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and entertainment we endured, when I reflect back on my recent adventure, the first thing which pops into my mind is the smile of an Asian woman.

On our return flight, it was very important to my husband that we arrive at the airport very early (a little too early for me). Our flight was scheduled for 2:40 p.m., and at his insistence, we arrived at 10 a.m. He likes to get there early “just in case.” I’m the type that arrives an hour before the plane leaves. He wants to be one of the first on the plane and I have been known to be the last person on, simply because I may be enthralled in a conversation with someone I just met.

Since I had made a commitment to walk five miles everyday, instead of sitting around waiting for my flight, I decided to walk the airport. That is where I met her.

I was on my second lap past our gate when I decided to use the rest room. As I neared the ladies room I saw a young Asian man standing beside a wheelchair.

I didn’t think much of it until I went inside.

An older woman, presumably his grandmother, was creeping along, holding on to her cane on one side and the wall on the other. I was behind her and slowed down to her pace, as I was not in a rush. When the wall came

“...we are all connected here on this earth and we must look out for one another.”

to an end, and she had nothing else to hold on to, I automatically held out my hand. She intuitively grabbed my hand, as if we had done this scenario hundreds of times before, and I walked her to the stall. When I was done, I returned to her cubicle. I walked with her to the sink, washed, got her a paper towel and then went back with her outside.

A very relieved young man was waiting for her as we emerged and helped me get her into the wheelchair. I realized then that neither of them spoke English.

The young man thanked me with a big smile and a nod. She reached for my hand again, squeezed it and smiled. I looked into her eyes, waved and blew a kiss.

Not a word was spoken, but such an impact was felt. I could feel her spirit, so loving and filled with positive energy. She had been waiting for me, as if she actually knew I would be there. And I was there, arranged perfectly by the Universe. What a privilege.

As I walked away, I knew something special had just occurred. It was all as it should be. I was there at the precise minute I was needed, and so was she. After a week filled with glitz and glamour, of flashing lights and the sound of cha-ching, cha-ching, her presence brought me back home to my reality: We are all connected here on this earth and we must look out for one another.

Next time the Universe asks for your help, be sure you offer your hand. These hands are the perfect hands to play. Human hands are very winning hands indeed.

♥ Debby

IPPW Member Information

If you haven’t signed up for your *In the Presence of Positive Women* membership yet, *what are you waiting for?*

There is no better time to get involved with other positive women than the present. Your involvement can be as simple as just reading your monthly newsletter (filled with motivational and inspirational articles), you can be actively involved by helping to start a chapter in your home town—or anything in between. The involvement is strictly voluntary, your membership is for you.

Our goal is to foster an environment where women meet to share tools of empowerment and find courage to reach their potential. We invite you to become part of a new wave of organization—one that is being created by you, for you.

A few of the benefits besides the newsletter include discounts on IPPW events, merchandise and advertising in the newsletter.

Visit our website www.positivewomen.com for a membership application.

Behind the scenes of our *In the Presence of Positive Women* newsletter:

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1 Year\$35

2 Years..... \$50

Best value 5 Years.....\$75

Lunch with God Author Unknown

A little boy wanted to meet God. He knew it was a long trip to where God lived, so he packed his suitcase with a bag of corn chips and a six-pack of root beer and started his journey.

When he had gone about three blocks, he met an old woman. She was sitting in the park just staring at some pigeons.

The boy sat down next to her and opened his suitcase. He was about to take a drink from his root beer when he noticed that the old lady looked hungry, so he offered her some chips. She gratefully accepted it and smiled at him.

Her smile was so pretty that the boy wanted to see it again, so he offered her a root beer. Again, she smiled at him. The boy was delighted! They sat there all

afternoon eating and smiling, but they never said a word.

As twilight approached, the boy realized how tired he was and he got up to leave; but before he had gone more than a few steps, he turned around, ran back to the old woman, and gave her a hug. She gave him her biggest smile ever.

When the boy opened the door to his own house a short time later, his mother was surprised by the look of joy on his face. She asked him, "What did you do today that made you so happy?" He replied, "I had lunch with God." But before his mother could respond, he added, "You know what? She's got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen!"

Meanwhile, the old woman, also radiant with joy, returned to

her home. Her son was stunned by the look of peace on her face and he asked, "Mother, what did you do today that made you so happy?" She replied, "I ate corn chips in the park with God." However, before her son responded, she added, "You know, he's much younger than I expected."

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around. People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime. Embrace all equally!

Have lunch with God today—and don't forget to bring the chips.



To the Wonderful Women in My Circle Author Unknown

(I was sent this e-mail from a very special friend, author unknown. It felt as if it was written about what I see IPPW becoming. I edited it and rearranged it a bit. I hope you enjoy it.)

When I was little, I used to believe in the concept of one best friend. When I grew up and became a woman, I found that if you allow your heart to open up, God would show you the best in many friends.

One friend may be needed when you're going through things with your significant other; another when you're going through things with your mom; and others when you want to shop, share, heal, hurt, joke—or just be. One special friend to pray together, cry together, fight together or walk

away together. One friend will meet your spiritual needs; another your shoe fetish; another your love for movies; another will be with you in

or to hold you back from making a complete fool of yourself—those are your best friends.

It may all be wrapped up in one woman, but for many it's wrapped up in several; one from 7th grade, one from high school, several from the college years, a couple from old jobs, several from church, on some days your mother, on others your sisters, and on some days your daughters .

So whether they've been there 20 minutes or 20 years, don't forget to tell them how important they are in your life and say "Thanks" to God for all the wonderful women He has given you to make a difference in your life.



"...tell them how important they are in your life and say "Thanks" to God for all the wonderful women He has given you..."

A Matter of Perspective by Debby Hoffman

It's funny how differently two people can see the same thing. What one may see as an asset; another may see it as a liability. What one views as a treasure, another might see as trash. What one sees as awesomeness, the other may be traumatized from it.

I've been meeting more and more people lately that have such different reactions to things; it has provided much food for thought.

A new acquaintance of mine has brought much talk. She is either viewed as someone who is marvelous and a healer, or someone, whom is a charlatan, and out only for money. How can one person bring on such vastly different reactions?

Is it because some of us have such intuition, that any thing or any one who may be a little "out there" send alarms off pounding

in our head?

Is it because some of us are so worldly that we know a shyster when we see them? Or are we so attuned to the good in people, that their goodness radiates so

"Perspective: a point of view; the ability to perceive things in their actual interrelations or comparative importance; a perception."

much stronger, it actually covers up what negative attributes they have?

On my business card, I use the tag line "a different perspective". I chose it to differentiate myself in a world filled with sameness. Everyone in my line of work is a motivational speaker, a coach or consultant. My expertise is in seeing the world from a different angle than most, and

have become pretty darn good at cutting through the malarkey of life and getting to the heart of things.

I just want to remind people that there are two sides to every coin and sometimes when we perceive things as "bad", they may actually just be different. When someone "pushes our buttons", or bring things up in us which we don't want to acknowledge, they just may be put in our paths to teach us something or make us stronger.

Be open to the discovery. Perhaps these people have been specifically chosen by the Universe to be in our lives. Maybe there are there to help us evolve, to discover a self that is better, stronger and more in control of our destiny. Maybe they are angels in disguise. ♥ Debby

Happy New Year, Fellow Creators by Kathleen Veth

Some years ago, I decided that making New Year's Resolutions just didn't work for me. Things changed when I started setting goals instead. Below are some tips that helped me. Perhaps they'll inspire you, too!

Be realistic. Try setting one or two goals and concentrate on achieving them, rather than several you will never reach. Want to create for an hour each day? Schedule 30 minutes every morning, with the option for additional time as the muse—and the calendar—permit.

Be specific. If the objective is to complete a novel, don't say, "I want to write a book." Instead, announce, "I'll try to do something each day (write, edit, research, take a course, address

envelopes) that will help me reach my goal." Who knows? Other projects may dovetail into yours or lead to a chance meeting with an important connection.

Visualize results. Imagine how success would look and feel. Keep all thoughts in the present tense. Since experts agree that the goal-seeking mechanism lies within the subconscious mind, the best times to do visualizations are upon awakening or as you fall asleep.

Involve a friend. Fellow creators can provide moral support, credible critiques and make the entire process more fun. Ask a fellow creator to help or encourage you to meet specific deadlines.

Document your progress.

Keep a chart of baby steps (made a phone call, discovered a missing piece of research, met with a publisher). Tracking progress boosts confidence, shows commitment and allows you to share information with potential clients.

Take it one step at a time. Don't abandon your goal for the whole year just because of one slip. Enjoy the process. Take creating one day at a time and think of each day as a new beginning.

You are a professional creator! Remember that you're making these changes because you are already a successful, professional creator, not because you want to become one.

Visit www.kathleenveth.com ♥