



Invitation to Gratefulness

By Daniela Ginta

To my Mom, who lived in gratefulness just because...

“I am grateful for what I am and have. My thanksgiving is perpetual...O how I laugh when I think of my vague indefinite riches. No run on my bank can drain it, for my wealth is not possession but enjoyment.”

— Henry David Thoreau

Prologue

This book would not be as it is now save for something that happened by chance. It was Friday night, late and having finished the first draft, I sent it to my partner for an initial browse. On Saturday night while we were away on a camping trip, our house was broken into and my laptop was stolen, manuscripts and photographs included.

Some of my files had not been backed up – this manuscript included - and you would be right in wondering why. I have no other answer than saying that I was blissfully unaware. There is a lesson in everything.

Regret hit in waves. I ached for losing the photographic memories that mean nothing to the burglars and everything to me, for the stories I wrote but never saved, the ideas I stuck to the screen for later development and never got to witness growing from bud to flower, and, most painfully, for losing the feeling of the safety and warmth of our home.

But above all, I felt grateful; that came in waves too. For the insight of sending the manuscript, for the having gained the awareness that I need to save what I write and photograph, and most importantly, for being reminded, albeit abruptly, that the things I treasure the most I had with me as I walked through the door.

Gratefulness is a sunrise of many shades and colors lasting through the entire day and lifetime. If you let it, that is.



Chapter 1

One cloudy day the skies opened up...

It is 8am or so, mid-summer. The sky is fuzzy with cloud rags thrown here and there. Not the sparkling, sunny summer morning I wished for.

I am on a train in the middle of my birthplace, Transylvania.

The train was on time and almost empty. People prefer cars these days. Am I witnessing the disappearance of trains?

It is hard not to feel melancholic about it. I grew up climbing on and off trains, with excitement bubbling every step of the way and barely allowing me to sit still as I was approaching the destination.

Today is no different. I feel antsy. I find an empty seat by the window and wait for the train to leave the station. Two elderly women climb on and find seats further away. That's good. I like it quiet now.

I am on my way to see my cousin and her family, and then pick up my boys from the airport after not seeing them for ten days. My heart is dancing with all the restless happy thoughts. Restless.

I am saving all of myself for the company of my loved ones, and feel like no other company should impend my readying for that. Anti-social behavior? We are all entitled to it every now and then.

So I indulge. It is just me in an open car and I am to be there for the next hour and a half.

Thoughts abound, the train is moving. The comfort of solitude and moving trains is hard to beat.

The train stops; one of the elderly women gets off and waves at her friend who was to continue on the train.

A group of middle-aged men gets on, tradesmen of some sort. Loud, laughing boisterous group of people celebrating life, this day, for no particular reason and for many at the same time. They pass by and then it's quiet again.

Not for long. At the next stop, quietness gets trampled; sharp loud noises explode from a group of gypsy people that just climbed aboard.

One man, two women and four children of various ages. How can they be so loud? I stare when I should mind my own, but annoyance paints strange lines on our faces and we forget our kind ways. Another way of stomping your feet in annoyance. You stomp by glaring instead.

Two benches away from me, the four kids lounge; snot, dirty feet and not a care in the world. I cringe. What about the soft red velvet seat I was sitting on, what old carelessly-wiped snot was there?

The kids giggle, one gets slapped over some minor disagreement and they all settle for a bit. Then they ask for food. It gets loud again.

I admit to feeling uneasy. I wished for a nice quiet train ride and here I am, raucous laughter alternating with loud vociferations, followed by chastising kids over this or that; little round heads being smacked over some silly giggles, or because silly giggles caused one to drop her slice of bread.

Slapping, smacking, laughing; talking mixed with an occasional long whiny whistle of the morning train.

I want my morning back!

The overcast horizon is unsettling all of a sudden; annoying, to be precise. The indecisiveness of the weather is annoying today. I have no patience to read or write so I stare at what I perceive as my mood destroyers. As if that could change anything. It shouldn't.

The slice of bread gets picked up, dirty hands shove it in the mouth and life unfolds without major incidents. Theirs, not mine.

I am stuck.

Soft foggy day and the continuous clickety-clack of the train are a good combination on any given day. I rarely get these moments; this particular one is shattered by loud people.

The fuzz in the sky turns slightly grey and rain drops start licking the train windows. I follow the lines they leave on the window with my gaze and then with my fingers. Gravity and speed make them go at the same angle and all towards the ground. They have no choice.

And then it hits me.

It is not about snot, or loud talking or fuzzy mornings. It's about choice. Raindrops follow the rules of physics all the way down. My mood is beyond that. I have the choice to follow my own will, but instead there I was, following paths established by circumstances.

Predictability in reacting to life circumstances gets tedious after a while. We're not made to follow straight lines.

It's easy to be annoyed by loud people when you want to have the space to yourself. In other words, predictable. But to rise beyond that is different and rewarding.

Accepting that life circumstances are just that, barrels bobbing away on an ocean where you don't control the cloud gatherings in the sky or the time when the sun sets and rises.

As they say, control is an illusion. Life circumstances are not able to define moods – affect yes, but not fully define – yet that can happen if we let it happen.

So I decided not to.

Time was then and there, mine. And I was almost throwing it away, spreading it thin on someone else's slice of bread.

Peace is a relative state of being. Being grateful follows swift. I had my reminder.



Chapter 2

Being grateful

It's easy to be grateful when things are good and life smiles at you from every corner. Yet, even with everything bright and sparkling, we still forget to be grateful, to be aware of it.

When things go awry we pout. We ignore the little things that can light up the soul because, somehow, there is a strange and unexplained pull towards seeing everything in darker tones rather than lighter ones. We all do sometimes.

I had the “now” on the train; I had time that belonged to me as much as it belonged to other people. I had the choice to acknowledge my many reasons to be grateful.

It almost slipped through my fingers. Almost.

Why, you may ask? Because it’s easy to get lost in feeling entitled to having it our way, easy to forget that every “now” we have goes away quick. The “now” I was given almost slipped off, dripping through squinted eyelashes that resented failed expectations and someone whose life I knew nothing of, people whose life were intersecting with mine for a little while.

Gratefulness, it is all about that, isn’t it? But how to? Simple, you just do it. Once you’re aware of it you cannot go back to feeling resentful. It’s like blowing the fluff off a dandelion. Once it’s gone, it’s gone.

Aware of my own limitation in seeing what I had in front of me, an opportunity to learn from rather than a lost one, I chose differently. I heard the little girl’s laughter, and forgot about the dirty hands, the snot and the screaming.

I had a glimpse into joy. Hers, mine, and whoever else happened to allow themselves to follow the giggle. But it was a short one. The adults in her life were rushed and annoyed.

Now she was sitting quietly with her slice of bread, enjoying its sweetness and looking out the window.

Round eyes, little hands, chubby fingers covered in muck and having no trouble eating unwashed. Dirt-smeared cheeks lumping over bites of bread, but no laughter since laughter was curtailed by the father.

Children's laughter is like droplets of goodness licking our souls, every one of them. To be grateful when it happens, to sink your heart in its sweet crispness, is to realize that laughter is, just like everything else, a temporary gift, a facet of the true gift, the present.

The girl's laughter brought me closer to my sons, reminded me of their laughter when they can hold it inside no more, and how it trickles out like a brook with its own mind and music.

I told myself to celebrate that laughter, the moment it happens, the ones that lead to it, the ones to be born from knowing they can laugh whenever. A child laughed and I almost let it fall without minding it. A sin of some sort.

My gratefulness for the girl's laughter weaved an invisible thread that tied me to my boys and their hearts to mine.

Reminders like this have their place. Now I can see the world.

As if the little girl opened my squinting eyes with her giggle, to the wonders of the world we were passing by. The indecisiveness of the weather and train rides got a new coat of paint that was called "this is now." Life. I see it.

A few delicately-stemmed poppies decorate the side of the train tracks, red and shy, crumpled petals ruffled by long air threads left behind by many trains speeding by. Ours is a slow one.

Poppies make me think of war veterans. I thank them all, drawing images from all that I know of army people, real life and as depicted in movies, shown in documentaries, past and present; the gift of someone's life, which we should simply accept with humbleness and just say thank you, instead of debating over and wonder if the war was necessary after all, which we do, because we can afford the luxury to do so.

After stopping in a wooden-clad tiny train station with no passengers, the train rushes through endless fields of confused sunflowers.

Clouds hid the sun and when you're a flower in love with brightness, you turn your head every which way until you find it. They are to be grateful for, they remind me of that simple miracle of plants seeking the sun. Of having a sun to guide ourselves by. Warmth.

There's big green round bushes alongside the tracks. Green is plentiful; bushes guard fields that spread forever, kissed by rain and pinched by the white light of that shy after-rain sun.

This is fertile land. Some of it displaying beautiful thick forests of corn, some of it neglected, abused by chemicals, like in so many parts of the world, but overall resilient.

I am grateful for the sky that arches over the land, grateful for these fields' resilience. They allow us to live off of them, forgiving our crazy, selfish reckless ways for yet another year. I am grateful for that.

Twelve or so stops later I get off the train to hug my cousin whom I had not seen for two years.

The train platform is drying off from the morning shower and the sky turns an unbeatable blue.

The boys are a few hours away. The dance continues.

Chapter 3

Grateful for...

People



Every person you meet has something to teach you. Whether by how they live their own lives, or by how they affect yours, by how they challenge you and by how they show that you are worth it.

Be grateful for every one of them. Learn.

You have something to learn, if you're willing and that alone is to be grateful for.

The one caveat? Teachers are not always graceful and they do not always make us smile. The ones that challenge you the most, the ones that expose sides you did not know you had, they are the ones that will make you grow. If you're willing.

It is easy to be grateful for beautiful, bright, noble, altruistic, balanced people who we happen to cross paths with and learn from. If we do, that is.

Less so with annoying, infuriating, demeaning, selfish, downright mean people we don't want to be near or even cross paths with.

Yet unless we think of them as a different species, the way we perceive them creates awareness for the wide spectrum of what being human is about.

There's much to learn from all, that's what I think. Faults are not exclusive to one person, nor are they eradicated diseases that once gone, will never return.

Humans err. You err, I do too and so we dance. We turn ungracious at times and the fact that no one is spared is but a reminder to have understanding.

People we come in contact with shape us just like we shape them. Influence is not proportional to the duration of the encounter though, nor is it exclusively defined by two people meeting and exchanging life bits.

We carry our thoughts, impressions of the world and imprints that people left on us into our next encounter. We teach others as they teach us.

We evolve through repeating the steps we learn as we go, and we evolve through learning that sometimes there should be no more steps, that the lesson is learned and there's nothing left but to feel grateful.

If I am to meet you tomorrow, my perception of you will be influenced of how others have affected my life with their presence, past and present.

Your features, your habits, your words, will remind me of past or present experiences that will make me “classify” you in some brain and soul folders, whether I want it or not.

Regardless, my encounter with you, whether it is a short one, from minutes to days to a lifetime, will teach me something about myself, about life and about people.

For that I am grateful. You should be too. We learn from each other. We grow.

Time



Do you take it for granted? I do. Often enough to feel ashamed that I do, but less and less as I go and learning that “now” happens only once.

Morning starts, day unfolds, night sieves darkness over it all and the day is gone.

Can you count the days you have not treasured as you would a gift of utmost value? Would a hand be enough? What is of more value than time? If you have time, you are here, now, and you can make things happen.

To know that is a powerful feeling. Now you do.

To use that feeling to power your step is a gift. You have it, I have it and all you need is awareness and willingness to make it happen. 'It' is what you want.

'It' is your dreams. A goal, a destination, a state, a chore, a step towards more things to be done. No matter the size, a dream is a dream.

Be grateful for time. Every day, every second you have – that would be 86,400 seconds every day – they are yours to use, make the best of it and move closer to 'I did.'

Now is a one-time gift you can resent or delight in. Now is playing life for real. Now is impartial, rigid and short.

Now is what you have before everything changes and you change with it.

So be grateful for it. You have many chances to do so, every day, until everything changes.

Be grateful for knowing all of this. For now. Time and life combined into a three letter word that you can take for granted. Or not. Your choice.

Little (big) things



A door held by a stranger just so you can squeeze in while carrying half the world in your arms.

A plate of food offered when you need it most.

A cup of hot coffee or tea when you're cold.

Water when thirsty and sleep after long tiresome days.

Music when your insides scream and you need another voice than your own.

Help when you least expect it or when you need it badly but don't dare ask.

A smile.

A hug.

Someone listening when all you can do is talk, or talk and cry.

A chance to start over.

Strength to do so and encouragement along the way.

One of the biggest little things I hold close to my heart is hearing someone say “Don’t worry about it...” It’s when you mean well and you falter; you’re locked into that sinking feeling of knowing you’ve wronged someone and there is no going back. And all they say is “Don’t worry about it.” You are saved, your heart rises to the surface and you are grateful. For being offered a hand out of the muck, for knowing that someone you care about and never want to do wrong by said “Don’t worry about it.” You’re worth it. It’s that simple.

Be grateful for every little thing that comes your way. Pay it forward when you can. It will shape your heart right.

Opportunities



A simple, profound joy of mine is finding the right words to decorate my life at no particular time. Writing.

Of particular joy are words that fall right on a day when I need them the most without being able to properly articulate the need.

A quote, a book, someone's words addressed to me directly or indirectly have the power to make me grateful to no end. It's an opportunity to see more and learn. To improve and to understand what this seemingly complicated thing called life is all about.

An example. A few years ago I was having a hard time living. It happens. Everything seemed a burden and I had the impression that I was hurting every able body around me. And no wonder. When we hurt, vision is distorted and we tend to grossly underappreciate ourselves to the point of thinking "I make people suffer, I am a burden." It was during one of those days that I opened my inbox to find two magic words, courtesy of Danielle Laporte (www.daniellelaporte.com). They were "People heal." That's it. Short and sweet.

That alone changed my thoughts, raked the bad ones, made a big bonfire and off they went, countless worry molecules dissipating in space to be assembled soon into better ones, never down-dragging again.

Those two words turned my world upside down, which was a good and necessary thing, provided that my world had been positioned the wrong way to begin with for a while. It made things right for me. How, you ask?

It gave me permission to know that I cannot be responsible for how others feel, that I am entitled to feel miserable and hurt, but it helped me remember that everybody heals at some point.

Two words, a reminder that resonated so profoundly with who I was then and what I was going through, that I knew I will be forever marked by it.

I knew they would become a good thing to have for the road ahead, a good incentive to never give up, a good piece of advice to pass on to those whose paths I cross if they happen to struggle.

There's opportunities all around. Life happens and we happen with it. Life unfolds and so do our days.

But here's the thing: opportunities appear from every corner. Often disguised, often easy to overlooked, often ignored when we need them the most, opportunities are there.

Opportunities beget opportunities. They bloom in more, they bloom in healing and living and feeling inspired and grateful in how we live our lives. Our days. Every day that is.

Be grateful for that. Be grateful for knowing that opportunities are there. All you need to do is open your eyes and heart.

Doors that close



Could you? Should you?

Yes. Because others will open. A cliché, you might think. Don't focus on contradicting clichés, I say, at least not this one, not now.

Following a string of challenging events that stomped mercilessly through my life in a most inelegant way possible, I learned to say ‘Everything happens for a reason’ as an alternative to becoming unable to take another day. A worthy trade, you’d agree.

Eight years ago, my father went through a series of strokes that have made him bedridden since, my mother passed away unexpectedly and I was getting ready to welcome my second child into the world, a world that I resented more with every day passing.

Saying ‘Everything happens for a reason’ became the wind in my sail.

I was raised to believe in God. Yet it was not during my sheltered childhood years that I learned what believing meant, but when I was hit by waves so strong and merciless that I thought my life will end.

For many reasons, I thought it should.

It was when I became angry for losing my mom and seeing my dad suffer that I realized that by saying ‘That’s what God wanted’ I could get relief from pain and also gain a deeper understanding of life. Of gratefulness. Of learning that doors close and I am not in control of when and how they do, but I am always given the opportunity to open new ones with the insight that I get from seeing the closing ones close.

We learn to be strong, we learn to not give up, we learn to let go and then we learn to count to three and jump.

We learn things that make us wiser, better, more inclined to live, less inclined to rush and judge, more willing to treasure what we have when we have it. That is to be grateful for.

We learn that doors closing are nothing but reasons to take another step.

If you were to ask me now why be grateful when so many dreams have fallen flat on their back and high expectations found themselves silenced, I'd tilt my head and tell you that gratefulness has nothing to do with expectations and broken dreams.

If anything, they'll show you the way. They'll open it for you.



Chapter 4

The Invitation

It's about gratefulness. How it lights the way to the place where you ought to be. The place where you feel at peace.

So make gratefulness your way to live, breathe and look at the sky.

It's a choice.

You might ask about gratefulness in times of trouble, or when you sink so low that you hear the blunt sound of rock bottom and you want to stay there because you feel like there's nothing worth it.

Here's the thing: I was there, closer to that infamous rock bottom – which by the way varies for each of us and being utterly subjective, it often prevents us from seeing that there was in fact a long way to go to hit the real low.

I hit many lows because life has it that way sometimes with most of us, and we learn by hurting and we learn by stop asking why, but rather mending ourselves through forgiveness.

Faking joy is a heinous crime towards self. I am guilty of it but no more.

Gratefulness does not come easy when it's like that. In fact, it doesn't even show its face anywhere close. And why would it?

You can fake joy, but not gratefulness.

That you have to have growing from within and, most of all, you have to allow it.

One day after moving into a new house the world stopped just so I can close the door on my angry, resentful, hopeless me and pry open the one towards life as it is today.

I spent a day with my boys on the banks of Fraser River and I don't remember more than their laughter, arms dripping with long strands of syrupy watermelon and the lightness of realizing that nothing else mattered at that moment.

No trumpets touted victory, because it wasn't a victory, unless you consider my angry, scared self the kind of monster that had to be defeated.

There was no monster; just me acting human and realizing that I am one, faults and all. And realizing it all in time to still enjoy what was to come.

It was a homecoming of some sort. Bedtime that day was a tight hug and the feeling of having found a long lost piece of myself.

I knew then and there that I can be grateful for being alive, the only thing that I could count on and the first reason to be grateful for.

Gratefulness became effortless after that. Hiccups notwithstanding, it has been a worthy ride since.

The reason I take the responsibility of extending this invitation to you is because I know that if I can convince you to honour it, you will see the world in the only way that makes sense.

No matter where you are in life, finding at least one reason to be grateful will only lift you a bit higher from that rock bottom.

Because if you don't, you might spend an unfairly long time lost in anger, desperation and the feeling of having lost the very reason you're here for. There is one, and you will find it. I will too, it's what we're here for. A luminous circle that powers itself when done right. Being human.

Gratefulness will help you step out of your own world and allow you to touch others'. It will happen.

Hanging by a thread, even the thinnest there is, means being connected. To yourself, to others, to life, to now.

You are alive, your first reason to be grateful. You made it this far, the rest is up to you.

Here are a few reasons I find worthy:

- 🕒 Be grateful for now, for every day, for weeks and years.
- 🕒 Be grateful for senses and for the miracle of one filling in in for lost ones.
- 🕒 Be grateful for love. If you fell in love at least once, be grateful. You know what it's like.

If you decided to part ways, be grateful for the door that opened once you closed the one you did. If the door closed because someone was honest with you, be grateful that you are no longer living a lie... By showing it...

- ⌚ Be grateful for people who left a mark on your heart.
- ⌚ Be grateful for water, food, your bed.
- ⌚ Before they go to bed, I ask my boys: What are you grateful for today? It makes them aware, compassionate, it opens their hearts in trying to understand the world. Imperfect and rushed, it's the only one we have. Ask yourself the same.
- ⌚ Be grateful for what you got today. Someone smiled at you? Be grateful for that.
- ⌚ Be grateful for having the opportunity to serve and know what being humble means, you have just grown into a kinder self.
- ⌚ Be grateful for those time when you are brought to your knees by life's curved balls; it's a good to ask for help and know you are not alone.
- ⌚ Be grateful for being listened to. Cry, celebrate, share and feel alive and pay it forward.
- ⌚ Be grateful for heartbreaks of any kind. They'll help you grow a softer inside and a tougher outside.
- ⌚ Be grateful for every time you are asked to give. It is the ultimate, most altruistic and yet selfish act. When you give, no matter what your gift is, tangible or not, you will get much more in return.
- ⌚ Be grateful for rain, for sunshine, for seasons and for the knowledge you get from stubbing your toe. Now you know there is a ledge there.

Find one thing to be grateful for.

In the darkest hours of your life, find something to be grateful for because that is your lifeline.
It'll keep you afloat until you find solid ground.

Because whether you are grateful or resentful, life happens just the same around you.

The only thing that changes when you are grateful is your perception about life as you go.

Your life.

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose when you decide to be grateful. There, you've been invited.

~ The Beginning ~



P.S. An epilogue...

To live in gratefulness is like walking on a beam. It has to become second nature or else you fall. You have to learn to look ahead and see the beam but just with the corner of your eye, leaving your senses keep you balanced and able to move ahead without fixating your attention on the next step on that beam.

Sometimes you'll be kicked off of it and fall. You will kick and scream and say 'Who can be grateful for that?' whatever 'that' is.

And you'll resent the idea of gratefulness and call it hippy-ish, fake and irresponsible. But when the storm subsides, because sooner or later every storm does, you'll hop on the beam again and it'll seem wider. And you'll trust your way again.

Trust that you can make your way ahead, feeling the beam with your feet but allowing yourself to look past your feet fearing every step. Trust that though you're not in control, things will flow. Life will.

You look ahead, step with confidence, and make gratefulness a state of being. You know how to do it.

Perhaps not consciously, not anymore anyway, but you used to know how to. It's that story you often hear about – going back to a place we used to know and be in... Perhaps that's why it feels like you belong there, at peace in gratefulness. It's a place worth returning to.

Acknowledgments

It is spring, lilacs are in bloom and their smell intoxicatingly pleasant. My thoughts run back to the days of when I started writing poems; my Dad would type them up on an old typewriter at work. I remember the tingle I felt when I saw my first typed words, following invisible straight lines like good little ants on their way to a home of many like them.

A case of love at first sight if you will, a dance that started when I realized that the little stories my poems told were worth typing up, according to my Dad. A first stepping stone, that first acknowledgment I needed to keep on going.

I did. More followed. The dance never stopped. I no longer write poems, yet some could argue that I do. I call them stories instead. Or bits of this and that.

Yet every story, no matter how small, needs more than the hand that makes it visible to the world. If stories are like blooming trees that offer their vulnerability to the world, then you'd understand why they need a fertile ground to feed them and a sky above to protect them. That's how I think of the people whose presence along the way helped me believe I can write. Love, support, encouragements, an occasional kick in the pants, reminders of why this can't stop, hugs and a whole lot of coffee chats that allowed me to share yet another idea. Thank you.

Again and again.

A book about gratefulness could not be without this.

- *To my sons, Tony and Sasha. You are my inspiration, the reason I keep on going when the going gets tough. Through you I learned about gratefulness, time well spent, tight hugs and being humble. You are the reason I want to make the world a better place.*
- *To my sister, Simona. Your love is one of the greatest gifts in my life; because we can laugh and cry together.*
- *To my family in Romania, who never thought I must be crazy to become a writer, in my birth language or in a different language, or at least they never said it loud enough for me to hear. That's love.*
- *To my family in Canada, for giving me the gift of listening, for their open arms and for reading. Your warmth has taught me much about gratefulness.*
- *To Litsa, for all the love and all those times you reminded me of what my Mom always said: 'I know you can do it.' Well, this is a first step.*
- *To Linda and Simona, for listening, for sharing your stories, for the time you spent listening to mine. For never judging.*
- *To Richard, who made me believe that the story I have is mine alone to tell, if I wish to do so.*

- *To Graciela and Jo, the friends I have yet to meet in person, for the kind yet strong encouragements along the way and for putting wind in my sails.*
- *To Stef, who is putting up with a lot of my requests and ‘what if’s about the website and always makes it look sparkling.*
- *To Mihai, who never stopped saying ‘You should make this into a book’ and for all the uplifting feedback. I have lots to say thank you for, and your encouragement is one.*
- *To Trish, who says it how it is, and has mended the raw patches of me over many cups of coffee and walks along the river. Your open heart is to be grateful for, always.*

- *To Max, who taught me about unconditional love and acceptance, and who never got tired of reading first, second, third drafts, no matter how late at night they came his way. Thank you for all the times you wondered at my ‘word pictures’ because that kept me going... Thank you for saying I should when I said I can’t, and for showing me that ‘there was no other way,’ because it’s true...*

- *To all those who I have in my heart but did not mention, please accept my ungraceful forgetfulness not as a sign of overlooking you, but of being overwhelmed. A first book(let) does that to a person.*
- *To all those I do not know who read my words and send feedback my way, thank you. It is humbling to realize that in speaking my mind I can add a touch, temporary or more, to someone’s world.*

