
need some advice

Posted by rawgirl34 - 2008/07/12 00:45

I have been reading and learning about raw food for about three years now. I stopped eating meat about 6 months ago and don't really eat dairy at all. I have finally reached a point in my life where I think that I am ready to go raw. However, lately I have been able to be a 100 percent raw for a week and then I will end up eating a little cooked food. This is mostly due to circumstance (travel, seeing friends who want to go out to dinner) Then, I slip even further and continue to eat cooked food that gets progressively less healthy. Is there any advice anyone can give me so I can move through these rough patches? Has anyone else had these experiences? Is there anything I can do to stop this cycle? Thanks guys!

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Re:need some advice

Posted by saimeng1r - 2009/04/20 08:41

Highlights of my senior high school

High three started, most essential one year, decided when your destiny one year, high three just started, my confidence special foot, I must with emphasis on, high three do not need to insist, this words are not false, high three need to insist truly, I clench teeth insist the semester, the result have also calculated may, basic can in the class first 5, I thought that so long as insisted again is diligent his semester key not to have the question depending on, high three next semester started, all illuminate my idea to develop, but along with college entrance examination's approaching, many schoolmates was anxious, I instead it is not anxious to a spot, I am reading every day also, but I always thought that the book does not enter the brain, was only from crosses at present, like this my minute again has not looked like some schoolmates to be such insane rises, the result was average, the period simulated test were many, tests pounds me also to cry several, but my minute has not changed, every day morning to night, but read does not enter the brain, I attempted to change, but I could not change, such college entrance examination has come, wow gold, before testing, me also to think to retake courses, but this idea has vanished immediately, tested first said again, is not anxious does not have the condition, tests first many schoolmates also to read, but I do not want to look, may say I have not taken the college entrance examination, I also did not have at that time want to be too many, is only thinks in the examination place my with every effort line.

Time is running out for my friend. While we are sitting at lunch she casually mentions she and her husband are thinking of starting a family. "We're taking a survey," she says, half-joking. "Do you think I should have a baby?"

"It will change your life," I say, carefully keeping my tone neutral. "I know," she says, "no more sleeping in on weekends, no more spontaneous holidays..." "World of Warcraft Power Leveling

But that's not what I mean at all. I look at my friend, trying to decide what to tell her. I want her to know what she will never learn in childbirth classes. I want to tell her that the physical wounds of child bearing will heal, but becoming a mother will leave her with an emotional wound so raw that she will be vulnerable forever.

I consider warning her that she will never again read a newspaper without thinking: "What if that had been MY child?" That every plane crash, every house fire will haunt her. That when she sees pictures of starving children, she will wonder if anything could be worse than watching your child die. I look at her carefully manicured nails and stylish suit and think that no matter how sophisticated she is, wow power leveling becoming a mother will reduce her to the primitive level of a bear protecting her cub.

I feel I should warn her that no matter how many years she has invested in her career, she will be professionally derailed by motherhood. She might arrange for child care, but one day she will be going into an important business meeting, and she will think her baby's sweet smell. She will have to use every ounce of discipline to keep from running home, just to make sure her child is all right.

I want my friend to know that every decision will no longer be routine. That a five-year-old boy's desire to go to the men's room rather than the women's at a restaurant will become a major dilemma. The issues of independence and gender identity will be weighed against the prospect that a child molester may be lurking in the lavatory. However decisive she may be at the office, she will second-guess herself constantly as a mother.

Looking at my attractive friend, I want to assure her that eventually she will shed the added weight of pregnancy, but she will never feel the same about herself. That her own life, now so important, will be of less value to her once she has a child. She would give it up in a moment to save her offspring, but will also begin to hope for more years—not to accomplish her own dreams—but to watch her children accomplish theirs.

I want to describe to my friend the exhilaration of seeing your child learn to hit a ball. I want to capture for her the belly laugh of a baby who is touching the soft fur of a dog for the first time. I want her to taste the joy that is so real it hurts.

My friend's look makes me realize that tears have formed in my eyes. "You'll never regret it," I say finally. Then, squeezing my friend's hand, wow gold,I offer a prayer for her and me and all of the mere mortal women who stumble their way into this holiest of callings.

Highlights of my senior high school

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Re:need some advice

Posted by wenzi110 - 2009/05/08 09:32

It was a bright sunny afternoon with a fresh breeze blowing from the northeast. The small sloop was making a series of very short tacking maneuvers as it made its way gingerly up the narrow channel.

The forest marched down the steep rocky hillsides to abruptly meet the sea below on both shores. The tiny but sturdy craft was tossed precariously by the rip tides created in the close waterway. The sole occupant reset her grip on the tiller and brought the sloop around in yet another tack headed toward a little niche in the eastern shoreline. She was kneeling in the boat's compact

wow power leveling cockpit watching carefully ahead for any telltale clues on the water that dangerous rocks lay just out of sight below the surface. She held her course on a starboard tack until she was just past a rocky spur which broke the forest cover and actually spilled over into the sea.

When she was about eighty yards from the shoreline she abruptly swung the boat head to the wind bringing it to an almost dead stop in the water. After loosing the sheets on both her jib and mainsails, she quickly scrambled to the bow and let her anchor line out till she felt the anchor touch bottom. She then expertly continued to pay out enough of the line to properly set the anchor, allowing for both safe swinging room as the wind might shift and the expected change of depth as the tides came and went.

She had been so occupied with the Business of sailing her small sloop, that she had not noticed that she had an audience.

world of warcraft power leveling A tall slim young man in blue jeans, T-shirt and black leather bomber style jacket was sitting on the rocky spur smiling with open admiration at the sailing skill of the woman skipper on the neat little sloop. As she stood from securing the anchor and started to lower and tie down her sails, he arose and quickly walked back up into the trees behind him. So she never knew that her arrival had been noted.

When the sloop was secured to her satisfaction, Katherine went below and put a tiny kettle on the single burner in the diminutive galley. As she waited for the water to boil, she pulled a thick dog-eared ring binder out of a wow gold shelf to the left of the companionway and opened it to the last entry. This book served a dual purpose as a ship's log and personal journal. She noted her time of arrival and location of the tiny sheltered anchorage, the weather which was close to perfection for a sailor and a personal note that this seemed a great spot in which to write and create.

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