



Growing

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Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<p>...Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair -- these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust... You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair...</p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Samuel Ullman (1840-1924)</p>						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Daylight Savings Begins						You've got to do your own growing, no matter how tall your grandfather was. -Irish Proverb
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Palm Sunday	If you do not feel yourself growing in your work and your life broadening and deepening, if your task is not a perpetual tonic to you, you have not found your place. -Orison Swett Marden (1850-1924)			Passover	Good Friday	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Easter Sunday	Easter Monday		If every day is an awakening, you will never grow old. You will just keep growing. -Gail Sheehy			
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30				...We used to think that when we grew up we would no longer be vulnerable. But to grow up is to accept vulnerability...To be alive is to be vulnerable. -Madeleine L'Engle	National Arbor Day	

Lessons on Growing

by George Carlin



The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less, we buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness. We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things. We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less. These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small

character, steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever. Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side. Remember to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent. Remember to say, "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you. Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment, for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak! And give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind. AND ALWAYS REMEMBER: Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.



Just a Thought . . .

Growing plants is a gift. My mom had so many indoor vines and blooming things that dad often commented it looked like a jungle. The jungle, along with momma, are gone now. I miss them both. To give something

life -- be it a child, an idea, a dream, or even a little weedlette -- is a significant birthing in my eyes. So I've enclosed a packet of wildflowers. Those colorful blossoms that survive on their own without the nurturing of human hand. Surely you and I can create something green from one so independent. Right? Well, we'll see. It's my way of recognizing that endless circle of life that comes with each spring.

I am a seed catalogue junky. Is it my imagination that when I read them the air is easier to breathe and I feel an undefined sense of hope inside? Maybe, but isn't it fun?

Do something green for yourself. It's inspiring. -- Joy

A few comments on aging . . .

☛ I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over.

☛ Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman: "And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?" the reporter asked. She simply replied, "No peer pressure."

☛ The nice thing about getting forgetful is you can hide your own Easter eggs.

Congratulations to Marilyn Spikard for finding a typo' in the last newsletter. She received a set of eight personalized notecards and envelopes for discovering that "disbance" should have been "distance" in the *Free Advice* article. Good work, Marilyn!

Be the first to find an error herein and **JoyJohnsonDesign** will send you a gift you'll be proud to show to your friends!



Orange Brownies

from the oven of Robin Wilson

1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour	Glaze:
2 cups sugar	1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons orange juice
1 cup (2 sticks) butter, softened	1 teaspoon grated orange zest
4 eggs	
2 teaspoons pure orange extract	
1 teaspoon grated orange zest	

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

Grease a 13 by 9 by 2-inch pan and set aside. In a mixing bowl, stir together flour, sugar, and salt. Add butter, eggs, orange extract, and orange zest and beat with a handheld electric mixer until well blended. Pour batter into prepared pan and bake for 30 minutes, or until light golden brown and set. Remove from oven and pierce top of entire cake with a fork.

Glaze:

Combine all ingredients in a bowl, stirring until smooth. Pour glaze over cake. Cool cake and cut into squares.