

**Chapter 1 : Spirituality - Circle of Courage, Kindness and Truth**

*Buy a cheap copy of Courage by Darkness (Light Line Ser) book by Jeri Massi. Meet the third Derwood: short, nearsighted, and afraid of everything. Jean Derwood's biggest hope is that one day she will do something brave or heroic and prove.*

September 22, Be not afraid of darkness, be bold, and be brave. Accept failures and defeats openly. They will make you better, stronger, and wiser. The more failures you experience the high probability of achievement you will add to your name. In any field, be it in sports, the academe, the arts or other institutions like government and other organizations, the likelihood of success depends on the acceptance of always trying to change a factor to accomplish a favorable result. Patience and perseverance pay off in the end. A soldier mans his post all day or night with watchful eyes and a defensive stance. Never give up because you were born to win. The human spirit is so magnificent and the horizons are so vast for exploration and development. Choose your battles well. A good commander knows when the battle is lost but do not despair because there are more battles that can be won and, ultimately, win the war. Fight for your dreams. Success is not for the cold and timid souls. A thousand attempts are better than perennial hesitations. Again, dare to dream. You may not know it but it is so close yet it seems so far. An Olympian knows this quite well. An archer for instance takes aim and shoots the arrow myriad times before mastery of almost always hitting the bullseye. An obese person has to walk every day for at least a year or two to lose the unwanted extra pounds of weight. The singer has to vocalize to hit the high notes with ease. A politician crafts his charisma to win a position in government. A writer composes literary work at least a line or two a day to be prolific and engaging. As one poem suggests rest if you must but do not quit. While you are still here on Earth hope is not wanting. Each breath is hope. Each heartbeat is hope. Sigh and pray if you must because faith can, indeed, move mountains. Courage does not mean you have no fear but you do it anyway despite of fear. Darkness is not only experienced by the blind, metaphorically, every human being encounters darkness in their life. Yet it is ironic that you only savor victory more if you had faced defeat. Keep going even though times are difficult. Yes, life can be difficult and there are, indeed, struggles and sufferings. It is okay to experience failures. Self-compassion is key and the internal positive dialogue within yourself. You are your own friend. Lord Jesus is our best friend. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He is the Supreme Being of Light. Whenever we feel alone we should turn to Him for help for He will never let us down. When we walk in the valley of darkness we should like to call upon Him. He will leave the rest of the herd of sheep to search for the lost sheep. In the final analysis, we rest in His Sacred Heart. He is our refuge and our courage. My email, jameszcarpio gmail.

**Chapter 2 : Darkness And Light Quotes ( quotes)**

*Courage by Darkness has ratings and 2 reviews. Meet the third Derwood: short, nearsighted, and afraid of everything. Jean Derwood's biggest hope is t.*

Early life Hemingway was the second child and first son born to Clarence and Grace Hemingway. Both were well-educated and well-respected in Oak Park, [2] a conservative community about which resident Frank Lloyd Wright said, "So many churches for so many good people to go to. As an adult, Hemingway professed to hate his mother, although biographer Michael S. Reynolds points out that Hemingway mirrored her energy and enthusiasm. These early experiences in nature instilled a passion for outdoor adventure and living in remote or isolated areas. He took part in a number of sports such as boxing, track and field, water polo, and football. He excelled in English classes, [9] and with his sister Marcelline, performed in the school orchestra for two years. After leaving high school he went to work for The Kansas City Star as a cub reporter. Use short first paragraphs. Be positive, not negative. It was probably around this time that he first met John Dos Passos , with whom he had a rocky relationship for decades. He described the incident in his non-fiction book *Death in the Afternoon: Hemingway in uniform in Milan*, He drove ambulances for two months until he was wounded. On July 8, he was seriously wounded by mortar fire, having just returned from the canteen bringing chocolate and cigarettes for the men at the front line. Hemingway later said of the incident: Other people get killed; not you Then when you are badly wounded the first time you lose that illusion and you know it can happen to you. By the time of his release and return to the United States in January , Agnes and Hemingway had decided to marry within a few months in America. However, in March, she wrote that she had become engaged to an Italian officer. Biographer Jeffrey Meyers states in his book *Hemingway: Before the age of 20, he had gained from the war a maturity that was at odds with living at home without a job and with the need for recuperation. He could not say how scared he was in another country with surgeons who could not tell him in English if his leg was coming off or not. Late that year he began as a freelancer and staff writer for the Toronto Star Weekly. He returned to Michigan the following June [22] and then moved to Chicago in September to live with friends, while still filing stories for the Toronto Star. The two corresponded for a few months and then decided to marry and travel to Europe. At this time, he lived in Paris with his wife Hadley , and worked as a foreign correspondent for the Toronto Star Weekly. In Paris, Hemingway met American writer and art collector Gertrude Stein , Irish novelist James Joyce , American poet Ezra Pound who "could help a young writer up the rungs of a career" [28] and other writers. The Hemingway of the early Paris years was a "tall, handsome, muscular, broad-shouldered, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked, square-jawed, soft-voiced young man. The two toured Italy in and lived on the same street in Spain Has the Best, Then Germany". Two of the stories it contained were all that remained after the loss of the suitcase, and the third had been written early the previous year in Italy. Within months a second volume, in our time without capitals , was published. The small volume included six vignettes and a dozen stories Hemingway had written the previous summer during his first visit to Spain, where he discovered the thrill of the corrida. He missed Paris, considered Toronto boring, and wanted to return to the life of a writer, rather than live the life of a journalist. Scott Fitzgerald , and the pair formed a friendship of "admiration and hostility". Hemingway read it, liked it, and decided his next work had to be a novel. He left Austria for a quick trip to New York to meet with the publishers, and on his return, during a stop in Paris, began an affair with Pfeiffer, before returning to Schruns to finish the revisions in March. Before their marriage, Hemingway converted to Catholicism. *Cosmopolitan* magazine editor-in-chief Ray Long praised "Fifty Grand", calling it, "one of the best short stories that ever came to my hands Hemingway suffered a severe injury in their Paris bathroom when he pulled a skylight down on his head thinking he was pulling on a toilet chain. This left him with a prominent forehead scar, which he carried for the rest of his life. When Hemingway was asked about the scar, he was reluctant to answer. Pauline had a difficult delivery, which Hemingway fictionalized in *A Farewell to Arms*. He had finished it in August but delayed the revision. The completed novel was published on September He wanted to write a comprehensive treatise on bullfighting, explaining the toreros and corridas complete with glossaries and appendices, because he believed*

bullfighting was "of great tragic interest, being literally of life and death. The surgeon tended the compound spiral fracture and bound the bone with kangaroo tendon. Hemingway was hospitalized for seven weeks, with Pauline tending to him; the nerves in his writing hand took as long as a year to heal, during which time he suffered intense pain. Meanwhile, he continued to travel to Europe and to Cuba, and although in he wrote of Key West, "We have a fine house here, and kids are all well" Mellow believes he "was plainly restless". Their guide was the noted "white hunter" Philip Percival who had guided Theodore Roosevelt on his safari. During these travels, Hemingway contracted amoebic dysentery that caused a prolapsed intestine, and he was evacuated by plane to Nairobi, an experience reflected in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro". Like Hadley, Martha was a St. Louis native, and like Pauline, she had worked for Vogue in Paris. Of Martha, Kert explains, "she never catered to him the way other women did". This was the separation phase of a slow and painful split from Pauline, which began when Hemingway met Martha Gellhorn. It was published in October When Hemingway first arrived in London, he met Time magazine correspondent Mary Welsh, with whom he became infatuated. Martha had been forced to cross the Atlantic in a ship filled with explosives because Hemingway refused to help her get a press pass on a plane, and she arrived in London to find Hemingway hospitalized with a concussion from a car accident. Unsympathetic to his plight, she accused him of being a bully and told him that she was "through, absolutely finished". As soon as he arrived, however, Lanham handed him to the doctors, who hospitalized him with pneumonia; by the time that he recovered a week later, most of the fighting in this battle was over. He was recognized for his valor, having been "under fire in combat areas in order to obtain an accurate picture of conditions", with the commendation that "through his talent of expression, Mr. Hemingway enabled readers to obtain a vivid picture of the difficulties and triumphs of the front-line soldier and his organization in combat". The Hemingway family suffered a series of accidents and health problems in the years following the war: A car accident left Patrick with a head wound and severely ill. His hand and arms are burned from a recent bushfire; his hair was burned in the recent plane crashes. In , Hemingway and Mary traveled to Europe, staying in Venice for several months. While there, Hemingway fell in love with the then year-old Adriana Ivancich. The platonic love affair inspired the novel *Across the River and into the Trees*, written in Cuba during a time of strife with Mary, and published in to negative reviews. He chartered a sightseeing flight over the Belgian Congo as a Christmas present to Mary. On their way to photograph Murchison Falls from the air, the plane struck an abandoned utility pole and "crash landed in heavy brush". He briefed the reporters and spent the next few weeks recuperating and reading his erroneous obituaries. After the plane crashes, Hemingway, who had been "a thinly controlled alcoholic throughout much of his life, drank more heavily than usual to combat the pain of his injuries. He modestly told the press that Carl Sandburg, Isak Dinesen and Bernard Berenson deserved the prize, [] but he gladly accepted the prize money. Writing, at its best, is a lonely life. He grows in public stature as he sheds his loneliness and often his work deteriorates. For he does his work alone and if he is a good enough writer he must face eternity, or the lack of it, each day. During the trip, Hemingway became sick again and was treated for "high blood pressure, liver disease, and arteriosclerosis". Problems playing this file? In November, while staying in Paris, he was reminded of trunks he had stored in the Ritz Hotel in and never retrieved. Upon re-claiming and opening the trunks, Hemingway discovered they were filled with notebooks and writing from his Paris years. Excited about the discovery, when he returned to Cuba in early, he began to shape the recovered work into his memoir *A Moveable Feast*. The last three were stored in a safe deposit box in Havana, as he focused on the finishing touches for *A Moveable Feast*. Author Michael Reynolds claims it was during this period that Hemingway slid into depression, from which he was unable to recover. For the first time in his life unable to organize his writing; he asked A. Hotchner to travel to Cuba to help him. With him are Gary Cooper and Bobbie Peterson. On July 25, , Hemingway and Mary left Cuba, never to return. During the summer of, he set up a small office in his New York City apartment and attempted to work. He left New York City for good soon after. He then traveled alone to Spain to be photographed for the front cover for the Life magazine piece. A few days later, he was reported in the news to be seriously ill and on the verge of dying, which panicked Mary until she received a cable from him telling her, "Reports false. He became paranoid, thinking the FBI was actively monitoring his movements in Ketchum. Edgar Hoover had an agent in Havana watch Hemingway during the

s.

**Chapter 3 : Reel Life Wisdom - The 5 Wisest Dumbledore Quotes in a Harry Potter Film | Reel Life Wisdom**

*In the scourge of their isolation, in the dirtiness of giving birth among livestock-the light of that Christ-child illuminated their darkness. God was there. That is the message that gives me hope this Christmas despite living in brokenness-a brokenness without answers, without solutions, without fixes.*

Back to the World From the depths of depression, I turn now to our shared vocation of leadership in the world of action. This may seem more like a leap than a turn, but none of the great wisdom traditions would look upon this segue with surprise. Go far enough on the inner journey, they all tell us—go past ego toward true self—and you end up not lost in narcissism but returning to the world, bearing more gracefully the responsibilities that come with being human. Those words are more than a device to weave these chapters together—they are a faithful reflection of what happened to me once I passed through the valley of depression. At the end of that descent into darkness and isolation, I found myself re-engaged with community, better able to offer leadership to the causes I care about. It seems immodest, even self-aggrandizing, to think of ourselves as leaders. When we live in the close-knit ecosystem called community, everyone follows and everyone leads. Even I—a person who is unfit to be president of anything, who once galloped away from institutions on a high horse—have come to understand that, for better or for worse, I lead by word and deed simply because I am here doing what I do. If you are also here, doing what you do, then you also exercise leadership of some sort. But modesty is only one reason we resist the idea of leadership; cynicism about our most visible leaders is another. In America, at least, our declining public life has bred too many self-serving leaders who seem lacking in ethics, compassion, and vision. But if we look again at the headlines, we will find leaders worthy of respect in places we often ignore: The words of one of those people—Vaclav Havel, playwright, dissident, prisoner, now president of the Czech Republic—take us to the heart of what leadership means in settings both large and small. In , a few months after Czechoslovakia freed itself from communist rule, Havel addressed a joint session of the U. The communist type of totalitarian system has left both our nations, Czechs and Slovaks—a legacy of countless dead, an infinite spectrum of human suffering, profound economic decline, and, above all, enormous human humiliation. It has brought us horrors that fortunately you have not known. A person who cannot move and lead a somewhat normal life because he is pinned under a boulder has more time to think about his hopes than someone who is not trapped that way. We can offer something to you: For this reason, the salvation of this human world lies nowhere else than in the human heart, in the human power to reflect, in human meekness and in human responsibility. Without a global revolution in the sphere of human consciousness, nothing will change for the better—and the catastrophe toward which this world is headed—be it ecological, social, demographic or a general breakdown of civilization—will be unavoidable. The power for authentic leadership, Havel tells us, is found not in external arrangements but in the human heart. Authentic leaders in every setting—from families to nation-states—aim at liberating the heart, their own and others, so that its powers can liberate the world. I cannot imagine a stronger affirmation from a more credible source of the significance of the inner life in the external affairs of our time: These are not the ephemera of dreams. They are the inner Archimedean points from which oppressed people have gained the leverage to lift immense boulders and release transformative change. But there is another truth that Havel, a guest in our country, was too polite to tell. It is not only the Marxists who have believed that matter is more powerful than consciousness, that economics is more fundamental than spirit, that the flow of cash creates more reality than does the flow of visions and ideas. Capitalists have believed these things too—and though Havel was too polite to say this to us, honesty obliges us to say it to ourselves. We capitalists have a long and crippling legacy of believing in the power of external realities much more deeply than we believe in the power of the inner life. How many times have you watched people kill off creativity by treating traditional policies and practices as absolute constraints on what we can do? This is not just a Marxist problem; it is a human problem. But the great insight of our spiritual traditions is that we—especially those of us who enjoy political freedom and relative affluence—are not victims of that society: External reality does not impinge upon us as an ultimate constraint: The spiritual traditions do not

deny the reality of the outer world. They simply claim that we help make that world by projecting our spirit on it, for better or for worse. If our institutions are rigid, it is because our hearts fear change; if they set us in mindless competition with each other, it is because we value victory over all else; if they are heedless of human well-being, it is because something in us is heartless as well. We can make choices about what we are going to project, and with those choices we help grow the world that is. Our complicity in world-making is a source of awesome and sometimes painful responsibility—and a source of profound hope for change. It is the ground of our common call to leadership, the truth that makes leaders of us all.

**Shadows and Spirituality**

A leader is someone with the power to project either shadow or light upon some part of the world, and upon the lives of the people who dwell there. A leader shapes the ethos in which others must live, an ethos as light-filled as heaven or as shadowy as hell. A good leader has high awareness of the interplay of inner shadow and light, lest the act of leadership do more harm than good. I think, for example, of teachers who create the conditions under which young people must spend so many hours: I think of parents who generate similar effects in the lives of their families, or of clergy who do the same to entire congregations. I think of corporate CEOs whose daily decisions are driven by inner dynamics, but who rarely reflect on those motives or even believe they are real. Leadership is hard work for which one is regularly criticized and rarely rewarded, so it is understandable that we need to bolster ourselves with positive thoughts. But by failing to look at our shadows, we feed a dangerous delusion that leaders too often indulge: Those of us who readily embrace leadership, especially public leadership, tend toward extroversion, which often means ignoring what is happening inside ourselves. This, of course, allows the shadow to grow unchecked, until it emerges larger-than-life into the public realm, a problem we are well-acquainted with in our own domestic politics. Leaders need not only the technical skills to manage the external world—they need the spiritual skills to journey inward toward the source of both shadow and light. Spirituality, like leadership, is a hard word to define. But Annie Dillard has given us a vivid image of what authentic spirituality is about: In the deeps are the violence and terror of which psychology has warned us. It is not learned. Here, Dillard names two critical features of any spiritual journey. One is that it will take us inward and downward, toward the hardest realities of our lives, rather than outward and upward toward abstraction, idealization, and exhortation. The spiritual journey runs counter to the power of positive thinking. Why must we go in and down? Because as we do so, we will meet the darkness that we carry within ourselves—the ultimate source of the shadows that we project onto other people. In , that depression compelled Havel to write an open letter of protest to Gustav Husak, head of the Czech communist party. But why would anybody want to take a journey of that sort, with its multiple difficulties and dangers? Everything in us cries out against it—which is why we externalize everything. It is so much easier to deal with the external world, to spend our lives manipulating material and institutions and other people instead of dealing with our own souls. We like to talk about the outer world as if it were infinitely complex and demanding, but it is a cakewalk compared to the labyrinth of our inner lives!

Here is a small story from my life about why one might want to take the inner journey. In my early forties I decided to go on the program called Outward Bound. I was on the edge of my first depression, a fact I knew only dimly at the time, and I thought Outward Bound might be a place to shake up my life and learn some things I needed to know. I chose the week-long course at Hurricane Island, off the coast of Maine. I should have known from that name what was in store for me; next time I will sign up for the course at Happy Gardens or Pleasant Valley! Though it was a week of great teaching, deep community, and genuine growth, it was also a week of fear and loathing! In the middle of that week I faced the challenge I feared most. One of our instructors backed me up to the edge of a cliff feet above solid ground. So I went—and immediately slammed into a ledge, some four feet down from the edge of the cliff, with bone-jarring, brain-jarring force. The instructor looked down at me: You have to get your body at right angles to the cliff so that your weight will be on your feet. I knew that the trick was to hug the mountain, to stay as close to the rock face as I could. So I tried it again, my way—and slammed into the next ledge, another four feet down. I leaned back into empty space, eyes fixed on the heavens in prayer, made tiny, tiny moves with my feet, and started descending down the rock face, gaining confidence with every step. I was about halfway down when the second instructor called up from below: In order to get down, I would have to get around that hole, which meant I could not maintain

the straight line of descent I had started to get comfortable with. I would need to change course and swing myself around that hole, to the left or to the right. I knew for a certainty that attempting to do so would lead directly to my death—so I froze, paralyzed with fear. The second instructor let me hang there, trembling, in silence for what seemed like a very long time. Finally, she shouted up these helpful words: My teacher spoke words so compelling that they bypassed my mind, went into my flesh, and animated my legs and feet. No helicopter would come to rescue me; the instructor on the cliff would not pull me up with the rope; there was no parachute in my backpack to float me to the ground. There was no way out of my dilemma except to get into it—so my feet started to move and in a few minutes I made it safely down. Why would anyone want to embark on the daunting inner journey about which Annie Dillard writes? On the inward and downward spiritual journey, the only way out is in and through. Here is a bestiary of five such monsters. The five are not theoretical for me; I became personally acquainted with each of them during my descent into depression. They are also the monsters I work with when I lead retreats where leaders of many sorts—CEOs, clergy, parents, teachers, citizens, and seekers—take an inward journey toward common ground. The first shadow-casting monster is insecurity about identity and worth. Many leaders have an extroverted personality that makes this shadow hard to see. But extroversion sometimes develops as a way to cope with self-doubt: There is a well-known form of this syndrome, especially among men, in which our identity becomes so dependent on performing some external role that we become depressed, and even die, when that role is taken away. When we are insecure about our own identities, we create settings that deprive other people of their identities as a way of buttressing our own. This happens all the time in families, where parents who do not like themselves give their children low self-esteem. It happens at work as well:

**Chapter 4 : Black Desert Online, the next gen MMORPG**

*They follow a white line running away from the Waygate into the darkness until they come to a slab of stone, which Loial calls the Guiding, and although the stone is pocked and broken in places.*

Observe that when a light is brought to a dark place, the darkness disappears. Sadness is nothing more than the absence of joy in the same way that darkness is nothing more than the absence of light. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence actually liberates others. Many hands make light work. The truly wise person is colorblind. You can be the small candle that defeats the vast darkness. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It is not just in some of us; it is in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others. Le Guin There can be no transforming of darkness into light and of apathy into movement without emotion. Le Guin Your success will shine as a light of hope and inspire numbers you cannot total. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, and stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong. Tease life, taunt life,.

Chapter 5 : Ernest Hemingway - Wikipedia

*"The dance between darkness and light will always remainâ€” the stars and the moon will always need the darkness to be seen, the darkness will just not be worth having without the moon and the stars."*

Where you dwell will define your struggle. I reset the stakes of my courage. Except a creature be part coward, it is not a compliment to say he is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. A man in whom the instinct of self-preservation acts normally. One who, in a perilous emergency, thinks with his legs. I bemoaned conditions, when I should have bemoaned merely the faint heart within me. Things are so soon forgotten; a brave act grows out of date. A brave act is never out of date. Lewis, The Screwtape Letters, The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of a final moment; but it is no less a magnificent mixture of triumph and tragedy. Kennedy One man with courage makes a majority. Bravely face whatever the gods offer. Haskins There is no such thing as bravery; only degrees of fear. What I am is brave. Kennedy Courage is fear that has said its prayers. God grant my only cowardice may be: Afraid to be afraid! Buckingham, "Courage" Let your fear dance with courage â€” and let courage lead. It means a strong desire to live taking the form of a readiness to die. Chesterton, Orthodoxy, Courage crawls atop fear and screams loud its mighty victory! What is courageous in one setting can be foolhardy in another and even cowardly in a third. Those having it never know for sure if they have it till the test comes. And those having it in one test never know for sure if they will have it when the next test comes. When his cause succeeds, the timid join him, for then it costs nothing to be a patriot. You rarely win, but sometimes you do. You take away wisdom from the equation - courage may turn to rage. Last modified Oct 30 Tue

*We, too, are summoned to engage in a battle for the Kingdom of Light against the kingdom of darkness. We live in times of deep moral confusion and an often-fierce rejection of God. The toll of abortion is staggering in numbers.*

Peace is a daily, a weekly, a monthly process, gradually changing opinions, slowly eroding old barriers, quietly building new structures. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that. Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance. But it is also securing the space for others to contribute the best that they have and all that they are. Then he becomes your partner. Instead of sending tanks, send pens. Instead of sending soldiers, send teachers. It is immoral because it seeks to humiliate the opponent rather than win his understanding: Violence is immoral because it thrives on hatred rather than love. It destroys community and makes brotherhood impossible. It leaves society in monologue rather than dialogue. Violence ends up defeating itself. It creates bitterness in the survivors and brutality in the destroyers. We must be doctors who can cure the virus of violence. We must be soldiers of peace who can do more than preach to the choir. And we must be artists who will make the world our masterpiece. Peace means solving these differences through peaceful means; through dialogue, education, knowledge; and through humane ways. Mankind must evolve for all human conflict a method which rejects revenge, aggression, and retaliation. The foundation of such a method is love. Love is the talisman of human weal and woe – the open sesame to every soul. Life is a beauty, admire it. Life is a dream, realize it. Life is a challenge, meet it. Life is a duty, complete it. Life is a game, play it. Life is a promise, fulfill it. Life is sorrow, overcome it. Life is a song, sing it. Life is a struggle, accept it. Life is a tragedy, confront it. Life is an adventure, dare it. Life is luck, make it. Life is life, fight for it. A healing spirit more powerful than any darkness we may encounter. We sometime lose sight of this force when there is suffering, and too much pain. Then suddenly, the spirit will emerge through the lives of ordinary people who hear a call and answer in extraordinary ways. Not a Pax Americana enforced on the world by American weapons of war. Not the peace of the grave or the security of the slave. I am talking about genuine peace, the kind of peace that makes life on earth worth living, the kind that enables men and nations to grow and to hope and to build a better life for their children. Because cynicism is a self-imposed blindness, a rejection of the world because we are afraid it will hurt us or disappoint us. It lies in the hearts and minds of all people. So let us not rest all our hopes on parchment and on paper, let us strive to build peace, a desire for peace, a willingness to work for peace in the hearts and minds of all of our people. I believe that we can. I believe the problems of human destiny are not beyond the reach of human beings. I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations. I realize the pursuit of peace is not as dramatic as the pursuit of war! But we have no more urgent task. It supersedes all other courts. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has. People must learn to hate, and if they can learn to hate, they can be taught to love, for love comes more naturally to the human heart than its opposite. We worry about ourselves, our family, our friends, our work, and our state of the world. If we allow worry to fill our hearts, sooner or later we will get sick. Whether that comes from nature or nurture, I cannot say. There were many dark moments when my faith in humanity was sorely tested, but I would not and could not give myself up to despair. That way lays defeat and death. To change something, build a new model and make the existing obsolete! It is the strength required to bring about social, political and economic change. Power at its best is love implementing the demands of justice, and justice at its best is power correcting everything that stands against love. Always remember, you have within you the strength, the patience, and the passion to reach for the stars to change the world. But laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. As that becomes more developed, more enlightened, as new discoveries are made, new truths discovered and manners and opinions change, with

the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also to keep pace with the times. We might as well require a man to wear still the coat which fitted him when a boy as civilized society to remain ever under the regimen of their barbarous ancestors. In that space is our power to choose our response. In our response lies our growth and our freedom. You can be that generation. It is not enough to say we must not wage war. It is necessary to love peace and sacrifice for it. We must concentrate not merely on the negative expulsion of war but on the positive affirmation of peace. We must see that peace represents a sweeter music, a cosmic melody, that is far superior to the discords of war. In short, we must shift the arms race into a peace race. If we have a will " and determination " to mount such a peace offensive, we will unlock hitherto tightly sealed doors of hope and transform our imminent cosmic elegy into a psalm of creative fulfillment. Islam has 99 names for God. Japanese has 14 words for beauty. For many more beautiful Peace Quote graphics: Peace need not be impracticable, and war need not be inevitable. By defining our goal more clearly, by making it seem more manageable and less remote, we can help all peoples to see it, to draw hope from it, and to move irresistibly toward it. Kennedy Share this Quote on Facebook! Indeed, I think that people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of the way and let them have it. Eisenhower Yesterday is gone and its tale told. Today new seeds are growing. You can practice any virtue erratically, but nothing consistently without courage. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. Examine our attitude towards peace itself. Too many of us think it is impossible. Too many think it is unreal. But that is a dangerous, defeatist belief. It leads to the conclusion that war is inevitable " that mankind is doomed " that we are gripped by forces we cannot control. We need not accept that view. Our problems are man-made. Therefore, they can be solved by man. And man can be as big as he wants. No problem of human destiny is beyond human beings. And the more peace there is in us, the more peace there will also be in our troubled world. Only then will your thirst be quenched. Not to have tried is the true failure.

### Chapter 7 : List of Latin phrases (L) - Wikipedia

*light and our salvation, and therefore we do not walk in that darkness wherein the prince of darkness rules supreme, but yet at times we are in the gloom of sadness, and we see no light of consolation.*

### Chapter 8 : Courage amidst darkness

*Denise, So often our dark roads are leading us to breathtaking beauty, but in the meantime, we keep following the yellow line. God's Word is a lamp unto our feet - guiding us forward, in the dark, one step at a time.*

### Chapter 9 : A Huge List of Common Themes - Literary Devices

*Light Quotes. I hope you find great value in these Quotes about Light from my large collection of inspirational quotes and motivational sayings.*