

D-Rose Impressions Presents

The SomethingToShare.com eBook

Dealing With Death, Loss and Terminal Illness

A Little Perspective and Faith
to Help See You Through



*May time bring solace, and solace perspective... that you and yours
might navigate this most difficult time to find the tranquility and the
fondest of memories waiting for you a little further down the road.*

- D Anthony, Inspirational Author and Motivator

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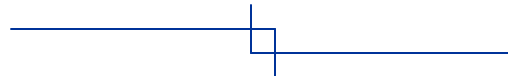
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The SomethingToShare.com eBook

Dealing With Death, Loss and Terminal Illness

D-Rose Impressions Presents...

The SomethingToShare.com eBook:



Dealing With Death, Loss and Terminal Illness



**A Little Perspective and Faith to
Help See You Through**

D Anthony

Why We Sing

So, exactly what's the driving force behind SomethingToShare.com and "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspectives to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential"? Founded in the depths of sorrow, SomethingToShare.com was created as the only possible logical response to the completely illogical, unfair and unwarranted passing of my mother. The loss of my mother was a harsh dose of reality - coupled with pain and heartache the likes of nothing I'd ever known. Death had come into my life and abruptly taken the person most important to me - and I hadn't been able to do anything but helplessly watch, pray and cry.

For me, her passing was, by far, the most horrific, excruciating and emotionally draining event that I had ever experienced. And in the resulting disillusioned, angry and rebellious state of mind that first week, I searched for answers... for a reason to go on... for something to alleviate at least a small portion of the pain. What I didn't know was that composing the program for my mother's funeral services would provide that opportunity. It was when I compiled the following for the back of the program that the stage was set for the healing to begin;

None of us knows the volume of sand remaining in the hourglass of our lives... Now more than ever she teaches us to appreciate time... Now more than ever she teaches us to appreciate the people we spend it with... I urge you to seek out your loved ones, hug them, and let them know how much you care. God Bless...

Eventually out of the sorrow grew determination - determination to follow in her path so I would one day see her again... determination to refocus my life... determination to remind others about the value of each day... determination to make a difference in her name.

From there, a few friends lent their perspectives, effort and a liberal helping of smiles (not to mention a few cathartic tears) - and countless others have cared enough to share and, in so doing, have become part of our extended SomethingToShare.com family. From there, my first motivational and inspirational book, "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspectives to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential" was born - along with STSTheBook.com, dedicated to showcasing the book and other inspirational products.

The SomethingToShare.com eBook

Dealing With Death, Loss and Terminal Illness

The goal... Via a continuous helping of motivational words, inspirational gifts, a little perspective, possibly a tear or two, a few laughs and whatever else we can think of - we endeavor to help motivate and inspire you to begin to make a difference in this world... for you and the people around you. Further, we encourage you to make the most of today - because when it's all said and done... tomorrow simply isn't promised.

The concept and mission of SomethingToShare, the motivational and inspirational book, the resulting endeavors and most especially, absolutely any hint of positive impact and/or inspired, uplifting and beneficial outcomes induced are dedicated to the memory of a Rose, my mother - and her belief that no matter what this life brings, we must count our blessings, strengthen our resolve, lean on our faith and go right on living. Or as Mom would so succinctly put it... I used to cry because I had no shoes, then I met a man with no feet.

So you are encouraged to open your mind and your heart today and to remember us whenever you are in need of a little inspiration. And above all know that if you touch just one life this day and the next... The world will be a better place.

Be blessed and forever inspired...

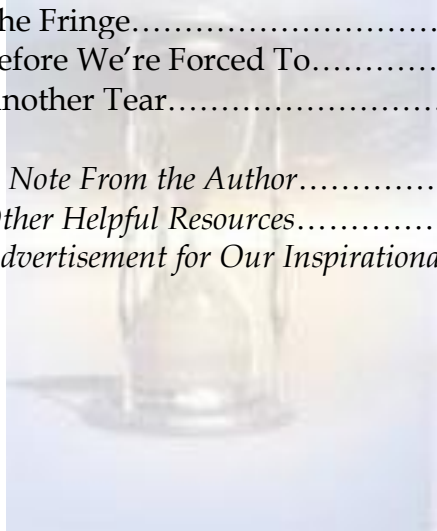
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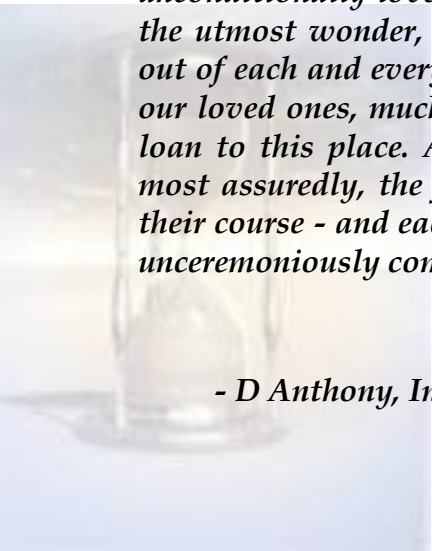
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The One Truth



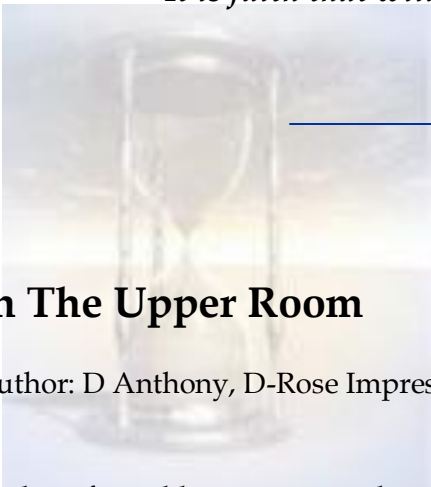
We must endeavor to always cherish the love ones in our lives. We must strive, as much as humanly possible, to unconditionally love and appreciate them - and strive to get the utmost wonder, purpose, true happiness and fulfillment out of each and every day we're blessed to share. For each of our loved ones, much like us, in this presence, are merely on loan to this place. And for each of us one not so fine day, most assuredly, the final grains of sand will inevitably run their course - and each and every loan will impersonally and unceremoniously come due.

- D Anthony, Inspirational Author & Motivator, (04/10)

After The Loss

It doesn't get much worse than the pain and heartache from losing someone you truly love. Nothing can rescue you from the harsh reality. Yesterday is no more... The life of a loved one has been permanently extinguished – and your life can, and will, never be the same. So, while we (your extended family from SomethingToShare.com), do not possess the ability to erase the excruciating sorrow, we pray the words that follow will help you in time to see a brighter day.

- *Life may never be the same, but...*
- *In time, Life will again be better*
- *Time will bring perspective...*
- *And that leads to a brighter day*
- *Never stop saying "I love you" -*
- *Trust it's heard from a better place*
- *Have faith in the Almighty, since...*
- *It is faith that will see you thru*



In The Upper Room

Author: D Anthony, D-Rose Impressions, 07/01

A close friend has an aunt who, after months of proving a worthy adversary, appears to be succumbing to an increasingly debilitating bout with Cancer. Unfortunately, many of the familiar signs are there - the inhumanity of late night Emergency Room visits... extended periods without the consumption of food... blurred lines of reality... and occasional exclamations of 'being so tired'. And for loved ones, the overwhelming feelings of helplessness, frustration, sorrow, anger and fear continue to grow. My friend's teary eyes bear witness to a grueling, yet unsatisfied search for answers.

This is the article I didn't think I would ever write -

Do you love anyone? I mean... do you really love anyone? I'm talking about the kind

of love that has already stood the test of time. I'm talking about the kind of... there's nothing more important in your life than your love for that person kind of love. I'm talking about the... I would literally give my life for that person kind of love.

STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Don't... Let anybody cause you to feel bad for feeling the way you do.*
- *Do... Take as much time as you need... your feelings shouldn't be judged by someone else's watch or calendar.*
- *Don't... Try to hide from the pain... It's a pay me now or pay me later sort of thing. If you continuously ignore it, that just means you'll continue to carry it around.*

Well, that's the way I loved my Mom. Why? I don't know that I can really say. All I know is that above and beyond giving me life, she was honestly the nicest, most giving, most humble, most down-to-earth, most loving person I've have ever known. She had a smile that would warm any heart and a heart that made everyone she touched just a little better. I never knew of a time that she wasn't giving or planning to give again. There wasn't anything she wouldn't sacrifice for me and my siblings... for family... for friends... for her faith. She was the epitome of the most magnificent compliment that can be awarded to any being. She was a loving Mother.

And there wasn't anything I wouldn't do for my Mom... if I could -

I walked in her room, took one glance in her eyes and knew... One look told me everything I needed to know. Just a couple seconds and the unimaginable burden of life's most unacceptable truth would alter my destiny forever. My Mom was passing on.

Nothing else mattered... not a month of prayers... not the power of positive thought... not the tears or spiritual encouragement of the best of friends... not the visitation of her children, and theirs... not one passing medical expert or any of their ineffective diagnosis. Nothing else mattered - except my Mom was going to die.

Up to the second I looked in her eyes I was convinced she would beat her illness. There was no doubt that the plans we made for the shopping spree and the grand meal once she returned home was just a matter of time. The nurse had called me at work indicating, "I should hurry to the hospital... my Mother's system was shutting down". I abruptly interrupted, "what do you mean... do something... where is her doctor". But upon arriving at the hospital I saw her eyes and knew... nothing else mattered. My Mom was going home.

STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Do... Write down as many details, expressions, insights, characteristics and antidotes as you can think of... (before time has the opportunity to erase them).*
- *Do... Spend quality time with friends and family that knew and loved your loved one the most... (you'll likely laugh and cry – and find there are so many amazing things that you never knew).*

I whispered, "Mom it's okay... I understand... thank you for everything... I love you"

Somehow, I ignored every acceptable notion that I had ever had... every considerable possible outcome of my Mother's month and a half hospital stay, which I had permitted to enter my guarded realm of consciousness. Although she had stopped speaking the previous week, her eyes told me what had to be done. One look told me I had to let her go. It wasn't easy, but somehow I knew it was what had to be done. Since that day, I have come to believe this was the most valuable gift I could have given her. In the most selfless act I have ever even conceived - I told her it was okay to go. As a result, I know she knew that I understood... she was tired... she had accepted her fate, which her faith ensured was to better place. She knew I understood that this was bigger than us, and beyond our control... that death was an inevitable result of every life.

I told my Mother to go ahead home... to say hello to her mother, father and so many other family members and friends who had previously departed. I thanked her

for fighting so hard, and for so long... for everything she stood for... for making me the person I am. I then phoned my sisters, my brother and my father. I informed each that she was passing - holding the phone to her ear as each uttered their tearful good-byes. It wasn't easy... but it was what had to be done.

A halt was called to scheduled shots and procedures. After seven weeks of medical attention from an assortment of doctors, nurses, specialists, therapists and such... obviously my Mom's condition was beyond their control. My Mom's life was in the Lord's hands.

And all I could really do was align my faith accordingly. A short while later they moved Mom to a private room. Once everyone had left the room I started her tape player. Sitting next to her, trying to fight back the tears, I tried to savor every contour in her face... the feel of her hand... her scent... her warmth. I felt the need to try to somehow create a memory imprint - a permanent recording to have for all time. I



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Don't... Feel you have to pack up everything and erase any and every physical trace... (just the opposite, it's possible to find a degree of comfort knowing, for a while, you've left everything just the same).*
- *Do... Smile (or cry) if that's what the moment feels like (it doesn't have to be your problem if somebody else doesn't understand).*

told her over and over how much I loved her.

Then it happened. As the room began to fill with Mahalia Jackson's spiritually moving rendition of "In The Upper Room With Jesus" - I realized Mom had just taken her last breath...

There would be no recovery. The horrible spirit of death had come and robbed the very life from my Mother's body... and my life would never be the same.

I laid my head on my Mother and, with tears now freely flowing, I sang "In The Upper Room With Jesus" to her one final time. When the song ended, I rewound the

tape to the beginning of the song and walked out to inform the nurse. The nurses rushed into the room to check her vital signs. I followed, heading straight to the window. Looking up in the clouds through my tears, I continued singing... "In The Upper Room With Jesus".

And it was then, in my most devastated... most humbled state of my life - it happened. I can't explain what it is. To this day I still do not completely understand. All I know is that then and there, a feeling came over me. It was there... and it wasn't. I felt the amazing presence of something bigger... something more incredible than I couldn't even begin to fully comprehend. Then, as quickly as it came, it was gone - and so were any lingering doubts. With unmistakable clarity I understood that my Mom was in a better place... my Mother was going to be just fine. There, for the first time in my life, I knew inner peace. It was there I realized that only faith would see me through.



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Don't... Feel you have to learn to cope completely alone.*
- *Do... Cry if you want, because in the end, that will only serve to make you stronger.*

Looking back on that day now, I'm amazed at some of my actions. I'm amazed that her eyes could tell me so much... amazed that I could maintain some semblance of sanity... of calmness throughout it all. What I am most proud of however, is the fact that I could overcome all my personal desires, fears, anger, frustration, sorrow and everything else - and tell her it was okay. There was no guilt and no pressure... only acceptance... dignity... peace... and faith in the Lord. She went peacefully, knowing that I understood... She went, faithfully believing we would see each other again... It was the only fitting way to end such a beautiful life.

Because of its sensitivity, this is the article I didn't think I would write. Because of my friend and so many others searching for answers - I knew I had to.

* An excerpt from D Anthony's "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspective to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential" *

Just Like That

Author: D Anthony, D-Rose Impressions, 04/10

There is no feeling like that of losing a loved one. No words can adequately express the depth of the loss – and no words can sufficiently remedy the heartache.

There you are simply living your life, with thoughts of losing someone you care about and dealing with the excruciating pain of death the farthest thing from your mind. And just like that... Your life is never the same.

STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Do... Seek a productive outlet, perhaps writing or creating something that commemorates or is dedicated to your loved one.*

Seemingly a normal morning, my Mom appeared fine. Beyond her familiar share of health concerns and numerous accompanying medications, no ominous hint of anything to come could be found in the air. Hours later, and her day would take a fateful turn for the worse. And within two months, my mother would pass away. Painstakingly, I came to embody the resulting immense heartache and sorrow. Just like that... My mother was taken permanently. Just like that... A grown man learned what it felt like to be a motherless child – and my world would never be the same.

So, cherish those you claim to hold dear every day... For what's truly important in life should be identifiable by the quantity and quality of time we spend. Because, spent wisely or otherwise - the sand continues to run thru the hourglasses of our respective lives. And my wish is... on that fateful day just like that won't be quite so just like that for you.

Forever Changed

Author: D Anthony, D-Rose Impressions, 04/10

A journalist questioned me once whether perhaps I thought about death a little too often. And I must say it's understandable how her perspective became so. Because central to much of my writing, and thus the book she was interviewing me on, is the common theme of just how precious and precarious our days truly are. The proverbial "straw" for the reporter, prompting her impromptu rhetorical question, was my declaration of the song I wanted to be able to be played at my funeral... "My Way" by Frank Sinatra.

There was a time I likely would have had a similar impression about someone who freely wrote and spoke about that most unsettling of topics... There was a time...



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Don't... Hesitate to share the funny stories involving your loved one anytime the mood strikes.*
- *Don't... Think that you can't survive it... faith and perspective, in time will help you to see your way through.*

I've come to the realization that there are three types of people in this world... First, there's the relatively small group of unfortunate and disconnected souls who'll live out their respective days, never experiencing the feeling of truly loving or having been loved. Second, there's the group who, based on life experiences, have come to only too intimately comprehend the heart-wrenching agony and pain so aptly referred to as heartache - those who know what it is to helplessly endure the debilitating grief and sorrow of a loved one's life unceremoniously extinguished, merely at Death's whim. And finally, there's the group of fortunate souls (still shielded by the wondrous bliss of ignorance) - who've yet to have that inevitable life-altering, devastating event that will cause them to, without a doubt, truly comprehend.

I sort of remember that state of bliss. But then again, I too sort of remember the feel of my Mom hugging me. Suffice it to say, no more wondrous bliss for me...

It would take years for me to recover... for me to finally regain my constitutional and spiritual footing - and to begin to again look forward to the possibilities of each new day. And by the time I eventually managed to find myself, the me I found was simply not the same. I'd only been able to helplessly cry and pray in the mere seconds it took for the earthly presence I'd always known as my loving mother to be rendered essentially a lifeless shell. And no matter what happened from then, or how much time should pass, for good or bad, the me that managed to survive couldn't possibly ever be the same.



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Don't... Mask or otherwise ignore your true feelings... unaddressed they will only serve as an anchor – effectively preventing progression to wherever it is your destination is intended to be.*
- *Don't... Ever forget the positive impact your loved one had on your life.*

However, bliss-less as the new me was destined to be, there is positive insight to be found in this most personal of cautionary tales. You see, beyond all of the disillusionment, despair, disdain, regret, apathy, dejection, anger, sorrow and heartache, some perspective altering fundamental truths would eventually come to light;

- No time with Mom was promised – so I was extremely fortunate for what I had
- More lost time mourning her would be the last thing Mom would want
- By focusing on intended purpose, within her loss - there was meaning to be found

As a result, for as much as it is foretold that innocence was traded for wisdom in the Garden of Eden, so too for me would a carefree, almost utopian view of life never again be known. Now, that's not to say that I had no problems to speak of before my mother's passing...

To that point however, my perspective was pretty consistent with a quote I've seen along the way that suggests the following - 'Rule #1: Don't sweat the small stuff. Rule #2: All stuff is small.' Thus, my attitude was with enough positive attitude, thought and perseverance virtually anything was surmountable.

Now, firsthand I know that Rule #2 was, and continues to be, flawed. Because, you see, the people we love the most can, and will, be taken away one day - and in some cases without as much as a warning. And cry and pray as you and I might, the simple truth is, when the situation is most dire, there will be virtually nothing we directly can do. And believe me when I tell you there is absolutely nothing small and not to sweat about that!

What I now know is that the time we have is un-promised - and therefore it's key we remember it's both extremely precious and fleeting. Every minute spent is yet another minute gone forever. Which makes how we choose to spend that time, who we choose to spend it with and what we choose to do in that time incredibly relevant... And appreciating that time, appreciating the loved ones we spend it with and sharing with them the fact that we do - too becomes critically important. Especially once you realize that, at any time, that amazing privilege can be abruptly taken away. It is a truth all too familiar to that second group. A reality that became mine as I helplessly witnessed the life dissipate from my mother's soon to be lifeless body... A reality I have owned and carried with me every since...



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Do... Let it be a reminder of your own mortality - and endeavor to live your life in a more purposeful way.*
- *Do... Find solace from the fact that you positively impacted your loved one's life the best way you knew.*

It is that reality that both inspires and motivates me to take pen to paper. It is that reality that has evolved into my life's purpose - driving me to challenge those who would be inspired to;

- desire and get the most out of each passing day - and thus, the most out of life
- challenge yourself to make your mark - and, in some way, change the world
- commit increasingly more time and dedication to that which inspires you

Dealing With Death, Loss and Terminal Illness

- smile every chance you get – and always bring a little levity of your own
- choose the people, thoughts and events that occupy your time wisely
- tell, or better yet show, the people you care about just how much you do
- appreciate each and every blessing and good hearted person that comes along
- endeavor to find the faith to believe in something meaningful and lasting
- continuously seek ever greater degrees of true happiness and fulfillment
- never question the fact that you both can do it - and justly deserve the rewards
- know that much of what happens from this day forward... is primarily up to you

So, if you, much like the reporter mentioned earlier, happen to be part of the third group, having thus far been fortunate enough not to appreciate why heartache is so named... Know that for the time being, you remain blissfully blessed. Enjoy that wondrous feeling, your time and the loved ones you are fortunate enough to spend it with for everything it's worth – remembering to be thankful and appreciative every waking moment.



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Do... Positively impact someone else's life in your loved one's name.*
- *Do... Identify someone to whom you can talk openly and honestly.*

If instead like myself, having forfeited innocence, you find yourself a permanent fixture in the second group...

Know that you were blessed to have that loved one in your life for the time they were – and that no time, even what you were blessed with, was ever really promised. Know that it is faith that can, and will, pull you through. Know that your loved one would not only want you to cherish their memory – but also to cherish your life... acquiring true happiness and fulfillment wherever it is to be found. Cherish also your remaining time and the remaining loved ones you're fortunate enough to spend it with for everything it's worth – remembering to be thankful and appreciative every waking moment.

And finally, if you happen to be a member of the first group mentioned, stop it –

today! One thing is for certain, that is absolutely no way to spend your otherwise amazingly blessed and precious fleeting days.

When it's all said and done, I have to believe my Mom continues to look down on me and, for the positive things I do - beam with pride. And because you've taken the time today... to read this and be impacted... I'm sure my Mom's pride continues to grow. And for that additional solace and inspiration, I am eternally grateful.

I now know that from the deepest of sorrows and the darkest of nights the greatest hope, purpose and fulfillment can grow. And because of that, I know that I am forever changed.



*"And now... the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend... I'll say it clear
I'll state my case - of which I'm certain*

*I've lived a life that's full
I've travelled each and every highway
And more, much more than this
I did it... My Way*

*Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it thru without exemption*

*I planned each charted course
Each careful step along the byway
And more, much more than this
I did it...My Way*

...

*To think... I did all that
And may I say, not in a shy way
Oh no... Oh no not me
I did it... My Way..."*

The Fringe

Author: D Anthony, D-Rose Impressions, 04/10

*On the fringe is where I find myself
Somewhere in the mesh of life and death
Each breath the result of an ever present fight
Truth is life has descended to little else*

*Every day I hurt, this pain too joins others
Today another function my body can't perform
With family and friends visiting each day
The truth is most always I feel alone*

*On the fringe is where I find myself
It's hard to believe this has become of me
Friends mask smiles, but tear tracks are apparent
They inquire, but don't really want to know*

*Faith tells me loved ones wait with open arms
And for that I believe my heart rejoices
But my eyes see loved ones that don't comprehend
So I continue to fight - not for me, but for them*

*On the fringe is where I find myself
Coming to terms with my sins from the past
I've made my peace with the Almighty
I value each remaining moment, good and bad...*

*And when the inevitable happens, someday before long
You should know that my time hasn't been in vain
Know that faith matters most in the thick of the storm
Find love and be happy until this fringe is your own*

*** An excerpt from D Anthony's "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspective to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential" ***

Before We're Forced To

Author: D Anthony, D-Rose Impressions, 04/10

Death... It's the one topic that most of us tend to spend the better part of our lives endeavoring not to think about. Generally, we opt, consciously or otherwise, to steer clear of anything related to or dealing with death, dealing with grave sickness are terminal illness, mourning, grieving, losing a loved one, dealing with loss, or, most especially, the concept of dying ourselves - until we are forced to... until the unavoidable circumstances of life brings death to our very doorsteps. Then, and only then, are we forced to deal with the reality of death... with the reality of mortality - for ourselves or on behalf of someone we know and love.

So while often times we spend the bulk of our lives avoiding, ignoring and, with every facet of our being, striving never to contemplate the reality of the undeniable universal truth - the sand continues to fall through the hourglass of our lives... and the final grains grow ever more prominent.



STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Do... Commit more than ever to the positive and uplifting things your loved one wanted you to do.*

Just the same, there we are simply living each day with little thought about, or preparation for, the inevitable pain, mourning and grieving for a loved one - whether a mother, father, wife, husband, daughter, son, grandmother, grandfather, another loved one or friend... with little regard for the passing of time. Ignore, or attempt to run even, as much as we might the simple truth is we truly cannot hide. For one day, possibly when we are least expecting it, a loved one will be stricken with a terminal illness, a close friend will find his or her self dealing with the loss that comes with death, and even we ourselves will eventually find ourselves face-to-face with the topic of dying.

So what should we do? Well, since simply ignoring the topic isn't the most beneficial approach... Perhaps, instead what we should do is begin to more openly acknowledge the reality of death. Perhaps we should begin to better appreciate that,

for now at least, death happens to be the ultimate outcome of every life. And, as a result, grieving, terminal illness and surviving the loss of loved ones are inescapable pitfalls which, in this life, sooner or later, we all will encounter. Whether the loss, pain and heartache will occur is not the question. The question is when we do finally come face to face with the abrupt reality of death... how will we fare -- and what will our respective mindsets be?

STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- *Do... Let your children see you cry.*
- *Don't... Worry... few are ever sure the right words to say.*
- *Do... Know that, always, the best words are the ones straight from the heart.*

Will the fear of losing, or the brutally harsh reality of having already lost, someone find us in the state of surprise, shock, denial, regret or even guilt? Or will having dealt, at least to some extent, with death find us more understanding and appreciative -- grateful for the time we were blessed enough to have... and fortunate enough to have been able to have spent that time in a way, and with the people, that fostered maximized happiness and fulfillment. When it's all said and done, this is the true question. Because, in the end, we will all see days when we will mourn and grieve loved ones lost to death. We will all one day be faced with the terminally ill mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, aunt, uncle, brother, sister, son, daughter or treasured friend. We will all, eventually, one day, be forced to face the concept of our own mortality. The question is... how ready will we be? The question is... What kind of life will we have to look back on?

The reality is the answer to both... depends entirely on where we go from here.

Another Tear

Author: D Anthony, D-Rose Impressions, 01/02

*If I should shed another tear
Will it be any different today
Will life have renewed meaning
Will my Mom be back to stay*

*Will innocence be found again
When I worried with whom to play
Would life be simple like it was
If my tears come again this day*

*Would memories of bad deeds
From my consciousness be astray
Would hope and joy unseat them
If yet another tear I refuse to delay*

*I doubt things would alter much
The truth is at times life is just gray
Because of that and so many things
I reserve the right to cry some anyway*

*** An excerpt from D Anthony's "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspective to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential" ***

STS Dos and Don'ts for Dealing with Loss

- Do... Ask yourself... Where am I supposed to go from here?

A Note from the Author

Sometime back, a minister shared a story with me about three young women sitting on a bench pleading with death to give them another chance. Death left - agreeing to give them a warning before he came again. Twenty years later the three women, sitting on the same bench, were approached by death again. Each argued that it wasn't their time - that they had received no warning. Death reminded the first woman of a recent surgery that was touch and go for a while and the second woman of a serious car accident a few years ago which she had walked away from. In both cases, Death indicated it was their warning to get their lives in order. The third woman asserted, I'm different - I've had no accidents and no operations. Death responded, remember the first time you squinted to see something, your first gray hair or the first time you didn't spring out of bed in the morning? You're right you are different. I've been giving you warnings every day.



Much the same as the air we breathe, our life, and how we choose to consume it, isn't something we typically find ourselves focused on too often - at least not until we're faced with the inevitable realization of a short supply.

My hope for everyone reading this e-Book is that the realization that our days in this place are actually incredibly precious and, with each passing day, ever more fleeting. My hope is that, coming to comprehend this, we endeavor to treasure each and every blessing on a daily basis - and the love ones we are fortunate enough to share them with. My hope for you is that this commitment results in a more proactive reach for your very own intended purpose, true happiness and fulfillment in the time you have - each day energized and enthusiastically consumed with the love, inspiration, passion, gratitude, wonder and audacity that most completely fosters and defines a life well-lived. And be sure to laugh often, always reach for your intended destiny and take nothing for granted. Because, when it's all said and done, truly living is more than simply being alive...

- D Anthony

For More Help Dealing w/Death, Loss & Terminal Illness, Consider These Insightful SomethingToShare Resources;

- Book: "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspectives to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential", by D Anthony - An enlightening collection of motivational and inspirational stories and other passages offering perspective, encouragement and faith intended to help you find solace for dealing with a loss, as well as, in time turning the corner to see life's possibilities and purpose anew - in the time remaining. (available at www.Amazon.com [\(click here\)](#) and other online book sellers)
- Website: www.SomethingToShare.com - Life stories, poems, maxims, insights and gifts to encourage, spiritually uplift, motivate and inspire. Featured offerings include "This Day's Perspective", "Dealing With Death", "What I Would Say", "InspirationToGo" and "Inspirational Plaques". Benefit from others' perspectives and life experiences - then, perhaps, share some of your own. After all, everyone has SomethingToShare...
- Website: www.STSTheBook.com - All things about the wonderfully empowering, spiritually-enriching, motivational and inspirational book "The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspectives to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential". Want to begin to change your perspective, your choices and your life? Here's your [roadmap](#)...

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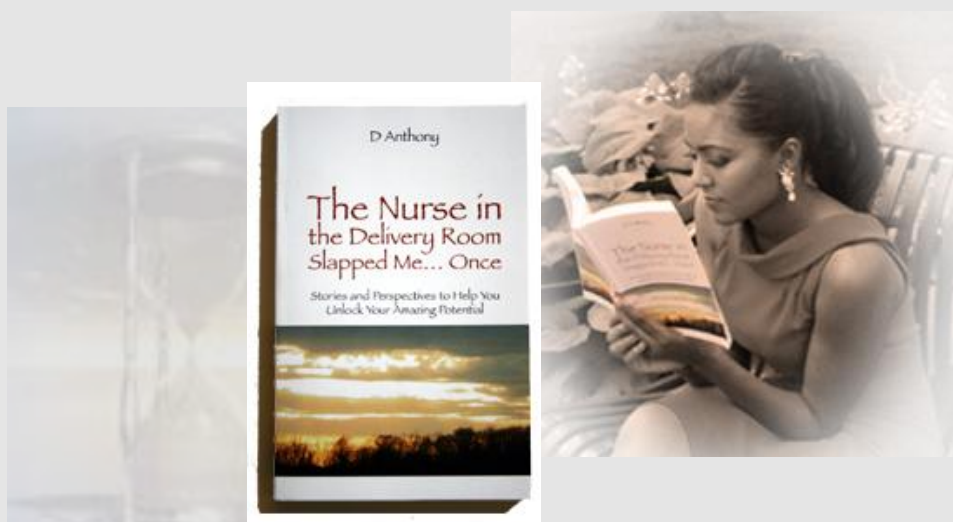
We would love to hear from you regarding your story, any insight you'd like to share and/or how reading this eBook impacted and inspired you or a loved one. To do so, please contact us via any of the following avenues;

- 1.) Go to www.SomethingToShare.com/eBookFeedbackForm.htm
- 2.) Send an e-mail to drose@somethingtoshare.com
- 3.) Mail a letter/note to D-Rose Impressions, P.O. Box 64, Colora, MD 21917

We are eternally grateful for any constructive feedback or inspiration you are willing to share. It motivates us - and helps us to continue inspiring others. Thank you!

Available at Amazon.com & Other Online Bookstores

What if the book of your life was supposed to be dramatically different? Perhaps it was meant to be more purposeful, caring, insightful, motivating, enterprising, hopeful, successful, eventful, inspiring, daring, humorous, inquisitive, uplifting, passionate, confident, charitable, ambitious, reflective, faithful, charismatic, creative, playful and audacious - not to mention significantly happier and way more fulfilled... or some combination of the above. What if it's not too late for it to be so? And finally, what if the path primarily is up to you? What if?



"The Nurse in the Delivery Room Slapped Me... Once: Stories and Perspectives to Help You Unlock Your Amazing Potential" is a great source for frequently needed daily motivation, inspiration and perspective. And because the book is composed of engaging individual stories and passages, it's easy to simply pick up the book, randomly flip it open and quickly find any stressful, frustrated or simply unproductive mindset replaced with a more grateful, insightful and inspired perspective. Reminded about things such as the importance of each and every day, the countless blessings around us and the inherent power we possess to choose our respective attitudes, perceptions and responses - within minutes one is ready to positively face whatever else the day might bring.

Learn more at www.STSTheBook.com...