

1: Dottie Sines "When Love Beckons"

Kahlil Gibran on Love When love beckons to you, follow him, Though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him.

On a Friday morning, I am generally busy with promotions so there is no time to think, but I know that Humpty is an universal film. In that sense I am quite happy. What was the most memorable part of the shoot? That was challenging because it was a three page scene that I had to do in one shot. Shashank Khaitan, the director, and I worked a lot on this scene. For me, it was the time when we were shooting the climax. We had to battle against weather as it was pouring incessantly. But the fun part of the shoot was when we were shooting at Delhi University where Varun and I had to eat this kulcha chole. How would you describe your experience of working with Shashank Khaitan who is a first time director? And since he is an actor himself, every take is different and he never asked us to enact any scene in the same way. Shashank, I think is a brilliant director who extracts good performances from his actors. He really concentrated on Alia and me and you will get to see us in very different avatars. You cannot be too satisfied with your work because when you work with him, you have to put in that little bit of extra effort. Both of you come from film families. I want to make my own mistakes. I go purely on instinct and when I select my films, I keep two things in mind: Varun, your dad, David Dhawan has made several comedies. How do you look back at his films and what have you learnt from him during the making of Main Tera Hero? Haseena Maan Jayegi and Deewana Mastana were outstanding comedies. In fact, a lot of people have told me that we should remake Aankhen. Govinda was superb in the film and so was Kader Khan. I learnt a lot from my dad. I think he helped me get rid of all my inhibitions, taught me to be free flowing and enjoy a scene to the fullest. And according to you, what makes for a good comedy? At the moment very few good comedies are being made. But according to me, a good comedy should have good actors, strong screenplay and some kick-ass music! In a recent interview, David Dhawan had said that he shall only do films with you. We will definitely be doing something. I also hope to do a film with my brother. Of course, it will happen sometime. And what does your dad have to say about your acting skills? Does he comment on your films? No, but he is very happy with Highway and 2 States. You got a lot of appreciation as an actress with Highway. Has that raised expectations? There is a lot of pressure and expectations. After doing a film like Highway, I have to make sure that I select the right subject next time, because if it fails people will say she could only do it in Highway. Who would you give credit to for helping you reach where you have? All my directors and co-stars. Obviously, Karan Johar because he got me here. But even Imtiaz Ali, Shashank and Abhishek Verma, all of them have been very, very big influences in my life. He sacrificed a lot of things for me. He always gives precedence to my needs and has been my guiding light. What about Shaandar, is it going to be very different from the clutch of films that you have done, Alia? Varun, your next film Badlapur is also very different and one which required a lot of prep? A lot of mental and heavy duty prep has gone into Badlapur. Which aspect of acting do you feel you are good at and which you feel you need to work on? I have to work on all areas at the moment. Alia, how do you feel when you are compared to Kareena Kapoor Khan. Do you feel flattered or does it irk you? Everybody compares me to Kareena. Varun, you have a huge female fan following. What is the craziest thing any fan has done for you? One fan from Mumbai cut her wrist for me and sent me some pictures. I was very upset. I spoke to her mother after that. Alia, you are a big fan of Ranbir Kapoor. Yes, I am a big Ranbir Kapoor fan and have met him a couple of times. I have been saying from day one that I would love to work with him. I think that I will learn a lot from him. Did you ever imagine that you would reach where you have today? Yes, I did imagine I would be here doing films. But I am only halfway as yet, because I have imagined a lot more. Alia, you saw stardom when you were barely How do you keep yourself grounded? I have my family and friends to keep me grounded. I also feel that the minute I believe that I have achieved anything, the growth stops. And, I want to grow as an actress. How has life changed for both of you after becoming film stars? I have become very busy after I became an actress. I make it a point to spend time with friends who have been with me since my school days. It helps me to unwind. Alia, how is Varun as a co-star? Varun is the only actor I have worked with twice.

Besides, we have always been in touch so it was very comfortable for us to shoot together. But this time round, we were not too worried about the scenes and dialogues, and completely enjoyed working on adding different variations to the scenes. Varun, how is Alia as a co-star? Alia is very caring and sweet. She takes good care of me. But I would want to change the way she walks.

2: The Prophet - Wikiquote

Minister -- We are gathered here today to witness the coming together of two people, _____ and _____, whose hearts and spirits are entwined as www.enganchecubano.com now desire to profess before all the world their intention henceforth to walk the road of life together.

I shall call myself Shweta; but this is not my real name. I ask you to understand my desire to remain anonymous. It may come as a surprise to you that this story is written in the first person. That is so because I wrote it myself. In fact I requested Heart2Heart to have it as it is, with some editing, if needed, but without changing the essence. I want the world to know what I have received - the greatest gift of all - the gift of Life. I was still in high school in Grade ten, when I began falling ill often. Persistent coughs, colds and breathlessness put a full stop to my sports and extracurricular activities. I was forced to be a spectator at events where I had excelled earlier. It was disappointing and since the problems were longstanding - my family decided to take me to a specialist. My family and I approached a local specialist who immediately suspected cardiac disease and prescribed a series of tests. It was the mitral valve. I was advised immediate surgery and was told to get admitted. My parents suggested that we go home, think it over, and return. The doctor felt it is his bound duty to drive the final nail into the coffin - he pegged the cost of surgery at Rs. And that was just the beginning. I was also told that I was to take medication for the rest of my life. I am the only daughter of my parents, studying, dependent on them for everything and suddenly this shocking news and the exorbitant price tag - I just could not take it. I was so disturbed that I broke down in the clinic. My parents too were shaken but they held a stiff upper lip. We came back home and I asked to be left alone. I sat in silence and brooded over my situation. My parents had done everything for me. Given me a good education, treated me as a friend when I grew to my teens. And here I was hanging like a millstone round their neck, instead of being a help to them - On my study table I have a figurine of Mother Saraswathi, the Goddess of Learning. I began to pour out my feelings to Her - after all, prayer is talking to God and I was literally doing so. And when his wings enfold you, yield to him, Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you, believe him, Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden. For even as love crowns you, so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth, so is he for your pruning. I looked up at Mother Saraswathi and my eyes brimmed with tears. I lowered my eyes to the page and continued to read. Like the sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself. He threshes you to make you naked. He sifts you to free you from your husks. He grinds you to whiteness. What had I done to deserve this? I did not reach out to take it or read it. I had gone through it at least ten times. Anne knew she was going to die but she did not lose faith in humanity. And here you are losing faith in yourself? I will not lie that my mood was suddenly uplifted and I felt the warm glow of sunshine on my shoulders. It sounds so good in poetry and prose, but real life was way too different. I had to face the facts - Rs. And as any young heart would rebel - I felt I was too young to die. I surfed the net and got to know more about the mitral valve disease. My father met some of his friends who suggested a second opinion. He did not raise any false hopes that the condition would rectify itself. He was just postponing the inevitable to reduce the impact on my growing body. I accepted my condition and arranged my life around it. I started my medication and over time it came to include the painful injection of Penidure. Periodically we would go to the diagnostic center only to be told that the disease was progressing. My parents were saving up for my operation, without upsetting the apple cart. They had great plans for me and not once did they allow me to feel I was different. By now I was sufficiently knowledgeable about my condition and did not demur. We prepared for the process of admission and then surgery. The money was not yet available and my family decided to take a loan to foot the medical expenses. In the midst of such uncertainty, when all seems lost, there remains hope. It is hope which keeps us alive. I was still hoping that there could be some way to dent the impact of this situation on our lives. God allows us to struggle till we give up and then He takes over. The Miracle of Faith One evening, my father returned home excited and without talking to us headed for the prayer room. We are going there and the rest is up to God. The results were the same and we were told to come back after receiving the intimation from the

Hospital for a surgery date. I am cutting a long story short hereâ€I got the call letter and came over to the Hospital. My surgery was uneventful and here I am writing this piece, seated on the bed in the post-operative ward of the Sri Sathya Sai Institute of Higher Medical Sciences, in Whitefield, near the city of Bangalore, India. It is also true that the cure changed me for the better. I am not referring to the cure of the physical ailment alone. I was awestruck by the grandeur of the hall and the dome. The resplendent, reassuring presence of Lord Ganesha in the central hall, the wide lawns outside the window, the expansive balconies, long corridorsâ€vastness everywhere. The architecture lends itself the opening of the spiritual heart, allowing the soul to seek and soar higher. Here, my mind was at rest and my heart, at peace. In fact, I actually felt happy that I was in this Hospital. There was no fear of the unknown. The doctors and nurses were frank, but so gentle. I was always told that truth is bitter, but here I found that it is possible to speak the truth without hurting. I can go on about what I feel now and how I was before, but as my benefactor Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba says, past is past, forget the past, future is uncertain, live in the present, it is the gift of God. Each of us has a purpose in life and it is for us to find it. To paraphrase Mario Puzo in his famous novel *The Godfather*: One must live life as though there is no tomorrow. Words are insufficient to express what I feel, but were I to succeed in conveying my idea of the value of time, the power of now and the gift of life to even a fewâ€I will consider myself lucky. To access all the previous issues of *Healing Touch*, please [click here](#). Dear Reader, did this article inspire you in any way? Would you like sharing your feelings with us? Thank you for your time. Story from *Heart to Heart E-Magazine*:

3: Love: When love beckons to you, follow him by Kahlil Gibran

"When love beckons to you follow him, Though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him, Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.

When Love Beckons You: Marriage always has been a sacred institution cross culturally. More recently however, its social significance, structure, and meaning have undergone radical inquiry and change, particularly in our culture. Statistically, the sanctity of it is no longer held in as high regard. Some marry and find themselves unable or unwilling to stay when they realize the amount of work that it takes. The truth is, marriage is a challenge. Commitment, time, fidelity, vulnerability, honesty, accountability, truth telling, raising children, aging and dying; these are hard. It takes courage to take a deeper look into the shadow side of marriage and at the same time access the necessary humor, lightness and beauty that brought a couple together. The pathway to this choice point is not easy for a couple to travel. Working with a spiritual advisor can help them choose to keep their eyes open. For being happy with each other does not mean that everything is perfect. It means that you have decided to look beyond the imperfections. And apologizing does not always mean that you are wrong and the other is right. It means that you value your relationship as much as you value the preservation of your individuality. As a spiritual advisor I walk the sacred path with a couple, guiding them through the surface illusions of the romantic perspective. I do this with the hope and prayer that the resulting reality will bring them to marriage standing together, naked and vulnerable, knowing the work it will take to make a marriage succeed. In this deeper romantic reality, they do not suffer any illusions. Yet, in spite of the uncertainty, they choose to say yes because their hearts are open, trusting that their love and truth will guide them. It is tricky territory, as there are not many relevant modern models to follow and there is no simple formula. When love beckons to you, follow him, Though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him, Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you believe in him, Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden. For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth, so is he for your pruning. Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun, So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth. Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love possesses not nor would it be possessed. For love is sufficient unto love. When you love you should not say: Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself. Want to discuss this topic further? Reach out to Kim Illig via email to schedule a one-on-one session or arrange to have a group dialogue via Skype. With over 30 years experience in the healing arts working with individuals, groups and organizations, Kim brings extensive knowledge and skills to her practice.

4: Healing Touch: "When Love Beckons" - Feb

When Love Beckons This is a story about finding within oneself the strength to face and overcome the turmoils of life in the search for happiness. Ellie's home is the dynamic Chicago but she is increasingly drawn to Marietta, Ohio.

In one drop of water are found all the secrets of all the oceans. Sign-up for your free subscription to my Daily Inspiration - Daily Quote email. To confirm your subscription, you must click on a link in the email being sent to you. Each email contains an unsubscribe link. Love that does not renew itself every day becomes a habit and in turn a slavery. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give. Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. Only love and death will change all things. To go forward is to move toward perfection. For you and I are sons of one religion, and it is the Spirit. Much of your pain is self-chosen. It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self. Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquility. Dream your dream to the sky and it will bring you your beloved. Love possesses not nor would it be possessed; For love is sufficient unto love. Poetry is a deal of joy and pain and wonder, with a dash of the dictionary. Death most resembles a prophet who is without honor in his own land or a poet who is a stranger among his people. What difference is there between us, save a restless dream that follows my soul but fears to come near you? When you enter into it take with you your all. If your heart is a volcano, how shall you expect flowers to bloom?

5: Love Poem by Khalil Gibran - Poem Hunter

Love that does not renew itself every day becomes a habit and in turn a slavery. - Khalil Gibran. When love beckons to you, follow him, Though his ways are hard and steep.

When you love you should not say, "God is in my heart," but rather, "I am in the heart of God. When love beckons to you, follow him, Though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him, Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you believe in him, Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning. He threshes you to make you naked. He sifts you to free you from your husks. He grinds you to whiteness. For love is sufficient unto love. But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires: To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night. To know the pain of too much tenderness. To be wounded by your own understanding of love; And to bleed willingly and joyfully. You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days. Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God. But let there be spaces in your togetherness, And let the winds of the heavens dance between you. Give one another of your bread, but eat not from the same loaf. Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each of you be alone, Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music. For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts. And stand together yet not too near together: They come through you but not from you, And though they are with you yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts, For they have their own thoughts. You may house their bodies but not their souls, For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you. For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday. You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth. The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give. And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears. When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight. On Houses[edit] The lust for comfort, that stealthy thing that enters the house a guest, and then becomes a host, and then a master. Would that I could be the peacemaker in your soul, that I might turn the discord and the rivalry of your elements into oneness and melody. But how shall I, unless you yourselves be also the peacemakers, nay, the lovers of all your elements? Therefore let your soul exalt your reason to the height of passion, that it may sing; And let it direct your passion with reason, that your passion may live through its own daily resurrection, and like the phoenix rise above its own ashes. The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals. The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to the sea; And the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes. But let there be no scales to weigh your unknown treasure; And seek not the depths of your knowledge with staff or sounding line. For self is a sea boundless and measureless. Say not, "I have found the truth," but rather, "I have found a truth. The soul walks not upon a line, neither does it grow like a reed.

6: Beckon | Definition of Beckon by Merriam-Webster

When Love Beckons You: an Essay on Marriage By Kim Illig and Dennis Mead-Shikaly Marriage is when a community comes together to witness, support and bless a couple who have made the intentional decision to spend the rest of their life together.

The story starts with Draco waking up, lost, somewhere in a forest. He has no idea where he is or how he got there. Which way to go, what things to eat, what to do to keep himself safe. Along the way, they talk and get to know each other better and eventually, when Draco makes it out of the forest he goes and kisses Harry to the shock of all, except Harry. You can then make up how you want to explain it all. To those who read this before. And who will read it now. I hope you like it! When Love beckons to you, follow him. The first thing Draco felt was a sharp prickling in his back: He let out a long-suffering groan and sat up too quickly; his head swam in complaint. He opened his eyes gingerly and groaned again. He was in a small clearing, massive aged trees lining its edges. The grass was tall around him, reaching his shoulder as the wind caused the green blades to brush against him curiously. There seemed to be a strange stillness in the air, a silence that was heavy around him. No bird-calls, no rustling hurry of animals. The strong rays of the sun fought through the thick canopy of leaves; it seemed that there were only a few more hours left in the day. Draco sighed again and the grass commiserated. He poked at his memory and could only come up with an auditory glimpse: Draco felt very close to spitting some choice words, but the stillness was forbidding. He began to walk to the edge of the clearing, stumbling a little before peering into the tranquil green silence amongst the trees. After a few moments of consideration, he stepped into the forest proper, holding back heavy branches and struggling through the lower bushes. It was a lovely leaf, green and full. There was no reason for it to fall, yet it had, turning over and over lazily, twisting in the air until it was almost right in front of him. Without realising what he was doing, he reached out a hand and it landed neatly in the centre of his palm. Can you hear me? Draco jumped at the sound of the voice. It seemed to come from all around him. He clenched the leaf in his fist, crushing it, causing it to give off a faint, familiar smell, but Draco was too startled to take note. He spun around as fast as he could, but there was no one near him at all. He tried to calm his breathing, but the voice had been too clear to be mistaken; it seemed as if someone had spoken right in his ear. Please, tell me you can. The leaf in his hand was almost crushed to pieces and Draco noticed a faint smell of mint. They are in the balance. Stop wasting my time. The war is over. There is no more Voldemort. Draco had an unpleasant suspicion -- this was most certainly a trap. Someone had charmed his voice to sound like Potter and now he was going to lure him into a trap and kill him; after all that trouble to defect to the damn-blasted side of Light, he was going to die at the hands of a former colleague. The world did not like him. Draco clamped his hands over his ears and shook his head. Get the fuck out. The sun was nearly ready to set and he was thirsty, cold and very tired. He was walking in circles and the silence that had seemed non-threatening before had taken on a more sinister tone. He glared at the flattened shape in the grass that his body had created, rubbing his eyes. I can, you know. So do me a favour and piss off, thanks. Draco rolled his eyes. You reach for the Snitch with your left hand, although you write with your right. Your mother says that your favourite chocolate is a Muggle one. Remind me to kill Pansy when next I see her," Draco muttered and Potter chuckled. When you came to us, your hair was long, past your shoulders, I guess -- and you cut it off. Short, like it was back in school. Everyone thought you did it to look less like your father. Which -- made sense, I suppose. Draco closed his eyes, clenched at his arms and tried not to think of his father. How alike they looked on the damp field, even with his hair shorn so short. You can start being helpful sometime soon. The sun is about to set. You need to find somewhere safe to be. Maybe climb a tree. Abraxas is rolling in his grave. The silence of the day became an ominous presence at dusk, even more disturbing than the former quiet. It seemed he was stuck in a forest from which all the animals had been erased and he did not like the implications of this. The tree Potter told him to choose had its limbs growing close together, creating a sort of natural platform at different intervals along the length of its trunk. He scratched his hands while breaking some thick bushes to lay over the branches, creating a small platform. Climbing up and down the tree exhausted him, but he finally had enough

space covered so he could spread his cloak over the bushes and gingerly lie down, near to the trunk of the tree about thirty feet off the ground. His makeshift bed held; deep-down he was delighted at his handiwork. From where he lay, all he could see was the golden light of the sunset making lovely patterns all around him. He breathed carefully, his hands folded under his head; he could still smell the mint of the leaf he had crushed in the skin of his palm. That could be a bad thing, or a very bad thing. Where you are is safe. This is really not fair. I can read something to you, if you want. Its one of my favourite books: A Muggle wrote this. Draco, who had opened his mouth to berate Harry for reading him the news in the midst of his troubles, closed it. Draco heard Harry clear his throat gently and start to read in slow measured tones. Lovely! what does that even mean? All his life, who he was had been defined by his name, his acquaintances and even Potter. In those moments he liked to think that he had been free. No Malfoy should be a captive to anyone or anything; and begrudgingly he admitted that if anyone could help keep him free and not have him or his mother or his friends indebted, then that would be Potter and his little Order. He even found that his intense dislike Pansy called it an obsessive emotional disturbance for Potter had tempered itself into a slight loathing and then into what most warring countries called a truce; he referred to it as his burden to bear as Potter gave him furtive, questioning looks during Order meetings. I think I do, too. Draco awoke from a dream that had been terrifying in its realism. In it, he saw Potter, his mouth a thin pale line in his face, the right side of his head a bloody, ashy mess as spells flew about them. He had seen a figure dressed in pale robes materialise behind Potter as they fought in a devastated field, pointing an ethereal wand at his back. Without thinking, Draco moved in front of the path of fire and Harry had turned, also pointing. He opened his eyes blearily, stretching to get the stiffness out of his limbs. Can you see what direction the sun is rising in? If you can, you have to go straight that way. He plunged into the cool of the forest, walking swiftly so that if he came upon the clearing again, he could get over his disappointment quicker. I feel ill just listening to you," Draco said without any heat at all. He heard something, a cheerful bubbling sound some ways ahead. He bit his lip; the parched feeling in the back of his throat grew with a dry strength. I trusted you, right? Trust me in this. Draco took a few tentative steps forward, the silence in the air pressing all about him and without warning, the trees seemed to thin. He almost fell right into the broad river, light glinting off its smooth surface. He looked up and down its banks but the same lonely atmosphere pervaded the whole scene.

7: When Love beckons to you, follow him, a harry potter fanfic | FanFiction

When Love Beckons - words and music by Bob Whitley From the Cd and Songbook 'When Love Beckons' December

8: When love beckons to you, follow him, by Khalil Gibran

Thank you Luda it always makes me feel so good to hear from you. '~-}.

9: On Love- When Love Beckons- by Kahlil Gibran | Success Inspired.

"When love beckons to you, follow him, Though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you, yield to him, Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.

How biodiversity is created and maintained The Greco-Roman Branch Sir Eric G. Turner. The heirloom life gardener Occupational health and safety in ghana The miraculous conception Todd, J. A. The cotton resources of the British empire. Collectors luck in Spain Changing child: readings in child development Innovation under competition Beauty awakened gena showalter Social turn in second language acquisition Guided practice for resonance therapy Disorders os hemostasis Galilean seafaring in the gospels Property management reinvented Physician reporting requirements and profiling. America and Russia in a changing world Egyptian Gnostic Works Baby Hugs ABC Rattle Book Recommended Inns Pubs of Britain, 2008 Edition (Recommended Inns and Pubs of Britain) Productivity, compensation, and retirement David Neumark Joy in the Midst of Lifes Storms New Question Box Catholic Life in the Nineties Who am i piano Crossing the ocean Can people protect themselves? New Perspectives on Microsoft Excel 97 Comprehensive Enhanced (New Perspectives Series) Intellectual Property Law In China (Max Planck Series on Asian Intellectual Property Law) My Friend My Lover My Husband Web crawler research paper Guy vs. girl labeling Ccnp tshoot quick reference guide Leading groups and teams Saratoga and Kay-ad-ros-se-ra Pinnocks catechism of geography The early life of Thomas Hardy, 1840-1891 Negation and Polarity Syntactic and Semantic Perspectives (Oxford Linguistics) Practical malware analysis the hands-on guide Communication knowledge Pt. 3. Southern Italy and Sicily, with excursions to the Lipari islands, Malta, Sardinia, Tunis and Corfu