

Chapter 1 : Echoes Of The Heart by Alyssa J. Montgomery

Echoes of the Heart products and programs nurture the creative spirit and center the soul. We strive to foster inspiration, self-expression, community, and joy. We are committed to encouraging the creative gifts in everyone.

If you had the power to keep yourself from feeling it, would you embrace it? They say that pain is a mechanism our brain employs to protect us from impending danger; that despite its unpleasantness, its aim is a positive one. But what happens when you become so accustomed to pain that you become immune to it? Living in my self-imposed prison, pain to me had become a familiarity, a feeling I desperately clung to and pined for as if for dear life. While others existed for the ultimate goal of attaining happiness, for me, such a thought in itself was a sentence to eternal damnation. I was so engrossed in my pursuit of penance and delusion of safety promised to me by the haven I had created for myself behind the walls of my prison that I was completely unaware of the power of love and what it could do to this hell I had perfectly crafted for myself. Thus, when the walls came tumbling down, I was neither prepared nor willing to accept the changes that came with this thing called love. But as you might already know, when love comes, it does not knock and it does not seek permission. But how was I to know that? It was the only place she could think of where she could get the thoughts that had been troubling her the whole day out of her mind. I know how much you love okra. Just get me a glass of juice, the usual. Sibeso appeared just then with a glass on juice on a small tray and laid it before her friend. But, even if he was, taking Mapalo with him would be a dumb move on his part. She will come and offload everything she sees and hears before I even ask. If not for you she would have no precious son to boast about. I would love to see the look on her naturally pissed off face when she learns the truth. That should shut her up for the next fifteen years. So, about my day today—the most unbelievable thing happened that made my blood turn black. That whole episode today made me really nervous. I feel like there is a war being plotted out there and I am the only one unarmed. They hated each other so why are they suddenly being Twilight with each other?! She must have called him the moment she got off the phone with me because he has been calling me incessantly since. You know very well how the past years have been for me in terms of career advancements. I really need to do this. Sibus was about to hand it over when she changed her mind. It better not be because you want to change the channel. Sibus grabbed a cushion and playfully threw it at Sibeso who caught it in time to avoid being hit. Sibeso sat up straight to drive her point across. Ted and I sorted out our issues a long time ago. He made it very clear what his feeling were—are towards me so stop trying to dress up an innocent friendship into something perverse and unfitting. As Sibus we drove back to her place that evening, her mind wondered back to the past, to the moment in time when her world had slowly started spinning out of control. If she could go back in time, would she be able to see the signs and stick to her resolve to safely guard the walls around her? If she had that chance, would she still make the same decisions? For a man who cared about appearances as much as the air he breathed, Martin was looking a little worse for wear in his ill-fitting grey t-shirt and suit pants which he must have obviously forgotten to take off after knocking off from work. He never ever wore anything casual on a suit pant. Being the only one in the group not a lawyer, Kondwani was the least outspoken of the four friends. Martin rolled his eyes dismissively at his three friends. This is the only time you get to have your revenge. Martin ran his hand through his head and sighed heavily. Did she finally ask for child support? From all their expressions, it was obvious he was the only one in the dark. The distance from the office to the waiting area seemed very long. She struggled to get her bearings correct, her head throbbing from the news she had just received. Holding on to the nearest wall, Sibus we shut her eyes and waited for the world to stop spinning. I am currently a student—and I was kind of hoping to wait a little before starting a family. This will complicate everything. As Sibus we drove back home, she wondered about the next step to take and settled on talking to her husband first before making any decision—although she already knew what his reaction would be. She parked to the side of the road and picked up her phone to call Martin. However, upon looking at her call logs, she changed her mind. Throwing her phone on the passenger seat and getting back on the road, a mischievous grin playing on her face. By the time Sibus we was arriving in Kitwe to see her husband who for the past two weeks had been living in their

Kitwe vacation home whilst overseeing their latest building projects, it was already past midnight. She grabbed her phone and bag and headed to the house. Opening the door with her spare key, she encountered a half awake – half asleep fifteen year old Charles. They had built the house as a cheaper alternative to constantly living in hotels and lodges since the family was constantly travelling to Kitwe to take care of the many businesses they had there. Charles was petrified to see Sibu standing there before him that for close to a minute, he just stood there gaping at her. Then he slowly started shaking his head in horror. I will take care of everything here. Sibusiswe took a deep breath before opening the door, bracing herself for whatever awaited her on the other side. She carefully opened the door and was immediately greeted by two completely naked bodies sleeping soundly on the bed she had once lain in. Because Martin liked sleeping with the lights on, the room was properly lit to reveal everything in sight. She could see two used condoms posing on the floor in their wrinkled glory. The scene before her was a portrait of sordid Babylonian encounters brought to life. She was just another addition to his long list of flavours. The woman appeared to be in her early thirties, beautiful with intelligent looking features, just his usual style. Pushing back the tears, Sibusiswe walked over to the wardrobe, opened it and took out a duvet. She walked to the other side of the room where a huge white two-sitter couch lay in front of a 32 inch smart TV. A hot tear came out of the side of her closed left eye. When Martin woke up the next morning, it was to the smell of familiar scents and aromas. He slowly sat up and found his partner from the previous night enjoying some breakfast on a well laid out tray. I told you I am a married man. Apart from the bed, everything else in the room was in immaculate order, way better than it had been for the past two weeks. She put her tray down on the bed and glared at Martin. I was about to leave but she insisted that I have breakfast first because she would be in trouble if you discovered that she let a guest leave without eating. What lady are you talking about? At first I thought she was one of your women but she was very kind to me. Martin paused for a second at the door. You need to leave, now! He found a bamboozled Charles down the stairs. Charles pointed towards the kitchen where sounds of plates clicking against each other could be heard. For the first time ever, he was frustrated by the size of the house. Charles went weak at the knees when he saw the woman his cousin had brought home when he thought he was fast asleep. Charles nodded and she quickly took the rest of the stairs down. What the hell was going on? He thought as he tip-toed back to his room, making sure to lock his door behind him. He needed an early exit in case something came flying in his direction. Sibusiswe put down the plate she was washing and turned off the water in the sink before turning around to face her husband. She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back against the sink, waiting to hear whatever Martin had to say. This is not how I expected things to go, Martin lamented to himself. Next thing he knew, he was down on his knees, and with his hands raised above his head as if in prayer, he begged her forgiveness. She was indeed a tough audience to impress. How many more tears did she have to waste on him? Never before had Martin been so conflicted. The stellar announcement made him pause with his hands in the air as he stared at his wife in both anguish and euphoria. Not sure which emotion to settle for and still on his knees, Martin lowered his head further down as he begged his wife for forgiveness in absolute obeisance. But Sibu was not fazed in the slightest. She was looking down at him like a bundle of poop that she needed to get away from as fast as possible. It was then that Martin realized he had forgotten to put on a shirt. Martin managed to get up from the floor with some difficulty but by the time he was outside, Sibusiswe had already driven off.

Chapter 2 : Echoes of the Heart – Part 7 | Anishagold

Provided to YouTube by Ditto Music Echoes Of The Heart – Gothic Storm Stories Of Hope (Ambient Electronica Edition) – Gothic Storm Released on: Auto-generated by YouTube.

I would have stopped the hands of time just to capture this moment in my head and replay it for life. I would have taken a leap of faith and thrown caution to the wind just to hear his heart beat fast against mine. I would have paid any price to believe every word falling out of his mouth without any inhibitions. And most of all, I would have laid down my life if he allowed himself to lean on me. If only. If only my life was mine to give away. I still had a ransom to pay. Martin was smirking excitedly. Of course I think about that night but certainly not in the ways you are imagining. Siby brushed him off with a shake of her head and started walking away from him towards the direction they had come from. Martin immediately gave chase. Wait here and I will go get the keys. Siby looked like a very pleased woman. Siby ignored him and started playing with his radio. A few minutes after dropping off Siby, Martin was driving himself home when he received a call on his cell. It was a strange number. Martin was taken aback. It was rare for people to address him like that. It was either Martin Mwewa Junior or just Junior, if not Double M like most of his close buddies preferred to call him. Did Siby give her my number? What could she be calling me about? Martin thought before finally responding. Is there any particular reason you called? There was a brief pause from the other end of the line. Being a Sunday, there were only a few stands operating the next morning when Martin showed up at the market. In her screaming lime green top, it was easy to spot the naturally angry looking woman from the few women operating their stands. Aunt Tafadzwa excitedly waved her arms in the air and called out his name the moment she saw him, attracting attention from everyone around. It finally dawned on Martin why she had asked him to meet her at such a place. Martin curled his face up in irritation and slowly walked towards her. I am the only person capable of persuading her to marry you, you know. Martin looked at the woman in puzzlement. He wanted to wipe the proud grin from off her face. She will never be able to pay me back even if she had seven lives. That girl is your own niece. Did you ever hear Sibusiswe complain about how I treat her? What had Siby meant by that? I am going to leave this place and pretend this conversation never took place. In a long, dirty and narrow dark street, an owl let out the most melancholic cry and could be seen flying off into the night sky there after. But right there in the middle of the darkened street stood a little girl, about 5 or 6 years old. She had appeared out of nowhere and the fear radiating from every inch of her tiny frame was chilling to the heart. Alone in the ghastly environment, a black cat appeared from the pile of waste just a few feet away from her. Despite the darkness, she could make out two big shimmering eyes staring at her for a few seconds before turning and disappearing into the night. The little girl froze in horror, her head pounding so hard and her heart beating loudly. Just then, a foreboding sound from behind her could be heard and it went ‘pong, pong, once and stopped. She quickly turned in that direction only to find nothing but darkness glaring back at her. She had just turned back around when the noise immediately started again. It went pong, pong, pong this time around. Each pong sounded closer than the previous one. She gasped and then froze again, afraid to look back. As the noise slowly kept getting closer, the little girl held her breath in, shut her eyes and waited for the inevitable. But just when she thought her world was coming to an end, a woman dressed in a long white gown appeared right next to her and took placed her arm over her shoulders from behind. The noise immediately came to a stop. Looking up at the familiar face, the girl instinctively smiled back. However, no sooner had the feeling of safety crept through her tiny little frame than it disappeared. As if transposed into time unknown, the scene before her completely changed and the woman was nowhere in sight. For a second, the child who now appeared slightly older than before found herself standing in the middle of a whole new street. For a moment she just stood there trying to make out her bearings. Unlike the grisly scene she had earlier been confronted with, the long wide street she was now standing in was lit with lights everywhere and was filled with cars coming from all direction. She was standing right at the intersection of it all. As if suddenly awakening from a delirium, she sensed the danger around her and could now hear the screams and cusses from drivers and pedestrians alike. She tried to move out of the road but her feet were stuck on the

tarred ground. She could not move. She stopped moving, looked down and realized she had very little time before the ground opened up and swallowed her into the abyss. And suddenly, the bright day had turned into night. Bright lights from an oncoming vehicle approached her from the distance at record speed. She could see nothing else except those headlights shining at her into blindness and she could hear nothing but the incessant hooting from whoever was behind the wheel. Shaking all over in fear of the impending doom, she shut her eyes and waited for the end to come, again. Get out right now! She could feel someone shaking her rapidly and fearing that the ground might open up, she immediately opened her eyes. Sibeso complied and sat back down, staring at her friend in unrestrained commiseration. What happened to you to bring them back when they haven't bothered you in the past five months or so? Which one was it this time? Despite the dehydration, she could not risk even for a second being alone while Sibeso went to bring her water. How sure are you even that things happened the way your aunt told you they did? I have no choice but to believe her. Sibesiswe was on her lunch break with Peggy at work when her phone rang. It was a foreign number. The only person that ever called her with a number like that was Martin—and Martin was back in town already. It had been one of those exchanges that implied they would never speak to each other again. He had been disappointed, and she had had her dignity shattered. Sibeso was caught off-guard by his bluntness but she was even more hurt by the fact that Martin had already told people about that night when she had not told a soul. But what had she expected? He was reeking of contempt from every part of his body and the hurt in his eyes was so heartbreaking for her to handle. In as much as she wanted to think of that night with Martin as a mistake, it was something she had consciously allowed herself to be a part of. Yes, it had been a weakness on her part. She knew very well what Martin was capable of and what being with him would imply. She had known all that and still allowed him to control both her body and mind. Sibeso looked at him with tear-filled eyes. But what right do you have to talk to me like this? I guess I am just disappointed that you turned out to be just like everyone other girl out there. You are nothing special. I thought you were my friend and I treated as such. But I guess now we both know what we really think of each other. Have a good life Ted. Sibesiswe was convinced from that point on that the two of them would never speak again. So could he really be the one calling her? Sibeso finally answered the call. There was a somewhat long pause from the other end of the line. I had really thought that I had a chance with you. It was clear he was still hurting from what he felt was a betrayal on her part.

Chapter 3 : Marilyn's Inspirational Poetry

Echoes of the Heart Op zondag 1e Paasdag gaan we 's ochtends optreden tijdens de paasdienst in de Baptistenkerk in Zwolle. We laten dan 5 liedjes horen, zoals Come unto Him en Rely on the Lord.

The tale as old as time meets the quest for the Fountain of Youth. And now, fasten your seatbelts, strap on your crash helmets and unfurl the sails! Croix Virgin Islands , Robin strolled into the bar like the regular she was. I love working with the dolphins. If they have hired someone to find me again, that kind of thing will tip them off! She spun to face a tall man, dressed oddly for the tropical weather in a sport coat, white t-shirt and long jeans. He was followed by several more tough-looking men who made a solid wall between her and escape. She turned back to Miles, hurt and betrayal on her pixie features. They were pretty persuasive. Robin grabbed the counter to steady her wobbly knees. Suddenly she was tired, so tired. Glancing at her martini, she understood why. For a moment she thought she saw, as if from a ship, land disappearing into a mist. But that quickly faded, and what she did see was a plain white ceiling scattered with fluorescent lights. Her head throbbed when she tried to look at them. She squeezed her eyes shut and moaned. Robin blinked her eyes open again. She felt as though she were recovering from a migraine or a hangover. Her whole skull was tender. She glanced around, and jumped. Seated in a chair next to the bed on which she lay was a young man about her own age. He was startlingly thin, with proportionately sharp features. His long black hair was pulled back to the nape of his neck. As if to emphasize his milky pale skin, he wore all black and had a black bar pierced through one eyebrow. Around his neck was an odd silver charm on a black leather thong. He offered her a grim smile. He got up and left. Robin sat up and looked around. She was still fully clothed, lying on a narrow bed in a small room that had to be about six feet square. There was barely enough space for the bed and chair and still have room to swing open the door. The floor was hard tile, the walls concrete. She could be anywhere, but was willing to bet her parents had nothing to do with this. A glass of water sat on the floor near the head of the bed. Wincing, Robin swung her legs around to sit on the bed. Hoping it was only water, she picked up the glass and put it to her lips. By the time she finished the water, she felt almost like herself again. If there was anything in it, it sure tasted like water. She got up and went into the next room, rubbing her neck and running hands through her wild hair. It was a large room that looked like a converted warehouse, with wires and tubes snaking all over the floor. At the nearer end of the warehouse was a platform bed that looked as though it were made of steel, with lights and monitors blinking all around it. Most of the wires in the room were connected to it in some way. The bed itself, however, looked too polished, too modern, to really belong in this place of exposed wires and girders. It was smoothly contoured to conform to the human backbone. At the other end of the room was set a conference table with six office chairs around it. Two of the chairs were occupied, by men she had seen before. The other was the tall man from the bar, still dressed in a sport coat and jeans. They stood when they saw her looking at them. Cautiously, she approached the table. Close up, she could see enough resemblance between the two that they could be father and son. Especially in the uneven dark eyebrows and the arrogant tilt of the chin. The older man was at the head of the table at the far end, the boy on his right. Robin stood behind the chair at the other end of the table, gripping its back in suddenly damp palms. My father cares more about his business assets than he ever did about me. I happen to know your father cares very much for his only daughter and would pay handsomely to have you returned to him unharmed were he to find you in duress. The man shrugged at this. I am Russell Carey. That kid who graduated from MIT with honors at sixteen a few years ago? This kid was too smart for his own good, and he knew it. Probably even enjoyed it. Her father had talked of nothing else for weeks. Kidnapping, attempted murder, that kind of thing. Kyle sent her a smirk that could have been encouragement or disdain; it was impossible to tell. He was nodding sagely. Anyhow, before they dissolved they sold off a great deal of their inventions and copyrights to their debtors. I acquired only one item, and it took years to get it into working condition again. Kyle looked down his nose, but he complied. The Animus was developed by a doctor at Abstergo Labs to allow these memories to be experienced by a person as if they were living in the past. Sometimes you have to run through days, even weeks of memory before you find the one you were actually looking for. Or at least know of it.

This seemed the most effective way to secure an audience with you. But what choice did she have except to go along? How long will this take, anyway? I may be able to fast forward through some memories. Also, to keep your brain syncing with the Animus for more than twelve hours at a time is dangerous. It not only exhausts you mentally, degrading the quality of the sync, but if the machine overheats you could lapse into a coma. Worst-case scenario, you might become permanently brain-dead. Worse, if the machinery runs for too long without a break, then you could end up as a vegetable. Gallantly, he helped her lie down on the bed. She expected him to hook her up to the machine with wires, but instead he walked a few paces away. She raised her head. Now, try to relax. If you fight the synchronization, this process will take a lot longer. Two hundred and fifty years ago. A glass cylinder slid over her head. At first, she could see through it, but slowly blue fog was projected onto it. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 4 : Echoes of the Heart Content

Review of echoes of the heart by Alyssa Montgomery Let me tell you something very simple about this book I loved it, every page that I read until the end. It was a.

I sat here for hours after finishing this book trying to think of the nicest way to write a review on a book I totally disliked while being honest. So I guess I will start by saying that my hate for this book had nothing to do with the author or her writing talent, but my personal taste. Not one thing did I like. Jack was a jerk the whole book. He was vicious to the heroine Cali over her being a alcoholic. He treated her with scorn, disgust and mockery. Then he sees the light. Well it was too late for me Jack. After he pushed her down on the ground cutting up her leg. All this when she needed him the most. A close friend had just died and she was hurting. So what did he do for the final icing on the cake? He brings his ex girlfriend to the funeral where she is touching all over him in front of Cali. Then later that night he finds Cali jogging and tells her he is leaving town. She tells him she loves him and they can work it out and he still leaves her. I more felt just meh with her and a touch of pity. So she takes to drinking her pain away. I may have liked her better if she was paired with a better hero maybe. Just him being a jerk to her when they were around each other. Them not being around each other and then bam they kiss and have sex. How did we get from point A to point B? Also Janie the friend that died in the book, that part of the plot and it was a big part of the plot was so depressing. Us readers got to read as she slowly dies scared and struggling to breathe. Which just made me have flash backs of my papa dying of lung Cancer. I was a CNA for 9 years, became one just because of my papa and wanting to take care of him. So to say that it hit close to home was a understatement. Truthfully I found almost all the book depressing. I felt like I needed antidepressants to get through the story. There was no happy moments. Just sad stuff and Jack making me mad. I do just think it was me. I think it was more of a personal taste problem.

Chapter 5 : Echoes of the Heart - Poem by Joe Flach

Echoes of the Heart is a soundscape of ambient sound, electronic and world percussion music. The contemporary electronic sound predominates, blending in African, Amazonian and Far Eastern musical motifs.

Before they married, Terri had made her own mark on the corporate world developing innovative training programs in a variety of fields. After their marriage, together they began a budding culturally based educational business that now keeps them on the road most of the year. At first, Terri was basically in the background during these programs, but that all changed when Robert developed laryngitis during a scheduled program and Terri had to take over for the day. Since then they have done the programs together, with much success in a business that continues to grow yearly and is now international. Before marriage, Terri had been traditionally trained in Lakota philosophy and ceremony and permitted by the elders to use what she learned to teach others in her career field. They also do dozens of presentations at American Indian schools each year, as well as many other places. One year, they spoke to more than , school children in Wisconsin and Colorado alone. Their programs now include lectures, workshops, concerts and plenty of culturally relevant subjects and motivational material. From to he headed the local Lone Feather Indian Council in a position that was then called Chief. Robert hosted once or twice a month. Along the way, he has several times been asked to help ceremonially welcome emigrants taking the oath of allegiance as new American citizens. Robert also learned to play a flute after he fell in love with a beautiful flute that he acquired by trading several valuable pieces of his original jewelry. He now owns close to a hundred flutes and is an accomplished flautist. When he was a young man, he traveled often with his tribal elders, and they taught him as they traveled. Robert is a direct lineal descendent of the Swan Creek band of Saginaw Chippewa. Terri is not Native by blood but has been adopted into the Chippewa Nation. Terri, for her part, has brought a wide range of CEO and Director of Development experience to their team. She has been featured in the book *Who We Could Be At Work* by Margaret Lulic as a role model for corporate leaders interested in incorporating spirit into their work place. She helped to grow the Spinoza Teddy Bear Company from a home-based business to a company with 32 employees and an international, multi-million dollar business. Robert has three children who all live in the Colorado Springs area with their families. His two daughters have given them seven grandchildren. His son is not married yet. It will be fun watching these third generation TallTree decendents as they grow up in our midst, and their grandparents continue to represent their family and our community in their international travels. Grandmother Naomi will be there, naturally. It has been nice to have them in town over this summer of leisure. You can read more and keep up with their adventures on their web site.

Chapter 6 : Echoes of the Heart by Stacey A. Purcell

Echoes of the Heart Healing. 50, likes Â· talking about this. Everything in our life is energy. Your emotions & thoughts create your natural.

To view it, click here. Echoes of the Heart Kindle Locations Harlequin Enterprises, Australia Pty Limited. And, what Jake Formosa wants to reclaim after a long 2 yr separation, is the heroine Amanda. This was yet another trainwrecky angst filled romance novel that delved into some of my favourite tropes: Revenge by the H. Betrayal by a manipulative minor character. Jake and Amanda had met, fell in love and had a brief affair 2 yrs ago but it seemed that everyone around them had been conspiring to destroy their relationship. Amanda incorrectly assumed that Jake had taken her virginity and used for her sex while he had been engaged to another woman called Sophie. Her assumption was based on nasty gossip from his friends and his father. She thought Jake had grown bored with her. Jake was forced to leave the country to deal with a financial crisis and while he was abroad, all of his phone calls were not returned. Lloyd was disgusting and his villainy is the type that one finds only on a soap opera. Lloyd was also a powerful, rich lawyer with criminal underworld connections. He was also gay but wanted to hide it by marrying a woman who would be unable to ever reveal the truth about his sexuality. He found that woman in Amanda. After Amanda married Lloyd, Jake got married to a former girlfriend called Sophie, but that marriage lasted for only 6 months. It had been a platonic 6 months because the H and Sophie discovered that they were better off as friends. Lloyd had committed suicide , but not before he done his final dastardly act of sending a nasty letter to all the tabloids telling them that Amanda had been cheating on him! That was his final act of evil against the heroine. This ruined her socially and made it impossible for her to be hired as a legal secretary. This situation gave the H the right opening to get his revenge against Amanda. He agreed to pay her a large amount of money if she would be his mistress for one month. Jake was a truly besotted, jealous and obsessed H who thought that he would grow bored of her and then be able to move on with his life after the month was over. And I was just glad that Lloyd had already killed himself by the time the long list of his villainous acts was revealed. The only complaint I have with this novel is that the conflict was wrapped up a little too quickly in the final quarter. But, this novel definitely delivered the trainwrecky OTT angst and drama that I was craving. Jake, by comparison, was merely studying vengeance courses at the undergraduate level. It also helped that he grovelled a lot and the author always made it plain, throughout the entire story, that he was very much besotted with Amanda. Both characters were celibate during their 2 yr separation and their respective marriages were platonic. The H had been involved with his wife Sophie when they were both younger but had been platonic friends for years during and up to their ill fated marriage of convenience. This is the hero, Jake: This is the heroine, Amanda:

Chapter 7 : Music | Jens Egert - ECHOES OF THE HEART

Praise for ECHOES OF THE HEART: 'The story had a lot of edgy moments that just did it for me. I mean talk about hot sex, hot making out scenes and definitely hot everything else.

Chapter 8 : Echoes of the Heart â€“ A Sacred Journey | The Talltrees' Weblog

Echoes of the Heart is a thought-provoking tale centered around alcoholism. One of the characters is struggling with its demons. The other character has been scarred by family members stricken with the addiction.

Chapter 9 : WIN the Entire ECHOES OF THE HEART Series! Â« Anna DeStefano's Blog

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