

1: Were You Most Likely To Succeed? - CBS News

It was interesting to see how people who identify as positive processed difficult situations in their lives. Reading through the different experiences of those featured, including the author, was very helpful for learning to see the glass as half-full and discovering how to become more resilient.

What is their secret? Discover how to be the happiest people on earth! Seconds later a travel-worn Cadillac with California license plates turned into the space beside us and out climbed a big man in a broad-brimmed Stetson. He stuck out a huge, work-scarred hand. He stepped around to the other side of his car and held the door for a pretty, dark-haired woman. Thousands had come to Atlantic City from all over the eastern seaboard, some to meet this same farm-tanned man in the Stetson hat, some to exchange stories about what the Holy Spirit was doing in their lives, and some, like us, just to look a little fearfully and more than a little skeptically. Watch out for emotionalism, we warned each other shouting, arm-waving, frenzied testimonies the time-worn techniques for whipping a large crowd into a state of excitement. From the front of the hotel ballroom Demos conducted the meetings with the hushed sensitivity of one who listened for a voice we could not hear. Instead of the chaos we expected, a restrained and orderly joy governed the convention. Having armored ourselves against assaults that did not come, we had no defense against the love we actually encountered and that week we, along with hundreds of others, began our own walk in the Spirit. And as we did we began to notice an interesting thing. Wherever we talked to people whose faith was alive men and women, kids and old people, Roman Catholics and Mennonites time after time the story would begin with this extraordinary group of businessmen, and a dairy farmer from Downey, California named Demos Shakarian. We decided to interview him to find out. This was easier decided than done. We worked in Monaco and Palm Springs. We talked in cars and airports and Armenian restaurants. Best of all was the time we spent with Demos and Rose at their home in Downey the same small house they built in when their first child was born. Part of it his family brought with them from Armenia. This oldest Christian nation is also the one which has suffered most for its faith. And out of suffering has come insight. The square stucco house was no longer standing at Boston Street. We sat for a moment in the car, looking round us at the new federal housing which has replaced the rundown old neighborhood. Then I turned the car around and headed back to the highway. But with me, through the warm California night, traveled memories of Grandfather, I knew why I had needed to make this detour tonight: It was because of a prophecy Rose and I had heard earlier in the evening. What were we to make of a statement like that? What had my family made of a similar message a century ago? It was two A. I never knew Grandfather Demos-he died before I was born, but I must have heard the stories about him a thousand times. I knew each detail so well that as I sat now looking out at the orange trees silvering in the moonlight, I seemed to be seeing another landscape, far away and long ago. Closing my eyes I saw the stone buildings, the sheds and barns, and the one-room farmhouse where my Grandfather Demos lived. I could picture Grandfather walking to the house-church each Sunday morning with his five little girls. I could see him marching through the village to the house where church was meeting that particular Sunday, his head held high in the face of the silent reproach. In view of his great need, it has always seemed surprising to me that Grandfather did not accept right away the strange message that had been trickling over the mountains for nearly fifty years. The message was brought by the Russians. Grandfather liked the Russians all right; he was just too levelheaded to accept their tales of miracles. The Russians came in long caravans of covered wagons. They were dressed as our people were, in long, high-collared tunics tied at the waist with tasseled cords, the married men in full beards. The Armenians had no difficulty understanding them as most of our people spoke Russian too. They listened to the tales of what the Russians called "the outpouring of the Holy Spirit" upon hundreds of thousands of Russian Orthodox Christians. The Russians came as people bringing gifts: One had to admit, Grandfather would have said, that everything the Russians were talking about was Scriptural. So is speaking in tongues. I know for a fact that on a certain sunny morning in May, , Grandmother was weeping. Over the years several families living in Kara Kala had begun to accept the message of the Russian Pentecostals. He received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and on his frequent visits to

the Shakarian farm would talk about the new-found joy in his life. On this particular day-May 25, Grandmother and several other women were sewing in a corner of the one-room farm house. That is, Grandmother was trying to sew, but tears kept falling on the material in her lap. Across the room, next to the window where the light was good, Magardich Mushegan sat with his Bible open on his knee, reading. Suddenly, Magardich snapped his Bible shut, got up and walked across the room. He stood in front of Grandmother, his heavy black beard bobbing up and down in his excitement. The Lord has just spoken to me! Pleased, wanting to believe yet still skeptical, Grandfather said nothing. He only smiled and shrugged his shoulders-and marked the date on the calendar. The months passed and Grandmother became pregnant again. By this time everyone in Kara Kala knew of the prophecy, and the whole village waited in suspense. Then, on May 25, , exactly a year from the day the prophecy was given; Grandmother gave birth to a baby boy. It was the first time our family had encountered the Holy Spirit in this personal way. But Grandfather had a stubborn streak in him-all Armenians do. He considered himself too tough-minded to accept without reservation that he had witnessed a supernatural prophecy of the sort mentioned in the Bible. In the year , when Isaac was eight and his younger sister, Hamas, was four, the news arrived that a hundred Russian Christians were coming over the mountains in their covered wagons. It was the custom in Kara Kala to hold a feast for the visiting Christians whenever they arrived. Now, Grandfather was proud of his fine cattle. With the news that the Russians were on their way, he went out to his herd and looked them over. He would choose the very finest, fattest steer for this special meal. Unfortunately, however, the fattest steer in the herd turned out, on inspection, to have a flaw. The animal was blind in one eye. What should he do? Grandfather knew his Bible well: No other animal in the herd was large enough to feed a hundred guests. No one was watching. Suppose he slaughtered the big steer and simply hid the blemished head? Yes, that was what he would do! Grandfather led the half-blind steer into the barn, butchered it himself, and quickly placed the head in a sack which he hid beneath a pile of threshed wheat in a dark corner. Grandfather was just in time, for as he finished dressing the beef, he heard the rumble of wagons coming into Kara Kala. What a welcome sight! Coming down the dusty road was the familiar caravan of wagons, each pulled by four perspiring horses. Beside the driver of the first team, erect and commanding as ever, sat the White-bearded patriarch who was leader and prophet. Grandfather and little Isaac ran up the road to greet their guests. All over town preparations for the feast were underway. Soon the big steer was roasting on a spit over a huge bed of charcoal. That evening everyone gathered, expectant and hungry, around the long plank tables. Before the meal could begin, however, the food must be blessed. These Old Russian Christians would not say any prayer-even grace over meals-until they had received what they called the anointing. They would wait before the Lord until, in their phrase, the Spirit fell upon them. When this occurred they would raise their arms and dance with joy. On this occasion as always, the Russians waited for the anointing of the Spirit. Sure enough, as everyone watched, first one and then another began to dance in place. Everything was going as usual. Soon would come the blessing of the food, and the feast could begin. Giving Grandfather a strange penetrating look, the tall white-haired man walked from the table without a word. After a moment he reappeared. In his hand he held the sack which Grandfather had hidden beneath the pile of wheat. Grandfather began to shake. How could the man have known! No one had seen him. The Russians had not even reached the village when he had hidden that head. Now the patriarch placed the telltale sack before Grandfather and let it fall open, revealing to everyone the head with the milk-white eye. The Spirit gave me this word of knowledge for a special reason:

2: Blog " The Happiest Golfer

Raise a Glass (Half Full) to Tomorrow; Research shows that the one thing that makes people happiest is feeling connected to others. the happiest people I know are the ones who have the.

Covey Happiness is the natural result of habitually living and thinking in certain ways. As a matter of fact, happiness is something that is quite predictable for almost all people those with chemical imbalances, for instance, may be excluded as we develop certain habits of thought, belief, action and character. This post highlights some of the most important habits of happiness 7 of them, in fact and acts as a tribute to the work of the personal-development icon, Stephen R. Covey, who recently passed away. Others are mildly or moderately happy. Some are even pretty happy. The following, however, are those principles that produce highly happy people. Think Highly happy people are possibility and opportunity thinkers. They see the large picture and focus on the immediate steps that lead to the life they imagine. Their lives are extensions of their vision, of both the way they think and of what they think about most of the time. People who live highly happy lives are people who have mastered their thoughts, who are not buffeted by ugly, critical, whiny, self-defeating ways of thinking. They focus their thoughts on the uplifting and inspiring, keeping them largely free of gutter-think and negativity, prejudice and debilitating fear. They know that pounding a single note in life will create about as much happiness as pounding a single key on the piano will create music. So they spend time growing in all significant compartments of life, recognizing the exponential growth to their happiness when synergistic growth occurs between each of the major areas of living. Highly happy people are therefore dedicated to personal growth in at least these 6 areas: They work to develop their minds by reading good books, challenging their thinking, working at developing insight and wisdom and cultivating intelligence and building a storehouse of knowledge. They have a passion for learning and spend time and resources on its pursuit. The happiest people are not slaves to a self-limited body. They are not slaves to the appetites of the flesh. They respect it as they would a temple. And so they eat good food and exercise regularly and avoid the poison of addictive substances. These people are keenly aware that they are more than mere bodies though. They recognize a higher sphere and look to feed that part of their lives that is in tune with the infinite. They read from scripture and other inspiring works. They fill their minds with uplifting ideas. They serve and bless others. They meditate and pray and connect to spiritual things. Happy people know their integrity to high values is more important than any earthly reward they could otherwise compromise character to attain. And so they constantly work on the foundation of their lives, the reputation and legacy their characters will create. They know their character is at the core of who they are and that by doing work there, all other parts of their lives will be positively affected. Because relationships are crucial to highly happy people, they prioritize them. In fact, they believe there is nothing more important than the work they do to build trusting relationships with family and friends. Highly happy people know they are capable of great things. They know there is music and poetry and novels and skyscrapers and bridges and healing and improvement waiting inside to be pulled to the outside. And so they try new things and develop new habits by replacing old bad ones with new good ones. They strengthen strengths and weaken weaknesses and share the talents they work hard to develop, not out of boastful showmanship, but as a humble steward of God-given and God-inspired abilities others can benefit from seeing and learning about " or, frankly, just for the fun of it! Love Highly happy people love life. They love others and themselves too. They accept the truism that their love for others is limited by their capacity for self-love. Highly happy people love truth and nature and beauty. They love their faith and human decency. They live lives of passion because they are passionate about so much that life provides. They love learning and growing and experiencing all life has to offer. Their passion is an extension of the love and appreciation they have for living a life of meaning and purpose. Express Highly happy people express their appreciation for all that fills life. They are grateful for the little things most people take for granted and for the big things as well. They express gratitude for acts of kindness and for the challenges that help build their character muscles. They believe their thoughts and ideas are important enough to express them. They are not intimidated into silence but are not verbal bullies either. They express their interest in others and express their desire to learn from

them. They freely express earned praise and encouragement and forgiveness. They are not afraid to express their more tender and emotional sides because their insides are securely centered on universal principles of character. So their expressions are honest, forthright, true, authentic, but respectful, honorable, decent, thoughtful and reflect a soul unencumbered by the fears and anxieties less happy people are bogged down by. Choose Highly happy people are not rudderless ships tossed about on the seas of public opinion or knocked about by the waves of circumstance or the winds of history. Rather, they are self-directed and pro-active. They choose their thoughts and beliefs and hopes and dreams. They also choose their emotional responses to life by choosing the thoughts, beliefs and attitudes that create them. They are not victims to outside circumstance and accept responsibility for the lives they live. Highly happy people know they are the products of their choices and so make them decisively but carefully and with an attitude that nonetheless allows for flexibility to change plans, direction or timelines as needed. Do Highly happy people act. They spend significant amounts of time doing what matters most. Instead, they take action on plans and goals and ideas and dreams. They play and work and try new things and go to new places. They pick up hobbies and interests and expand their lives and experiences accordingly. They do those things that add passion and purpose and meaning to their lives. They volunteer and serve and bless and do. They truly live life as the verb it was meant to be. Accept Highly happy people are accepting. They accept others as they are while they work to train and inspire them to be more. They accept themselves and their imperfections while they work to make them less pronounced. They accept the conditions of life as they dedicate themselves to the work of changing the conditions they have otherwise accepted. In other words, they are committed to growth and improvement on all levels, while accepting of their shortcomings as they are right now along the path of growth and improvement. And so they live their lives as an on-going self-improvement project, recognizing areas of needed improvement without condemning themselves or others for needing improving. Covey Happiness, then, is the predictable outcome of those principles that create it. We choose to apply those principles or to read them passively, brushing them aside as impractical or simplistic or impossible. But ultimately, the happiness we live is the happiness we choose as the natural byproduct of the principles we embody. So choose today to grow, love, express, choose, do and accept your way to a life of incredible happiness as we pause to tip our hats to a man who dedicated his life to human potential.

3: How do you raise resilient kids? Accept them how they are | Nelly Thomas | Opinion | The Guardian

Life was full at the time and it took me a couple of months to open it, but when I did I couldn't put it down. The simplicity of her and co-author, Iben Sandahl's message is compelling and based around the question: why are the Danish people consistently reputed to be the happiest in the world?

Jeanette McNally wrote online: Her beautiful children and grandbabies Denise passed in my arms. She was a cheerleader during her time at school, and had many friends in the squad. According to one friend, she was training to be a nurse. Friends from a cheerleading group paid tribute and set up a GoFundMe page to raise money for her funeral. Veronika Maldonado, 20, referred to Angie as her "twin" on Twitter. She told BuzzFeed that Angie was also 20 and that she was at the concert with her boyfriend. She loved her family more than anyone I know and was the biggest animal lover," she said. She would have been the perfect nurse. She has been there for anyone and everyone who knows her, young and old. Rachael Parker Rachael Parker was a records technician with the Manhattan Beach Police Department in California, where she worked for 10 years, the police department said in a statement. A sworn officer suffered minor injuries, police said. Parker "will be greatly missed," police said. Her mother, who flew to Vegas immediately after hearing the news, said that her daughter had worked with the police for 10 years and that she volunteered with the homeless and elderly. Sandy Casey Sandy Casey Credit: Casey was among a group of school district staff attending the festival. She lived life to the fullest and made me the happiest man in the world. Im so grateful for the kind words and gestures, it means the world to me, especially for her. At the end of this month, they were planning to tour their final wedding venue idea together. They met at work, and bonded over their love of country music. As the bullets rang through the arena, they and their friends fell to the ground. Her fiancée put his thumb in the wound to stop the bleeding, then carried her out, dodging gunfire. Eventually, she stopped responding and died in his arms. He wrote on Monday: I love you baby girl! Love you to pieces! Ms LaRocque and her husband were huge country music fans and she dreamed of owning her own business. A coworker and friend identified Irvine as a victim to a CBS correspondent. A former colleague said: A tragic loss of a kind, generous, and beautiful lady. She will be greatly missed. Rest in peace Topaz. My cousin was killed last night. She was 35 and had two kids and a loving husband. Her name was Jenny Parks. What I can NOT see is her not returning. Smith was an ardent country music fan and worked at an elementary school for three years, the newspaper said.

4: Full Heart Living: Conversations with the Happiest People I Know by Tom Glaser

6 Winston Churchill Quotes: It does always sound a little corny to meâ€”the whole glass half-full, half-empty notion. Great quote by Winston Churchill. Some words of truth by a well spoken man.

A pleasant breeze gives you more energy. Sunshine makes you feel happy for no reason. But I think spring can be a great time to change things up a bit, and maybe boost productivity in some unexpected ways. Take that conference call outside. We live in a virtual world. Many of us sit tethered to our desks in order to type on laptops and talk on cellphones. One-on-one meetings can be done just as easily on a park bench outside your office building as they can be done in a conference room. Get up early to exercise. Set the alarm half an hour earlier and go for a run or walk outside. Even two to three days a week can make a huge difference in your health and mood. See the related post, What the most successful people do before breakfast. Use that planning instinct. Some ambitious souls think about their summer vacation plans the previous summer. What professional goals can be achieved in the medium term? Take a strategic afternoon off. A big chunk of the happiness boost associated with vacations comes from anticipating them. Look at the day weather forecast, and choose an afternoon that will be lovely. A picnic with your kids? A hike in a nearby nature preserve? Bring some blooms into your life. Make a habit of cutting a few from the yard and bringing them to work with you. How are you celebrating spring? Photo courtesy of Flickr user brianfuller

5: Happiest People on Earth | Featured Trainings | FBGT-General

The last few years have been especially troublesome for Khloe, particularly her split from ex-husband Lamar Odom and his health struggles following a drug overdose in October

I should probably get down as much as I can remember. This may be totally jumbled and all over the place, but the best way for me to remember and write down my experience is to just type and type and let my mind go. So, bare with me: I had Naomi 2 weeks and 6 days early; at I was a little worried about the chance that she may need the NICU, but figured she would be fine since she was technically full term. We were able to take her right home. Although, she was so small and not strong enough to get a full feeding from me. Having to supplement and the fact that she slept at least 20 hours a day for the first month or so and then slowly went down to 18 hours a day until she was 8 months old was the biggest sign that she was a bit of a preemie. Although, I now know Naomi just loves to sleep and does so really well. Compared to Adalyn, anyway. So when my water broke at 34 weeks and 2 hours I, at first, held hope they could stop the labor. Until I started walking and it never stopped gushing out. Then the contractions started about 7 minutes later and were only about 3 minutes apart from the beginning, before I even got to the hospital. But honestly, I held hope that I would be able to take her home when I went home; three days later. I had heard a few stories of that happening. Six and 5 week early babies going home days after being born. I just assumed Adalyn would be one of them. When my doctor came into the room while I was in labor, before I was wheeled back to the O. We were pretty somber after that. With Naomi, after they pulled her out they held her up so I could see her; but not with Adalyn, they got her out and rushed her back to the NICU. Once I heard her shrill scream and that she weighed 4 lbs 11 ounces I felt so relieved. More than I thought, and that is pretty good for 6 weeks early. I went through the recovery room and sat in my room trying and trying to move my toes. At this point it was about 6 a. He had been in there seeing her and all of the tubes and the I. My nurse was really nice happened to be the same one when I had Naomi , as soon as she saw the tiniest bit of movement from one of my toes she let Jaren heft me onto a wheel chair and take me to see her. Seeing her for the first time was so difficult. Sad that my pregnancies were so horrible and my body can hardly handle them. Sad that Jaren had to go through all of this. The IV will be in for a while. All hard things to hear. And definitely the wrong time. I have already had to drop the number of kids I would like to have because of my body; the thought that this was it, right then when everything was so huge was a bit too much for me. After talking to the doctor and each other we have decided to just wait a long while before the next one and see how that goes, then we will know if we can try for four or not. I am already preparing myself for three when I want four, just in case. He came back that afternoon and wheeled me to see her again, and that was the first time I held her. It was incredibly emotional. She was so tiny and I was so sad that it had taken so many hours till I could hold her and I felt incredible amounts of guilt again for not being able to keep her in longer. That next morning they let me nurse her. She latched right on and I cried and cried because I knew that was the key to getting her to come home. They were all shocked because she was so early, but let me try to nurse her that day and the next. I had her early on a Wednesday, It was Friday when everything caught up to me. I walked me and my wheel chair in and went to the nurse standing at her incubator and asked how she was doing. She just had an apneic episode. Whenever that happens it is at least 7 days until they can be released. Like it was my fault. I was feeling terrified, overwhelmed, sad, exhausted, deflated and totally helpless. Holding her was so emotional. I was alone, she was so little, the nurses were treating me like an uneducated little girl who needed to get the gravity of the situation. Making me feel like I did this to my baby. I was already going through my own feelings of guilt about it all. What I could have done or what I did do to make that happen. I was capable of rational thought; I did what I could, what I knew. I went to the doctor the week before when I started cramping in my low back. At least I can have children and carry them as far as I can. I have no control over my body. Or any, for that matter. I would have worked harder at staying down although, I could hardly move as it was I was in so much pain , I would have asked for more help. So there I was, thoughts like these going through my head. Feeling terrible for Naomi who was having such a hard time having her Mom just up and disappear one night. There to

tuck her in, gone when she woke up. She was rather attached to me at this point. I had just started preparing her for when the baby comes. But then she was starting to not feel well and was sick and it was another two days until they brought her to me. I still feel terrible about the way everything happened with her. We had a fence put around the entire backyard during the NICU time and Naomi loved to watch Jaren excavate everything level for the fence installers. She had been poked with needles and manhandled and I felt so bad that her first experiences with this world were without me around much, all alone in an incubator, being poked and prodded. I cried and cried and cried some more. When Jaren came a little later and I was eating lunch I was such a mess. I feel bad that he had such a mess of a wife and a sick, sad, homesick toddler at his parents and a preemie itty bitty baby in the Hospital. And he had to hold it together because the three of us girls were messes. Basically, I look back on the time in the hospital before I was released and it was so hard. Walking miles back and forth from the NICU to Mother Baby where my room was, over and over all day and night while healing from a C-Section hours old. Each time something new came up it felt like such a blow. Such a set back. I know it was necessary, I totally understand. Each time I went in for the first 4 days or so she was losing weight. They were tsk tsking me for taking her out of the incubator to HOLD her or try to feed her. I stayed until midnight Saturday night, my very last minute able to be there. I could do kangaroo care and that was it. Cue another intense melt down. And how doing so was wasting her away. This was also the day they put in the feeding tube. Which made me sad all over again. Putting a tube in her nose, down her throat, making her gag, into her stomach and then how uncomfortable it must have been just sitting in there. She would pull on it sometimes; get her little finger hooked. Every consoling word, "She wont remember any of it. I still felt so sad for my tiny baby. And for my toddler at home. Jaren and Naomi were sick during this time. So Jaren wore this incredibly uncomfortable mask when he came to see her until he felt better. This was how I fed her until I could nurse her. And even after that we still fed her through the tube. The highlights of the hospital time, aside from every moment I got to hold Adalyn, especially Kangaroo Care where I was so close to her and I slept, she slept, and it was peaceful. Was when my friend Jessica came to see me and my brother, Nathan and his wife Stephanie. Jaren came by at least once, sometimes twice a day. When I was home I either slept or held Naomi. But every time I left Naomi cried and cried and begged me not to go. It was all torture.

6: 5 ways spring fever can boost productivity - CBS News

The Happiest People in the World My stepmom was pregnant, I hated it, and when my half sister was born, I was so against her being related to me, but I am getting.

This is especially so for girls who are also taught in a million ways, on a million days, that they should please others. Be sugar and spice and all things nice. How do you raise resilient girls? My view is that the way to raise resilient kids is to accept them how they are. Sounds simple, but look around and in the mirror and consider how many of us are trying to bend that tree. Any of the following sound familiar? My little boy is shy and I want him to have friends, so I tell him to make more effort and sign him up for basketball against his wishes. My little boy wants to have long hair but people make fun of him, so I suggest we get it cut. My little boy loves Barbie, so I buy him one, but tell him not to tell granddad. All these impulses usually come with the best of intentions. And all of us need to bend a little to fit in and yes, some of us need a nudge in a new direction from time to time but it is critical that we also honour our children as they are. We have the choice to either accept that and teach our kids to accept it or to try changing them, and in doing so to tell them that the world is right: What if, instead, we made home a soft place to fall? A place where the child and everyone else was loved and accepted as they are today. What if we deliberately and proactively honoured their natural differences? The literary tomboy is dead or is she? Read more Your little girl has short hair and gets teased for it? I have one of those. You pack the house full of pictures of women and girls with pixie cuts. You challenge people who comment on it. You remind her she can have whatever hair she wants. You take him to the library and talk about the joys of solitary contemplation and thought. You find a chess club. You describe him as thoughtful and gentle rather than shy or, heaven forbid, weak. You tell him some of the best men in the world have been kind and gentle. You get on the school board. The only thing worse than a harsh world is a harsh world and a harsh home. Be their soft place to fall. And if anyone gives them shit, fight them to the death.

7: Increase Your Income without Getting a New Job

Lessons You Won't Learn In School. Here are 10 skills that will clarify your visions and bring you closer to your life goals.

Study, work hard, and you will be successful. But a growing body of research in positive psychology and neuroscience is demonstrating that happiness is the secret ingredient to success. It turns out, our brains are more engaged, creative, productive, and resilient when in a positive state. His latest book *Happy Work* comes on the heels of a Gallup poll that reported employee disengagement in the U. In his book, Donovan identifies 60 simple steps individuals can take to improve their happiness and get back on the path to success. Here are six of the top things happy workers do: Making this minor change in vocabulary can have a big impact on how you deal with a situation. A challenge can be interpreted as an opportunity to showcase your talents or learn a new skill. Mix up your daily routine. Many of us get stuck in the daily rut; driving the same route to work, eating the same breakfast, starting the day by filtering through emails. Changing up our routine stimulates the brain, enhancing creativity and happiness. This explains why extraordinary thinkers such as Steve Jobs and Steven Spielberg were known to on long walks to stimulate breakthrough ideas. Start the day with the big questions. Arrive at work early. Nothing can damper a mood faster than getting stuck in rush hour traffic. Leaving home even 20 minutes earlier can have you arriving at the office in a less frazzled state, giving you some extra time to ease into the day ahead, and grab that first cup of coffee in peace. Have an office playlist. Music is a feel-good tool. Music can improve how you feel at work or in any given situation. Donovan recommends developing a feel-good playlist and notes even Olympic medalist Michael Phelps was seen bopping to his iPod moments before breaking the world record for winning the most Olympic medals. You know who they are ; those people who go on for hours about their personal problems, the latest international disaster or the traffic jam on the freeway. These individuals appear obsessed with finding something wrong in every situation. When possible, attempt to surround yourself with winners; those who are positive and uplifting and just seem to radiate happiness. She strives to help readers make small changes to their daily habits that have a profound and lasting impact on their productivity and overall job satisfaction.

8: Khloe: 'I'm the happiest I've been in years!'

The happiest people don't have the best of everything. They just make the best of everything. The happiest people don't have the best of everything. They just make.

I am not a fan of snow. It makes driving difficult, messes up the sidewalks, and makes my socks all wet. But snow does make me remember. Especially to the winter of I got an email. An email from Rolling Stone magazine. This email was an offer for a lifetime subscription. I combed it through So, I took my St. I consulted my accountant, ran an actuarial analysis, and signed up. The next month when the Rolling Stone magazine came in the mail, I happened to glance at the address label. When I was checking the label, I noticed that my expiration date said, "Sep I had just signed up for a lifetime subscription. Why would there be an expiration date? Maybe they just added 50 years to my subscription to make it easy on their computer system? It was 49 years and 8 months. Ooohhh insert creepy music. Nobody knows when their time is up. Heck, I could walk outside tomorrow and get hit by a Nickelback tour bus. The coroner would not want to look at that photograph. So, I really started thinking Who is driving that tour bus, me or fear? Am I going to let fear knock me down? Or am I going to take control, drop Nickelback off at the closest rest stop, and create my own tour? I might have until September Sometimes we end up waiting our whole lives for something to be perfect before we take that big step. The perfect opportunity, the perfect business plan, the perfect opening line. If we wait until perfect, then we just push our happiness further down the road. So, we better do something now. We better make our opportunity now. We better care more now. We better love more now. We better appreciate more now. And we better give and live more. You want a better job? You want a better golf game? You want a better relationship? You want a better life? Refuse to listen to critics. Refuse to let fear stop you. There are no little people. We all have something we want. Happy Golf Life Starts Here. She taught me about manners, and generosity, and treating others kindly. She taught me how to play she was a rockstar at that game, how to make ice cream pie, and how to do laundry. She taught me how to pray, how to talk to others, and how to sing incorrect song lyrics. But the greatest gift my mom ever gave me was perspective. It was the realization that you can be happy if you choose to be happy. It was the fact that no matter how bad you have it, someone else has it worse. It was not knowing all the answers, but always looking for ways to make things better. It was perpetual positivity. There is no glass half empty or glass half full. There is just a glass, and you put what you want into it. My mom was happy until the end. She never complained, never wondered why this happened to her, and through it all worried about how we were doing. It takes a special person to stay positive through tough times. Although it takes a very special person to talk to a wrong number for 20 minutes she had done that before too! We were shopping at a local shopping mall in the winter. We parked near Sears and had to walk through it to get to the mall. So we came up with a plan. In retrospect, I could have taken a different door out, but this was way more fun. But I was okay, because he never saw me. We got to the exit and we both stopped. We were laughing hysterically at this point. I said peanut butter and you went chocolate chip. Peanut butter is right, chocolate chip is left. We walked out to the parking lot and I started going the wrong way. I hope you find your Peanut Butter Chocolate Chip. And remember, perspective is everything.

9: The Happiest People in the World

; What The Happiest People Know About Work Hard work and skills will only get you so far. The most successful people also find joy in working life.

Unrequited love Im a teenager trying to find myself. Instead they hate you. It doubts your self worth to see who you are and how much of a idiot you seem to be just because you loved someone deeply. It hurts,the days grew even worse and one day i finally got the courage to tell him. From there everything was messed up. I completely died inside. I was so depressed and it was hell. Never did i ever think something so traumatic was going to happen to me and i was trying to help myself from this chemical imbalance but nothing worked. Over the course of almost 3 years i was trying to seek help and all the advice was given to me in the world from everyone i knew but everything i tried never worked. I guess i needed a lot of time to heal from it all. I think he never knew any of this and he probably never will. An Apology to a Sunflower House I have to make an apology. This is where my apology comes in. Truly, deeply, from the bottom of my overworked heart I am sorry. You must have been scared, a soul floating around without a vessel. I was scared without you too, you know. I watered your sunflowers today, for the first time in what feels like ages. You see, there is nothing on this planet that should make you hate yourself so much you go to that place that have I was stuck in. You should never stop feeding yourself, or drinking water, or isolating yourself or sleeping day upon day away to keep life away. Or letting yourself spiral into a fit of panic until you make yourself physically ill. While another crushing wave may lay on the horizon, I cannot let it beat me down. It was scary, to say the least. Thank you for coming home to your sunflower house. Firstly in primary school i was just a normal kid fitting in my own way. But as a kid i knew that one day things would be better. Then things got better when i joined a new group allowing me to meet so many new people. In year 7 and 8 i had the best time of my life with friends and everything was fine. Till this day its been the biggest challenge of my life getting over and forgetting him. You need to find someone who loves and can give it back to you. And i will continue to write about him in my diaries,reports as its the best way to deal with my emotions that i had for him. I pray that someone loves me so much as i once loved him. That the world will burn bright and something so beautiful as love can never break your heart like he did to me. I struggled with my mental illnesses throughout my pre teen and early teen years but I always thought it to be puberty. Sometime into the relationship my parents got into a legal battle over the custody of my little brother. This battle affected my day to day life and it began to show at school and to my friends. Xavier took a break from me and it left me devastated. Throughout my relationship with him he was mentally and even physically abusive. He would shake me during my panic attacks and would even mock me while I was crying. This went on for a year and led to him physically and sexually assaulting me. Near the end of our relationship my stepmom who I was very close with was diagnosed with breast cancer. My sadness from this news led Xavier to sexually assaulting me. I left him not too long after and threatened to put him in jail if he continued contact with me. He controlled me to the point where I lost my friends and resented my family. Around this time my parents legal battle finally came to an end and my mom won the custody of my little brother forcing my dad to pay her child support every month. At the same time I voluntarily checked myself into psychiatric care. I was so mad because I was stuck in psychiatric care when it should have been him stuck in there, it was very obvious he needed help but never accepted it no matter how much I tried to offer help. Sometime after getting out of psychiatric care I ran out of medication and was too scared to go to the doctors due to problems with money. I was off my medication for a month before I attempted suicide. My uncle who was doing deliveries around our neighborhood dropped everything and showed up at our house to find me in my bedroom immobile and unresponsive. The police and EMS showed up not too long after trying to get me to wake up. My stepmom and my aunt and her boyfriend showed up giving the police information about my mental health, medications, how I had been acting leading up to that day. It took the EMS man to basically hit me in the chest to wake me up. I was transported to the hospital where I was taken care of medically before the police transported me to psychiatric care again. I was put back on medication and was sent back home. After going back home and going back to work I grew close with one

of my co workers and began talking with him. We hung out and had sex and it was all in good fun. The second time I went to go hang out with him we both got drunk and he raped me. I broke down in his apartment due to my history and having to relive trauma and he kicked me out at 4 in the morning drunk and high. I quit my job the day after and refused to go back. I recently found a new job and am on my way to starting college in the spring. I still struggle with depression, anxiety and PTSD and has driven people out of my life. I see a therapist once a week and try to spend as much time with my family as I can. They were there for me when I hit rock bottom, hell, my dad turned about a 5 hour drive into about a 3 hour drive to be by my side while I was in the hospital. I turned to art to be my outlet and expressing myself. I create my own little videos and hold much pride in them. I also write poetry and paint whether it be on paper or my own body. I had never strayed away from music and singing as well.

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