

1: Love - Wikiquote

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Take the Saints Trivia Quiz now! Generations of Catholics have admired this young saint, called her the "Little Flower", and found in her short life more inspiration for their own lives than in volumes by theologians. Yet Therese died when she was 24, after having lived as cloistered Carmelite for less than ten years. She never went on missions, never founded a religious order, never performed great works. The only book of hers, published after her death, was a brief edited version of her journal called "Story of a Soul. But within 28 years of her death, the public demand was so great that she was canonized. Over the years, some modern Catholics have turned away from her because they associate her with over-sentimentalized piety and yet the message she has for us is still as compelling and simple as it was almost a century ago. Therese was born in France in , the pampered daughter of a mother who had wanted to be a saint and a father who had wanted to be monk. The two had gotten married but determined they would be celibate until a priest told them that was not how God wanted a marriage to work! They must have followed his advice very well because they had nine children. The five children who lived were all daughters who were close all their lives. Tragedy and loss came quickly to Therese when her mother died of breast cancer when she was four and a half years old. Her sixteen year old sister Pauline became her second mother -- which made the second loss even worse when Pauline entered the Carmelite convent five years later. A few months later, Therese became so ill with a fever that people thought she was dying. The worst part of it for Therese was all the people sitting around her bed staring at her like, she said, "a string of onions. She saw Mary smile at her and suddenly she was cured. She tried to keep the grace of the cure secret but people found out and badgered her with questions about what Mary was wearing, what she looked like. When she refused to give in to their curiosity, they passed the story that she had made the whole thing up. Without realizing it, by the time she was eleven years old she had developed the habit of mental prayer. She would find a place between her bed and the wall and in that solitude think about God, life, eternity. When her other sisters, Marie and Leonie, left to join religious orders the Carmelites and Poor Clares, respectively , Therese was left alone with her last sister Celine and her father. Therese tells us that she wanted to be good but that she had an odd way of going about. She thought if she made the beds she was doing a great favor! Then she would cry because she had cried! Any inner wall she built to contain her wild emotions crumpled immediately before the tiniest comment. She had prayed that Jesus would help her but there was no sign of an answer. On Christmas day in , the fourteen-year-old hurried home from church. In France, young children left their shoes by the hearth at Christmas, and then parents would fill them with gifts. By fourteen, most children outgrew this custom. Celine knew that in a few minutes Therese would be in tears over what her father had said. But the tantrum never came. Something incredible had happened to Therese. Jesus had come into her heart and done what she could not do herself. She swallowed her tears, walked slowly down the stairs, and exclaimed over the gifts in the shoes, as if she had never heard a word her father said. The following year she entered the convent. In her autobiography she referred to this Christmas as her "conversion. When the superior of the Carmelite convent refused to take Therese because she was so young, the formerly shy little girl went to the bishop. When the bishop also said no, she decided to go over his head, as well. Her father and sister took her on a pilgrimage to Rome to try to get her mind off this crazy idea. It was the one time when being little worked to her advantage! Because she was young and small she could run everywhere, touch relics and tombs without being yelled at. Finally they went for an audience with the Pope. As soon as she got near him, she begged that he let her enter the Carmelite convent. She had to be carried out by two of the guards! But the Vicar General who had seen her courage was impressed and soon Therese was admitted to the Carmelite convent that her sisters Pauline and Marie had already joined. Her romantic ideas of convent life and suffering soon met up with reality in a way she had never expected. Her father suffered a series of strokes that left him affected not only physically but mentally. When he began hallucinating and grabbed for a gun as if going into battle, he was taken to an

asylum for the insane. Horrified, Therese learned of the humiliation of the father she adored and admired and of the gossip and pity of their so-called friends. She consoled herself by saying that mothers loved children when they lie asleep in their arms so that God must love her when she slept during prayer. She knew as a Carmelite nun she would never be able to perform great deeds. Great deeds are forbidden me. The only way I can prove my love is by scattering flowers and these flowers are every little sacrifice, every glance and word, and the doing of the least actions for love. She ate everything she was given without complaining -- so that she was often given the worst leftovers. One time she was accused of breaking a vase when she was not at fault. Instead of arguing she sank to her knees and begged forgiveness. These little sacrifices cost her more than bigger ones, for these went unrecognized by others. No one told her how wonderful she was for these little secret humiliations and good deeds. When Pauline was elected prioress, she asked Therese for the ultimate sacrifice. Because of politics in the convent, many of the sisters feared that the family Martin would taken over the convent. Therefore Pauline asked Therese to remain a novice, in order to allay the fears of the others that the three sisters would push everyone else around. This meant she would never be a fully professed nun, that she would always have to ask permission for everything she did. Four of the sisters were now together again. Therese continued to worry about how she could achieve holiness in the life she led. She thought there must be a way for people living hidden, little lives like hers. Unfortunately when I have compared myself with the saints, I have always found that there is the same difference between the saints and me as there is between a mountain whose summit is lost in the clouds and a humble grain of sand trodden underfoot by passers-by. Instead of being discouraged, I told myself: God would not make me wish for something impossible and so, in spite of my littleness, I can aim at being a saint. It is impossible for me to grow bigger, so I put up with myself as I am, with all my countless faults. But I will look for some means of going to heaven by a little way which is very short and very straight, a little way that is quite new. We need no longer climb laboriously up flights of stairs; in well-to-do houses there are lifts. And I was determined to find a lift to carry me to Jesus, for I was far too small to climb the steep stairs of perfection. So I sought in holy Scripture some idea of what this life I wanted would be, and I read these words: And so there is no need for me to grow up: I must stay little and become less and less. I have the vocation of the Apostle. Martyrdom was the dream of my youth and this dream has grown with me. Considering the mystical body of the Church, I desired to see myself in them all. Charity gave me the key to my vocation. I understood that the Church had a Heart and that this Heart was burning with love. I understood that Love comprised all vocations, that Love was everything, that it embraced all times and places Then in the excess of my delirious joy, I cried out: O Jesus, my Love My vocation is Love! The concern over the Martin sisters perhaps was not exaggerated. In this small convent they now made up one-fifth of the population. Despite this and the fact that Therese was a permanent novice they put her in charge of the other novices. Then in , she coughed up blood. She kept working without telling anyone until she became so sick a year later everyone knew it. Worst of all she had lost her joy and confidence and felt she would die young without leaving anything behind. Pauline had already had her writing down her memories for journal and now she wanted her to continue -- so they would have something to circulate on her life after her death. Her pain was so great that she said that if she had not had faith she would have taken her own life without hesitation. But she tried to remain smiling and cheerful -- and succeeded so well that some thought she was only pretending to be ill. Her one dream as the work she would do after her death, helping those on earth. She herself felt it was a blessing God allowed her to die at exactly that age. After she died, everything at the convent went back to normal. One nun commented that there was nothing to say about Therese. Within two years, the Martin family had to move because her notoriety was so great and by she had been canonized. Therese of Lisieux is one of the patron saints of the missions, not because she ever went anywhere, but because of her special love of the missions, and the prayers and letters she gave in support of missionaries.

2: Does the Partner or Depression Cause the Breakup? - Storied Mind

Have you cried yourself to sleep Love memories frozen and denied Flower of my heart withered and dried. Alone cuz every time I'm fallin love falls out of me.

Louis had tried to become a canon regular, wanting to enter the Great St Bernard Hospice, but had been refused because he knew no Latin. She excelled in it and set up her own business on Rue Saint-Blaise at age 11. At first they decided to live as brother and sister in a perpetual continence, but when a confessor discouraged them in this, they changed their lifestyle and had nine children. All five of their surviving daughters became nuns: On every step, she calls out Mama! The Martins also practiced charity, visiting the sick and elderly and welcoming the occasional vagabond to their table. She played at being a nun. Described as generally a happy child, [11] she was emotional too, and often cried: She rolls in the floor in despair believing all is lost. Sometimes she is so overcome she almost chokes. Feeling the approach of death Madame Martin had written to Pauline in spring, "You and Marie will have no difficulties with her upbringing. Her disposition is so good. She is a chosen spirit. I had been so lively and open; now I became diffident and oversensitive, crying if anyone looked at me. I was only happy if no one took notice of me It was only in the intimacy of my own family, where everyone was wonderfully kind, that I could be more myself. Louis leased a pretty, spacious country house, Les Buissonnets, situated in a large garden on the slope of a hill overlooking the town. However, because of her young age and high grades, she was bullied. The one who bullied her the most was a girl of fourteen who did poorly at school. Furthermore, the boisterous games at recreation were not to her taste. She preferred to tell stories or look after the little ones in the infants class. The two girls would play at being anchorites, as the great Teresa had once played with her brother. And every evening she plunged into the family circle. I needed this sort of encouragement so much. Going to school became more and more difficult. She understood that Pauline was cloistered and that she would never come back. Pauline is lost to me! She also wanted to join the Carmelites, but was told she was too young. Assuming that she was cold, the family covered Therese with blankets, but the tremors continued; she clenched her teeth and could not speak. The family called Dr. Notta, who could make no diagnosis. How happy I am. Self-doubt made her begin to question what had happened. The warm atmosphere at Les Buissonnets, so necessary to her, was disappearing. On that blessed night "Jesus, who saw fit to make Himself a child out of love for me, saw fit to have me come forth from the swaddling clothes and imperfections of childhood". Fortunately this will be the last year! She ran down the stairs, knelt by the fireplace and unwrapped her surprises as jubilantly as ever. In her account, nine years later, of "It cannot be coerced, and yet it can be received only by the patiently prepared heart". It would guide her steps between the mortal and the divine, between living and dying, destruction and apotheosis. It would take her exactly where she intended to go". Apart from the family doctor who observed her in the 19th century, all other conclusions are inevitably speculative. She read the Imitation intently, as if the author traced each sentence for her: Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord; and forsake this wretched world: To Therese, the flower seemed a symbol of herself, "destined to live in another soil". A photograph taken in April shows a fresh, firm, girlish face. The familiar flowing locks are combed sternly back and up, piled in a hard little chignon on the top of her head. To the outraged public Pranzini represented all that threatened the decent way of life in France. She continued to pray for Pranzini after his death. The cost of the trip enforced a strict selection, a quarter of the pilgrims belonged to the nobility. She refused to leave his feet, and the Swiss Guard had to carry her out of the room. The pilgrimage of nearly a month came at a timely point for her burgeoning personality. She "learnt more than in many years of study". For the first and last time in her life, she left her native Normandy. Notably she, "who only knew priests in the exercise of their ministry was in their company, heard their conversations, not always edifying" and saw their shortcomings for herself". But Carmel prayed especially for priests and this had surprised her since their souls seemed to her to be "as pure as crystal". A month spent with many priests taught her that they are "weak and feeble men". Now she had her first and only experiences. I feel that my heart is easily caught by tenderness, and where others fall, I would fall too. We are no stronger than the others". On 9 April she became a Carmelite postulant. In two

nuns from the Poitiers Carmel had been sent out to found the house of Lisieux. Almost all of the sisters came from the petty bourgeois and artisan class. The Prioress and Novice Mistress were of old Norman nobility. Probably the Martin sisters alone represented the new class of the rising bourgeoisie". The nuns of Lisieux followed a strict regimen that allowed for only one meal a day for seven months of the year, and little free time. Only one room of the building was heated. The times of silence and of solitude were many but the foundress had also planned for time for work and relaxation in commonâ€”the austerity of the life should not hinder sisterly and joyful relations. Founded in , the Carmel of Lisieux in had 26 religious, from very different classes and backgrounds. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. This peace has remained with me during the eight and a half years of my life here, and has never left me even amid the greatest trials". Now she had entered that desert. Though she was now reunited with Marie and Pauline, from the first day she began her struggle to win and keep her distance from her sisters. And when her cousin Marie Guerin also entered, she employed the two together in the sacristy. She saw her sisters together only in the hours of common recreation after meals. At such times she would sit down beside whomever she happened to be near, or beside a nun whom she had observed to be downcast, disregarding the tacit and sometimes expressed sensitivity and even jealousy of her biological sisters. I did not come to Carmel to be with my sisters; on the contrary, I saw clearly that their presence would cost me dear, for I was determined not to give way to nature. She wrote, "Illusions, the Good Lord gave me the grace to have none on entering Carmel. I found religious life as I had figured, no sacrifice astonished me. She chose a spiritual director, a Jesuit , Father Pichon. At their first meeting, 28 May , she made a general confession going back over all her past sins. She came away from it profoundly relieved. The priest who had himself suffered from scruples , understood her and reassured her. Pauline, the shortest, was no more than 1. Like all religious she discovered the ups and downs related to differences in temperament, character, problems of sensitivities or infirmities. After nine years she wrote plainly, "the lack of judgment, education, the touchiness of some characters, all these things do not make life very pleasant. I know very well that these moral weaknesses are chronic, that there is no hope of cure". But the greatest suffering came from outside Carmel. On 23 June , Louis Martin disappeared from his home and was found days later, in the post office in Le Havre. He died on July 29, Novitiate 10 January â€” 24 September [edit] Certain passages from the prophet Isaiah Chapter 53 helped her during her long novitiate.. She wrote, "I applied myself especially to practice little virtues, not having the facility to perform great ones John of the Cross! When I was seventeen and eighteen, I had no other spiritual nourishment Passages from these writings are woven into everything she herself said and wrote. The epithet singles out the Mystery which she is supposed to contemplate with special devotion. In itself, veneration of the childhood of Jesus was a Carmelite heritage of the seventeenth century â€” it concentrated upon the staggering humiliation of divine majesty in assuming the shape of extreme weakness and helplessness.

3: Hell Yeah - Love Falls Lyrics | MetroLyrics

cause every time I fall in Love falls out of me I'm hardened like a rock - a stone the brick inside my chest alone Have you ever wished for death and prayed all night for your last breath.

You can forget me, but never can I. If you be sugar. If you are cold. As long as you give me all you got. If the sun should refuse to rise. I will still love you. Sometimes the one you love turns out to be the one who hurts you the most, And sometimes the friend who takes you into his arms and cries when you cry Turns out to be the love you never knew you wanted. I could stay awake, just to hear you breathing. I could spend my life in this sweet surrender. I could stay lost in this moment forever. Every moment I spend with you is a moment I treasure. I hate that you are with her. I hate that the caress of your sweet lips are the only memory I can recall. I hate that I cannot be her. I hate that no matter how hard I try, you are the only desire in my heart. I hate that I can still feel your warm touch. I hate that I love you. No other road, No other way, No day but today. And suns and universes ceased to be. Every Existence would exist in thee. Love is just a word but you give it meaning. Am I the one you think about when you are alone? Am I the one you cry about to your friends on the phone? I know you are the one for me you must be blind if you cant see, Love was made for you and me! Love is not finding someone to live with. So would I be out of line, If I said I miss you. But I need you to know that I care. And I miss you. You know when you are the luckiest man on Earth when she looks you in the eyes and says, "I choose you over any other man in the world to love me forever as I will you". At that moment nothing else matters. When your life falls apart, always remember that I will be the one who will stay to help you pick the pieces up. And when the rest of the world walks out on you, remember not to close the door, Because I am the one who will be walking in to help you through it all. You are the sun in my winter sky. You are the hello in my goodbye. You are the stars shining down on me. You are everything i hope you would be. You are the arms wrapped around a hug. You are the pull when i need a little tug. You are the lips that feel my gentle touch. You are the one that loves me very much. You are the one who i come to love. You are my angel sent from above. I need your love and i need you too. All the love that history knows, Is said to be in every rose. Yet all that could be found in two, Is less than what i feel for you! I love every little thing about you. Your sexy smile, The sound of your voice, The magic in your eyes. I love your gentle touch. And the warmth I feel at your side. I love dreaming about you. I love discovering you and letting go with you. I love each and every once-in-a-lifetime moment I share with you Within you, I lose myself; Without you, I find myself searching to be lost again. If i should stay, I would only be in your way. So baby i just wanted to say. Love is friendship set on fire! No one is worth crying over, and the ones who are, would never make you cry. As long as there is time, As long as there is love, As long as there is you, As long as I had a breath to speak your name, I will love you. Love is a friendship that has caught fire, It takes root and grows. Filling your heart with desire. I placed a kiss in both my palms and opened them up to the wind so that someday You would think of me Because those kisses have found their way to you. Did the sun just come out or did you smile? The thought of being with you tomorrow is enough to get me through today. You touched my hand, and reached my thoughts, you kissed my lips, And reached my heart, You looked into my eyes, and touched my soul, No words were said, no thoughts exchanged, Through only a touch you changed me, with only a kiss you moved me, With only a look you brought me life. You are my angel from above. If I could die and come back as anything, it would be one of your tears. How could I want anything more than to be created in your heart, born in your eyes, live on your cheeks, And die on your lips? Sometimes i wonder what life would have been like if we never met. But i then realized that it also would have been incomplete If kissing is the language of love, then we have a lot to talk about. Hugging closes the door to hate. Kissing opens the door to love. If only I was with you, I would kiss you. If only was beside you, I would embrace you tight. Because the Earth turns Round the sun. Because winters flow into springs. And the air clears after a storm. Because only my love for you despite the charms of gravity keeps me from falling off this Earth into another dimension. Because it is the natural order of things. All I know is that when I was in your arms, The two of us together seemed so perfect. I wish I could stay in that moment forever. As you stood there, just looking around, My whole body

melted, into the ground. I remember the day, I remember the time, I remember the place, still on my mind. I wish I could be with you, day after day, Because I love you More than words could ever say. I am sharing forever with you. You told me that everything here on earth has a reason. Why the sun is shining, why does it rain, Why people smile and why they frown, why people laugh and why people cry. You complete my soul God does everything with purpose. He created you, a beautiful angel, without wings only to make you stay with me forever. God sent you down from up above. He sent you down for me to love. I love you until the day after forever. But peace overflows from your heart into mine. You are everything to me. I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again. My life seems to stop there, I see no further. I have a sensation at the present moment as though I were dissolving. I have been astonished that men could die martyrs for religion

4: Browse All Poems - Love Poems - Poem Hunter

"Cause I Love You" Girl, you know I love you No matter what you do And I hope you understand me Every word I say is true, 'cause I love you' Baby, I'm thinkin' of you Tryin' to be more of a man.

The thing I believe. God is inside you and inside everybody else. You come into the world with God. But only them that search for it inside find it. Trouble do it for most folks, I think. But what do it look like? I believe God is everything, say Shug. Everything that is or ever was or ever will be. Shug a beautiful something, let me tell you. She frown a little, look out cross the yard, lean back in her chair, look like a big rose. She say, My first step from the old white man was trees. But one day when I was sitting quiet and feeling like a motherless child, which I was, it come to me: I knew that if I cut a tree, my arm would bleed. And I laughed and I cried and I run all around the house. I knew just what it was. It sort of like you know what, she say, grinning and rubbing high up on my thigh. God love all them feelings. Listen, God love everything you love? But more than anything else, God love admiration. You saying God vain? Not vain, just wanting to share a good thing. What it do when it pissed off? Oh, it make something else. People think pleasing God is all God care about. But any fool living in the world can see it always trying to please us back. It always making little surprises and springing them on us when us least expect. You mean it want to be loved, just like the bible say. Yes, Celie, she say. Everything want to be loved. Us sing and dance, make faces and give flower bouquets, trying to be loved. You ever notice that trees do everything to git attention we do, except walk? Trying to chase that old white man out of my head. I been so busy thinking bout him I never truly notice nothing God make. Not a blade of corn how it do that? Not the little wildflowers. Now that my eyes opening, I feels like a fool. Next to any little scrub of a bush in my yard, Mr. Man corrupt everything, say Shug. He on your box of grits, in your head, and all over the radio. He try to make you think he everywhere. Soon as you think he everywhere, you think he God. Whenever you trying to pray, and man plop himself on the other end of it, tell him to git lost, say Shug. Conjure up flowers, wind, water, a big rock. But this hard work, let me tell you. He threaten lightning, floods and earthquakes. I hardly pray at all. Every time I conjure up a rock, I throw it.

5: Top Hits of the 's Lyrics - 's Top Hits

Synopsis: In ancient Greece, a shepherd finds a beautiful young baby, a girl who cries flowers. At first the villagers think she's strange, but come to love her beauty and gentle, giving ways. At first the villagers think she's strange, but come to love her beauty and gentle, giving ways.

We need sad songs for the comfort they can provide. Bernie Taupin captured this sentiment best and hid it in a jaunty little pop song by Elton John: And these 50 songs helped the Paste staff to hurt so good. This list barely scratches the surface of sad songs—or even sad songs that got nominated by our writers. If your favorite is missing, add it to the comments section below. Here are our 50 favorite of the saddest songs: Tammy Wynette articulates the internal struggle of so many divorcees-to-be with children, the strain and ache in her warble serving as a vehicle for her overwhelming remorse. With such a delicate experience on his hands, he admitted that the choruses he came up with sounded too literal. This song hit me at the perfect time in life, and seemed to capture a kind of ineffable melancholy that went beyond the girl I was pining over, and was instead an essential part of the human experience. Here, Beam has accomplished nothing less than telling the story of our sadness. The imagery alone is gripping, but the gentle harmonies from Krauss are what push this mournful track into sob-worthy territory. The music, for the most part, hangs back from his resigned vocals, clicking away like a bit of hospital machinery and only interrupted by a haunting piano roll and a fluttering bit of melodica. She sums up those natural feelings of jealousy when an ex moves on to someone new sooner than expected. But instead of writing a dreary ballad about it, Robyn flipped the script. From the time I arrived, I could tell she was over our relationship. Over some sparse, rumbling guitar plucks, Mark Kozelek memorializes Carissa, a mother who died in a fire at the age of He delivers with anxiety-driven urgency, sounding like he could just break down into a blubbing frenzy at any moment. The horn section rides along smoothly in comparison, cresting and dipping deftly as Waits sings vigorously, wounds exposed. Meanwhile, the keyboard line bounces happily along. That the words are set to his impossibly lovely melodies just makes it harder to hear. Father gambles, drinks, runs around. She begs him to repent. Mother gets sick, prays, dies. Finally, father gets religion. With their Appalachian twin harmony, it is the sorrow of the mountains distilled. Winner for most upsetting lyric is hands-down: Both the lyrics and the music are simple, but its repetitive rhythm, steady beat and basic rhyme scheme just make it more relatable. Vedder sings the final chorus with renewed agony and then hums a hymnal-like, wordless tune before the instruments and Vedder both fade into silence. Over his claw-hammer finger picking, Earle lists a litany of afflictions—poverty, alcoholism, loneliness, klutziness, and lost youth and love—throughout a third person narrative. But in the bridge, Earle shifts the perspective to that of the omniscient narrator. Over a cartoon toy cowgirl getting left under a bed. After a final tour the following year, the Grammy-winning country singer, TV host and actor recorded a farewell song for a the documentary Glen Campbell: The father of eight children from four wives, Campbell has been married to Kim Woolen for more than three decades. A brief summary of its events: All he can do is ride the train to an unfulfilling job and dream of all the places he wants to take her. Beaten women, getting hustled, crime gone bad, jail time, addiction. Two minutes, 23 seconds of harsh reality, stoic in its acceptance of a fate worse than death. God is a place you will wait for the rest of your life. Nor can I think of anyone who can somehow express this inexpressible concept with such power and emotional precision quite like Mangum. Despite being literally blown through a window by the blast, Sadako appeared to be relatively unharmed and lived a normal childhood until she developed leukemia at the age of 11 from the lingering radiation. In her dying days, Sadako therefore worked on folding her own 1,000 cranes, but passed away having only completed 1,000. The remaining cranes were finished by friends and family, and the poor young victim of WWII was ultimately buried with them. In its place was one of the most depressing-sounding—and artistically brilliant—albums in recent memory. Jules and Andrews traded the original pulsating synths for a stark, arpeggiated piano line and soft mellotron swells that arguable better emphasize the brooding lyrics of alienation. But in the chorus, Jules manages to laugh in spite of his dreams of death. Written by Marijohn Wilkin and Danny Dill in 1968, the song tells the tale of a man wrongfully hanged for a murder because his alibi happens to be married to his best

friend. Rather than betray his love and ruin a marriage, he carries the secret to his grave, leaving his lover in a state of constant mourning. A relationship full of resentment, as the bedroom has turned cold and all his failings have been exposed, is something to mourn, and everything about this song super-charges that mopey feeling. Or the song from the perspective of a crooked cop trying to hide his kickback money from his young son to not lose his respect. Or the song about the evil small-town mayor who tricks his illegitimate son into hooking up with his half-sister. Harry Chapin is not kind to the characters in his songs. Its power resides in its slowly stately build up with shuffling drums, a sly bit of marimba, and those weightless strings wafting through it all. Stranded in the middle of this musical swirl stands Orbison, bleeding with emotion as he recounts all the reasons that his shattered heart is never going to heal and his tear-stained cheeks will never dry. This is a song that more people should know, but that no one else should ever attempt to cover. Cohen has a way of invoking deep spiritual longing with Biblical references that turn extremely personal, and Buckley had a way of drenching it all in tremulous emotion. The combination is transcendent. With his deep, hang-dog voice, Stephen Merritt can no longer imagine that the sun would even bother to shine on a world where his love is gone. *The Man Comes Around*, in November His wife, June Carter Cash , died six months later—followed four months after by Cash himself. The robin, the whippoorwill, the midnight train—they all mourn with him to meet his quavering drawl, the imagery paralleling the sonic atmosphere. When the narrator looks at the body of the girl he loves after she finally succumbs to cancer, he thinks for a moment that he sees her breathing. Then he sings about God: And the only conclusion is a chorus of angels whose weeping turns into something like joy as a triumphant trumpet kicks in. There are so many details that lead to my inevitable goosebumps: Because the characters seem so real, so does the sorrow.

6: The Flower That Cried Cuz It Wanted to Love: Lynne Gordon: www.enganchecubano.com: Books

Have you cried yourself to sleep/ Have you felt this incomplete/ Have you ever cut yourself so deep to see if you still bleed/ Do you ever feel wanted/ Do you ever feel needed/ Do you ever feel happy/ Or are you just like me/ I'm hanging by a thread, a rope, the noose around my neck/ I choke.

Hear the music of Love Eternal Teaching us to reach for goodness sake. Jon Anderson , in "Loved by the Sun", from movie Legend YouTube video We, unaccustomed to courage live coiled in shells of loneliness until love leaves its high holy temple and comes into our sight to liberate us into life. Yet it is only love which sets us free. A Brave and Startling Truth. Unconscionable Love, bane and tormentor of mankind, parent of strife, fountain of tears, source of a thousand ills. Rieu Whatever we do or suffer for a friend is pleasant, because love is the principal cause of pleasure. In dreams and in love there are no impossibilities. Remember that time slurs over everything, let all deeds fade, blurs all writings and kills all memories. Exempt are only those which dig into the hearts of men by love. Polish Academy of Sciences, , page 72 All our young lives we search for someone to love. Someone who makes us complete. We choose partners and change partners. We dance to a song of heartbreak and hope. Are even lovers powerless to reveal To one another what indeed they feel? Ah, love, let us be true To one another! Matthew Arnold , Dover Beach , St. Matthew Arnold , Culture and Anarchy , Ch. I, Sweetness and Light Full text online What love will make you do All the things that we accept Be the things that we regret Ashanti , Foolish January 29, from the April 2, album Ashanti The Eskimo has fifty-two names for snow because it is important to them; there ought to be as many for love. Margaret Atwood , Surfacing p. The Eskimos had 52 names for snow because it was important to them; there ought to be as many for love. Hunger allows no choice To the citizen or the police; We must love one another or die. Auden , September 1, Lines ; for a anthology text the poet changed this line to "We must love one another and die" to avoid what he regarded as a falsehood in the original. Among those whom I like or admire, I can find no common denominator, but among those whom I love, I can: Love, and do what thou wilt: Love and then what you will, do. What does love look like? It has the hands to help others. It has the feet to hasten to the poor and needy. It has eyes to see misery and want. It has the ears to hear the sighs and sorrows of men. That is what love looks like. What sort of shape does it have? What sort of height does it have? What sort of feet does it have? What sort of hands does it have? No one can say. Yet it has feet, for they lead to the Church. It has hands, for they stretch out to the poor person. It has eyes, for that is how he is in need is understood: Blessed, it says, is he who understands. Boniface Ramsey, Works of St. New City Press, , Homily 7, Para 10, p. Quantum in te crescit amor, tantum crescit pulchritudo; quia ipsa charitas est animae pulchritudo. Inasmuch as love grows in you, in so much beauty grows; for love is itself the beauty of the soul. Meyers Since love grows within you, so beauty grows. For love is the beauty of the soul. Nondum amabam, et amare amabam I was not yet in love , yet I loved to love I sought what I might love, in love with loving. Augustine of Hippo in Confessions c. Late have I loved you, O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! Late have I loved you! And, behold, you were within me, and I out of myself, and there I searched for you. Essays in honor of Karl Rahner, S. So late I loved you, O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! So late I loved you! The Ethics of Modernism: Too late I loved you! Introduction to a Philosophy of Religion by Alice Von Hildebrand Love all men, even your enemies; love them, not because they are your brothers, but that they may become your brothers. Thus you will ever burn with fraternal love, both for him who is already your brother and for your enemy, that he may by loving become your brother. From The Whole Christ: Choose to love whomsoever thou wilt: Thou mayest say, "I love only God, God the Father. If Thou lovest Him, thou dost not love Him alone; but if thou lovest the Father, thou lovest also the Son. Or thou mayest say, "I love the Father and I love the Son, but these alone; God the Father and God the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ who ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of the Father, the Word by whom all things were made, the Word who was made flesh and dwelt amongst us; only these do I love. If thou lovest the Head, thou lovest also the members; if thou lovest not the members, neither dost thou love the Head. We cannot help loving what is beautiful. Augustine of Hippo , Confessions c. Harsh Times , written by David Ayer B[edit] If the learned and worldly-wise men of this age

were to allow mankind to inhale the fragrance of fellowship and love, every understanding heart would apprehend the meaning of true liberty , and discover the secret of undisturbed peace and absolute composure. Truth is the light that gives meaning and value to charity. That light is both the light of reason and the light of faith, through which the intellect attains to the natural and supernatural truth of charity: Without truth, charity degenerates into sentimentality. Love becomes an empty shell, to be filled in an arbitrary way. To love is to risk living fully. Only love stops hate. This is the eternal law.

7: The Color Purple Quotes by Alice Walker

Today, the flower fairy made the most beautiful 5ft coffin spray for us. Not only did it look exactly as we wanted but it smelt amazing. The flower fairy listened so carefully to our brief, made fantastic recommendations and ultimately delivered an amazing floral tribute made with love and care.

Coy little wink Is he gay or transgendered? Does he still have his frank and beans? BadAss Will A father know at an early age aswell, they just be in denial. My oldest brother said he knewbi was gay at 5. HalleMerry Some people say that a part of being gay is geneticâ€”Hmmm. What are you hiding,Magic? SweetTEE My cousin is I mean really gay. Like getting caught in school with boys and on dating sites with older men. Just told us that he was molested but wont say by whom. The ish is heartbreaking and he is having a hard time dealing. Meanwhile, my mammy is gay and I cried when I found out. I cried bc I lost all respect. Everyone deserves to live their truth, but your truth can also be damaging to those around you. The boy is molested and they look to older men and start being promiscuous. I hope he gets help. Pebbles I remember watching that movie only because people were talking about it on Facebook years ago.. His mom had her felon boyfriend thinking he was the dad. Anyway, the ex boyfriend is always in and out of jail and is also the only male he was left alone with growing up. SweetTEE I side eye her every chance she gets bc she has yet to apologize for disrespecting me. My cousin is at his wits end. Pamela This is all so confusing. Unfortunately its a generational curse that we stop. Cookie had a fierce reaction when she realized her husband exposed her to a deadly disease. Soâ€” man up, boo. Rayne I bet magic blames himself. I did not know about that. It all makes sense now. The fact that I had to find a therapist and do all the damn research pisses me off. I want to catch her outside ONE time. My sons whom are not gay could be as gay as they want, but let my husband come home saying he got aidsâ€”!.. Prettybrowneyes Get out of my head. Your first statement was my first thought!!! We Can Do This Right. Thanks for pulling this up. Two very different diseases. Important to know the difference! His ass would get shot regardless. He transferred to the school where i worked and i was like just like wtf happened, smh. He was sooo flaming. A few years later, i was walking across campus where i work now, he was walking toward me, i was trying to determine whether the person was a boy or girl. When he spoke to me and i realized who he was, i was floored. I knew his family well growing up and hated to see him like that. I was told it was his stepfather too that did that to him.

8: Tears Quotes (quotes)

But it's the flower It's the flower It's the flower It's the flower And we nearly all cried, and then they just die we merely just tried to help them love is the air we breathe, the people.

Show Notes Ripoff Report is one of the original complaint websites. Reply All producer Sruthi Pinnamaneni visits his bunker. The Facts Our theme music is by the mysterious Breakmaster Cylinder. Our ad music is by Build Buildings. From Gimlet, this is Reply All. Someone who wields an extraordinary amount of power. All from one antiquated website. So a couple weeks ago, I drove to a small town in upstate NY to meet this woman. She lives in an old clapboard house with her mom, a bunch of pets. She dropped out of college to focus on it. Collectors have been buying from her. She won her first taxidermy contest this year. And then last month she hit her first big roadblock. What are you typing in? My business name, which is Vita Nova taxidermy. Yeah, a couple of them down you can see the report. Below it, more big red text. Severe misrepresentation of product. Blackmails those who complain. The mounts have arrived with multiple holes in the skin, poor detail work According to this website, Marissa has committed untold sins against taxidermy. Marissa Hernandez has been anything but professional. This is a business to stay away from! Is that how you feel? We went through it point by point, and she had an answer for each one. No, she never sold a kangaroo. But the point is, she knows exactly who wrote this. Someone who chose to call herself Anony-mouse in the Ripoff Report. So why would somebody go after you like this? I asked her if she could send me anything to back up the claims she made on the report, but she politely declined. Marissa also emailed her through a friend. So then, Marissa wrote Ripoff an email. Explained her situation and asked: That is both threatening and scary and something I would not like publicly displayed. Thank you, Marissa Hernandez. That was a month ago. As a last ditch effort, she called them. You have reached Advocacy Team for ripoffreport. Please press one now. How could I help you, Marissa? Uh, can you hear me now? He hung up on me. Marissa tried calling back again and again and again but nobody picked up. Before this, Marissa had never heard of Ripoff Report, nor had I. It contains almost two million reports. I purchased a couch, it ripped and the furniture store refused to fix it. I talked to dozens of people for this story who like Marissa say that Ripoff Reports about them are false, and damaging. One guy at a lawfirm told me his company had been accused of sexual harassment but also of impotence. A doctor told me that she cried for months because of a report that was completely false. They were all still scared of Ripoff Report, even years later. Tyler enjoyed a successful career running his own private practice. Until one day however, Tyler discovered that an unhappy patient of his published a fictitious and offensive post about his practice on ripoffreport. There are tons of videos like this on Youtube. All sorts of companies with names like internetreputation. And the crazy thing about this website, Ripoff Report, that all these people are battling. The people I talked to had all sorts of stories about him: It sounded to me like they were describing some kind of mythical villain. A month ago I met Ed. Coming up after the break, we head to the bunker. And now, back to the show. Before the break, Sruthi was about to meet the man behind Ripoff Report. I reached Ed Magedson through his former PR person. I could visit him in Arizona. That was my bird in the background. I have a big blue and gold macaw. One of those gigantic birds, the big, big, big, big birds. I met Ed in the suburbs of Phoenix. Buddy is always by his side. The dog sat shotgun. Ed drove to his house, a ranch-style spot tucked away in the hills. It is beautiful here with all the cacti and like, views of the mountains. There were lots of trees, a small pool, small waterfall. Not exactly the bunker that people told me he lived in. But it did have a lot of security. And actually, I have one that actually gets license plates and so on. Have you ever had an actual issue, like somebody trying to Like somebody trying to break in, or? Not break in, but. I was going to put a moat. Ed told me that his long path to Ripoff Report started back in When he was just a stoner teenager, helping out a florist near his school. A supplier had just brought a fresh batch of flowers and left them on the sidewalk. Ed was trying to put them away but people kept stopping him, asking to buy the flowers. So you mean instead of having like a store, to just have a person selling it, like out of a bucket or something? Ed hired a bunch of his hippie friends. Handed each one some flowers and a bucket. And, the business took off. Ed says he earned his first million before was I just kept

going and opening up more stores. What was the name of the business? I read a bunch of old articles about the Flower Children. In the photos, you see Ed with a long curly ponytail. So how did he go from this to Ripoff Report? Turns out flowers are a dirty, dirty business. Ed says people were constantly trying to shut him downâ€”florists, zoning inspectors. The flower business and all my experience there helped me because I suffered the injustices of the system. And even though I always won, always, I always persuaded the city council members, you know and they brought it for a hearing or whatever, we always won and we were always able to end up selling our flowers. He says he always ran into some big vested interest trying stamp out the little guy. And Ed always fights back.

9: song question, oldies song? | Yahoo Answers

'Cause when you're fifteen and somebody tells you they love you wanted was to be wanted mind and we both cried
'Cause when you're fifteen and somebody tells.

First, I talked about depression taking over someone, as it had done to her husband. The angry stranger he became was the opposite of the man she had married. He became remote, blamed her for everything and left for a time. Depression can do that. It seemed to her that I was putting all the blame on depression, as if the couple had been hurt by flying debris in a tornado and then could heal their wounds after the storm had passed. They were the ones who acted abusively, had affairs, left home without a word, then returned and apologized, then left again — or did other things just as destructive to their families. He was back, full of remorse and trying with her to restore the relationship. It sounded to her like I was blaming him, after all, rather than his depression. Depression causes the changes in behavior, even personality, but depressed partners still need to own up to the damage and pain their actions have brought about. I believe that is an important part of recovery. It was all about depression and what was going on inside me. Both of us wanted to believe that I was back, and that we could pick up where we had left off. You did this to me not to a shadow in your head. How am I supposed to trust you now? I had to accept the reality that I had done deeply hurtful things to her. I had to own up to what I had done, get help and work with her to restore trust. I also had to face her anger. With the help of a therapist, she could get it all out, and I could sit there and take it without trying to fight her off or get angry in return. What I had done really sank in then. For the next day or two I felt a deep grief. My eyes were clouded with tears much of that time. After that, I could never again rely on the idea that depression alone had done the harm. It did its work through me and my behavior. I had to learn how to live with the illness and limit the damage I might do to my family while under its influence. I put it this way in another post about broken relationships: You and your partner are more likely to face a gradual process of redefining how to live together. Has it turned out differently for you?

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