

**Chapter 1 : Mahatma Gandhi : Selected Letters - I**

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How an Atheist Found God A personal account from an atheist who was convinced no god exists, and what facts led to God. By Marilyn Adamson Religious people appeared annoyed by my question, "How do you know that God exists? Or maybe they had no idea how to answer. Most of their responses were, "Well, you just know. But I certainly did not "just know. After many months of this, I thought, "Here are the people who say they believe in God, but no one knows why! It seemed obvious that God was completely fabricated. Maybe some people needed to believe in God but clearly there was no proof. I came to the most stark conclusion God did not actually exist. I held this belief for years, not expecting it to ever change. But then I met someone who caused me to become interested in the possibility of God. She was caring, kind, and very intelligent. It bothered me that someone that intelligent could believe in God. She talked about God like he was her closest friend. She was convinced he deeply loved her. I knew her life well. Any concern she would take to God, trusting him to work it out or care for her in some way. She would tell me, quite candidly, that she was merely praying that God would act upon her concerns. For over a year, I regularly saw what seemed to be answers to her prayers. I watched her life through a myriad of circumstances, and her faith in God was unwavering. So, I wanted to believe in God on one hand, because I admired her life and her love for others. God did not exist. A nice idea, but that was all. During this time I was developing a personally built philosophy. Nietzsche, Hume, Dostoevsky, Sartre, Plato, etc. I was looking for the perfect, workable philosophy for life. I found over and over, that either their philosophies seemed lacking, or were too impractical to implement. But I kept searching. I was challenging my friend with every question that came to mind about God. I would find myself writing out questions late in the evening. This went on for well over a year. One day she handed me a book<sup>1</sup> that briefly answered questions like, is there a God; is Jesus God; what about the Bible. No comments like, "you have to believe. It was all too perfectly designed, too perfectly put together. My faith in "nothing behind it all" seemed weaker than the possibility of God. I had fewer reasons to be certain of nothing, and more reasons to conclude that God might be there. I then encountered a situation that fully challenged my current philosophy on life. What I had been putting my faith in proved to be completely insufficient. It shocked me to see that I was at a loss for an approach to life that was fully reliable. However, the situation resolved itself and I moved ahead. I have a pretty steady personality. Throughout my life, I never really felt "needy. No big gaps or struggles. And certainly nothing I felt guilty about. One night I was talking to my friend again, and she knew I had all the information I needed. She knew that I had run out of questions to ask. Yet I was still trying to debate. I was playing around with a very important decision. So I went home and decided that I was going to decide. I was going to either ask God to come into my life, or I was going to end the subject forever and never allow myself to consider the possibility of God again. I was tired of dealing with this decision. I was tired of thinking about it. So, for the next three or four hours, I reviewed everything I had read and observed. I evaluated it all. Then I had to act on that conclusion. I knew that just intellectually concluding God existed, was way too light. It would be like deciding Faith in an airplane means nothing. However, if you need to get somewhere and an airplane is the way, you have to decide to act and actually get on the plane. I needed to make the decision to actually talk to God. I needed to ask him to come into my life. After a few hours of thought I addressed God, "Ok you win. I went to bed and the next morning wondered if God was still there. And honestly, I kind of "sensed" that he was. One thing I knew for sure. I immediately had a huge desire to get to know this God whom I now believed in. I wanted to read the Bible. When I did, it seemed that God was spelling out who he is and how he viewed this relationship with him. What really surprised me is how often he talked about his love. I had no expectations of him, but as I read the Bible, he chose to communicate his love to me. That was a surprise. Now, my basic, skeptical nature was still there. The first few months or year, I would ask myself, "Am I really believing in God? And, why am I? So

my "faith" in God did not rest on feelings, but on facts, on reasons. In the same way, the objective reality of God--the logical, historical, scientific reasons to believe in his existence, are important to me. But I hate being fooled, and I have little regard for wishful thinking. What reasons do I have for continuing to believe in God? After beginning a relationship with God, I saw additional evidence that God is real. When I have questions, concerns, or would like insight on a matter, God speaks to me through the Bible. What he shows me is always perfectly suited to my question, and a better, more satisfying answer than I expected. One day, my schedule, deadlines, and obligations were crawling up my neck and tightening their hold. So I got out a piece of paper and pen, and asked God: I then opened my Bible and immediately read where Jesus was talking with a man who was blind. Jesus was asking him, "What do you want me to do for you? This, I have found, is characteristic of God. Reminding us that he is there. But I could cite hundreds of examples where I was asking God a question and he perfectly, thoroughly answered me. It probably is the characteristic of God that I most appreciate and value--that he is willing to answer my questions. I ask a question, with an attitude that I really want to give him freedom to tell me whatever he wants to And he always graciously speaks to me. Similarly, when I need direction for a decision, he gives it. I believe that God cares about our decisions. I believe he has a plan for our lives, that he cares about who I marry, what kind of job I have, and some decisions smaller than that. But decisions that will affect my life or what he wants to accomplish through my life I think he cares. When has God given me clear direction? One time I needed to decide about a trip to the Middle East.

**Chapter 2 : Briton | Definition of Briton by Merriam-Webster**

*to find the frequency and page number of specific words and phrases. This can be especially useful to help you decide if the book is worth buying, checking out from a library, etc.*

I own no foes. My business in life has been for the past 33 years to enlist the friendship of the whole of humanity by befriending mankind, irrespective of race, colour or creed. I hope you will have the time and desire to know how a good portion of humanity who have view living under the influence of that doctrine of universal friendship view your action. We have no doubt about your bravery or devotion to your fatherland, nor do we believe that you are the monster described by your opponents. But your own writings and pronouncements and those of your friends and admirers leave no room for doubt that many of your acts are monstrous and unbecoming of human dignity, especially in the estimation of men like me who believe in universal friendliness. Such are your humiliation of Czechoslovakia, the rape of Poland and the swallowing of Denmark. I am aware that your view of life regards such spoliations as virtuous acts. But we have been taught from childhood to regard them as acts degrading humanity. Hence we cannot possibly wish success to your arms. But ours is a unique position. We resist British Imperialism no less than Nazism. If there is a difference, it is in degree. One-fifth of the human race has been brought under the British heel by means that will not bear scrutiny. Our resistance to it does not mean harm to the British people. We seek to convert them, not to defeat them on the battle-field. Ours is an unarmed revolt against the British rule. But whether we convert them or not, we are determined to make their rule impossible by non-violent non-co-operation. It is a method in its nature indefensible. It is based on the knowledge that no spoliator can compass his end without a certain degree of co-operation, willing or compulsory, of the victim. Our rulers may have our land and bodies but not our souls. That all may not rise to that degree of heroism and that a fair amount of frightfulness can bend the back of revolt is true but the argument would be beside the point. For, if a fair number of men and women be found in India who would be prepared without any ill will against the spoliators to lay down their lives rather than bend the knee to them, they would have shown the way to freedom from the tyranny of violence. I ask you to believe me when I say that you will find an unexpected number of such men and women in India. They have been having that training for the past 20 years. We have been trying for the past half a century to throw off the British rule. The movement of independence has been never so strong as now. The most powerful political organization, I mean the Indian National Congress, is trying to achieve this end. We have attained a very fair measure of success through non-violent effort. We were groping for the right means to combat the most organized violence in the world which the British power represents. You have challenged it. It remains to be seen which is the better organized, the German or the British. We know what the British heel means for us and the non-European races of the world. But we would never wish to end the British rule with German aid. We have found in non-violence a force which, if organized, can without doubt match itself against a combination of all the most violent forces in the world. In non-violent technique, as I have said, there is no such thing as defeat. It can be used practically without money and obviously without the aid of science of destruction which you have brought to such perfection. If not the British, some other power will certainly improve upon your method and beat you with your own weapon. You are leaving no legacy to your people of which they would feel proud. They cannot take pride in a recital of cruel deed, however skilfully planned. I, therefore, appeal to you in the name of humanity to stop the war. You will lose nothing by referring all the matters of dispute between you and Great Britain to an international tribunal of your joint choice. If you attain success in the war, it will not prove that you were in the right. It will only prove that your power of destruction was greater. Whereas an award by an impartial tribunal will show as far as it is humanly possible which party was in the right. You know that not long ago I made an appeal to every Briton to accept my method of non-violent resistance. I did it because the British know me as a friend though a rebel. I am a stranger to you and your people. I have not the courage to make you the appeal I made to every Briton. Not that it would not apply to you with the same force as to the British. But my present proposal is much simple because much more practical and familiar. During this season when the hearts of the peoples of Europe yearn for peace, we

have suspended even our own peaceful struggle. Is it too much to ask you to make an effort for peace during a time which may mean nothing to you personally but which must mean much to the millions of Europeans whose dumb cry for peace I hear, for my ears are attuned to hearing the dumb millions? I had intended to address a joint appeal to you and Signor Mussolini, whom I had the privilege of meeting when I was in Rome during my visit to England as a delegate to the Round Table Conference. I hope that he will take this as addressed to him also with the necessary changes.

**Chapter 3 : To Every Briton : Selected Letters from Selected Works of Mahatma Gandhi**

*I ask every Briton to support me in my appeal to the British at this very hour to retire from every Asiatic and African possession and at least from India. That step is essential for the safety of the world and for the destruction of Nazism and Fascism.*

In addition to giving me a bad case of domain name envy, she has generously provided advice and encouragement for my fledgling blog. The Questions I Ask My Kids Every Night! And Why Between sports and activities, scouts and meetings, work requirements and family obligations, it seems that the moments we have in meaningful conversations are sometimes few and far between. Gone are the days where we come home from work and talk as a family while the newborn lays peacefully on my child. Gone are the days where we gather around the living room carpet and watch a toddler scoot and grunt. We have entered a new season of life and it is busy, and packed, and intense. In the limited amount of time where we are together, I make it a priority to ask 3 meaningful questions. They are quick questions, so my children have no idea the inferring that can occur or the subtle hints I can pick up on. I will never probe for more information but I am a master at waiting silently to see if more will come. Let me first start with what I do NOT ask. I hardly ever ask about a test score, a quiz assignment, or anything academic. When I am at home with my children, it is my job to be their MOM. I will keep them safe. I will love them. I will meet their basic needs. I am their mom. But there is more that I need to do as their mother: I need to know that they are happy. We live in a world where our society, our neighbors, our fellow citizens deserve to know that someone is looking out for everyone. That no one is in this world alone. The three questions that I ask each of my children each day, from the 2-year old up to the 8-year old are as follows: Who did you play with on the playground today? What did you talk about at lunch today? What was the bravest thing you did today? What you can learn from asking this question: Are they playing at recess? Do they feel like they are a part of a group when friends, or are they by themselves? Do they consistently play with the same friends or are they meeting new friends? Are they sitting by someone? Are they having conversations? Do they smile while recounting lunch? Are they scared in the chaos of the lunch room? Did they TRY something new? Do they take risks? Is kindness in their bravery? Is compassion in their bravery? Are they proud of their bravery? The sleepless nights, the constant worry, the anxiety of how it will all turn out in the end. But these 3 questions! They serve a purpose. They are often times a starting point to a bigger conversation. What do you ask your children to know where they are in life? About April April is a writer, teacher, and mom to three, who believes in swearing, sarcasm, and homemade spaghetti sauce. After nearly a decade in the classroom, she is currently on a leave from her school and has dubbed it her SAHM Internship. She writes about life with her hubby and kids in their suburban midwest life, as well as their travels, and all of the excitement er, frustration? She loves using the creative outlet of writing to escape the chaos of a typical day. She loves movies, cocktails, lattes, the color purple, and day dates. She thinks the world could do without temper tantrums, soup, the color navy, and temperatures that dip below 20 degrees.

**Chapter 4 : To Every Briton : Selected Letters**

*Every afternoon when my kids get home from school, I ask them one question. "Who were you kind to?" Sometimes they'll think long and hard, only to eventually tell me they were kind to their teacher because they didn't get in trouble for talking that day.*

It had its effect. I feel that I should repeat the example at this critical juncture in the history of the world. This time my appeal must be to every Briton in the world. He may be nobody in the counsels of his nation. But in the empire of non-violence every true thought counts, every true voice has its full value. Vox populi vox dei is not a copy-book maxim. It is an expression of the solid experience of mankind. But it has one qualification. Its truth is confined to the field of non-violence. But since I work on the field of non-violence only, every true thought expressed or unexpressed counts for me. I ask every Briton to support me in my appeal to the British at this very hour to retire from every Asiatic and African possession and at least from India. That step is essential for the safety of the world and for the destruction of Nazism and Fascism. It is a good copy of the two. Acceptance of my appeal will confound all the military plans of all the Axis Powers and even of the military advisers of Great Britain. If my appeal goes home, I am sure the cost of British interests in India and Africa would be nothing compared to the present ever-growing cost of the war to Britain. And when one puts morals in the scales, there is nothing but gain to Britain, India and the world. Though I ask for their withdrawal from Asia and Africa, let me confine myself for the moment to India. Now India was never even formally consulted on the declaration of war. Why should it be? India does not belong to Indians. It belongs to the British. It has been even called a British possession. They make me an all-war resister pay a war tax in a variety of ways. Thus I pay two pice as war tax on every letter I post, one pice on every postcard, and two annas on every wire I send. This is the lightest side of the dismal picture. But it shows British ingenuity. If I was a student of economics, I could produce startling figures as to what India has been made to pay towards the war apart from what are miscalled voluntary contributions. No contribution made to a conqueror can be truly described as voluntary. What a conqueror the Briton makes! He is well saddled in his seat. I do not exaggerate when I say that a whisper of his wish is promptly answered in India. Britain may, therefore, be said to be at perpetual war with India which she holds by right of conquest and through an army of occupation. The bravery of Indian soldiers profits India nothing. The dwellers are summarily ejected and expected to shift for themselves. They are paid a paltry vacating expense which carries them nowhere. Their occupation is gone. They have to build their cottages and search for their livelihood. These people do not vacate out of a spirit of patriotism. When this incident was referred to me a few days ago, I wrote in these columns that the dispossessed people should be asked to bear their lot with resignation. But my co-workers protested and invited me to go to the evacuees and console them myself or send someone to perform the impossible task. These poor people should never have been treated as they were. They should have been lodged suitably at the same time that they were asked to vacate. People in East Bengal may almost be regarded as amphibious. They live partly on land and partly on the waters of the rivers. They have light canoes which enable them to go from place to place. For fear of the Japanese using the canoes the people have been called upon to surrender them. For a Bengali to part with his canoe, is almost like parting with his life. So those who take away his canoe he regards as his enemy. Great Britain has to win the war. Should she do so? But I have something more to add to this sad chapter. Almost every Indian you meet is discontented. But he will not own it publicly. The Government employees high and low are no exception. I am not giving hearsay evidence. Many British officials know this. But they have evolved the art of taking work from such elements. You may refuse to believe all I say. Of course I shall be contradicted. I shall survive the contradictions. I have stated what I believe to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. My people may or may not approve of this loud thinking. I have consulted nobody. This appeal is being written during my silence day. When slavery was abolished in America many slaves protested, some even wept. But protests and tears notwithstanding, slavery was abolished in law. I am asking for something much higher. I ask for a bloodless end of an unnatural domination and for a new era, even though there may be protests and wailing from some of us.

### Chapter 5 : How an Atheist Found God - Why the Change - What Facts Led to Believing in God

*The Questions I Ask My Kids Every Night And Why Between sports and activities, scouts and meetings, work requirements and family obligations, it seems that the moments we have in meaningful conversations are sometimes few and far between.*

### Chapter 6 : Fill Thou My Life

*I ask every Briton to support me in my appeal to the British at this hour to retire from every Asiatic and African possession. I ask for a bloodless end of an unnatural domination and for a new era.*

### Chapter 7 : Speeches about Indian independence - Wikipedia

*Reddit gives you the best of the internet in one place. Get a constantly updating feed of breaking news, fun stories, pics, memes, and videos just for you. Passionate about something niche?*

### Chapter 8 : CJD: 'test every Briton' - Telegraph

*What media outfit does every Briton support, to the tune of about \$ apiece, each year? BBC is the us99 trivia answer.*

### Chapter 9 : The Questions I Ask My Kids Every Night And Why | Mom's Got it Made

*I need to know every snippet you know every rumour that you hear because you never know it could be true and might be very relevant to finding hansum. I believe somebody must know something,heard rumour,heard dog barking in neighbours. anything. please inbox me anything you may want to say.*