














Choices

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Joy Johnson Design

(520) 881-8270

e-mail: Joy@JoyJohnsonDesign.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<p>People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and, if they can't find them, make them.</p> <p>-- George Bernard Shaw</p>		<p>1</p>  <p>Friendship Day</p>	<p>2</p> 	<p>3</p>	<p>4</p> <p>It's when we're given choice that we sit with the gods and design ourselves.</p> <p>--Dorothy Gilman</p>	<p>5</p>
<p>6</p>  <p>Forgiveness Day</p>	<p>7</p>	<p>8</p>	<p>9</p>	<p>10</p>  <p>You don't get to choose how you're going to die, or when. You can only decide how you're going to live. Now.</p> <p>--Joan Baez</p>	<p>11</p>	<p>12</p>
<p>13</p>	<p>14</p>  <p>National Creamsicle Day</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Begin somewhere; you cannot build a reputation on what you intend to do.</p> <p>--Liz Smith</p>	<p>16</p> 	<p>17</p>	<p>18</p>  <p>Bad Poetry Day</p>	<p>19</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>21</p>	<p>22</p>	<p>23</p>	<p>24</p> <p>We must be willing to get rid of the life we've planned, so as to have the life that is waiting for us.</p> <p>--Joseph Campbell</p> 	<p>25</p>	<p>26</p>  <p>Women's Equality Day</p>
<p>27</p> <p>Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age.</p> <p>--Ralph Waldo Emerson</p>	<p>28</p>	<p>29</p>	<p>30</p> <p>If you want your dreams to come true, don't sleep.</p> <p>-- Yiddish Proverb</p>	<p>31</p>  <p>National Trail Mix Day</p> 	<p>We live in a world defined by duality -- light or dark, up or down, success or failure, right or wrong, pain or joy. This duality keeps us in perpetual motion. Like a pendulum in an old clock, we swing back and forth through our emotions. But creative, conscious choice gives us the power to stop swinging and remain in balance, at peace. Be still, and know who you are.</p> <p>-- Sarah Ban Breathnach from <i>Something More</i></p>	

Just a Thought.



Three-Day Career

Being self-employed is a glorious experience. To be wholly responsible for the success or failure of a life's commitment is heady. To make it even better, I absolutely love what I do. Finding the perfect graphic for a brochure leaves me giddy, and pilfering through a thesaurus for the exact word that will make a paragraph jump off of the page into the heart and mind of a reader -- well, it isn't better than sex, but at my age it's easier to come by.

There are, however, a few minor drawbacks. Although business is generally an even-spaced commodity, right around Thanksgiving it begins to slow down, and by Christmas I'm reduced to making my own Christmas cards to relieve the tension.

Last November, I vowed that the holidays would no longer hold me hostage. I would broaden my horizons, flutter my sails in new, uncharted territory. I would get an outside temporary job at a place that really appreciated me. No more pressing my nose to the window watching for clients that never come, I would take a sabbatical and learn new skills.

One day I was in Target surveying the new inventory. I happened on a little corner with an inviting red desk and computer with a sign that read: "New Team-members Welcome!" My intuition said, *You don't belong here*, but my heart liked the sound of being a member of a team, so I zeroed in on the pretty desk and began what turned out to be an online job application. It led me step-by-step deeper and deeper into the hypnotic adventure of Targetville. With every segment I completed, the computer screen would say, "Good work! Click Next." And so I did, and when I finished the whole program, a bright red phone rang by my side with another team-member on the other end. He would be right with me. And he was. He asked veiled questions about my ability to work with others, take orders, be honest, and so on. Then, abruptly he jumped up and said someone else would come visit as well. It was the same thing again, only this

time the team-member offered me the coveted job! Wow! I was ecstatic! How often does one go shopping and come home with a real job!

I skipped gingerly through orientation without mishap. At the conclusion, my fellow team-member handed out the work schedule for the following week. I was so excited I could hardly breathe. Me, a team-member! Could life get any better?! I went straight home and ordered three emblem embroidered Target t-shirts online. I had become a an intricate part of the whole.

My first day I was assigned the combo job of dressing room attendant and loud speaker talker. I hung up blouses, refolded underwear into packages, retagged the untagged, and scrupulously monitored the dressers in the dressingrooms. I talked on the microphone for all of Targetville to hear (and to which many of my fellow team members remarked, "Did they hire Minnie Mouse!"). The harder I tried to lower the tone of my voice, the higher it got. It was all so stressful but titillating. To my horror my body reacted to all of the new stimuli with an upset stomach. I was dismissed 30-minutes early to go home and regurgitate in private. I climbed into bed, Target-T and all and fell into a cavernous, woeful sleep.

The next workday was T-shirt hell day. When Target puts shirts on sale, they go from being in fold mode to hanger mode. Ten thousand shirts and eight hours later I dragged myself home and again collapsed into bed. I awoke from my stupor and found my shoulders were inoperable, my hands numb, and my fingers in strange, unbendable shapes. I had Target-arm!

When I reported for my third day of work, I told the team-member supervisor that my arms would need a vacation from dressingroom duty, but I could do the announcements and had, in fact, been practicing my,

the DateLine Elaborate

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For a few brief moments I was a part of a giant conglomerate. I felt the exhilaration of being a cog in an international corporation.

"Attention Target guests..." lead-in.

"I'm sorry, team-member," said the supervisor (who got to wear regular clothing instead of the branded tomato red Target-T). "It's a two-pronged job. You must do both."

"I can't!" I lamented. "I have Target-arm!" I was turning pale with fear of what was about to come.

"No dressingroom groom, no public address boom," said the heartless team-member super'.

Sadly, I handed in my Target team-member card that got me the coveted ten percent discount, and the fancy name badge I had designed on my own and had consequently received eight other orders for the same (they don't give you an official badge until after you have passed probation). I drove home in humiliation and disgrace with nothing to show from my career but four apple-green discounted 12-ounce designer plastic tea glasses I had bought on my break. I was so upset I

tore up the Target newsletter I was drafting for publication on the latest happenings in that secret inner circle.

So ended a promising career.

Two days later I delivered my specially designed badges with detachable emblems for specific holidays to my former team-members. They were thrilled. "What were you doing here if you can do

stuff like this?" My ex-team-member friend questioned. She was right. I didn't fit the mould. I had tried to be something that I'm not and had crashed and burned. But I'm not sorry. It may have been the wrong choice, but it wasn't a bad choice. For a few brief moments I was a part of a giant conglomerate. I felt the exhilaration of being a cog in an international corporation. My voice was a part of voices around the world valiantly proclaiming, "Attention, Target guests..." and I was proud.

By the way, if you're in the market for a dynamite name badge with the latest Target soundbite and detachable emblems of your choice, have I got a deal for you!

What's In A Name?

Several of my readers have expressed insecurity over this publication having no official name. So, unable to make up my mind, I will run several by you in the next few months. If one pricks your fancy, let me know and I promise to factor your opinion into the final selection. Additionally, if you have a name that you'd like to see in print, send it to me and we'll give it a whirl! You can use the enclosed opinion postcard, if you like, to tell me exactly what you think! ▲

Key Lime Tarts

courtesy of Paula Deen



1 egg
8 ounces cream cheese, softened
1/2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons lime juice, preferably key lime
1 teaspoon lime zest
24 Key Lime Cooler cookies
Fresh sweetened whipped cream
Mint leaves or lime zest, for garnish

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

Fill two (12-muffin) mini muffin tins with paper cups and spray cups with cooking spray. Place one Key Lime Cooler cookie in the bottom of the cup, flat side down.

Prepare filling. Beat together cream cheese, egg, sugar, lime juice, and zest until well mixed. Fill the cups to the top. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove tarts to cool. When completely cool, fit a star tip in a pastry bag and fill with the whipped cream. Pipe the whipped cream on top of the tarts. Garnish with tiny mint leaves or lime zest. ▲