

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/>

Mud is Too Dirty: Have You Become Your Parents?

by Jason in [Adultitis, Parenting](#)

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 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.

Sometimes it seems like that person is long gone.

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.

After all, I'm pretty sure that's why God invented washing machines and laundry detergent.

<http://kimandjason.com/blog/2011-02-20/mud-is-too-dirty-have-you-become-your-parents.html>

102 **Re5! 102: Life's Album**


July 26, 2011

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.

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.

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>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> <p>Well, since none of us were in on the childhood piano lessons of Mozart with</p>	Aug 2, 2011	

	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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?</p> <p>--By Chalsey</p> <p><i>(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!)</i></p>		
104	<p style="text-align: center;"> Coffee 4 Carers!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Recharge –Renew—Refresh—Refill—Revive!</p>	Aug 11, 2011	

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)

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105

 **Coffee 4 Carers!**

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

Aug 18,
2011

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 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.

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>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	<p>Re5! 106: The Sock That Came Home</p> <p>By Chalsey Dooley</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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</p>	Aug 26, 2011

	<p>lives were worth more than a sock.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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!</p> <p>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 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>	2 sept 2011

Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished. (Ecclesiastes 4:13)

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.

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 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 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?

Jesus' answer is simply astounding, surprising, and deeply moving. –A little child!

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them..."

And those mirroring the example of humble, believing children are also highly regarded:

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

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!

May God help us view as He does, these precious ones we are granted the privilege to raise.

108	<p data-bbox="165 309 496 342"><i>Re5! 108: A Secret Blog</i></p> <p data-bbox="165 456 1310 745">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> <p data-bbox="165 860 1286 1003">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...</p> <p data-bbox="165 1120 1299 1263">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.</p> <p data-bbox="165 1377 1302 1592">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.</p> <p data-bbox="165 1706 1310 2029">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</p>		

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 unperfect; 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)

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!

--by Chalsey Dooley

109

Re5! 109: The vacuum cleaner, the nozzle, or both?

22 sept
2011

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 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, 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</i></p>	<p>30 sept, 2011</p>

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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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... come and find me!" I say.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>--By Chalsey Dooley</p>	7 oct 2011	
112	Re5! 112: Perceptions of Him	15 oct 2011	

“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.

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”.

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.)

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!”

* * *

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.”

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.

* * *

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!”

Aww! Beautiful.

--Chalsey Dooley

♥*Heart 4 Kidz* new post: Positive Practice

<http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/11444262624/positive-practice>

113

Re5! 113: Spunky Salad Mix

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):

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!

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?

And if, when I mentally “taste” a situation I’ve been though, 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>(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>	
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114	<p>Re5! 114: It was perfect—For them</p> <p>Every time the drawer is opened—which seems often this week—I 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.</p> <p>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</p>	30 oct 2011
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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 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.

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.

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.

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.

And I'll keep playing the "spot the good in the less-than-ideal situations" game.

--Chalsey Dooley

115

Re5! 115: Against odds

6 nov
2011

Here are some accounts I came across recently that stirred me. If 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,

	<p><i>“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.’” (From DK Eyewitness guide: Everest)</i></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 others in the end too. With Him as part of the team, things won’t seem so alone while experiencing</p>	11 Nov 2011

	<p>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>♥<i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> 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> <p>Taken from: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Erik_Weihenmayer</p> <p>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 <i>Blind to Failure</i>. He is the author of <i>Touch the Top of the World: A Blind Man's Journey to Climb Farther Than the Eye can See</i>, his autobiography.</p>	17 Nov 2011

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](#).

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.

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](#).

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](#).

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](#).

In 1998, he rode a [tandem bike](#) from [Hanoi](#) to [Ho Chi Minh City](#) with his father, a [Vietnam](#) veteran.

	<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> <p>--By Michael Dooley</p> <p>Theory of relativity applied to parents with small children.</p> <p>E= mc²</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 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</p>	28 Nov 2011	

	<p>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". Theirs 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 childhood:</p> <p>--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!</p> <p>--It's a thrill to read books from the library that are of great interest to all of us—them 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.</p> <p>--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</p>	5 Dec 2011	

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> <p>--Was I there to help, listen, talk, and encourage whoever needed me then, even at the cost of not “getting something done”?</p>	22 Dec 2011

	<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</p> <p>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 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</p>	Deeec 29 2011

	<p>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> <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>	6 Jan 2012	

* * *

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

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

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

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><i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> new post:</p> <p>Wanna know 3 sites I subscribe to?</p> <p>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> <p>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.</p> <p>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.”</p> <p>That grabbed my heart. I obviously had overdone things a bit, to where all his current</p>	Jan 25 2012

	<p>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".</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>--By Chalsey</p> <p>♥ <i>Heart 4 Kidz</i> new post: Watermelon and Waiting</p> <p>...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!</p> <p>To read the full article: http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/15846097068/watermelon-and-waiting</p>		
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,</p>	Jan 31 2012	

sometimes we realize, to our disappointment, that it's cost us something else.

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.

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.

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 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.

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.

Let's give our best, and pray & trust for the rest.

Love to you!

--Chalsey

♥*Heart 4 Kidz* new post: [Ridiculously Hilarious!—Or just the norm?](#)

"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..)

<http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/16449073284/ridiculously-hilarious-or-just-the-norm>

Re5! 125: Jack-in-the-Box7 Feb
2012

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.

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?

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 what I’ve laboured long and hard to enrich their lives with.

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.

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.

With love, Chalsey

 [Heart 4 Kidz new post: Label it! –Character trait energizers](#)

"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!"

For full article see: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/17189448193/label-it-character-trait->

[energizers](#)

126 *Re5! 126: Wise words from wee ones—just for fun*

Some thought provoking questions and facts from my 4 year old—allow yourself a moment to smile and thank God for amazing children. So buoyant, constantly learning, bravely attempting new things, and loving us day in and day out. They are worth giving our all to!

“Are mosquitoes nocturnal?”

“Are fireworks disposable?”

“Smiling helps bring the love back to me. Did you know that smiling is fun for me? I try to make the best smile!”

“I’m feeling house sick!” (as opposed to car sick) “I feel jiggly!” (Needing to get outside and wiggle!)

“I want to visit Toyota. There is a nice sandy beach in Toyota. There are no earthquakes in Toyota. The cars that say ‘Toyota’ are from Toyota.” (Whenever there

is an advertisement for “Toyota” cars, they often are set in a nice outdoor setting. He began to think it was a real place, a paradise, and wanted to visit it.)

“Lego is kind of a school thing. Because it helps you learn how to make tricky things.” (I agree!)

“Atoms are very useful! Because plastic & cloth & water are made of atoms.”

“If you need a cuddly (stuffed animal) and don’t have one, I can be it for you. I am a cuddly that grows, and never tears or gets old and worn!”

“Gravity is un-helium.” (as in opposites)

“Daddy doesn’t need his glasses at night to see his dreams.”

“The whole point of money is just to make money!” (A kid trying to find sense of the capitalistic, materialistic modern world.)

“We discovered that your lipstick is tasteless!” (uh...okay...)

“There is one thing that we don’t have to learn, mommy! –We don’t have to learn how to be a child! We already know that!”

(Daddy asked our son then if he thought he, daddy, needed to learn also how to be a child, and our son said in order for him to be one, he’d need to not go to work, but play instead. And how to get money to pay for our shopping? “Just ask the postie to bring it and put it in our mailbox!” Daddy asked him then, “When you are grown up then, what will you do then? “I’ll just rent money”)

Being a child and knowing how to have fun, taking time to play with friends, and not just being “busy” was a high-held quality in his eyes. There’s some truth to it.

With love, Chalsey

Heart 4 Kidz new post: Odd Balls

"Sometime I have to check myself to remember that what’s foremost on my mind and list of priorities that day for our home and training of the children, isn’t automatically placed in their minds. Their world doesn’t revolve around me. So much is going on in their minds, hearts, emotions, interests—just plain having to grow in a multitude of ways each day, inside and out, can keep them pretty occupied. ...” (For full article please see: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/17502884897/odd-balls>)

(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

127

Re5! 127: An Educational Epiphany

After being a preschool educator for many years, and am now on the learning journey with my own home-grown team of young students, I have come to an epiphany of sorts: Children will learn, with or without me—they are programmed to do so.

What exactly they learn may have a lot to do with the environment I create, and opportunities I make available to them. And it's true that to help them to fit into the society and culture and language of their native country, there are things they can and should be trained in, taught and gain experience in. However, to assume or presume that they will remain witless, void of ideas, mental blank sheets unless I add information to their brain's computer, shows ignorance and arrogance on my part. They have a craving to learning and will do so whether I fill it or not.

In observing their fascinating minds, hearing their clever thoughts, seeing their thought-through solutions, and feeling their unending desire to learn, to experience, to know—that strong vacuum they hold—I have come to a humbler knowledge. I am not their door to learning. Life, God, and their own inbuilt desire will take care of that. But I can be an instrument to help bring to their attention facts and bits of knowledge that they can benefit from. I can be a channel to bring into their young lives opportunities to hone skills that will be invaluable as they grow into young men [and women]. I can help provide them with the tools that will assist them as they strike

out to build their lives as adults.

Sure there are certain bits of information that they might not naturally encounter in life. To ensure they become familiar with such information I can play my part by telling them things, reading to them, showing them & introducing such things to them. However, my job isn't to make them smart—through proper care of them in all spheres of life, that comes naturally—but I am commissioned to equip them with the right tools to reach their life's goals.

“When I grow up I want to be able to do everything! I want to know how to be a fireman, a plumber, a musician, a handy man, a construction worker, a postman, an artist, a deep-sea diver, an explorer, an inventor, a mountain climber, an electrician, a doctor, a computer technician, and visit Antarctica...” and on goes the wish list that our sons verbalize from time to time. And it's not only my sons that believe they can be and do all these things—at least to a certain extent—but we, their parents do too. That makes us, their parents, some of their greatest assets. We believe in them and truly want the best for them, in every way. We work day and night to provide them with all we can humanly do to achieve their dreams, and to be a benefit to society.

For us it's not enough for them to “get a good education” and “land a good paying, stable job” –because we know that won't even come close to what they're really after, and what will truly make their life one of joy and filled with purpose. That can come, if they wish for it. But most importantly, the framework of the building of their lives needs to be made of more than the thin paint that mere labour-for-monetary-gain is, compared to the core issues, and strong walls of a quality life.

They need to know they are loved beyond measure. They need to know they, with God's help, can do something positive in the world, and make a difference. They need to know that there is a God, and that He has great, successful, honourable plans for their lives—and the payback from the One who made them, for following His way of doing things, will so far surpass what all the most rich and famous people on Earth put together could ever dish out. They need to know this life is only the beginning—there's so much more, and far better things to come. They need hope, they need faith, they need love. And they need the tools & experiences to live these elements, thus

enriching theirs and others' lives.

[How do we choose to express these? What brings these airy sounding concepts into the fibers of their lives, fortifying, preparing, and strengthening them for all that will assail, in this rugged path of life on Earth? Each family choosing to instill the best in their children, while they are yet young and ready to learn, expresses it in a different way no doubt. How are we attempting it? How do we help to meet their needs physically, spiritually, emotionally, educationally, vocationally, socially, morally, and mentally? ...It's a personal matter. But should you be interested in our family's thoughts and ways, I can send it upon personal request.]

God bless you as you tackle this week's challenges!

--Chalsey

Heart 4 Kidz new post: A Teacher's Euphoria

"Live, love, laugh and learn go together."

(For full article see: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/17901371336/a-teachers-euphoria>)

128 *Re5! 128: Genuine Blue*

Some things aren't totally black and white right—but right on when checked with the colour wheel of love. They are to be commended as such. It's the heart that matters, after all.

I was amused by a clever act of kindness the other day. My toddler has this fondness to “blue”. I would say “the colour blue” but that's not completely accurate. It's more of an expression meaning “that certain one I'm talking about” or “that nice thing” or “it's special to me”. A blue fire truck might be just the one that he has in mind to play with and wants.

Okay, so the anecdote goes: His four year old brother was enjoying holding and walking around with these two matching, small, green books. Of course if it's good enough for his older brother to have an interest in it, it is the new “must have”. What to do?

I could have encouraged the older brother to give one to his younger sibling, since he had two—but that wouldn't have worked anyway. The little guy would need to have them both, since the obvious attraction was the fact there were two matching ones. Big brother tried to offer a nearly identical one to the toddler—same size and type, but it was red. “Here you can have this red one.” But no, that wouldn't do. He kept pointing to the green pair of books, held preciously in his big brothers hands, and saying he wanted the two “blue” books, meaning “nice looking” to him at that moment. They had to be “blue”.

The kind and clever older boy thought of a happy plan for all: He searched and found another identical red book—now there was two of them. Handing the two read books to his young brother he said enthusiastically: “Here are two blue books for you! – They are blue!”

It worked! The grateful little guy took them—since they were considered blue by his brother, they'd be good enough for him. He was content.

Here's another cute example. I said I needed to get a tissue for my nose. My kindhearted littlest guy ran off to be a help and came quickly to offer me the tissue he'd gotten. It could fit on my fingernail it was so small—or get lost in my nose if I tried to use it! I thanked him with enthusiasm—mentioning nothing of the imperfection. I was touched and smiled. He was so caring, and so quick to respond.

He'll remember my gratitude and be happy to help in the future.

Love seems to be real important to him. I've told my husband that he has a "love-ometer" inside of him. Whenever he detects that something is a loving deed (such a hug) or will be a kind act (such as his brother releasing the toy into his hands that he's gently trying to take or ask for from them) he'll make is "ahn" sound—a takeoff of the "aww, so sweet" that we've said at times. So "ahn" means love to him, and he's always mentioning when he sees it in action, or gives it in the form of hugs or deeds. He's focused on noticing and giving love. May we all be.

Heart 4 Kidz new post: Two Dreams

"Just because they can't talk yet, doesn't mean their human feelings are any less. ...I think there is a lot to be realised about little babies, and just how much the atmosphere around them, and our words & feelings can affect them, and shape their character." (for full article see: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/18388830963/two-dreams>)

(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!)

129 The Taylor Test

Ever read about the famous "Hudson Taylor"? If you've learned about missionaries you've most probably heard his name. If you'd asked me before what I most remembered about him, I would have probably said, his success with reaching the people of China came in part due to his being willing to dress as they did and shave his head partly, dying his hair black and so forth. Just going the distance to be relatable, and look as they, as much as he possibly could. He was responsible for hundreds of missionaries being sent to China.

It was eye opening for me when I recently read a short write up and summery of his

life—there was much more to it than fame and success. His life held anything but glamour, and had many heart wrenching experiences. Those he came to work with originally wouldn't accept him and his ways of reaching China, he had to head out alone, on his own, far away, on his mission in China. He outlived his wife and two of his young children. When resentment against foreigners and missionaries were at a peak, he heard the nearly fatal blow of the news of hundreds of missionaries and their children... going on to their heavenly reward. He'll be applauded and rewarded by the Lord for the great deeds he did, and those who found their way to Heaven as a result of giving himself to live among those so needing to hear of God's love. But man, while in the thick of it, it was one hard-knock life.

It wasn't just him. Many of the other well known "greats" had the same. Take some of the famous classical musicians, like Johann Sebastian Bach. He had 20 children, many of them taking after him musically. His family was so large and musical that the word for "musician" in one area of Germany was "Bach." Famous, right? Who hasn't heard of him nowadays! Yet in all his life time, he never owned an organ himself. Wow. He did it all using others'. His wife, and mother of his first seven children died. Talk about busy. A single father with seven children for awhile till he married again—gaining 13 more children over time! He died blind, after a stroke. No one knew much about his music till about 80 years after he was gone, when it started to get more attention.

Then there is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. He composed 600 musical works in his life time. Getting a young start, when 5, 6 and 7 years old he was composing minuets and performing for Royalty. Yet five of his brothers and sisters passed away, when young. Only two of his own children survived, of the six he'd had. He was poor, and his life ended early, at age 35. He was buried in a pauper's grave.

I guess the moral of the story is, just because there's no big fan fare made of you right now—just keep on at it. The true "greats" seldom were thought of as such, by those around them at the time.

I was whining the other day. "So, for those of us who have it good—like I consider myself to—I have a husband that works hard, gets paid, gets his well-deserved sleep at night, and a pat on the back for providing for his family. But then wife (me) works hard all day with the children, cares for them in the night, and... nope doesn't get a pay check... but costs money rather for the team of us! –What's wrong with this picture?"

Why has money now been equated with "great job!" I was wanting to prove myself as working just as hard and more so—with cash to validate my efforts. But without a salary coming into my hands after each hard week's work, I felt no acclaim or "back pats".

Then it came to me—keeping Hudson Taylor and all the others in mind who gave their all for others, and got no monetary gain or reward at the time: You are a missionary.

That's what I am—a missionary to my own family. I teach them about the Lord, I give my heart and soul to do the best I can, in all the ways I can. I don't do it for money.

	<p>Those missionaries of the past never did. It was good enough for them to wait till Heaven to get that “well done” from Jesus—who they lived their lives for anyway.</p>		
130	<p><i>Re5! 130: A Casual diary of sorts</i></p> <p><i>Here are some notes from my last week...if you want a moment away from thinking, to relax and laugh along with me.</i></p> <p>Some things that made me laugh:</p> <p>*My toddler, after seeing a mouse scurrying in our kitchen, and the reaction of us adults! Got a toy kaleidoscope, and used it like a “telescope” resting on his nose, and went looking all over the house and in the cupboards looking for the “bee gong” (bug animal is the literal translation—mouse). Since we said we needed to find it, he took on the task.</p> <p>*My young son, wanted to run his fastest, so was dressed in as little as possible, freeing his legs and arms, racing in our back yard with his likewise dressed brothers. Seeing them dash so happily and carefree—and him dressed in nothing but his insideout briefs, was a humorous sight!</p> <p>*Our oldest has a real ear for music, and knows the name of several classical pieces by hearing a portion of them. “That’s ‘Morning’” he’ll say when watching something that has put part of that classical piece in the sound track. When we went hiking last Sunday, we found some hug rocks to climb on and discover the giant lizards sunning themselves on. Then he found this hole and crack in a large rock, so big the three of them could walk inside of it, like a hall way. “We found the “Hole of the Mountain King!” he called it. (As in “Hall of the Mountain King”.) Great to find out what they really think we have been saying!</p> <p>Some things that made me cry:</p> <p>*My middle son really has to work on his vocalised anger. They are all usually great buddies together, but when something gets to him, he can say such shouldn’t be said words. It just brings me to tears at times. I told him so then, as I was drying my tears, that every time he speaks nicely to those in his home, it’s like a workman building a strong house. Speaking roughly and terribly does the opposite, and makes the house of our family weak and breaky. I helped him try to look forward into the future, “What kind of a home do you want to have... do you really want everyone in this house speaking like that, when you are older? Or do you want to have a place that is friendly to come home at night to?” Gave him good food for thought. We memorized a good</p>	15 mar 2012	

Bible verse, and it's helping to keep things in check now.

*Toddler is teething his molars and has his other issues too. The days that the fussing and discomfort are a main part of the day are tough. I go to the nth degree to make the situation as good as I can, and if the world revolved around us, things just might be perfect. But I haven't gotten it to do that yet! So we brave on doing the best we all can. And really, it's totally nothing compared to the bigger things others face. He's healthy, he's mobile, he's a joy. I love him so much! I guess that's why it's hard to handle when things can't be totally great for him, and he can't just play happily, giving me room to tend to all the other things I need to—for them. When one time his pains were causing trouble through the night and on in to the morning, I could take it no longer "Just make it stop!" I at last demanded God in tearful prayer. It finally did. Peace was found, and things haven't been like that again for a while, thank God! And really, compared to the joyful times he has, the tough times are minimal, compared to where we were at a year ago.

Some things that amused me:

When we were first moving in to this house, with a fussy baby, a 2 and a 4 year old, winter nearing and boxes everywhere... you get the picture... the priority wasn't to see that socks were matching! After some time had gone by, my 2 year old was seen staring at his feet, looking from one to the next. "Mommy", he said puzzled. "They are both the same..." !

Fast forward a couple years, after doing better on that score for a while, I eventually stopped trying to fight that battle. We've had a "sock drawer". That was it. If they looked in and searched on their own and happen to find ones that matched, great. But it wasn't a daily luxury! They didn't mind, and I gave myself the reality check—there are more important things in life. "I just can't make everything be perfect..." I told my husband.

On our last outing our boys took their shoes off to slide down a long slide extra fast. When I saw what they'd put on, it made me laugh! Unmatching socks, with toes sticking out! It was time to get a handle on things. We sorted and tossed out all holey ones, and even found several matches. A shocking dozen or more sets were there now! Cool! That should keep us going for a while now, all looking great! ... not so fast now...

The boys were so happy to have an endless supply of matching socks, what else was there to do to celebrate and use them all—nearly—on the first day. While I was out doing yard work, raking, and watering our veggie garden, and they collecting and playing with the mown grass, they slip in to the house. After a while with big smiles come out again to play in stocking feet only. "Mommy! I have on 7 pairs of socks! And my brother has on 5!"

Some things that pleasantly surprised me:

*We'd waited till the last moment to do the food shopping. The weather had been

	<p>perfect, so we'd opted to go out on a family outing that day instead, and see how the food would last till a day or two later than normal. It was a good choice that we don't regret, but the next morning's breakfast called for creativity. I literally used every last leaf and bit that was there in the fridge and freezer. Noticing that the cut bottom of a celery stock looked like a rose, I decorated it further with the celery leaves. The rose was a nice looking display on our breakfast table. Looking over the spread I had prepared for them—consisting mostly of greens and rice—I called our fancy restaurant, "The Rose Garden"! I made each thing be as tasty as possible and nicely displayed. They came to eat at this special exclusive place, "that just serves things that look like a garden—leaves, etc!" The boys ate everything--cheerfully! My middle boy, who rarely lets such a thing as lettuce—unless home grown—enter his mouth, was joyfully eating it, "This is so yummy!" The oldest who doesn't always like avocado, depending on its preparation and disguise, was saying enthusiastically, "This avocado tastes great!" And it was genuine. Children's gratitude, especially when things aren't "just their way" is a real upper!</p> <p>*My son hadn't been acting so great, so I assigned him a job. "Please clean off the kitchen table" was the only instruction I gave him. I left him to it while working out his mood. It's not something he's done well before, or at least has grumbled hugely over doing before, saying he doesn't know how. He bounded off, and within minutes the table was spotless. –Cleared of clutter, nice & tidy, wiped thoroughly, under each place mat, and dried. Wow. I was shocked. I didn't even know he had it in him. "At first I was doing it grumbling, but then I did it cheerfully" he told me. He's growing up.</p>		
131	<p>Can we swap, just for a day, please?</p> <p>If just for a day magically I was the child, and my toddler the parent, what a beautiful day it would be...</p> <p>I would receive such warmth and love.</p> <p>There would be hugs abundant.</p> <p>I'd be given gifts and special things throughout the day.</p> <p>I would be talked to with gentleness.</p> <p>Smiles would be showered on me, cheering and brightening my day.</p> <p>Fun would be the rule, and there would be such adventures the day would be remembered for a long while.</p>	18 mar 2012	

	<p>The smallest things would be noticed.</p> <p>Time would be taken to stop and explore things of interest, rather than ignored as common place.</p> <p>Laughter would be the chorus of the day's song.</p> <p>We'd sit cozy and read lots of books.</p> <p>We'd run and climb and play ball often.</p> <p>Things might not be tidy or always put away, but we'd forget to be bothered, as we'd be having so much fun. When at last, tired and happy, we'd fall asleep remembering the joys the day gave us.</p> <p>Oh, just for a day, can we swap places please? My little one is so full of love, joy, and life, I know it would be a wonderful day, if they were given the chance to be parent.</p> <p>Alas that can never happen—time keeps us in our places. But how blessed I am to have him as my child, and I pray he'll feel blessed to have me as his caretaker. It's an honour I treasure being able to have.</p> <p><i>Dear Lord, I pray that I can take on the qualities this dear child holds. Let me radiate with smiles as I look at him today. Fill my mind with fresh ideas of fun. Give me the resilience to rise beyond petty troubles. Let my very being be filled to the full with Your love. Though the toils of life wear on me at times, please help me to sprinkle each day with as much love and joy as I'd wish to have if I were the little one. Maybe that's one thing You meant, Jesus, when You said to become as a child. If I were to do that, I might bring a bit more of Heaven around us each day—just as this one does. Amen.</i></p> <p>--By Chalsey</p>	
132	<p>As early as a child I was testing God out, to see if He really was on the other end of prayers—and more specifically my little prayers. I could see a big God answering when my family needed a house, and we prayed and looked and at long last got the best we could imagine. Yes, I believed in a vague way, that “The Lord answered our prayers”, but it didn't touch me deep in my heart. It didn't grab me personally. Months later while playing in the big nice yard of that house I found an empty spray bottle. It was broken, and nothing came out, and I so wished it would work. I wanted to spray water on the flowers. So I prayed in my heart for Jesus to make it work for me, and then I tried it again. My heart skipped a beat. My mind was in wonder. Water came spraying out for the next few minutes, before returning to its non working state again. Oh boy! He not only was real, and could hear big prayers, but little ones too, things that made no difference at all in the big scheme of things—just a difference to me, for a moment. I realised He knew what I was thinking, and furthermore He cared if I was happy. Time has passed, and the times He's shown His love to me in unique, heart touching ways, are countless. Now, a mother of three children, and hoping and praying for them to know Jesus' love for in personal ways as well, validating His reality in their own</p>	Mar 28 2012

	<p>hearts, I'm thrilled when such occurrences happen—such as the following account my children and I wrote in a letter to their friends:</p> <p><i>“One of our favourite things to do is drawing, with our new coloured markers. Because we like to draw amazing pictures—like treaded work vehicles!</i></p> <p><i>“Here is a special little miracle Jesus did for us the other day. For a few days we had been look for one of the lids to the light blue marker. We didn’t want it to get dried out, but it just seemed to disappear one day when we used it.</i></p> <p><i>“We just got new bike helmets and read about bicycle safety and wanted to ride them. We drove to a place that had a big area for biking and we wore our new helmets and had a good time riding around.</i></p> <p><i>“When we were at the bike park, mommy looked in the grass in the bike playground area, and was so surprised to see, guess what? A light blue marker lid—to just the same kind of pens that we have. It was exactly what we needed. It had some dirt on it, and had been there for a while, it seemed. We brought it home and happily placed it on our pen! Jesus is so amazing. He knows what we are thinking and what our wants are.”</i></p> <p>I hope and pray that this week you and your children will notice something real special that Jesus does for you, just to say, “I love you!”</p> <p>Love, Chalsey</p>	
133	<p><i>Re5! 133: Growing and Weeds</i></p> <p><i>(from SCM) http://simplycharlottesmason.com/2012/03/28/pull-the-weeds-a-growing-time-part-3/</i></p>	April 2 2012
134	<p><i>I hope you had a pleasant Easter!</i></p> <p><i>Here are a few bits of this and that:</i></p> <p><i>--For Easter my boys and I kicked off a new project of sending audios to their friends around the world, via email—children telling Bible stories and other character building stories from their lives, to children. Some of you receive them. If any of you not on the list who would like to be, just let me know.</i></p> <p><i>--I have a great online support group of mothers, attached is one question I posted, and some feedback I received, in case it’s a help to anyone else.</i></p> <p><i>--I came across a wonderful blog of a mother of 5. I enjoyed reading this particular one. You may find it a great stress reliever! http://raisingstickyhands.com/why-so-sticky/</i></p> <p><i>Here’s a clip from it:</i> “It wasn’t until one day when I just wanted to read my Bible & pray but unable to find the time I stopped what I was doing & lifted my hands: “I give up God! I don’t have to have near silence with soft worship music playing to praise you. I don’t think nap time for the kids is going to happen today, & I’m certain I will not find a moment alone. I’ll just do it now! Accept me as I am, with my messy hair, dirty clothes, loud kids, & sticky hands!” Let me tell you, life has been SO much easier & now</p>	April 14, 2012

	<p>I find my children praying more openly also!"(Angie)</p> <p><i>Heart for kids</i></p> <p>http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/21030833269/it-simply-went-too-fast</p> <p>I treasure each day with my young children, knowing clearly that these times with them are precious and won't last forever. Even when days are hard, still, when I stop to catch my breath I remember the wonder of it all—it's a magical time of my life, that will only happen this once. Most of my life will be spent without these darlings, so cute, so young and dependent.</p> <p>Here are some thoughts written by a couple other mothers. May it help you savour, relish and enjoy today, and the little ones you still have in your arms. Time goes by fast. Enjoy the present.</p> <p>—Chalsey.</p>		
135	<p>It must happen hundreds of times...</p> <p>I just marvel each night, as my boys peacefully go to sleep: They've made it through another day, safe and sound!</p> <p>My latest motto that has come to me each morning, as I praise God for the gift of another day together with these dear little ones is:</p> <p>Every day is a gift. Every hour is a miracle. Every minute is supernatural.</p> <p>By the looks of some of the things these daring dudes try out at the playground, and given the many other possible dangers that go into life these days, it really is a miracle. I pray each morning for safe keeping for another day—and thank the only One Who can do it, each night as He has done so, once again.</p> <p>Some things happen that remind us just how watchful our wonderful Heavenly caretaker is.</p> <p>Some things are totally scary—like the time my boy nearly got hit by a car. He hadn't learned yet to use his bike brakes and decides to coast down the driveway that leads to the road, just missing the car that passed in front of him by literally a second. I was powerless to stop him, as I was holding the stroller—if I let go, it would have rolled into the street. I needed those extra pair of hands—God's! And they were there for us.</p> <p>Some things are nearly funny—like the time I took my children to the park. After</p>	April 21, 2012	

	<p>walking there, and sitting down for a picnic, my son says, “Mommy, what’s that leaf thing on your hat?” I take my hat off to see. Aaah! I don’t like spiders in the least. But unbeknownst to me I had been carrying around, on my head, a spider rolled up in a leaf, for the past half hour! An ugly looking thing. At least it had the sense to stay there. There are these spiders that place a dried up leaf into the centre of their web, and stay hidden there—from the sun, and from birds. I’d gone in to a bush area of our yard to retrieve a ball, and apparently got a bit extra while at it. Glad I had my hat on that time!</p> <p>Then there are the times when we just breathe a sigh of relief, like other “near misses” that would end the fun in a second, and bring us to the clinic instead of playing at the park. Like the time after a long drive to a great nature reserve and playground, our 2 year old at the start of finally getting to play, trips and falls. He doesn’t get hurt, as he missed hitting his forehead hard on the sharp edge of the stone step—by an inch or two. Someone Up There loves us. We had a great day.</p> <p>These little things—and sometimes big things—remind me that there are many more that go on each day, hundreds, that I am most likely blissfully unaware of. There must be countless ways God keeps and protects us each day.</p> <p>When a small accident or bonk occurs, I’ve decided to use it to do more than say a short prayer with my little ones, for the little hurt to go away. I use it as a reminder to commit them to the Lord in prayer—for their safe keeping all day, for their decisions, ideas, and that in all they do they will remain safely protected, by the only One who can keep them in every way. I do my part—and mostly that part is to “watch and pray”—and He’s doing His part to care for us and keep us safe and bring us through the bumps here and there.</p> <p>--By Chalsey</p>	
136	<p>30 april 2012</p> <p>Pie ‘n’ Pizza cutters</p> <p>I wanted to toss them the moment we got them—it was too painful to be reminded: We can’t eat pie or pizza anymore! Ah, how I like them. Sniff. When moving to our new house here, from being overseas, we needed all the basics. There was a special sale on for a kitchen starter kit with the cooking and serving utensils and so forth. Most everything we can use. But included was one especially that we had no use for...at the time.</p> <p>The pie and pizza cutters—you know those rolling kind?—was one of those “not needed” pieces. We had just started on our “glutten-and-nearly-everything-else-free” diet, or so it seemed.</p> <p>That was two years ago. But happily, with time, experience, and experimentation now behind us, Friday is pie day!—or Pizza! I use very untraditional ingredients to make the</p>	30 april 2012

above. But tasty enough, and the kids love it, most of all. And we never serve it without using our cutters, of course. It's just fun! At last! We take them out of the drawer with reverence, and a bit of humour, "We have to have the pie cutters!" There's this kind of feeling of conquering, of overcoming, and fulfilment. The once deemed "impossible" is now at our finger tips. All it took was a bit of time and experience.

It reminded me a bit of what it's like for our youngest, who tries to copy his older brothers and attempts to make lego creations. Some days he just feels like all he can do is break what's made, or sprinkle lego on the floor. He so wants to be able to pick up those pieces and out of his hand to come a fun car or airplane. He tries putting pieces together, but is happiest when daddy or a brother help him make something that resembles more what he's thinking of. (They are far better at it than my attempts!)

I know when I look at him, that in time he too will be able to make things just as cleverly as his brothers. All it's going to take is time and experience. But he doesn't know that. He's in the "now" and all he knows is that he can't do it—and possibly never will. He's not as good as his brothers in building—that's who he is, it's a plain fact to him, and he can't seem to make that change. If only he could know the future, and how it will all work out well. I can see it, as I've had time and experience to know that... or else I wouldn't know it either.

But then I seem to think those same things myself—the way things are now, the way I am now, the problems I face now, the challenges now that seem to go on and on... maybe I should learn a lesson from the lego, or from the Pie cutters... just give things time, and let myself gain some experience. Things will be different. I'll learn. Things will and can change and improve. And I'll be able to look back later and see where I was today, and smile, "If I'd only known... I would have had more trust, more faith, more patience..." Perhaps I can try to have some anyway—knowing one day I'd chide myself, in retrospect?

137 **Shattering Sounds**

I was reading to my boys today about the "natural frequency" of objects, and how sometimes glasses have shattered if a singer sings in its same natural frequency. Or bridges have broken due to sound alone. I've often been fascinated about that—mere sound that makes things happen.

As I paused after reading, I got to thinking—what is my natural frequency, what is the essence of my being, what is my core, and what would "shake me down to the core" or "shatter me"? The things that have been the hardest for me in life have been those things that touched on what was my very essence.

What is "me", how has God made me, what things are really important to me, what do I live for, what have I embraced as important or vital in life? When something has happened that has rung at its "frequency" or "hits a nerve" as some say, it can shake

8 May 2012

me, or at times has broken me, shattered me, brought me to my knees. It's the things that are the most important to us, down to our core, that I think are the hardest to shake when we encounter them, or they are thrust on us.

Some news articles I can't bear to read. It smarts too much. It tells of wrongs that are exactly what I live to stamp out, in my small humble efforts. The face to face encounters of anything related to what I give my heart and life for, gets me very upset. How much can I take before I break, before I shatter, before I "lose it"? The Lord seems to know my "breaking point" and it says in His Word He'll not give more than I can handle. (1Corinthians 10:13) He can shield me from reaching the shattering point in all my life's challenges and adventures—though I've felt pretty close at times.

But what about those times when I feel it *has* brought me beyond the point of "holding it together"? I thought of something neat. How does Genesis say that God made the world? What was the action that He did to bring it into being? It says He used sound, sort of, as it says He spoke. "And God said...!" His sounds, however, when meeting the exact frequencies of all parts of His Creation, creates, and recreates, puts together, gathers, energizes, enlivens, heals, restores.

He knows what we are made of and knows us down to our core. He can be the positive match to our soul's frequency. He can bring all our shattered pieces and put us together again—even better than before, if we listen to Him, and let ourselves take the time to let the song of His heart resonate with ours. When we know that He knows the very heart of us, there's that wonderful, I-can-go-through-anything overwhelming faith and strength that washes in and builds us up again.