envied the fact that he could just go and use the bathroom whenever he wanted to, and take daily showers, finish things that he started and so forth. My new baby life was lived split seconds at a time. He could turn from a smile to a scream with a need in an instant. I had to be ready to stop and start, wait and go, at all hours, no matter what I was doing. And learned to do things very fast, because I might only have a minute to do it in—and the next chance often was days or even a weeks away. But it was all part of my being “recreated” into a mother, not just a woman. I needed to learn patience, giving, caring for others more than myself, and all those good thing that it takes to be a mother.

Instead of having a day off together each week, watching movies, going on long walks, taking naps, I was full-on spending the day trying to help our little one, and doing all the millions of things I had to, if I ever had a second—laundry to wash, meals to cook, and all the many care needs the baby had. My husband kindly deferred to our needs. There wasn't much choice, but still the way you give can make or break a situation. He did it graciously, and kindly.

I was soooo busy, you have no idea. I had this fanciful dream that when babies are born they sleep lots, and then the mother has free time on her hands. Starting with having to go through a sudden C-section and the weeks of pain and rest for recovery, while caring full time for an uncomfortable baby, plus learning the challenges of breast feeding and the pains and mechanics involved, kept me really hoping. I was usually on the go 17-19 hours a day, no rest. Then ended it with some broken sleep for whatever hours were left.

The stress was plenty. If I didn't have milk, the baby didn't have food. If there was a noise that woke the baby right before he was finally asleep, he stayed away for another 4-5 hours again, without sleeping. If the laundry wasn't dry in time, he didn't have anything to wear and it was winter! (We didn't have a dryer.) He HAD to have clothes. If I ate as much as one bite of something that didn't agree with the baby's tummy when it turned into milk content, he got a painful rash and hours of fussing and crying. And the "fun" part was I didn't know what foods they were. I had to think about each bite. And I was ravenously hungry, and had to have the water and food I needed right when my body asked for it, or come next feed, the milk wasn't there, or not enough.

Then to see my husband, in the small times we had together when he wasn't working, helping to wash the diapers, even spoon feeding me one time when I was holding the baby and feeling my body going crazy, saying I needed food NOW! Touched my heart, gave me a new boost of love, admiration and respect for him.

We couldn't talk hardly, as even a faint whisper would wake our amazing-eared boy. (His ears were so good that when a little older he could hear the ambulance siren before I could. He'd tell me it was coming, and then after a bit I would hear it!) My husband learned to read my lips, my hand motions, and guess my needs. He truly waited on me whenever he could. It's what I really needed then.

These things that he gave up and did for me, truly putting my and the baby's needs first, showed me, more than the romantic song he wrote for me to propose marriage, that he really did love me. And I grew to love and respect him as never before.

Stress is really the killer. I was stressed all the time, the circumstances were tough in some ways—but I think they are no matter where you are, or who you are! But my dear kind husband

helped to be the stability. He never answered back in the way I communicated when I felt pressed beyond limit. He understood that things were just pushing me beyond what I was accustomed to handling. He's still this wonderful, calm, understanding way. He saw past the difficulties, to what we would be come, and grow into, with his caring for his family.

*The children totally love their daddy. They enjoy being with him more than with anyone else or doing anything else. He's patient, tender-hearted, gentle, and knows how to have fun with them. Seeing his interaction with them, and how love is at the core of his communication and care, makes me the happiest woman in the world. **As I tell him, he's the best man a woman could want, and the best father children could have.***

It's come at a cost, of course. He had to embrace the new change, the new "us" that it was no longer just him and I. He chose to do it together, to focus together on these little ones, and giving them the best and most loving start to life that we could give them. This means the world to me, and because of this, as his wife I can say with all my heart, he's been a better partner than I could have dreamed possible.

It can be a real act of giving on the man's part, to give her up in so many ways to be there for his child. But she feels that too, that she is giving not just the time and care, but her body, from head to toe, and her time, 24/7 to raise a child for her husband, as a gift, and to their union together. Both give in tremendous ways.

For me it really divides the men from the boys, to see them pass this test. Any guy can like a girl, love a girl, and make a baby with her and all the fun in-between. But it's what the man does after that, the giving, kind, selfless ways they act that proves their maturity. And helps to fortify their bond of union and love in the woman's heart.

	<p><i>“It takes a lot of love to make a house a home” as the saying goes. Love takes on new additional forms in a marriage that has taken the wonderful and brave step to include new little ones! A toast to: New life—New love! And a wonderful future for you and yours!</i></p> <p><i>With you, on this parenting journey,</i></p> <p><i>Chalsey</i></p>		
096	<p>Re5! 096: Slogging through a bog?</p> <p>A poem I dedicate to anyone going through a “bog”, in anyway—sickness, moving, work, difficulties, challenges, low finances, trying times, and second and third rounds on all of the above!</p> <p>Old Chinese proverb (I just made up now) says:</p> <p>Thick mud makes strong legs.</p> <p>Slog, slog Through the bog Looks like fog Wanna jog</p> <p>Grope, grope Tryin’ a cope Need some rope</p>		

Give me hope

Can't see the end of this endless treadmill
Things stacking up like a giant landfill
Seems all I do is the same things once more
Starting to seem like just chore after chore

Prayer, prayer
Give Him my care
Feel a new flare
Answers are there

Light, light
Feeling alright,
Wings give me flight
To gain new insight

Training my mind to look past this war zone
New skills of faith God's helping me hone
There's more to this life, than just what we can see
The prizes we'll get as we serve faithfully

--By Chalsey Dooley

097	<p>Love hour We've named the first hour of our day "love hour". (Well, really it's the second hour.) But we've so enjoyed it. We started it a week ago as a one-day special thing... but we got immediately addicted, and haven't let a day go by without this special "love hour".</p> <p>As easy as it is to count to two, is about as easy as it is to remember the list of rules given to us humans on earth, by the One who made us. Many either have never been taught to love God and others, or have chosen a different pathway, leading to the sad and sorry state the world and its occupants are in. But even for those of us who know, and want to do these two simple rules to happiness and wellbeing, the business of life and all that swamps us, can make even our best intentions be cast to the side in favour of more pressing matters.</p> <p>I wanted to change that. And have attempted--with wonderful results! It was just so simple. Maybe not easy, but simple. It required self discipline, and a desire to make these 2 key solutions work for our family.</p> <p>The first hour of the day is dedicated to the Lord. You'll need to know that my kids wake on their own very early. The reasons are physical, and I will not get into it now. But it does provide all that cool time in the quiet of the day, to "start the day right".</p> <p>First move of the morning: Bible stories, reading character building stories, praise and prayer. Not toy time for older boys, not email for mom! For some reason, if they ever start off with toy play, in about 10 minutes there is arguing and grumpy boys. It's so predictable that they know it too. But if we save it till we have started out right, then it goes well. This helps us keep to our commitments. We call it our "battery charging" time. I give a quick snack of fruit to tide us over till breakfast.</p> <p>The second move of the morning: to show love to each other. Toy play, if it's done inclusively, kindly, and not getting bothered at the little one who tries to join in! If there are toys the old ones don't want him getting into, these can be reserved for later. It saves morning nerves that way. And I spend time, one on one with each of my children, while the others play. It's "their" time. I spend 10-15 minutes with each one, alone, doing whatever is fun for them. The toddler likes books and puzzles. The 4 year old, lego play with me joining his game. My oldest likes board games. Often that is what they choose. I don't clean or cook, or do anything else. I show them first thing in the day that I care about and love them.</p> <p>Even though they are young and spend most of the day with me, as odd as it seems it's hard to just sit down and take one-on-one time. There's lots to do, and plenty to teach. But putting it first ensures it happening. It feels great! And we are a happier team as a result.</p>	5 July, 2011	

<p>To help cement this point of love and care I've heard two things from others in the town:</p> <p>One car fix-it man said to me: <i>"The problem with this country is that mothers don't take enough time with their children. The mothers (and fathers) work and the children grow up without that care and closeness and parental influence, and those grown children are the ones that then [vandalize]."</i></p> <p>When walking into a second-hand shop there was a man hobbling around with a cane, and the other hand all bandaged up, his face also healing from some injury. He had been attacked and robbed, and hospitalized for 4 days. It was sobering and saddening to hear and see. I felt both for the older man's pain, but a pang was also in my heart for those who had done the terrible act. What pieces went missing from their life's puzzle? Did they know they were loved unconditionally by a God who made them? And did those around them reflect it to them, making kindness, love, and human worth the dominating element of reality?</p> <p>As I went home, and wrote words to a song, it came to me, that it really is both the source of most of the problems, and the magic solution: Love God most—Love others next.</p> <p>I may not be stopping the violence that is going on right now worldwide, by doing puzzles, lego, and reading a character-enriching story with my children. But I just believe that if everyone of us put these two things in effect in the lives of the children around the world, and each adult committed to trying whatever they could, in their own small way, to implement this plan—in every part of life: media, communication, industry, community, commerce—the world of tomorrow could look vastly different.</p> <p>Here's is something from my blog that I posted last October. If you have things to add, I'd be happy to hear them.</p> <p>Hundreds of ways to say "I love you" to children</p> <p>Here are just a few to start ...</p> <p>Cheery and upbeat tone of voice</p> <p>Hug them while gently pointing out needed improvement or behaviour lacks</p> <p>Laugh at their jokes</p> <p>Thank and appreciate them for something you never have thought to mention before</p> <p>Read that same story or book yet one more time!</p>		
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<p>Bring home something from your time out or away from them—showing that you thought of them while gone. (A leaf, flower, picture, napkin, anything!)</p> <p>Spontaneously dance with them, twirl them around</p> <p>Give the nearly-too-big-for-a-piggy-back-ride child a ride anyway, just for fun</p> <p>Fluff up their pillow to be as soft as can be before they lie down.</p> <p>Write a note of things you appreciate or like about them. Read it to them if they can't read yet.</p> <p>Put a nice picture of them as your computer desktop picture.</p> <p>Make books with pictures of them</p> <p>Tell them a happy memory you have from when they were younger</p> <p>Give the piece of food that they personally enjoy most (eg. A certain part of the baked chicken), or personalize the veggies as each one individually prefers it, when you get the chance (cooked, raw, cut, grated, etc.)</p> <p>Put up a picture of Jesus near their bed for them to look at while going to sleep or waking up</p> <p>Make up a song or poem about them</p> <p>Get on their level, look into their eyes and really listen when they talk</p> <p>Stop what you are doing to watch what they want to show you, or play for a while together</p> <p>Use courtesy-filled ways to make requests like “Would you mind helping...?” “I’d so appreciate it if someone could...” “It’s fun having you helping me..what part would you most enjoy doing..?” etc.</p> <p>Have talk time or “quiz question” time to get to know them better, and show that they are interesting to you. “If you could go to any planet...” “What time of day do you most enjoy” “Are their things that I do that bother you, or something you wish I would do differently?”</p> <p>Ask questions about how they are doing: “Are you comfortable with amount of air blowing in through the car window?” “Do you miss your friend? Is there something you’d like to write them about? I could type if for you.” “Are there things that are hard for you when your younger (or older) brother/sister play with you?”</p>		
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	<p>Keep things in your purse for fun things to do when out, or in the car waiting. Throw in a few things you know they like, and pull it out for fun. –A car, a book, a pen and paper, etc.</p> <p>Be extra enthusiastic and praise for even small signs of progress or good choices. Clap heartily. Notice the positive loudly.</p> <p>Don't unwittingly embarrass them in front of others. They most likely won't tell you it made them feel very uncomfortable. Avoid saying things for all to hear that are of a personal nature.</p> <p>Pray for them every day</p> <p>....and on the list goes.</p> <p>(By Chalsey Dooley)</p>		
098	<p>It could happen!</p> <p>Sometimes we get used to nearly everything being “uphill”, and “hard work equals success”. But every now and then we get a surprising break, and it reminds us that the One Who is in charge of things, really does keep tabs on what we can take, what we need to “work through” and what is best that He just press the “skip” button on. Two things happened in the past while that showed me this.</p> <p>My husband is a musician, and was travelling for a few days with the band doing weekend shows in a few different towns. –This time we got to go as a family with him. We'd had a nice place to stay at a campground, and had rented a cabin. Most everything was fun, but there had been some glitches. One boy had a hard head bonk at the play ground. Both boys got fevers. One boy got a large “cow tick” on him, and it was pretty painful.</p> <p>We were then off to travel home, with just one more show for him to do. I was in another campground for a few hours with the three boys, one of them sick and needing rest. It was tough. The accommodation we had worked out wasn't at all what we expected. It hadn't been used or cleaned in a long while and was just not so great. My husband was already on the late side when he dropped us off at the camp. We just had to cope. The mosquitoes in the camper were plentiful and hungry. The spider webs all around inside were no comfort. The powerful musty smell drove us outdoors. Thankfully the sun was shining. We went to the little playground. I made a make-shift bed for my oldest atop a picnic table, while watching the others play, trying to prepare dinner, nursing and napping the baby on a blanket on the grass. I was just holding on, and watching my watch, counting the seconds. Then my husband calls and says he miscalculated, and it would be another extra couple hours than we</p>	July 8, 2011	

<p>had originally thought. Oh dear! I was just glad I hadn't known that factoid earlier. It helped me cope better, taking it one time-chunk at a time.</p> <p>Then the most unexpected, odd miracle happened. It seemed to come out of the blue. And now when I think of that difficult time, it's a bitter-sweet memory, instead of only bitter!</p> <p>All of a sudden, from one second to the next, my 3 year old says he can now pronounce "th" instead of a toddler version of that phonetical sound. I've know these things to go on for years. And not only could he say "th" but every word that he'd ever said in his life and was used to saying, he began to say correctly, from that moment on. It was almost as if his brain was "overwritten" with a new file. It was simply outstanding.</p> <p>It was especially meaningful and great for him as his name includes this sound. So when they did a performance in front of a crowd of people, for their first time, not too long after that, he could hold his head up, and feel less self-conscious, declaring his name boldly. Miracles happen—at just the right time.</p> <p>The next one happened last week. To the same boy. The training wheels on his bike had broken a while ago. But since his brother had an operation, and had not been able to ride his bike for 6 weeks, there was a pause, while they all had other forms of exercise. But now all was well. All except the young boy's bike needing to be fix with new training wheels.</p> <p>Spontaneously their dad and their friends dad had planned a meet of the children the next day at a big bicycle park. Since their friends were going away for a while, this was a special time—not only to finally ride bikes again, but to see their friends once more before they left.</p> <p>Then the miracle happened. My younger son, while wanting to try his bike in the back yard, asked me to put him up on it. I did. And he simply started riding. That was it? The next day at the park he was racing around on his bike (without training wheels) with the rest of the children. I just laughed. I couldn't believe it. No big practicing sessions, and bonks from loosing balance, and a worried child saying "don't let go". None of that. He just got on and rode, as if he always knew how!</p> <p>I was thinking about it, how sad he probably would have felt, if he had been the only one without a bike to ride, or the knowledge how to do it. Sure we could have used the event to begin learning to adjust without training wheels, till we were able to get new ones. But he would have missed out on such fun and free play, "with everyone else". God knew it was what was needed, and gave it in an instant. Sometimes the struggle and learning things is good, and teaches us much patience, perseverance and on the great list goes. But other times, He knows we need the end result sooner, and we get to skip</p>		
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	<p>forward. So if things are slow and hard-going today... keep your head up. Some other miracle and “break” might just surprise you! I hope it does! With love, Chalsey</p>		
099	<p><i>Re5! 099: There is No Cookie Dough</i></p> <p>“Cookie-cutter shaped”—all the same. Heard that expression? Perhaps a lot of stress—which is such an enemy to parenting cope-ability— could be relieved, if we’d realize that because all children are unique and will have such diverse needs, coupled with the fact that we parents are humans with different ways of dealing with life and are at different stages in our growth as adults, we can’t and will not all be the same, or have the same parenting experiences and challenges.</p> <p>I think there are a lot of mothers (maybe fathers too) who feel that aching “alone” feeling. I’ve come to the realization that one size seldom fits all, if ever. It’s one thing to realize that in theory. But to find out that you can’t fit into the mold that it seems “everyone else” is, can make one feel “left out” or the “odd man out”.</p> <p>When I gave birth to our third child I had the delightful experience of meeting a wonderful mother, who was then pregnant with her 8th child. And we shared so many things in common. Perhaps what highlighted that as such a special and heart warming event for me, was the fact that it was the only time in my 5 years of exploring this universe of parenting, that I’ve ever met someone who understood—meaning experienced—some of the individualized challenges that I faced.</p> <p>But maybe if I’d realized right from the start that that was a trademark of the profession—the individualness, the uniqueness, and thus a sense of “aleness”—I might have been quicker to</p>	July 12, 2011	

	<p>accept and even embrace that aspect. It would have relieved much of the heartache, and the stress that follows while trying to chase the phantom “what everyone else does/has/is like”. Words like “usual” and “normally” wouldn’t have seemed so frustratingly out of my grasp, as I tried to piece together my version of what I perceived parenting to be like. But being my first time to try my hand at motherhood, I see now that I really didn’t have a clue. I was just trying to materialize my perception of what I’d imagined things were supposed to be like.</p> <p>To go from nanny & teacher to being in the mother’s shoes is such an awakening. They are totally worlds apart. You have no idea! –Unless you’ve “been there, done that”. All the judgment and criticism you passed on to parents, verbally, or simply in one’s own mind, gets discarded, while you say, “Ah! I understand now!” And then it becomes your turn to be on the receiving end.</p> <p>Now when I encounter new things that are unique about me or my children, I like to use it to enrich my character, by choosing to become more open and tolerant, giving space to others for their needs and differences, less judgmental, more understanding, ready to help.</p> <p>(Selected from Heart4kidz blog http://h4kz.tumblr.com/ posted October 6, 2010)</p>		
100	<p>Olive Oil</p> <p>I was reading in a book with my children about how olive oil was made, in days of old. It was hard work. If you take it from the growing of an olive tree, and all its care, to the ripening of the olives, the harvesting, and then the crushing and squeezing by hand (with the use of sticks, rocks and baskets) it’s a long process. Yet one that had to be done.</p> <p>It was a staple of life. It was nearly all that some people had to eat,</p>	16 July 2011	

along with some ground grains to add to it and make bread. It was used medicinally. "Let's look in our medicine cabinet now... oil and wine. There we go. That should do it." It was essential and useful in all types of ways. Mrs. beautiful looks into her cosmetic bag, "Hmmm, should I treat my face with olive oil, or dead-sea mud today?"

Anyway, it mattered a lot whether it was available. (Not entirely unlike oil today... the difference being it was used by the poor back then... but that's another story!)

Along with our study we read the story of the widow, written of in the Bible, who was in a very difficult position. Either come up with lots of money (without being able to work), or lose her children in a day, and have them suffer incredibly under a slave master. And not only that, but have no sons to support her, when they were older. Her "pension plan" and "aged care" ruined, taken by the greedy.

So to then, have it all work out, to not only "break even", but come out better than before, must have been a thrill. God cared for those children. It was for them that He did the miracle.

And the mother, knowing how hard it was to come up with even one cupful of oil (and costly too), to be given in a day, as much as she could fit in her house in jars, must have been so amazed! It just didn't happen every day! Apparently it was costly enough that she could ask a good price for it, and not only get the large debt paid, but live on the remains.

That was all because of His care for two young boys—and woman who dared to try what seemed ludicrous. But when God's in it, you haven't anything to lose. And I guess, as mothers know, desperation for your children's wellbeing and care can make you pretty willing to do whatever it takes! ("Begin pouring with my nearly empty jar of oil and fill numerous pots and jars? No problem sir, right away!")

There are too many stories to ever list, to show how much He knows and cares about the needs of children, their safety and well being. Now if mankind would just give Him a hand, He'd probably really appreciate it—wouldn't we all!

And speaking of olives, I have a fun, though not-as-dramatic, an anecdote from my own life. We wanted olives, and being a missionary, those of you who know what it's like, you can't always just "snap your fingers" and get every wish granted. Or can you? Apparently you can... at times, if God is in it!

I was the care taker of two cute little children, a 3 year old girl, and a 2 year old boy. We prayed together for olives. In a way we were surprised when the answer came. But in a way we weren't, 'cause you tend to get used to answers coming, when you depend daily on them. Sometimes it's sooner, other times it's later. But He always does something, and can be counted on.

So a few days later, while playing with the children in the garden the noise of a chainsaw was heard. The neighbours suddenly got the urge to prune and cut huge branches off their olive tree—with olives on it just the right ripeness to use. The branches fell over the fence and into our yard, unwanted by them.

The little children and I had great fun picking the olives off! It took about a month till we could eat them, of course, doing the pricking and salt water soaking procedure. It was a fun way to see a prayer answered! We had enough olives for a long while after that. Fun!

The stories would be as numerous as the children that have ever lived, and as many days each one was a "child", to tell the tales of God's care, protection, supply, and supernatural, divine intervention for children.

I have two stories of protection to share here that were sent to me a few months ago.

From Riana, 10: When I was about 7 years old I would wake up in the night and go downstairs in the kitchen to drink some water. One time I was about to go down the stairs when I had a feeling to go back and stay in my room. Soon I fell asleep. The next morning auntie Mary realized that her computer was missing out of her room. Also my mom's phone was nowhere to be found. In a while we realized that during that night a robber broke into our house and stole some valuables. I am very glad I followed that feeling to go into my room and even though we got robbed that night everyone was safe.

* * *

From Andrea: In Alabama USA on April 27, 2011 a tornado touched ground and stayed on the ground for almost an hour, moving and sweeping along its way houses, trees, buildings, etc. It was a very ferocious one and the one that has caused more destruction and death.

We live in Alabama in a town called Trussville. I thank the Lord for all the great technology that they have because it helps so much in situations like this. Since a few days before it happened, they had

	<p>been warning the people of the coming tornado. Because of the location of the state, during this time and the end of October is known as tornado weather. People are for the most part prepared but you can never be prepare enough when something like that happens.</p> <p>Wednesday morning (the 27) the weather reporters started to warn people of the upcoming tornadoe, by this time they could tell better of the intensity and danger of it. The schools closed and everybody started to go back home and take refuge.</p> <p>By 1:00pm it hit a town close by called Tscallosa, soon after another one called Cullamn and kept travelling getting closer to us. We got the kids together to pray, got a bag ready of needed and important items, water and a sweater, in case we needed to run to the basement.</p> <p>By 5:00pm we hear the sirens and watched in the news that was coming our way. We had seconds to get to the basement. We prayed for God to stop the tornado from touching ground, as they were saying that it was coming with such strength, and that it was going to touch just where we live.</p> <p>We got to the basement and kept watching in the computer as the tornado went right above our home very low but did not touch ground. What a miracle of the Lord's protection! We did not lose power, not a tree fell down around this area. (We have lots of them around, it's like a forest), and we are all safe.</p> <p>That day it was Autumn's birthday, our 11 year old girl. As we were coming out of the basement she said. "Praise the Lord, this is the most exciting birthday I ever had".</p>		
101	<p><i>Re5! 101: Mud is Too Dirty</i></p> <p>A friend sent me a link to a great blog/site. I sat rapt reading all I could. And that never happens! I'm far too busy! But it was the week end, and the kids were playing near me happily... so I indulged. There are lots of articles on it, mostly it seems with the goal of helping us as adults to de-stress and enjoy life, our family, and to relax and smile! Here is just one from the "Parenting" section. Maybe there will be other things you find refreshing on other topics too. http://kimandjason.com/blog/</p> <p>Mud is Too Dirty: Have You Become Your Parents? by Jason in Adultitis,Parenting</p>	July 19, 2011	

Having kids does weird things to you.

The gravity of being the one responsible for the care and development of another human being can be overwhelming. The role of responsible “grown-up” can make you terribly paranoid, overly strict, and endlessly stressed-out.

In other words, completely Adultitis-ridden.

A woman named Johanna recently [described this transformation on her blog](#):

I realized I had Adultitis when our second child was born 6 years ago. Bugs were icky, mud was too dirty and craft projects too messy. I thought to myself, when did this happen? I used to love playing with bugs and especially, my all time favorite childhood past time, making mud pies. That same day I took my then one and three year old out into the backyard to play in the mud. The process to heal myself of Adultitis has been at a standstill. This year my resolution is to find something more exciting to do with the dear husband than walk around Costco on date night.

I’m sure that many parents can relate to this turn of events. One day we’re free spirits enjoying life, and the next day we’ve turned into our parents. When you’re the one responsible for laundry, mud pies don’t seem so appetizing anymore.

Too often we resign ourselves to a life that is void of fun and adventure.

But that is not your only choice! It is not an all-or-nothing proposition.

Having kids gives you permission to be goofy, and to do things you probably wouldn’t have felt as comfortable doing before you had them. Building snow forts in your front yard. Dressing up for Halloween and going trick-or-treating. Demonstrating “proper technique” when using a Slip ’n Slide.

One of the most important responsibilities of any parent is to keep their children safe, teach them how to function in society, and discipline them when necessary.

But the truly fortunate kids are the ones who also have parents

	<p>who take the time to get down and dirty with them, to teach them not to take themselves too seriously, and to treat life as the adventure it is meant to be.</p> <p>Sometimes it seems like that person is long gone.</p> <p>If so, have no fear. You’ve got some pint-sized teachers living in your house that I’m sure would be happy to show you how to make a proper mud pie. All you have to do is let them lead and have some fun.</p> <p>After all, I’m pretty sure that’s why God invented washing machines and laundry detergent.</p> <p>http://kimandjason.com/blog/2011-02-20/mud-is-too-dirty-have-you-become-your-parents.html</p>		
102	<p><i>Re5! 102: Life’s Album</i></p> <p>Each day is like a song, a new one, in a long variety-filled album. There are countless genres and styles included. Some songs are soft, some are loud. Some have a catchy beat, others sound more like monotone lounge music. Some are quiet instrumentals, others are heartfelt and deeply moving. Some blend with your thoughts, others sound otherworldly. Each song, each day, holds its own beat, its unique rhythm, its specially created melody.</p> <p>If I wake trying to sing yesterday’s song it will sound off key. If I dance with the moves of the music gone by, I’ll be out of step with today’s needs and adventures. If I long for a melody that today might not hold, I’ll miss hearing today’s unique musical experience.</p> <p>I’ll pause as the day dawns, realizing that the song of today day may be unlike anything I’ve danced to before. I’ll put on my dancing shoes of readiness to “get with the beat” of whatever it brings, and make the best of it that I can. I’ll lay aside my “it worked yesterday” party clothes, and don what’s appropriate for today—flashy or humble.</p>	July 26, 2011	

	<p>I'll just hold real still for a minute before jumping in to dance, and listen for the melody and rhythm, and the words that give the feel of the song for today. And if I keep open, and keep listening, keep ready to flow, I'll stay in step with the beat. I'll get that fulfillment, that joy, as the song and day draws to a close. My actions will have blended with the song of the day.</p> <p>I may want each day to be the same, or at least predictable. I may want the cool things that brought a smile to my face, to grace me yet again. I may want the solutions that worked before to my children's challenges to be the "lived happily ever after" magic that brings all we'd need till the end of time.</p> <p>But if I struggle, trying to dance the way I want things to go, it just won't jibe. I'll end the day exhausted, frustrated, and uninspired. I have to realize the songs change. The album continues playing.</p> <p>I don't make the music. The creator of my soul does. The One Who's orchestrating things for me, will bring to my life only the best, as I love and trust Him, as I sing in tune and dance in step with Him, one unique and beautiful day at a time.</p> <p>--By Chalsey</p>		
103	<p><i>Re5! 103: Behind the Scenes</i></p> <p>My husband teaches piano to our children. They enjoy their special times with their daddy. He told me about the father of Mozart, who some criticize now. They say perhaps he was too hard of a teacher to his children, and taught them with but lucrative motives. It's odd how history warps in hindsight.</p>	Aug 2, 2011	

Well, since none of us were in on the childhood piano lessons of Mozart with his dad, we can't really say much. But one thing we do know, that he grew up to be an amazing musician. And the fact is plain, that he wouldn't have been, had someone not taken the time to teach him! We only hear the famous names, but forget that there are vital people behind the scenes that made it possible.

It reminded me of the story I heard about the rescuing of John Wesley, the famous preacher, when he was boy. He was in burning building, and some caring man noticed him still up there, climbed up and got him out. We don't know that man's name or anything else about him. But we've sure heard of John Wesley.

If someone hadn't been there at the right time and making the right decisions, his name wouldn't only be forgotten, it probably wouldn't ever have been heard of. And worse, the countless people that John Wesley helped to bring close to the Lord wouldn't have heard from him either.

Even if we are never heard of, and become as invisible stage hands in a great play, making the stars look wonderful and making many happy, let's do our part well, and give those in our care our best. We'll get our name lit up one day, if not now. But mostly, we'll feel such satisfaction at seeing the ripple effect in many other's lives because of our efforts to teach, to save, to care for those ones who seem but children now. Who knows what the future holds—for them, or us?

--By Chalsey

(P.S. These stories are re-tells, of stories retold to me... if I didn't get every detail just right, please forgive me, blame it on the "Chinese telephone" effect! But the point remains just the same, and tends to give a boost! Three cheers for you today!)



Recharge—Renew—Refresh—Refill—Revive!

Re5! 104: “Us is better than the computer”

The day was woven with some beautiful first-ever moments. Ah, the joy of seeing the oldest helping the young ones. One of those “it comes back to you” nice feelings. My nearly 6 year old got the toddler dressed, just to help him. Later on I see him reading a book to the 4 year old, wisely making sure to skip any words or parts that he knew his brother didn’t like hearing. So caring.

Then I noticed for the first time, that rather than pulling the whole stack of books off the shelf to get the one he wants, my toddler learned how to push against the pile, and pull out the one on the bottom! Victory. He loves books and I have spent so much time picking them up for the baby, and now little tot.

We had our rough moments too, frustrated and unkind words when the toddler was getting into what the older ones were doing. Or the younger brother had accidentally broken the older brother’s block design. “People are more important than things” I would say.

“Imagine that instead of having your brother to play games with, or jump on the trampoline with you, if every time you only had a bucket of blocks to keep you company?” (“I’d like to have my brother AND the blocks...”)

Oh, well, they got the point anyway—which I thought was a good mini sermon—and had a bit more patience with each other.

Then there was the wildness, running, boisterousness, and the loud yelling outside where all the neighbours were sure to hear of their made-up toilet-level songs and phrases. Oh, dear! That was curbed, with “perhaps you’d like to run laps instead of jumping?”

These rough sounding, way-too loud, wild ‘n’ crazy times happen when they’ve had too much bad smelling chemical air—in public buildings, where lots of people are, or lots of fumes from cars, etc. (Being rather sensitive in this way). We couldn’t avoid it—or thought it best not to in this case. There was a fun of an exhibition going on: Lego!

A room filled with great Lego designs and creations displayed in a fancy community center building—plus sardine can style packed with people filing through, and zero fresh oxygen. Now we were paying the cost. I tried to endure it, while helping them learn to “control themselves, no matter how the feel”. The fun they had, and the experience, I kept telling myself, was worth it.

(I was just glad that I didn’t go—the chemical mixture would have made me far less than patient and understanding, while helping them through it. I could think rationally and stay relatively calm.)

When bed time came, the well enjoyed time of curling up under the covers and listening to me reading stories off the laptop was replaced with “jiggles”. As the jumping was starting on the beds, I tried to just sit there and guard the computer, watch for their safety, and patiently wait till the bout passed. The pillows were flying, lots of laughing, tumbling, as well as a dress-up show using toilet paper. Wow. Then I decided for safety to put the laptop out of harm’s way, giving even more room for the “fun”.

Then the “instructive” and wise sounding tone of voice, and deep quote from my 4 year old, worth remembering for a long time, said: “ Mommy! **Us** is better than the computer!”

In other words, “Wouldn’t you rather have us, as lively as we are, as boisterous, as bedtime disrupting as it is, as plan changing as the moment, as noisy as we are, more than your computer and the cozy time you were hoping to have. No matter how wild the moment, just seeing our happy, lively, laughing, fun-loving, selves—just the wonder of us, your children—is better than your “toy”, the computer, no matter how unperfect we are being. Isn’t this a blast? Aren’t we better?” My speech was being preached back to me.

“Yes, you are better than the computer! So I sat back and relaxed and watched the show with amusement rather than endurance. And when the moment passed, at last we did settle down for that cozy story time that they (and I) so enjoy. It was a good day, with a balance of the pluses and minus. And I learned I’m to keep perspective and enjoy even those, when they come.

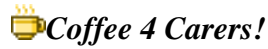
--By Chalsey Dooley

(If at any time you wish to discontinue receiving "coffee4carers", just jot a note. Or if you know of someone who would enjoy them, feel free to pass it on!)

HEART4KIDZ -A Nurturing Network

(See <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/> for more thoughts on heartfelt caring for children)

Chalsey Dooley cltdooley@gmail.com



Recharge –Renew—Refresh—Refill—Revive!

Re5! 105: Nature--and the good side of things

“What?! Is that my towel...?” My creative, innovative son had been playing he was a workman of sorts. A bucket of beach mud we brought home a few days ago was the cement he was laying atop the (real) cement path way.

I remembered then that he’d said: “The workman just needs something from the bathroom” as he came in from the backyard for a minute. “Okay” I’d said, happy that he and his brothers were playing fun games together, while I got the dishes done, watching most of what was going on through the kitchen window. I saw now what he’d gotten: towels and bathmat. They were placed carefully and straight, well thought-out, right over the wet “cement”.

When he heard my surprised question, he quickly added, “Let me show you the good thing about it. It looks like nature! See, here this brown is the dirt (the dark brown bath mat). The green towel is the grass (mine!), and here are the flowers! (a floral patterned towel—the hand towel from the sink).” I had to agree with him that it did resemble nature. And ordering the towels off the ground wasn’t going to make them any cleaner. I do support a love and appreciation of nature. It was so cute, and such pure motives, I had to let it pass, adding “just this time...”

It wasn’t the first time he’d helped point out the “good side” thinking about nature. We’d gone out as a family to take the children biking along a woodsy pathway. But before getting there a very difficult-to-breathe smell filled the car as we and the others on the road were stuck in the traffic and fumes of some road

	<p>construction. We had to cover our noses and mouths with jackets and whatever we could grab to breathe. In the midst of that our positive dear son, said, “I’m just thinking about the nature we are going to go to. I’m not thinking about all this stinky city.” So we joined him in focusing on the good what was to come. Although we found out that the path we’d planned to go on was closed due to more construction, (sigh), there was another spot we could go to. So nature was enjoyed nonetheless.</p> <p>I guess it was on this day that I too got my “think on the good side” nature thoughts. Starting on my birthday, and the days that followed, my family had made a change. A great new commitment: We’d head off to nature early in the day, and have good vigorous exercise there.—As many days a week as we possibly could.</p> <p>It was marvellous. During this week we’d biked in a pine forest. We played soccer in the sand near a lake and climbed on the rocks, we’d hiked up a hill and seen the breathtaking view of nothing but pasture, mountains & sky. We’d taken a walk through the botanical gardens. <i>Nature, fresh air, exercise.</i> It was our commitment to health. But if we hadn’t been pushed to it due to new and unique health issues in our family, we might have kept it only as a “sometimes, if it works out” dream. But now as a result we would all be thriving more wonderfully than ever.</p> <p>So for the first time I was able to say I was glad for the challenge and seeming difficulty. We were all going to be better for it. It’s nice when we finally pass on through problems to the point of gratitude, seeing the good that results from something less-than-ideal that comes our way. Ah, it’s a beautiful moment.</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
106	Re5! 106: The Sock That Came Home	Aug 26, 2011	

By Chalsey Dooley

It would be easy to dismiss the mysterious happening of the sock, were it not for the almost electric feeling it gave off when handling after it somehow re-appeared in my bag. I'd gone on a walk with a friend. I had my toddler in the stroller, and new baby in the sling.

The part of the road we had to walk down didn't have a sidewalk and it wasn't easy with the stroller. It was a hot summer day, and trying to get to our destination as quickly as possible, and get off the road was really all we could think about.

I'd put my favourite little socks on my newborn. He didn't have many that fit him well. (It's amazing how fast babies grow out of socks!) While at the most dangerous part in the walk with cars zooming, I noticed that one sock had fallen off. Going back to retrace our steps was really not a good option. We quickly walked on, and I "gave it up". Our lives were worth more than a sock.

I didn't have many means to come by lots of baby supplies. We relied on charitable clothing donations. Even socks were important to me! I swallowed, accepted the loss, and took the other sock off so both feet would be matching, ha! We were out for a couple of hours, and arrived back home.

I put away the items from our trip, and unpacked the backpack. Then noticed that somehow there were two socks among the stuff. I was amazed and felt that wonderful feeling of God's love in such a personalized way. He cared about my newborn's sock—because it mattered to me.

But then I began to think, "Oh, maybe I somehow put it in the bag...and I just didn't remember...?" We're far too quick to brush off the supernatural with some down-to-earth thinking. But really I didn't notice it coming off...and wouldn't have pulled it off his foot and put it in the bag!

So as I got that thought, debating the reality of the amazing occurrence, and attempting to brush it off, as I held the sock it started to vibrate with that

	<p>feeling when electricity is going through something. It had a buzz to it. I felt God gently chiding me.</p> <p>I chose to believe He was capable and kind enough to do such a thing. With a humble and grateful heart I thanked Him. The little ones matter to Jesus, and so do we who are trying to be His hands and smile, care and love to His children.</p> <p>That baby is now 4 years old, and has a special place in our family. Last night his older brother said to him, “You are my best friend.” Sweet children.</p>		
107	<p>Re5! 107: Heart-stirring. Mind-awakening.</p> <p>A proverb to ponder:</p> <p>Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished. (Ecclesiastes 4:13)</p> <p>I’m sure I’ve read this before, but when I came across it the other day, it seemed brand new to me, and seemed a good and weighty thought to ponder. It stuck out to me, and fixed itself in my mind and heart.</p> <p>Imagine a beggarly child, dirty, with little or no education, getting coins from those he can move to a moment of generosity, living in a shack, with nothing much if anything to call his own. He holds more worth as a person on earth, than a rich king, with a whole nation to call his own, having power and fame, gaining anything he wants. Why? Because if the child is wise, and ready to learn, listening to others, mouldable, not thinking he’s complete and good enough as is, wanting to change when there is a better way, he can benefit society far more, than someone who thinks they have it made and act at will, regarding no one else’s thoughts and</p>	2 sept 2011	

suggestions.

It wasn't just saying children that are smart, clever, beautiful, well dressed, shiny and polished are great—but that even the children of paupers, those looked down on by higher levels, are to be cherished more greatly, and held in higher esteem than those who have it all, can control masses, look well accomplished, yet think they are too good, too proud, and too set in their ways to learn anything new.

Those qualities that children have, being ready to learn, being unset in their ways, being humble, are to be valued and cherished.

That child there, that you get the honour of being in the presence of, and the sobering responsibility of being the one to instruct, admonish, teach and train, can hold more value than a king—so the Bible says.

It's a deep and awesome thought.

And it wasn't the only time this concept was mentioned. Take what Jesus said, for another example. (See Matthew 18: 1-7)

It's very heart-stirring:

His disciples asked, "*Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?*"

Who is the most respected, honoured, of greatest worth? Who, in the realm of God, with His way of thinking, is considered the best? There have been great men of old, there are been kings & rulers, there are powerful angels, those who have given their lives as martyrs, those who have built cities, those who were very rich on

	<p>earth. But in God’s politics, in His list of “most important persons”, what people, or type of people, or those with what qualities does He consider the most noble?</p> <p>Jesus’ answer is simply astounding, surprising, and deeply moving. –A little child!</p> <p><i>“And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them...”</i></p> <p>And those mirroring the example of humble, believing children are also highly regarded:</p> <p><i>“Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.”</i></p> <p>Can we allow our minds and hearts to truly accept and believe it, and act like we do? Think of the massive change it would be the world over, if very man and woman adjusted their mindsets, motives, priorities, actions and deeds according to what Jesus said!</p> <p>May God help us view as He does, these precious ones we are granted the privilege to raise.</p>		
108	<p>Re5! 108: A Secret Blog</p> <p>I guess I’m in the season of life where I’m too occupied living life, keeping up with what I need to as a mother, care taker and teacher, wife, and all the other related projects I’m into, that I just don’t have time to write up blogs and letters to friends about myself. Yet I do yearn for it. I have times when I just want there to be someone that knows what’s going on exactly, can laugh with me at the funnies, and smile at the kids new accomplishment, can give an e-hug and encourage me through the new challenges, someone I can tell the daily struggles and updates to, who is on the “same page” as I am on in every way.</p>		

It's one thing to tell someone who tries to listen, as best as they can, and someone who really, really knows exactly what you are feeling and expressing—and to what level of importance something you are saying is to you. Do you know what I mean? Well, anyway...

I never had many friends growing up—the biggest lament as a teen was that I never knew how to make friends. I guess I'm glad I got used to being a loner, to the point that now I totally enjoy it. I don't seek out or crave big social events and partying. Just as well, right? I'm enjoying the rich and full life I am blessed to have, in my own way.

I have the best husband I could have dared to hope for, and love being with my children more than doing anything else in the world. I can tell my husband lots, and try to in the midst of the busy life we both hold. We try to listen, encourage and be the friend each one of us needs. But our areas of expertise, and focus, wave-lengths, visions, dreams, and all are different, and need to be, in order to cover all the areas we need to in our house and home, making a well-rounded base for our children's growth and care.

Someone helped get me on facebook—now don't try to look! You'll either not find me there, or be disappointed at the blank, empty, pictureless spot! It was an attempt to hook up with old friends I'd lost contact with during my few years of travel, followed by marriage and beginning a family, and moving to a new country. But instead of feeling a sense of "home" and fun, cozy friendships, I had the unexpected reaction of tinges of depression. When I would go there, and glimpse into my friends' lives, it was like a cold splash in my face. Reality: they had all moved on with their lives, with or without me, and were doing quite fine! No matter how close we had been, and all the secrets and dreams, fun times, drinks, laughs and tears that we had shared, it was all water under the bridge, as life flowed along.

The Lord knew what I was feeling, and within the next day or two, unexpected sources of friendship poked their heads up, all at the right moments to lift me. An email here, a rare phone call, a note, a visit, and what not. Someone Up there knew, and timed it right. I pulled through, and rarely if ever visit FB. I'm back to my happy self again.

I remembered also the saying or poem excerpt I'd learned once upon a time: *I went to find a friend, but couldn't find one anywhere. I went to be a friend, and friends were everywhere!*

I thought of each loved one, and seemingly long-gone friend, in a new way. If they were in need and asked me to help and be there for them, would I? Absolutely! In a flash, if it was possible.

If I still felt that way, and cared about them, considered them a friend, then a friend they are. I saw I needed to adjust my thinking, and not have it so centred on "A friend is only those who contact me and shower me with notes and gifts, is always there to listen to me, who makes me feel I'm very important to their happiness ." Yes, love is often spelt: T-I-M-E ... but now that we're all "grown up" and facing as-big-as-life size challenges, that time needs to be spent on other priorities. Our children, most importantly. If I can't afford too much "fluff" time for feeling warm 'n' cozy, why do I expect that others should have that luxury? And gauge their love for me by it? Time to get real.

Then the most encouraging thought of all came this morning. God keeps a blog of my life! Even though I don't have time to write a diary, blog, personal letters, or updates play-by-play of my life, expressing my take on things, there is someone who knows it all, and is keeping track, writing things down. My every move, thought, action, word, decision, tear, smile, emotion, illness, adventure, scrape, thrill, idea, dream, has been and is being recorded. It could be a comforting thought—or uncomfortable, depending, I suppose. But today I'm glad for it. Here are some words that tell me that God keeps detailed track of me, writes it down, and is my Friend:

God knows everything about each of us...totally beautiful words, priceless:

O lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;

even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee. (Psalm 139:1-18)

But he knoweth the way that I take: (Job 23:10)

Yes, He writes ...

And in thy book all my members were written (Psalm 139:16)

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels. (Revelation 3:5)

[In to heaven will go..] they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. (Revelation 21:27)

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. (Revelation 20:11)

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. (Revelation 20:12)

Jesus loves us and considers us His friends..

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. (John 15:14)

I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. (John 15:15)

The LORD hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. (Jeremiah 31:3)

	<p>Ah, so if I never get around to writing a book about my life, it's being taken care of. And I have a friend, 24/7 to talk with, listen to, and who knows how my heart feels every moment of the day. Jesus is the best!</p> <p>--by Chalsey Dooley</p>		
109	<p>Re5! 109: The vacuum cleaner, the nozzle, or both?</p> <p>After several attempts at trying to figure out what my 1 year old was trying to express, I finally got it. Well, actually, my instincts told me what it was, right at the start. But I didn't want to do it, or believe it was what he wanted. So I was hoping he'd be interested in something else.</p> <p>But after much pleading, and sounds, and all the ways he could figure out to communicate, at last I tried it. Ah, it was perfectly what he wanted.</p> <p>He wanted to hold the long spare vacuum cleaner nozzle attachment, and vigorously try to clean under a chest of drawers, while the vacuum was on nearby—not attached, no, of course not! Just hearing the sound made him know it was “working” and he got to work, with all his might.</p> <p>I tried to turn it off, but that would never do. He wanted to clean, and of course he couldn't do it if I so carelessly turned it off! As long as the sound was on, he was sure all was great—even though the hose it was supposed to attach to was a meter away.</p> <p>I thought about it. It was easy for it to remind me of myself. Those days when I work so hard, and yet nothing notable seems to be done—in fact I look a few paces back than when I started off. Then I figure, if goals aren't being reached, it's because I'm not working hard enough! I just have to try harder! And so I do, and I commit to</p>	22 sept 2011	

the whole day, any time I get to accomplish, do, finish, finally!

Then the day ends, and I'm really no further along. Tired, discouraged from having given it my best and all, and even that not being good enough. What to do?

Guess the hose wasn't attached.

I need to remind myself that my most vigorous efforts will only tire me, not do the job, if I'm not hooked up to the power source. I think I've found prayer—proactive prayer especially—to be one of the most effective ways to hook up. The days I pray more, more happens, more smoothly.

Course I think I'm always praying, and I know I need God to help, so I'm calling on Him frequently as things come up. But when I really stop, and take more than just a minute to pause, and commit details, and all aspects of the day, and each of my children, to Him, it just makes a difference—surprisingly so. Though by now I really should be surprised if it doesn't.

It might not make every “wishing to get done today” thing accomplished—cause, well, I like to aim pretty high. But at least I know that the most important things on HIS list are more likely to get done, if I'm working with Him, and giving Him permission to work in our lives, through inviting Him and His power to take us through the day.

And then I can relax more. I've given it over to Him, so I do what I can, but if it all doesn't happen like I want things to, well, moving my arms more vigorously, and “vacuuming harder” won't do the job better. I need to make sure I'm hooked up, turn up the power to “full”, and pray like I know it works and like I can depend on it to bring through the best results.

	<p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
<p>110</p>	<p>Re5! 110: Rules of a Domestic Affairs Overseer</p> <p>Rules of a domestic affairs overseer #1: Always hang out the laundry</p> <p>If it is a sunny day, and you have not used every drop of the sun and air to process the piles of soiled clothes and bedding, you have missed probably the most important thing of the day.</p> <p>Furthermore, if you have allowed yourself to indulge in the luxury of taking a 10 minute break to sit and smile and watch the children playing outside, and have neglected your duties to their clothing, when you very well could have during those moments, all the more shame to you!</p> <p><i>(Ah, the rules unsolicited seem to scream at times... “Mommy, aren’t you glad we’re having fun?” my son says, while I’m out just taking a fun time breather with them... “Yes, I’m very glad!” And I tell myself, “Laundry we’ll always have with us.”)</i></p> <p>Rules of a domestic affairs overseer #2: A tap must never leak, under any circumstances.</p> <p>Dripping taps unattended to promptly, within the first 2 drips out of step for a proper tap, show extreme incompetence of the householder. Nothing should be out of order in any of the mechanical workings of the house.</p> <p><i>(Sometimes, you just really, really, can’t do something about it—you and your husband are just pressed with more important things... Waiting a week or two till work deadlines are met, won’t bring a flood, or break the bank in a water bill—as much as the repair men waiting to help warn you. And it can be tended to when there is a recess of the moment by moment essentials,</i></p>	<p>30 sept, 2011</p>	

that have kept you hopping like bare feet on hot pavement on a summer's day. Keep smiling, keep hugging, and keep your eyes on the true priorities.)

Rules of a domestic affairs overseer #3: A house should be spotless on birthdays or when guests come

To make a pleasant birthday atmosphere, and the best quality nurturing environment for your children, the full day before any birthday, where guests are expected, must be spent cleaning till it all shines.

All must go on hold, till it has been completed, and you feel “ready” for the next day’s festivities. There is much at stake—image, sanity, opinions of others. The children’s care, and happiness shouldn’t usurp this priority.

(Well, I rebutted this one with, “If all my son remembers about his birthday is a stressed out mom, uptight, who cares more about things, and others’ thoughts, than him, his feelings and needs... then it will be anything but ‘happy’ birthday to him.”

(What makes children truly happy should be considered above the “perfect” setting, party plans, decorations, opinions of relatives and visitors. Years from now—or even next week—visitors will forget. Your child won’t. Feeling loved sticks for years to come. And sadly, so does the opposite. And what might appear as “love” being show to them by us—working hard to make it be “nice” might feel quite disappointingly different to him, if it’s really our own feeling of satisfaction were after, of having completed the perfect plans we set out to do.

(For me it was trying to push hard to get things looking as great as I wanted them to look that eventually brought us to the point of frustrated and sad tears. I was doing it out of a good heart, to have things nice for my son’s birthday... but when I looked deeper in my heart, wasn’t it just because it would make me feel better? ... He probably couldn’t care less! He wanted me—the happy, loving version of me, most of all. So I relaxed. Things would work themselves out. They always do... they either do, or they don’t seem to matter in the long run anyway.)

	--By Chalsey Dooley		
111	<p>Just laugh</p> <p>I was exhausted, and had used up my last ounce of umph, and was giving myself timeout, to sit, put up my feet, and hope to deal with things nicely, when I'd recharged a few droplets of strength to do so. Today was the day of the week we take all bedding and air it in the sun. Great fun for the kids, as they play on the bouncy mattresses, and make wombat homes in the pile of blankets and pillow on the sunny trampoline. But getting it back on takes long—and the kids delay it as long as possible. The clock was ticking, soon the youngest would need to be put to bed. If I didn't get this done before night fell, and sleep time began, none of us would have proper beds to sleep on, or so I told them.</p> <p>Funny how it is, the thing that has been untouched and forgotten about for hours, the second you as a parent begin to clean it up or work on it, it is all of a sudden the desired item. Like bees to honey, I had just reached for the bedding, when the boys from all ends of the house descend on me, instinctively knowing it was about to be "back to normal" again. I tried to push onward, tolerating the crawling, bouncing, and such. But it really wasn't doable. Finally, after trying my hardest, I just couldn't manage it. I had no strength or patience left. I went to sit down, leaving a sad boy. He felt my frustration. Perhaps I could indulge in a few tears, relieve the pressure, and then get up and on with things... nope. My toddler has this instinct telling him when I'm going to cry. He gets up from his play on the floor, climbs into my lap, looking closely at my face, "mama, mama.. ha..ha..mama!" trying to get me to laugh instead. Ah, okay, fine, I'll hold it together, smile and muster up a laugh. He's gotta be a cherub in person. He's totally cute.</p> <p>The sad son comes in. I tell him to enjoy the bedding now, because as soon as I find the strength to try again, well, that will be my last attempt. If they hinder me again, I won't have strength left, and it might be wombat beds for night time, in a rubble of blankets—or they'd have to make them. "Mommy, I lost the joy of playing there...Remember what I was telling you earlier about how I feel sometimes...I'm getting that feeling now." (He'd said that sometimes when he does bad things, and he's afraid I'll find out, he gets this bad feeling, wondering if I'll stop loving him.) Oh, dear. My attempted self-indulgent moment just ended, I needed to get on the offensive to get the smiles going again, in hearts and on faces.</p> <p>"Okay, count to 20, and I'm going to be hiding in the bedding..."</p>	7 oct 2011	

	<p>come and find me!" I say. The laughter and surprise when I popped out from under a blanket, making silly sounds and all—repeatedly—was worth it. It changed everyone... And after that they willingly let me fix it all up "properly" again. Really, they just want things to be fun, that's all. --By Chalsey Dooley</p>		
112	<p><i>Re5! 112: Perceptions of Him</i></p> <p>“He must have read a book written by children for children, called, ‘Ideas to do after you get out of the bath’” I thought, humouring the situation, walking myself patiently through it.</p> <p>Ever tried to bath 3 young kids at once: the hair washing, the mess of a bathroom, the water usage, the dressing, and all? Okay, well, I could check that off the list. Done. At least that got done today—something to feel that I “accomplished”.</p> <p>Hmm? Then I notice, my dear son, outside the window in the back yard, making a mud puddle, playing with the mud! I tell my husband, “Top ten tips for what to do after a bath..” he looks outside, chuckles too and finishes the sentence.. “Go play in the mud.” (Okay, so it’s 2 steps forward, one step back?.. Oh well.)</p> <p>As I look at him, with a questioning look, he holds up a handful of newly mown grass in one hand, and stirs his nice muddy water with the other: “Mommy, I’m pretending I’m God! I’m making the land and the water!”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>That morning when he woke and I hugged him in my lap, he said to me, “Mommy, you feel like God to me! You don’t even feel like a girl right now, but like you are God holding me.”</p>	15 oct 2011	

	<p>Taken in the right way, it was pretty sweet, and a good reminder—what we show to them of His love, is what they’ll know, in real ways, that He is like.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>Our toddler son talks in his own way. The children ask him “how do you say ___?” And he responds with his own word or sound for it. “Go, go” is dog, “Going” is water, “ton” is to get up on something, sha-sha is good bye/ fly away, Daddy is “Da-da” mommy is “Da-ma”, and so forth. “How do you say, ‘daddy is getting in the car?’” the boys ask him: “Key-door, sha-sha da-da”. Then they asked him, “How do you say ‘Jesus?’” Our toddler responds, “Da-da!”</p> <p>Aww! Beautiful.</p> <p>--Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>♥<i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> new post: Positive Practice http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/11444262624/positive-practice</p>		
113	<p>Re5! 113: Spunky Salad Mix</p> <p>While fixing one of my favourite salad dishes I’ve concocted, my mind drifted off to a rather difficult part of my life. Minds can be a multi-ring circus. Or as my son put it when asking him a question at our talk time (when he’d needed some tweaking in behaviour):</p>		

Son: I was thinking all these good things, and good words to say (but then hadn't done/ said them... I guess)

(A minute later on why he'd acted less than the best, in spite of his "good intentions" he was proclaiming to have:)

Son: Well, I was thinking all these rough thoughts, and that I just wanted things for myself.

Me: I thought you said you were thinking good thoughts?

Son: My mind is very big! As big as a phone wire! It wraps all around me!

Anyway, happy as I was, looking forward to enjoying a yummy treat, I began to go to the "no fly zone" wondering why and wishing things hadn't felt like it was boot camp training emotionally & physically in the first years of motherhood, with all the particulars that added to the drama.

Why couldn't everyone have been understanding, non critical in attitude, and having their "money & muscles where their mouth was" willing to help out in real ways as we struggled financially and gave to the last drop to ensure our darlings the best possible? The attitudes and mindsets of others seemed to "double the trouble", adding what I felt was unnecessary stress.

Aagh... how was I going to get off this train of thinking? *I'm sure that era of our life was good in some way—or will seemed to have been?* Okay, well, just cook! I taste the salad. It doesn't have the magic that captures the taste buds. I've missed something. I mentally go through the ingredients and flavorings... salt (check), olive oil (check)... Oh! How could I have forgotten? The fresh squeezed lemon juice!

	<p>I smiled. The timing of the coinciding thoughts. The salad just wasn't good enough without the lemon. Perhaps that's what it was—tough times are the lemon juice to add the zing, the spunk, the “pow”, to make me what I am today or need to be?</p> <p>And if, when I mentally “taste” a situation I've been through, it still feels a bit too sour, and I haven't yet reached the “Ah ha” moment, when it all makes sense, perhaps it's just that all the rest of the ingredients haven't been added yet. As time passes, and more comes my way, I bet it'll all balance out and each experience will help to compliment and build on another. I'll be glad for it all in the end.</p> <p>(Here's my special recipe, for those who want to try it!)</p> <p>Avacado Greenut Salad</p> <p>Diced avocado</p> <p>Celery</p> <p>Green pepper (bell pepper/capsicum)</p> <p>Lettuce cut small</p> <p>Cucumber diced</p> <p>Sliced olives</p> <p>Peanuts</p> <p>Salt</p> <p>Olive oil</p> <p>And fresh squeezed lemon!</p> <p>Enjoy!</p> <p>--Chalsey Dooley</p>		
114	<p>Re5! 114: It was perfect—For them</p> <p>Every time the drawer is opened—which seems often this week—I</p>	30 oct 2011	

cringe. "I've gotta find the time to organize it." It's the "drop box" drawer, filled with a zillion details. When I find something that looks like an important part of a piece of something, I put it there. Pens, rubber bands, marbles and things too small to have around for the little one, knickknacks, do-dads, and so forth are some of what this top drawer holds.

But it grates on me that there is a place that is a jumbled, disorderly mix. I want it to be all tidy, sorted and easy-to-find things. It used to be, but given the nature and function of this spot, it just gets into a mess as time passes. You know those things, that if compared to important, "big picture" things of life, are really very inconsequential, but still they bother you? This one nags at me: *You can't keep up! You're a mess like that drawer!*

Then a new thought came and it changed everything to a positive—at least till I can "make things right" ... one day. *"It's the funnest thing for the kids... it's perfect for them."* When the boys need something interesting to do, they look in that drawer, and always emerge with some long-lost or forgotten item, or trinket to make something with.

"Mommy, look! It's the wheel cover to the little toy wagon that has been gone for so long!" I must have found it one day on the floor and figured it went to some little toy, so placed it safely in there. Finally, the wagon was complete again. They love that drawer!

We were having our "Celebration of Colours" day. (See "Colourful Celebrations" <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/12081318205/colourful-celebrations>). My toddler grabbed something for me to put on him. It was just what made him feel a part of the activity. His oldest brother's new yellow sweater a friend had just given us, was

his choice. On little man, it went down past his knees. I rolled up the sleeves plenty. Then he found some bright green swimming shorts that were given to us also. We've never used them, as the elastic waistband is shot, so they won't stay up. "One day" I'll fix them. But to complete his costume he wanted to wear them. Well, the sweater was bulky enough to tuck into those shorts and keep them up. He smiled. It was just perfect for him. Toddler loved what he was wearing. Imperfect in every way... but totally great—to him! His pleased expression showed.

Still all dressed in our colourful clothing, we went on our hike in the woods. The older boys went further with their daddy up the path, but little man was having his issues, so I sat with him on the ridged side of the pathway leading to the top of the hill. I held him, and he went to sleep in my arms. The gentle warm breeze out in this natural-air spot was ideal.

But nothing else felt such to me at first: No bed to have him take his earlier-than-expected nap in. My rear end was numbing from the rough seating. I was keeping guard against the eager mosquitoes trying to land. I didn't get to make it to the top...again. But then the "thought of the week" came yet again: "Look at him... it's perfect for him."

He was as snug as a happy bug, in my arms. The temperature was perfect. He was getting the fresh air in nature that he so needs. As I shifted to get a bit more comfortable, I realized that for him and his needs at that moment, it was just great.

Often what I feel isn't "just right" might in actuality be just perfect for someone else. Next time an unsatisfying situation of imperfection tries to get me down, I'll try looking at it from another's point of view. Maybe things are more "fine" than I thought. Maybe having it all suited to my tastes and wishes, or

	<p>what I perceive to be “right”, wouldn’t actually be as great, for others--the young ones I'm trying to make it all "great" for anyway.</p> <p>Starting to look for the “why-it-might-be-good, actually’s” helped yesterday too, when for my toddler’s birthday we took a family outing—which we haven’t been afforded the time for much lately. We were cherishing this time to go to a pretty park that has a little train ride—the reason for choosing that spot in particular. He so loves trains.</p> <p>Thankfully the rain was held back, but to our surprise, of all days, the train was under maintenance. So instead we enjoyed the large and beautiful park area, walking, biking, snacks, rock climbing, exploring.</p> <p>I realized that had the train been operational it could have ruined our time. Little man wouldn’t have settled for one ride, and could have fussed, whined, and been unhappy the whole time, wishing for more rides. But since it really wasn’t an option, instead we had a fun, refreshing and relaxing time. We’ll catch up on the ride another day.</p> <p>And I’ll keep playing the “spot the good in the less-than-ideal situations” game.</p> <p>--Chalsey Dooley</p>		
115	<p>Re5! 115: Against odds</p> <p>Here are some accounts I came across recently that stirred me. If</p>	6 nov 2011	

there is something you really want to do, and feel you must, something you know in your heart to be right, what you personally are meant to do, that you feel God calling you to do—you probably can, regardless of the odds, as these modern-day heroines are proving:

(By Rudi Lack, from “Breakthrough” published in 1999)

“I started running a ten-lesson correspondence-cum-witnessing course. Of the many completed papers that came across my desk, one that moved my heart most was from Rosemary. Born without arms and a single leg, she had written her answers by tapping the keys with her one good foot. To complete her witnessing assignment she sat on the street corner in her wheel chair, tracts poked between her toes, for any passerby to take. Rosemary’s determination against great odds inspired me to keep going.” (End of expert)

(By Laura, September 2011:)

I was born Deaf in both ears, grew up with hearing aids that gave me the capability to hear "sounds", and the ability to lipread. I lost all of my remaining hearing after my first child was born so now I no longer hear anything. I became a diabetic at the age of 6 years old, and then later lost my vision in my right eye (due to diabetes) when I was 22 years old (legally blind in my right eye).

I'm blessed to be married to my college sweetheart (we celebrated 17 years last month. My husband is also Deaf, and runs his own business so we are self employed. We have 3 children who are all hearing.

My oldest child, who is 10 1/2 years old, has learning disability and slow process issue, and I'm constantly trying to find ways to help make learning experience fun for him. He struggles in some areas. When I first started homeschool two years ago, I knew it was what God wanted me to do. [Her mom just passed away with cancer] With mom being gone now, I sometimes second guess

myself if I will get through homeschooling my son. I still feel like I don't know enough how to work with my son when he has a bad day, but I know that I am capable to teaching him because God has called me to. I just have to go through lots of trial and errors with him. I would not trade anything else in the world to homeschool my kids - I love teaching !!!

Encouragement is something I will need down in my new journey especially since my mom passed away. She was my biggest support in my life when I was growing up and was very involved in my children's education. She had a lot of knowledge and was my "back up" if I wasn't sure about something. I hope that sharing my story not only encourages you but will encourage others who might be in the same situation.

(End of note from Laura)

So if we feel and know God's calling us to do something... and we happen to be blessed with good working pairs of eyes, ears, arms and legs, what is there to stop us! There will be lots that tries, I know! But the will is a great thing, and when aligned with His is a winning combination. Like these quotes from a book on mountain climbing brings out:

"In 1975 Junko Tabei, a 35 year old working mother from Japan became the first woman to reach the summit of Mt. Everest. She said of her climb: 'Technique and ability alone do not get you to the top...it is the willpower that is the most important. This willpower you cannot buy with money or be given by others—it rises from your heart.' Tabei was also the first woman to climb the seven Summits—the highest peaks on the seven continents."

The book also shares about Italian Walter Bonatti, who climbed the North Face of the Matterhorn, alone and in the middle of winter—the first person to do so. It goes on to say,

"His most remarkable ascent was an epic six-day solo climb in 1955 of an impossibly steep column—the South West Pillar of the Dru—in the Mont Blanc range. It is known today as the Bonatti Pillar. Bonatti said: 'If in normal conditions it is skill which counts; in such extreme situations, it is the spirit which saves.'"

	<p>(From DK Eyewitness guide: Everest)</p> <p>--Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>P.S. <i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> new post: The Confetti Conflict http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/12381389613/the-confetti-conflict</p>		
116	<p>What's your family's unique language?</p> <p>Something new struck me, as I woke one early morning, looking up at the stars through the cracks between our bedroom window blinds. It was a new take on a story that I've read countless times. –The Tower of Babel. I had recently reread it from the Bible for a project I'm working on.</p> <p>When reading further down in the text it answered the question my son had. Yes, God had been thoughtful. The division of languages, of all the varied tongues people suddenly spoke, that drove them to travel and live in new places, leaving off the work of building their big, bold, boastful tower, had been done by families. Each family group was given a new language by God.</p> <p>It wasn't just random individuals, and dividing parents and small children, brothers and sisters, wives and husbands. No. Families were set apart, as a team, given their individuality, their uniqueness. No longer did they need to comply with the "one-size-fits-all" "everyone does it the same way" mentality—where everyone thought the same, understood the same things, and had to work towards the one, proud, goal of building the tower. It gave them freedom to move, to travel, to explore, to discover, to think differently, to enjoy new parts of the world, new foods, and create their own new culture.</p> <p>So that morning it hit me. It's still happening! Families are given their own challenges, their own flavours, their own difficulties, their own dreams and goals, and things different than others, things about their unique situation that sets them apart. Maybe things that make them feel a bit different or not as "normal" and "like everyone else", but that helps them learn new things, invent new solutions, discover new territory of knowledge, learn new ways of communicating, of coping, of discovering and developing and growing in their own ways.</p> <p>And if God is a big part of their life, it can be a positive growth, that helps</p>	11 Nov 2011	

	<p>others in the end too. With Him as part of the team, things won't seem so alone while experiencing the new things that make up their personal family's challenges. Things may actually make sense in time and have purpose and reason—as did the spreading of people around the globe, and the diversity in languages and cultures.</p> <p>So what is your family's language? Your situation will be different than mine. You'll learn things that may take me years yet to learn. And perhaps I've experienced things too that gives me new insight or depth of character that you can't yet fully understand—the language of our life—and visa versa.</p> <p>I wrote up something yesterday, in hopes that it can help someone somewhere sometime in some way. But it's scary. I'd rather just keep it to myself. But why? Maybe it wouldn't have taken us so many years to find the keys and secrets to our family's rhythm and "language" if someone had written it for me. The shortcut could have helped. But I do wonder if I had read what I'll share with you now, several years ago, if I would have even understood or embraced it—even if it was good and right, because I hadn't been there yet. I think I needed to walk through the journey, one step at a time, to be able to value and appreciate the joy of discovery. But maybe some of it will be a shortcut for you?</p> <p>So attached is a bit of our "native tongue", called "11 Health-building tips that save money". If any words happen to ring the same with your family's dialect, and jibe with your needs, great. If it's a bit too "out there" and not understood, then don't worry about it. Keep growing in your own way, to better your family and others' lives.</p> <p>--Chalsey</p> <p>♥Heart 4 Kidz new post: 11 Health-Building Tips that Save Money!</p> <p>http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/12608534346/11-health-building-tips-that-save-money</p>		
117	<p>Re5! 117: Against Odds #2: Erik Weihenmayer</p> <p>Wanna climb to the top of Mount Everest--blind? Wow. No limits! Find what you are meant to do, and do it, really! With God NOTHING is impossible!</p>	17 Nov 2011	

Taken from: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Erik_Weihenmayer

Erik Weihenmayer (born September 23, 1968) is the first [blind](#) person to reach the summit of [Mount Everest](#), on May 25, 2001. He also completed the [Seven Summits](#) in September 2002. His story was covered in a [Time](#) article in June 2001 titled *Blind to Failure*. He is the author of *Touch the Top of the World: A Blind Man's Journey to Climb Farther Than the Eye can See*, his [autobiography](#).

After he became blind, at first, Weihenmayer did not want to use a cane or learn Braille. He wanted to prove that he could continue living as he had. He tried to play ball, but once he understood that he was incapable of doing so, he learned to wrestle. In high school he went all the way to the National Junior Freestyle Wrestling Championship in Iowa. At that time he started using a guide dog. Then he went to Boston College and graduated as an English major. He became a middle-school teacher and wrestling coach. In 1997, he married Ellie Reeve. The wedding took place at Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania. They have a daughter, Emma.^[1]

Erik is an acrobatic [skydiver](#), long distance biker, [marathon](#) runner, skier, mountaineer, ice climber, and rock climber. He is a friend of [Sabriye Tenberken](#) and Paul Kronenberg, the co-founders of [Braille Without Borders](#), whom he visited in [Tibet](#) to climb with them and teenagers from the school for the blind. A [documentary film](#) based on the project, [Blindsight](#), was released in 2006. Another documentary, [Fellowship of the Andes](#), was produced by Dutch filmmaker [Bernd Out](#). The film shows how Erik inspires a team of blind and visually impaired students on their mountain trek across the Andes in June 2006.^[2] In addition, Erik is an active speaker on the lecture circuit. He is represented by Leading Authorities speakers bureau.

In 2011, he competed on ABC's [Expedition Impossible](#).^[3] (*Note: An American reality television series. The series follows thirteen teams of three competitors as they "solve problems while racing across deserts, over mountains and through rivers" across the nation of [Morocco](#).*)

Biography and list of achievements

On September 23, 1968, Erik was born with a disease called [retinoschisis](#) and became totally blind by the age of 13.

In 1987, he graduated from [Weston High School](#) in [Connecticut](#). As the school's [wrestling](#) captain, he represented the state in National Freestyle Wrestling Championships.

In 1991, he graduated from [Boston College](#). In the same year, he trekked in the [Pamir Mountains](#) of [Tajikistan](#).

	<p>In 1993, he received a master's degree in Middle School Education from Lesley College. In the same year, he crossed the Batura Glacier in the Karakoram Mountains of Northern Pakistan. The same year he joined the staff at Phoenix Country Day School as an instructor.</p> <p>In 1995, Erik reached the 20,320' summit of Mt. McKinley, North America's highest peak, sponsored by the American Foundation for the Blind. His triumph was featured on Today with Katie Couric and the NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw.</p> <p>In 1996, he carried the Olympic Torch through Phoenix and was selected for the first annual Distinguished Arizonan Award by the Governors Council. He was also inducted into the National Wrestling Hall of Fame, and received its first Medal of Courage.</p> <p>In 1997, he climbed his second continental summit, Kilimanjaro. He married at the height of 13,000'. Erik and his wife Ellen live outside of Denver, Colorado, United States.</p> <p>In 1998, he rode a tandem bike from Hanoi to Ho Chi Minh City with his father, a Vietnam veteran.</p> <p>In 1999, he attempted Argentina's Mount Aconcagua. Poor weather conditions forced his team to turn around just short of the summit. A subsequent attempt on a separate trip was successful.</p> <p>In 2001, he climbed and summited Mt. Everest.</p> <p>In 2004, he led an expedition in Tibet called Climbing Blind project, including blind teens from the Braille Without Borders school for blind at Lhasa, Tibet.</p> <p>In 2006, helped to lead Global Explorers sponsored expedition, Leading the Way, to Peru. The expedition film, Fellowship of the Andes, premiered in New York City 28th Oct 2006.</p> <p>In 2007, was the speaker at Lehigh University's spring commencement ceremony on May 21.</p> <p>In 2009, he was a speaker at the Presidential Youth Inaugural Conference on January 19.</p> <p>In 2009, he was a speaker at the Babson College spring commencement ceremony on May 16 where he was also awarded a PhD in Humane Letters.</p> <p>In 2011, he competed on the ABC reality show Expedition Impossible on the team <i>No Limits</i> with teammates Jeff Evans and Aaron "Ike" Isaacson. They finished 2nd overall.</p>		
118	<p>Re5! 118: E= mc2</p> <p>(A special treat: My husband wrote this for us!)</p>	28 Nov 2011	

	<p>--By Michael Dooley</p> <p>Theory of relativity applied to parents with small children.</p> <p>$E = mc^2$</p> <p>Everywhere = (mess) x (children)²</p> <p>Theorem:</p> <p>There is a constant amount of mess in the universe. Thus if tidying energy (clean up) is applied to mess in one room of the house... a simultaneous application of an equal amount of untidying energy (playtime) occurs in another room. Thus while mess (m) may under some circumstances temporarily decrease... the constant value of m does not decrease. The rate at which mess accumulates increases exponentially according to the number of children (c) applying untidying energy to the matter. Thus tidiness can be seen not as a natural state, but as a briefly occurring local anomaly. A vast amount of tidying energy must be applied to create even a small temporal and spatial appearance of cleanness. Conversely, empirical evidence abounds that a minimal amount of untidying energy can produce a vast quantity of mess within a very small time period.</p>		
119	<p>A chance at a second childhood?</p> <p>I'm finding such joy to in some ways be a child again, along side my own. A child who finds joy in learning new things, who can dream up plans and try in some fumbling way, to make them a reality. I guess that's the point where it's good I'm also an adult: I do have the ability to make things happen, more so than a child. If I didn't get to do all I wanted to, when younger, now's my chance, as I see those interests immerge in my own little ones.</p> <p>I don't have to know everything, and try and pretend I do with my young ones. I'm often heard to say, "There's lots I'm still learning—and still want to..." and we each list our "want to learn hows". Their's might include parachuting and electronics, and mine sign language and making clothing. But we all share the joy of the endless thrilling store of things yet to be learned.</p> <p>Here's a few ways I'm choosing to enjoy and embrace a second</p>	5 Dec 2011	

childhood:

--Dreaming up along side of my sons—who wanted to build a doll house for their friends, for Christmas, from scratch. We think up just how to make it, furnish it and all. I have never built something out of wood before. But putting that all to the wind, believing we can, we are doing it, and are having a great time. We talk about it, imagine it, draw our plans, and just do it. Not perfectly. We learn things like, that the thickness of the wood matters, and things won't fit if you forget that, and so forth. But happily we have nailed it all together, and are nearly done painting it, and the fun will go on as we add the hinges, and finally furnish it. I think we'll get it done in time, after all!

--It's a thrill to read books from the library that are of great interest to all of us—they at 4-6 years old, and me in late 30's. It's pretty cool. They aren't ones that go for the goofy, odd, strange and completely untrue fairy-tale land type of stuff often typically in the "children's books" section of the library. I never go there. One of the books I borrowed was titled "buildings that changed the world" and had great photos of all the most famous and outstanding places from the leaning tower of Pisa, to castles, to a building that is made out of balls and sticks, to resemble a very, very large atom! They are such builders, and enjoy anything to do with it. So do I. Each book I read to them has new things for me too. We learn together. And I choose books of genuine, learn-worthy quality.

--We put on clown shows every now and then for friends. And it's not just them practicing performing skills and having fun sharing their tricks and jokes, while I watch and cue them, nodding approvingly from the side lines. It's important to them I am one of them too. And I have to dress up, of course! They'd never let me get by not joining in. So on went the butterfly wings, tiara and big puffy princess dress. I always wanted to wear one of those. Now, I don't have a real dress, and I let myself dream of one day wearing a proper one, like those in the ladybird books I used to read. I don't chide myself for still wishing to look like a princess sometimes—though it seems light years away, because it gave me the freedom, the childishness to still make one as best as I could, just the way my little boys wanted me to be dressed for our performances. It wasn't perfect, and our sewing machine had stopped working for a while. But they didn't care, it looked great enough for them, and so I didn't care either.

--When I walked home one day I saw something discarded that I knew the children would just love. But to get it to them took three things: a bit of strength, willpower, and totally not caring what people who saw me all the way home would think. I chose to do it. I imagined what they'd feel and want. And I was right, they had a great time. It was some very large pieces

of cardboard that had been discarded. Each about 4 feet square. Thick and heavy, and four of them, they would fit together well to make a fast indoor play house. I carried them this way and that way, struggling, and stopping every minute or two to rest my strained hands. Finally, on to the head they went. Sweet relief. That was the easiest way. I avoided all eye contact! And focused on the reaction of the children when I would arrive with it. Looking outside the window with their dad, they were most amused to see me as I approached, carrying such an odd load in such an odd way. Immediately work was begun and the play house was built and played in for a long while.

--When they start to dream up their wild and fun-sounding can't-happen-in-real-life thoughts like "I'd like to explore inside the sun..." or "maybe we can make a flying fox or cable car from our house roof to the tree over at the other side of our yard..." "I'd like to live in a house on stilts, with water all around, then I could be a diver and explore the water every time I wanted to get out..." I don't rush to bring a reality check, but explore it with them. "Oh, yea, it would be great to know what's inside the sun. I'd like to see that too! .. It'd be too hot now... but maybe one day we'll know.." "Wouldn't that be fun? And then on our way, zooming on the flying fox, we could jump down on to the trampoline, wheee!... well, the tree isn't tall enough, nor do we actually have rope that long, but it's fun thinking about it... maybe one day we can make one in our yard..." "Oh, yes, you'd have fun doing that! Diving and exploring the water! You'd have to invent a way to keep things dry that you were trying to carry, but maybe you'd think of something."

I wonder what today will hold? I hope I choose to once again get on their level, to enjoy what they are smiling about—if it's good ☺, and to play together, to learn together, and to not be too practical or "realistic" to stop "dreaming the impossible dream" they may come up with. Maybe it can happen... in some childish version. And that's probably good enough for now anyway.

--Chalsey Dooley

<http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/13748619807/what-are-they-actually-learning>

120	<p>At least the platypus got taken care of...</p> <p>It startled me a bit, and caught my eye. It was strangely unexpected. A reflection of me was clearly staring back. I relaxed as I realised it was just that the mirror was now clear in the bathroom. I had gotten temporarily accustomed to the completely white cloudy look it had taken on for a while. In a moment of feeling a “cleaning spree” mixed with a bit of silliness and fully enjoying it, the boys had discovered for themselves that combining bar soap and toothpaste to clean a mirror “really well” didn’t actually improve its visibility. I wouldn’t exactly be able to send a photo to a cosmetic magazine of my make up ‘n’ hair jobs of late with the mirror in the state it remained, “till we got a chance” to clean it up. Yesterday was finally that time.</p> <p>Some days just seem to hold the magic—things go well, new ideas are tried, I have something to show for the hours put into the day. Then there are the other kind—that have seemed to be more common lately, I’m tempted to lament—where I get to the end of the day, searching my brain for anything noteworthy I can give myself a good pat on the back for, that I accomplished that day, but I can’t seem to think of anything.</p> <p>Sure the kids were cared for, fed, dressed (repeatedly—due to their new favourite past time: mud and sand play), they had a safe day, we had some time reading and learning things together, they taught themselves new songs on the piano, committed to memory a Bible scripture or two, had fun at the playground, maintained good health and living habits, and so forth... but I want more. I want to be able to take out my pen and check off several things from my long list of “to do’s”. I want to be able to say I had wonderfully fulfilling times with the children, and they were enthralled at all we did together and made giant leaps of progress. I want to sink into my bed at night knowing every corner of the house, shelf and drawer is in order and will greet me cheerily the next morning.</p> <p>But rather than that, I feel further behind in so many areas of life, new challenges springing up in the children’s care and behaviour, new things to fix, and just tons to do. But then I look at the children, happy, cozy in bed, waiting for their bed time story, and I decide to change my criteria of “accomplishment” and a “good day”. I mentally go down a new list, and see how many “checks” I could put.</p> <p>--Did I help the children smile today?</p> <p>--Was I patient when things weren’t the easiest?</p> <p>--Did I give hugs and show that I loved each one in my family?</p>	22 Dec 2011	
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	<p>--Was I there to help, listen, talk, and encourage whoever needed me then, even at the cost of not “getting something done”?</p> <p>--Did I send a prayer for someone today, easing their load in some way?</p> <p>--Did I laugh and choose to take things in stride when I felt like it was pushing me over the edge?</p> <p>A couple of days ago, as I was trying to stay afloat pushing off the weight of despair and despondency. Things had continued to be in disarray, the children weren't being the perfect image of care bears, and there's always tons to do that seems to only stay on a “wish list”. I walked into the bathroom, to find a novel sight. My toddler in an impulse of fun, had taken the soft fuzzy platypus stuffed animal, put in the sink plug, given it a good wash, and now had poured baking soda all over it (what I use for cleaning the bathroom). It looked like snow had covered the little creature. My boy was well meaning, and wanted to make it as clean as could be, taking very good care of it in his tender way.</p> <p>I didn't need more things to clean up. I didn't need half the box of baking poured out and wasted. But it did look cute in its own way. I decided to see the funny side, and think: “Well, even though I can't seem to get around to any of my other goals, at least the platypus got taken care of. At least that's clean!”</p> <p>So, did you help someone have something to smile about today? If so, mark yourself up a big check mark on your one-of-the-most-important-things-to-do-in-a-day list. Tomorrow's another day. Eventually the rest will all work out. Plod. Breathe. Smile. Plod. Breathe. Smile. We'll get there, eventually, wherever “there” is actually meant to be.</p> <p>A strange 2D planet http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/14573599988/a-strange-2d-planet</p>		
121	<p>New Year Savings! –Up to 90%!</p> <p>Save 50 % of your energy trying to ask the children to do things, by prefacing your requests with a few words of appreciation, thanks, and gratitude.</p> <p>Save 40 % on tears and drama by thinking ahead, and praying for solutions to possible pitfalls or common daily troubles. Don't wait till you are swimming in a current of kids' emotions to think of solutions. Pray down a</p>	Deeec 29 2011	

<p>plan at the start of the day.</p> <p>Save 80 % of your time spent repeating and re-explaining things by slowing down, looking at your child, ensuring their attention and talking to them in an “I care about you and love you no matter what” kind of way.</p> <p>Save 70 % on inspiration-draining thoughts by saying (and thinking) something you’re truly glad you have (or glad you don’t have), rather than concentrating on only the mess, the tiredness, the behaviour, the financial needs, the headache, the unkind words said, the lacks, the problems.</p> <p>Save 30 % of your mind-strain, trying to think of cool fun idea on the spot, while the lively children’s varied and individual needs pull you every-which way, (and the “blank time” in itself creates new needs), by making a few lists and “packs” and “what to do when” ideas, to draw on over the next while.</p> <p>Save 50% on irritability and conflicts by insuring sufficient amount of active exercise, preferably outdoors —letting no more than 1-2 hours of sedentary activity pass (unless sleeping) before resuming the movement our bodies were made for.</p> <p>Save 40 % on illness and headaches, by letting no longer than 1 hour pass before “tanking up” again, with a good drink of pure water. For basic functioning and maintenance your body will happily utilize 10 glasses a day, easily. Less than sufficient will insure the body-machine wear, tear and break down. (Tip: skipping drinking health-robbing beverages.)</p> <p>Save 10 % of your funds to give away to others in need, and towards spreading the awareness of God’s love and word to those desperate for hope and the knowledge that Someone somewhere cares—and see that 10 % magically multiply as it’s being rewarded back to you in surprising ways. If you give to God, it’s an investment with great dividends—both here and now, and in the wonderful life to come.</p> <p>Save 90% on depression, immobilizing disappointment, mind warping bitterness, joy siphoning thoughts, long term negative effects of possibly life-shattering blows, through realizing how short this life will seem, as you rest in God’s loving arms one day, when it’s all over. All tears not only wiped away, but all things finally making sense. Like that song says, “It’ll all be right at last. Pray on, oh weary not. It’ll all be right at last.”</p> <p>Save 70 % of your time and energy laboriously working and problem solving through investing adequately in the most time- and strength-saving resource yet discovered: Prayer. Let God do the “lion’s share” of the work, and do things thought impossible for you.</p>		
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	<p>May He keep us all through whatever this coming year brings us!</p> <p>With love and prayers, Chalsey</p>		
122	<p>Re5! 122: Could this be the best "resolution" and goal for 2012?</p> <p>Good food for thought. Take care 'n say a prayer! --Chalsey</p> <p>* * *</p> <p>Billy Sunday tells of a minister who was making calls. He came to a certain home & asked for the mother but the child opening the door answered, "You cannot see Mother for she prays from nine to ten." He waited 40 minutes to see that mother, & when she came out of her prayer closet the light of glory was on her face, & he knew why that home was so bright; he knew why her two sons were in the ministry & her daughter a missionary. "All Hell cannot tear a boy or girl away from a praying mother," comments Mr. Sunday. --Author unknown</p> <p>Susanna Wesley, with 17 children, spent one hour each day shut up with God alone in her room, praying for them--& her two sons, under God, brought revival to England while France weltered in the blood of a ghastly revolution. --Author unknown</p> <p>A mother with three children was about to leave home for a few days. Gathering them about her she talked to them about her absence & their behaviour & prayers until she should return. She then poured out her heart with them in prayer. All heads were raised & every face was full of sunshine. After a moment's pause a little two-year-old boy bowed his head down by his mother's cheek, & said, "More." When a parent's love & example can evoke from children a call for more prayer, the home happiness is assured. --Author unknown</p>	6 Jan 2012	

	<p>When war broke out my husband enlisted. I was left with five children, the youngest being a baby of eleven months. Two years later my husband was killed. My eldest boy was then eighteen, & he had to join up. Day & night I prayed for my son's safety. When he came back on his first furlough he had not been home long when he said: "Mother, you've been praying for me.' I said: "I have, my son, day & night." He then told me that there had been six of them in a trench when the hissing of a shell was heard. Suddenly the shell dropped in the trench itself, burying its nose in the mud, unexploded. After tense silence, one of the lads said: "Our mothers have been praying for us." --Author unknown</p> <p><i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> new post: Wanna know 3 sites I subscribe to? http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/15355700727/wanna-know-3-sites-i-subscribe-to</p>		
123	<p>Re5! 123: A wish. A gift.</p> <p>His sentence blurted out just before sleep grabbed my interest and tugged my heart. My six year old said, "Sometimes I think parents aren't content with their children."</p> <p>I probed to find out what was behind that. It started to be expressed, one part of the puzzle at a time.</p> <p>He's been teething. Yes. The back molars are coming in bit by bit. I do remember the feeling as a child too, the most unquenchable urge to bite, to gnaw. I would never have been comfortable with my son's way of dealing with it, however. I am very careful with and protective of my mouth's hygiene. I never was a nail biter, and it is completely irritating for me to see people—children and adults alike--putting their fingers, pens, objects in their mouth. So my son's new, temporary habit of biting on his shirt sleeves, collar, pillow, any type of cloth around, just gets under my skin at times. It sends shivers to me, imagining the feeling of cloth on teeth. (Like a screeching chalk on a board.) I tell him numerous times, "If you need to eat something or chew, go to the fridge. Get a carrot, or something! –Or your toothbrush. Whatever. Please."</p> <p>To me, it is bothersome at the moment, but a second later I've forgotten it and we've moved on, with whatever else we are doing next. But to him it was a bigger deal. He said if I take the time to actually say something, and mention it, he thinks it must be a big deal to me.</p>	Jan 25 2012	

So the bottom line of our conversation was a fear—he was afraid that if he couldn't stop picking his nose and biting things, that I wouldn't like him anymore. That my love would just run out, and that these things were more important to me than him as a person. He wanted to feel loved no matter what, but a deal being made of bothersome habits gave him a feeling of insecurity and lack of acceptance. That in essence to him I wasn't being "content" with the way he was.

The fact that a week earlier, when we blew out candles on our Christmas morning pancakes, each of us saying a wish, that his was related to the above mentioned topic, got me thinking. The rest of us said things like, "a happy day" or "for anyone who is poor to have something special happy to encourage them today". My son said: "I my wish is that I could break the habit of biting." That took me back. And later that day said, "My present to you mommy, for Christmas, is that I won't bite on things anymore."

That grabbed my heart. I obviously had overdone things a bit, to where all his current focus was on is new less-than-desired habit. Sometimes it's hard to know how to deal with things that keep happening again and again, little nagging things that are our personal "pet peeves". We know we have the awesome job of helping to train and lead our little ones in "the way they should go".

But I think I could do better at stepping back to see the view every now and then, when I seem to get too focused on the small things that even the children themselves wish they could change. Things just take time. He's past that now, it seems. The biting or not biting wasn't what was life-long, character-building. But the way I handled it, the impressions I gave him—that is what he learned from the most. Ooops.

I pray the "lesson" he learns from me next time a bothersome, non-earthshaking habit creeps in, will be one worth living out—understanding, patience, sweetness, forgiveness, and at times just a blind eye, if it doesn't really matter.

--By Chalsey


♥ *Heart 4 Kidz* new post: Watermelon and Waiting

...He said when telling me this story, "I didn't feel too bad, because after all it was your piece. But next time you should wait more and give me time to explain." Good point!

To read the full article: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/15846097068/watermelon-and-waiting>

124	<p>Re5! 124: Can it be my birthday tomorrow?</p> <p>I told my young son that the new shoes we happened to find on sale for a low price would probably fit him by his next birthday. They looked so shiny and new, and he was distraught that they didn't fit him yet. It was such a big deal to him. Like seeing an advertisement for something you really want, and then you find out the shop is out of stock and it will take months till new supplies are shipped.</p> <p>I tried to cheer him, giving the idea of how fun it would be to save the shoes and have them right on his birthday.</p> <p>His solution? "Can it be my birthday tomorrow?"</p> <p>I explained that if all of a sudden he was big enough in one day, that though the shoes might fit, he'd also outgrow some of his clothes—like his favourite set he was wearing then, too small nearly already.</p> <p>Some things we just can't speed up, or slow down, or make happen at exactly the time we wish we could have them. And if we do get what we want, when we want it, sometimes we realize, to our disappointment, that it's cost us something else.</p> <p>Waiting, and being content, noticing the good we have right now (some things that may not always be a part of our life), is hard to do—especially when our eyes and heart are set on only that thing we want. Whether it is a circumstance, or feeling, or relationship, or more time, or different schedule, or better health, or more finances, living conditions, fun events, more friends, or whatever.</p> <p>The things that can and should change—go for it. Those things that have to wait, that are totally beyond ours and others control, may take some looking-for-what's-good-anyway, to give us steady patience. Seeing past it all to what we are glad for right now, in spite of it all, helps us not to miss the great things we do have—things that may change eventually, and that we'll wish we'd savored more.</p> <p>For me, I think what strains my patience muscle is the fact that the kids DO grow—and grow so fast! Maybe not fast enough according to their likings. But certainly faster than I can keep up with. And there is so much I want to enjoy with them, and let them experience during their childhood. All the varied ingredients I'd love to have as part of their life. But so much seems to slip by, as the clock and calendar move swiftly on. I want the best for my children, but it can seem as if there are many things making it</p>	Jan 31 2012	
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	<p>difficult or impossible to have every area of their life as euphoric as I dream of it being. And then sometimes when I finally do get something just the way I'd like it to be, I find that the passage of time has made it almost non-relevant. Ah, such is life.</p> <p>But then when I put on the right glasses and look back over that time when I just couldn't make it all happen as I wished, that there were so many other things the children's lives were enriched by. --Things that would have been missed if I only got everything the way that I, to my limited vision, thought was best.</p> <p>Let's give our best, and pray & trust for the rest.</p> <p>Love to you!</p> <p>--Chalsey</p> <p>♥<i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> new post: Ridiculously Hilarious!—Or just the norm?</p> <p>"Mommy!" they tried to explain through their laughter, "It's a picture of a man with undies on top of his pants! And he has a scarf that's as big as his body!" It was so funny to them. I tried to mentally picture what they might have seen. ... (see link for the rest..)</p> <p>http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/16449073284/ridiculously-hilarious-or-just-t-he-norm</p>		
125	<p>Re5! 125: Jack-in-the-Box</p> <p>Ever seen one of those "pop up surprises" , where a clown puppet pops up as a box opens, after cranking it with a handle for awhile? It was a good mental example to me.</p> <p>There are those times when it can seem that all I've taught, instructed, given, and poured into my children has had about as much of an effect as water on a duck's back. Their choices that day, the words spoken, thoughts, ideas and reactions they've had haven't shown that much of a "dent" was made, that all I've given and done perhaps isn't helping to shape them into glowing characters. What kind of person will they become?</p> <p>But then out of the blue, when I least expect it, they do or say something that exposes the reality—showing that not even the slightest thing had gone unnoticed by them. It had all gone in. Perhaps unheeded or lived at times, but not unlearned. For that wonderful moment they radiate with</p>	7 Feb 2012	

	<p>what I've laboured long and hard to enrich their lives with.</p> <p>I'm so glad then for those resources I've given them—day by day, like the turning of the crank—things that seem deeply buried at times, like the hidden clown. But the welcome “pop-up surprise” gives me a glimpse of true reality, giving my heart a smile.</p> <p>It's all gone in, and is ready for them to use—when they choose to. At least its in there. That's our job—what our children do with it is ultimately up to them. It's wonderful however, to get those “beautiful moments” reminding us to keep it up, and keep storing their inner library and shop with all the things that will help to enhance their life in the best ways possible—the information on hand (and heart) to draw from through their many life's choices and experiences.</p> <p>With love, Chalsey</p> <p> Heart 4 Kidz, new post: Label it! –Character trait energizers</p> <p>"The children themselves can be the best examples and demonstrations of those character traits I'm trying to instil! Experience really is the best teacher. When I see them making the right choices, doing good, being helpful, taking the initiative, being careful with their things, letting someone else have a turn first, and so forth I can help promote and encourage them to put to life a certain trait by doing more than just complimenting them, saying it was “good”.... Tell ‘em you noticed—and label it with a few great sounding traits. Make them feel as great as it really is, and most of all get a good idea what exactly all those big words really mean. They just lived one or two right then, on their own! Let it not pass by unsung!"</p> <p>For full article see: http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/17189448193/label-it-character-trait-energizers</p>		

