

**Chapter 1 : Series in Living II “ Saying Yes to Life “ Philosophy of Viktor E Frankl “ karparation**

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His philosophy of life has developed out of his experience in the concentration camp. Despite being no stranger to suffering, war, all round apathy and tough circumstances, his zeal to live and living and face life boldly are commendable. His philosophy towards life and living is simple “ Life has meaning in all conditions. Saying yes to life in spite of all sufferings and facing it boldly, believing in future is the key to success and achievement in life. He has choice and has to be responsible for making something of himself. He has a finite freedom in the sense he cannot be free from biological, social or psychological conditioning but has ultimate freedom to take stand to react despite the conditions. Suffering without meaning leads one to despair but if we can find a meaning under suffering and then he can translate it into success and achievement. The man who could not see any sense in his life, no aim, no purpose, and therefore no point in carrying on is soon lost. We had to learn ourselves and teach to the despairing men, that it did not really matter what we expected from life, but rather what life expected from us. We needed to stop asking about the meaning of life, and instead to think of ourselves as those who were being questioned by life “ daily and hourly. Our answer is not talk or meditation, but in right action and in right conduct. Life ultimately means taking the responsibility to find the right answer to its problems and to fulfill the tasks which it constantly sets for each individual. Therefore the meaning of life, differ from man to man, and from moment to moment. Hence it is impossible to define the meaning of life in a general way. Questions about the meaning of life can never be answered by sweeping statements. No man and no destiny can be compared with any other man or any other destiny. No situation repeats itself, and each situation calls for a different response. Sometimes the situation in which a man finds himself may require him to shape his own fate by action. At other times it is more advantageous for him to make use of an opportunity for contemplation and to realize assets in this way. Sometimes man may be required simply to accept fate, to bear his cross. Every situation is distinguished by its uniqueness, and there is always only one right answer to the problem posed by the situation at hand. When a man finds that it is his destiny to suffer, he will have to accept his suffering as his task. No one can relieve him of his suffering or suffer in his place. His unique opportunity lies in the way in which he bears his. Once the meaning of suffering had been revealed to us, we refused to minimize or alleviate the suffering by ignoring them or harboring false illusions and entertaining artificial optimism. Suffering in it has hidden opportunities for achievement. It was necessary to face up to the full amount of suffering, trying to keep moments of weakness and furtive tears to a minimum. But there was no need to be ashamed of tears, for tears bore witness that a man had the greatest of courage, the courage to suffer. This uniqueness which distinguishes each individual and gives a meaning to his existence has a bearing on creative work as much as it does on human love. When the impossibility of replacing a person is realized, it allows the responsibility which a man has for his existence and its continuance to appear in all its magnitude. A man who becomes conscious of the responsibility he bears toward a human being who affectionately waits for him, or to an unfinished work, will never be able to throw away his life. Health, family, happiness, professional abilities, fortune, position in society “ all these were things that could be achieved. Whatever we had gone through could still be an asset to us in the future. Human life, under any circumstances, never ceases to have a meaning, and that this infinite meaning of life includes suffering and dying, privation and death. They must not lose hope but should keep their courage in the certainty that the hopelessness of our struggle did not detract from its dignity and its meaning. No instinct tells him what he has to do, and no tradition tells him what he ought to do; sometimes he does not even know what he wishes to do. Instead, he either wishes to do what other people do conformism or he does what other people wish him to do totalitarianism. The existential vacuum thus created manifests itself mainly in a state of boredom. This is in line with Schopenhauer when he said that mankind was apparently doomed to vacillate eternally between the two extremes of distress and boredom. In actual fact, boredom is now causing, and certainly bringing to psychiatrists, more problems to solve than distress. And these problems

are growing increasingly crucial, for progressive automation will probably lead to an enormous increase in the leisure hours available to the average worker. The pity of it is that many of these will not know what to do with all their newly acquired free time. Man has to be fully aware of his own responsibility; and has to decide therefore, for what, to what, or to whom he is to be responsible. This may well result in a fatal condition. Meaning orientation had subsided, and consequently the seeking of immediate pleasure had taken over. As logotherapy teaches, there are three main avenues on which one arrives at meaning in life. The first is by creating a work or by doing a deed. The second is by experiencing something or encountering someone; in other words, meaning can be found not only in work but also in love. The third avenue to meaning in life: He may turn a personal tragedy into a triumph. Life is potentially meaningful under any conditions, even those which are most miserable. In other words, what matters is to make the best of any given situation. An optimism in the face of tragedy and in view of the human potential which at its best always allows for: Third aspect of the tragic triad concerns death. But it concerns life as well, for at any time each of the moments of which life consists is dying, and that moment will never recur. And yet is not this transitoriness a reminder that challenges us to make the best possible use of each moment of our lives? It certainly is, and hence Live as if you were living for the second time and had acted as wrongly the first time as you are about to act now. Man is not fully conditioned and determined but rather determines himself whether he gives in to conditions or stands up to them. In other words, man is ultimately self-determining. Man does not simply exist but always decides what his existence will be, what he will become in the next moment. By the same token, every human being has the freedom to change at any instant. Therefore, we can predict his future only within the large framework of a statistical survey referring to a whole group; the individual personality, however, remains essentially unpredictable. Yet one of the main features of human existence is the capacity to rise above such conditions, to grow beyond them. Man is capable of changing the world for the better if possible, and of changing himself for the better if necessary. Things determine each other, but man is ultimately self-determining. What he becomes "within the limits of endowment and environment" he has made out of himself.

**Chapter 2 : From Viktor Frankl on Tragic Optimism to One Life Only Counseling Services**

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It got particularly bad while Becca was on a one-on-one date with Garrett—the of the offensive Instagram likes—and then we also kept cutting to Lincoln revealing that on top of being a sex offender he believes the earth is flat. The combination of these two scenes was extremely hard to stomach, and by the time Becca was telling Garrett that he reminds her of her dad a little bit, we were ready to throw in the towel. Can we just start this whole thing over with an entirely new cast?? Photos The Bachelorette Season At least Becca also expertly threw an ax and chopped some wood herself, while also explaining that when other 14 year-old girls were falling for Leonardo DiCaprio, she was falling for the lumberjacks. Or things she was into when she was ABC After that manly display, it was cocktail party time. And it was terrible. For some reason, Becca had gifted Male Model Jordan with a pair of gold booty shorts, and so when he sat down to talk to her, he took off his pants to show them off. She gave them to him and then asked about them, after all. How disrespectful to Becca! Meanwhile, Colognisseur Jean Blanc was getting frustrated. He just wanted his relationship with Becca to really get going even though they had barely spoken to each other, so he tried a couple of different things. First, he gave her some perfume called "Miss Becca Blanc," even though he knows she wants to hyphenate her name. Then, he came back later and professed that he was falling in love with Becca. Her response was not good. She was not into it, and not happy that he would profess such a thing so early. Read Clay Harbor Sounds Off on His Decision to Leave The Bachelorette ABC Then he brought up the gift he had given her earlier, and the fact that she seemed so appreciative, and confessed that he just thought telling her he was falling in love with her was what she wanted to hear. So then she was mad about him not being honest, and not about him being in love with her when she was so clearly not in love with him. So he went home no matter what, and Becca was so annoyed that she cancelled the cocktail party rose. She was also already annoyed before her one-on-one with Wills, who has slowly emerged as one of our few faves of the season, and he remains a fave. He also has a Harry Potter tattoo, which is fun. After Wills got a rose, Becca canceled the next cocktail party and went straight to the next rose ceremony to say goodbye to a couple of guys whose names we never knew. The Bachelorette airs Mondays at 8 p.

### Chapter 3 : Weaving a Life: In Spite of Everything

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

The book is full of photographs of real people having real experiences from all over the world, in settings from the Piazza San Marco in Venice to beer joints in small southern towns, from a hilly back yard where a boy hugs a tied-up dog, to a couple of tiny men in yellow slickers watching for bad weather on a rocky, secluded, foggy mountain. We see spaces where an artist has scattered her tools and supplies on an old wooden table on a screened-in porch, where sunlight falls across empty church pews in a balcony, where a round table is set with paper napkins and flatware but waiting for the stack of dishes to be set at each place. We see children, old people, a baby sitting by his pregnant mother and poking his finger in her swelling belly button. Here is a quote from the foreword to this book: The kind of affirmation present in the pictures Ralph has chosen is something infinitely more powerful than hope. By the time we push back desks and scatter copies of these pictures on the floor for our class members to choose from, we facilitators have given them all we have to give them. Our classroom has been as safe and supportive as we could make it. We have offered them experiences of acceptance, compassion, shared grief, courage to change, and tools to not only express their past horrors and shame, but opportunities to find the meaning and value in struggles that few of us would have survived any better than they did. Now, we are giving them a final opportunity to face the reality that when they come home, the cards will be stacked against them. There will still be more drug dealers and pimps eager to see them than happy healthy families to welcome them home more people offering them illegal ways to get food and lodging than employers willing to take a chance on a convicted felon. Can they take this gift of pictures of life as it is, everywhere in the world, and choose one that speaks to them? Every time, we are blown away by their choices, and their candor, as well as how amazingly they express themselves. Each facilitator has her own way to present this class. I always emphasize how many artists, writers, and creative people have influenced my life, and been my mentors whether they ever knew me or not. So teaching this class is my chance to encourage these women, some of whom are remarkably talented, to value what they have to offer enough to start sharing it and set goals for themselves to keep putting it out there where others can benefit from it. The Dog by Laurie Salley, Nov. I had to eat and get me some smokes on the way down here. Anyways, I get off that big old bus and walk out of the terminal and what do I see but a dog. An old basset hound. Got no place to put one, nor money to feed one, but he follows right along behind me big as Billy-be-damned. Hell, if I was hungry, he was, too. That first night out, well, it would have sure been lonely without that old dog. To suddenly be all by my lonesome was pretty awkward, so it was nice to have company. I guess I could have found a shelter somewhere, but much as I felt a little lost and alone, I was sick and tired of being cooped up. It was nice and warm outside, considering it was October, and I found me a nice park bench in an out-of-the-way park near Chinatown. Like he wanted to be with me! But it left me in a quandary, too. The next day, heavy-hearted, I walked Sam back to the bus station. I bought him another cheeseburger on the way. It was sure hard to go but I figure he was an angel sent by God to make my first night out a little easier.

Chapter 4 : in spite of everything | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

*The "In Spite of Everything, Yes!" class comes near the end of the Talk To Me Level 2 (6 week) Discovery series. It follows the experience of eight weeks in Talk to Me Speaking, Circle, or Movement Classes, where each woman speaks her truth about what brought her to prison.*

Those here today who are unacquainted with these popular heroes of the Twentieth Century may not realize the web of connections that was being spun then in Berkeley, but it I believe it merits closer consideration, since it is well worth our remembering in our faith communities today. Viktor Frankl as a remarkable survivor of the Holocaust. Frankl alone emerged from the concentration camps where he was sent along with his mother and father, his brother, and his young wife. In his memoir, Frankl recalled his horrific experiences in the camps as well as his ingenious strategies for psychic survival. Fabry lost his parents in the concentration camps. Unlike Frankl, however, Fabry chose to emigrate from Austria while he still could, eventually making his way to New York and then onward to the west coast. In Berkeley, where he worked as an editor for the University of California press, Fabry and his wife Judith joined the first Unitarian Church of Berkeley, where Fabry later served as church board president. Winner of the Nobel Prize, Schweitzer was a prominent public figure of the time. The Alsatian was renowned as a brilliant polymath who began his career as a Lutheran pastor and Christian theologian, then became famous as a pipe organist and musical scholar, and finally trained as a medical doctor before undertaking a humanitarian mission to the Belgian Congo. As his theological views morphed into a more philosophical position on reverence for life, Schweitzer had his preaching privileges revoked by the Lutheran church. Long suspected of Unitarian leanings, Schweitzer decided to become a member of the Church of the Larger Fellowship while in Africa, although the Lutherans "to their credit" did continue to sponsor his medical mission there. So the unlikely award ceremony in managed to link a practicing Jew with Universalist sensibilities to a Lutheran missionary with Unitarian sympathies because of the determination of one recent convert to Unitarian Universalism who could discern the commonalities in their worldviews. These commonalities are not readily apparent, to be honest. Ironically, Schweitzer was considered far too secularly minded by his colleagues in ministry, while Frankl was considered too religiously motivated by his secular colleagues in the medical sciences. But these two had radically life-affirming stances that appealed to Joseph Fabry, personally and professionally. In his book-length meditation titled Making Sense: This particular physician recognized no valid reason for either suicide or assisted suicide for so long as one could draw breath. Employed as a doctor in the only Jewish hospital left in Vienna during the rise of the Third Reich, Frankl routinely resisted state-sponsored euthanasia by falsifying benign diagnoses for his patients. In the war-torn Europe that Frankl inhabited and in the equatorial Africa that Schweitzer served, where life was perpetually in jeopardy, people had to struggle mightily to survive. Yet none of us has been given license to hold life cheaply simply because living comes so easily for so many. The German title of one of the earliest books Frankl published was: Yes, we presume, despite calamity, violence, inhumanity, massacre, violation, tragedy, loss, betrayal, abandonment and grief. Unfortunately, this is just a partial listing. We can perpetually find items to add to this catalogue, without a doubt. But we are also faced with the challenge of finding a clear meaning that we can affirm, an obligation that we can assume, or a personal devotion that we can practice despite all these earthly devastations. We need to know what exactly we will embrace in, with, through our lives. This is the spiritual task we have been assigned simply by virtue of being alive. Do we understand that it is a privilege to have such a responsibility? If we are fortunate, our life is no brief candle but a long taper leading us into a brighter future. In the Book of Ecclesiastes, the Hebrew preacher Qoholeth proclaims: They can travel unimaginable distances in their lives "physically and psychically. For a couple of years now, I have worked both as a clinical pastoral psychotherapist and as director of the Pastoral Care and Counseling Programs at the Blanton-Peale Institute. Recently, my own knowledge of logotherapy was deepened by doing doctoral work in pastoral care and counseling psychology and uncovering the commentary of logotherapists like Fabry. However, few logotherapists are as explicit "and as lyrical " as Fabry is about claiming a religious rationale for the

therapy. The cultural emphasis on the pursuit of happiness seemed to him plainly counterproductive, if not altogether nonsensical. Any of these instances might be heroic in their own right. We may never fully appreciate the magnitude of such almost imperceptible, emphatically personal accomplishments. But we can cultivate a greater sensitivity to them in ourselves and others. We become better persons. A little while ago, when I was relocating my Manhattan therapy office, I was carrying a small blue vase that a client had given me which held some bound bamboo shoots. An unfamiliar woman standing beside me in the elevator demanded to know why I was growing bamboo. The bamboo stands as hearty in my new therapy office as it did in my old one. Without fail, it reminds me of my therapy clients, all of whom have survived hardship, some of it quite astounding. They have my admiration for that, though I would not consider them particularly lucky as a result. Instead, they are people who hold out some hope for life. I know them all as good people determined to be better still. And this holds good whether I regard it physically or spiritually. Goodness, by the same token, is the saving or helping of life, the enabling of whatever life I can to attain its highest development. Throughout his years in the camps, Frankl wrote, he daily saw people making different choices, some opting for the good as blatantly as others opted for the evil. In some very paradoxical cases, it gave meaning to their lives even as it cost them their very lives. After the war, Frankl generated considerable controversy by his rejection of the collective guilt concept; he was accused by some of not being Jewish enough in his self-identification, not mustering sufficient condemnation of the German people as a whole. Both are found everywhere; both penetrate into all groups of society. To be sure, our Protestant heritage encourages us to be exceedingly clear about what we find objectionable in this world. In all likelihood, we will in the end be remembered by what we affirm and promote, not by what we oppose or refute. Quite tellingly, those who lean into this yay-saying bent also seem capable of connecting with each other across cultural, continental, and a wide variety of divides. Beyond that, they were co-conspirators for the good, these firm believers in what might be, three outspoken devotees of saying yes: Even knowing full well what the human race as a whole could stand to lose? Yes, and again, yes. God help us, yes!

Chapter 5 : In Spite of Everything “ Yes! | Truth Be Told

*reprieve, in spite of trump, there is an emerging concern that everything donald trump touches tends to die, and that goes for cabinet appointments, congressional campaigns, american values, national institutions.*

Something important, something good is happening across this country. People are getting involved, running for office in record numbers, and a lot more of them are young people, women, and people of color. We need to support this new energy and we have something in New York City that will help. First, make sure to show up to your polling place and vote. The second question on the ballot says clearly: The people should get to decide what happens with their own money. You give money to the government, you pay your taxes. What this says is you get to put your own vote in, and money will be spent according to what the majority says. The third question on the ballot will open up our community boards. Term limits are a good thing. As mayor, I have a term limit. City Council members have term limits. The president has a term limit. Community boards should too. That way, new people can participate, young people can participate, and our community boards will be as open and engaged as they can be. Let me wrap this up together. But we cannot give up. Our answer to them is simple. We are going to participate more and do everything we can to ensure that everyone, no matter how much they earn, where they worship, when they came here, what language they speak, what color they see when they look in the mirror, that everyone gets to have their say. Vote every time you can; get involved in your community more; run for office yourself. Whatever you do, on Tuesday, Nov.

Chapter 6 : Paul Celan Quotes (Author of Poems of Paul Celan)

*SAYING YES - IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING. Sunday Sermon 27 February First Unitarian, Brooklyn, NY. In , in Berkeley, California, Viennese psychiatrist Viktor Frankl was given the Albert Schweitzer award for embodying the spiritual quality that Dr. Schweitzer himself dubbed "reverence for life". The award was presented by the past president of the Fi.*

In I was looking for a career that would fascinate me for the rest of my life. In a way, weaving chose me! A place to work through my thoughts - which can oftentimes be quite scattered and need to be corralled. A way to sort through the emotions of a situation to discover what I actually think about something. This summer has been In addition to the general stress of living and trying to keep my business running, there is the on-going struggle with adverse drug effects. Then nearly four weeks of smoke pall. I told a friend last night that once again I am in the position of trading speed for longevity. Because the drug is working to keep the cancer under control. Over the past few evenings I have been reading some of my posts from and into When the hope and optimism was high. It was a bit of an emotional roller coaster as I re-lived those months. The high of being in remission. The low of facing major surgery. Well, I made it through all that and once again thought it would be smooth sailing. And here I am. Because during that time period several people I know lost their battles with cancer. But here I am. A drug that targets just the diseased cells and leaves the healthy ones alone. I only have to deal with a list of annoying adverse effects. A trade off I am sort of willing to deal with. Because what is my choice? So in spite of everything - the stress, the big projects when will I learn? Yes, I had to work hard to make myself go to the loom. Yes, I was less productive than I would have liked to be. But I did it. There are shawls as well, and tea towels, and table runners. I will be going into the craft fair season with a reasonable amount of inventory. The conference is coming together. The Book is being worked on. And I keep going. In spite of everything

**Chapter 7 : Nietzschean affirmation - Wikipedia**

*Auto Suggestions are available once you type at least 3 letters. Use up arrow (for mozilla firefox browser alt+up arrow) and down arrow (for mozilla firefox browser alt+down arrow) to review and enter to select.*

In his teens Celan became active in Jewish Socialist organizations and fostered support for the Republican cause in the Spanish Civil War. At this time Celan secretly began to write poetry. The Anschluss precluded his study in Vienna, and Romanian schools were harder to get into due to the newly imposed Jewish quota. His journey to France took him through Berlin as the events of Kristallnacht unfolded, and also introduced him to his uncle, Bruno Schragar, who was later among the French detainees who died at Birkenau. A year later following the reconquest of Romania, Nazi Germany and the then fascist Romanian regime brought ghettos, internment, and forced labour see Romania during World War II. Before the ghetto was dissolved in the fall of that year, Celan was pressed into labor, first clearing the debris of a demolished post office, and then gathering and destroying Russian books. The local mayor strove to mitigate the harsh circumstances, until the governor of Bukovina had the Jews rounded up and deported, starting on a Saturday night in June Celan hoped to convince his parents to leave the country so as to escape certain persecution. While Celan was away from home, on June 21, , his parents were taken from their home and sent by train to an internment camp in Transnistria Governorate, where two-thirds of the deportees eventually perished. There, he worked briefly as a nurse in the mental hospital. Friends from this period recall Celan expressing immense guilt over his separation from his parents, whom he had tried to convince to go into hiding prior to the deportations, shortly before their deaths. He was active in the Jewish literary community as both a translator of Russian literature into Romanian, and as a poet, publishing his work under a variety of pseudonyms. Additional remarks were published explaining that the dancing and musical performances evoked in the poem were images of realities of the extermination camp life. It was there that he befriended Ingeborg Bachmann, who had just completed a dissertation on Martin Heidegger. Facing a city divided between occupying powers and with little resemblance to the mythic capital it once was, which had harboured the then-shattered Austro-Hungarian Jewish community, he moved to Paris in . It was also during this time that he exchanged many letters with Diet Kloos, a young Dutch singer and anti-Nazi resister who saw her husband of a few months tortured to death. She visited him twice in Paris between and . He did not attend any other meeting of the group. They married on December 21, , despite the opposition of her aristocratic family. During the following 18 years they wrote over letters; amongst the active correspondents of Celan were Hermann Lenz and his wife, Hanne. He was a close friend of Nelly Sachs, who later won the Nobel Prize for literature. Celan became a French citizen in and lived in Paris. In his Bremen Prize speech, Celan said of language after Auschwitz that: Only one thing remained reachable, close and secure amid all losses: In spite of everything, it remained secure against loss. But it had to go through its own lack of answers, through terrifying silence, through the thousand darkneses of murderous speech. It gave me no words for what was happening, but went through it. In later years his poetry became progressively more cryptic, fractured and monosyllabic, bearing comparison to the music of Anton Webern. He also increased his use of German neologisms, especially in his later works Fadensonnen "Threadsunns" and Lichtzwang. In the eyes of some, Celan attempted in his poetry either to destroy or remake the German language. For others, he retained a sense for the lyricism of the German language which was rare in writers of that time. Writing in German was a way for him to think back and remember his parents, particularly his mother, from whom he had learned the language. This is underlined in "Wolfsbohne" Lupin, a poem in which Paul Celan addresses his mother. In addition to writing poetry in German and, earlier, in Romanian, he was an extremely active translator and polyglot, translating literature from Romanian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Hebrew, and English into German.

### Chapter 8 : Sarah Lizzies: "In spite of everythingyes, let's" Van Gogh

*In Spite of Everything, Yes by Ralph Steiner (Editor), Peter Smith, Caroline Steiner (Editor) starting at \$ In Spite of Everything, Yes has 1 available editions to buy at Alibris.*

To make life easier, you may want to subscribe free to my Email feed. Who would linger in hell? But then I thought of my own tendency "much as I hate to admit it" to nurse my wounds and wallow. In Hebrews we are warned to not allow a root of bitterness to spring up among us. Our negative thoughts and emotions become a feedback loop that have us spiraling further down into despair. And in doing so, we sabotage our chance for a life lived to the full. How many of us allow the wounds from our past define who we are? That is the real tragedy, being stuck or defined by the painful things that have happened to us. Our resentment and bitterness become a prison. Several years ago, my life as I knew it was shattered. I lost nearly everything I cared about. The pain was excruciating. I felt betrayed by God and many people I had trusted completely. I lost confidence that if I just did my part life would be kind. Choosing Joy Some dear friends lost their young son, after a valiant fight and many prayers, to a virus he caught when his immune system was weakened from cancer treatment. My friend, his mother, is one of the most joyful people I know. When I choose to celebrate life, I honor his memory. Helen Keller, famous author and humanitarian, got a fever when she was 2 years old and became blind and deaf. And you, like Moses, can realize how full your life has been and how richly you are blessed. Only through experience of trial and suffering can the soul be strengthened, ambition inspired, and success achieved. Viktor Frankl was a Jewish neurologist and psychiatrist from Vienna who spent many years helping thousands of patients. In , when the Nazis took over Austria, he was forbidden to treat Ayrrian patients because he was a Jew. Frankl and his family were deported to the first of several concentration camps in which he stayed for 3 years. As we all know, millions were over worked, starved, tortured, and murdered during the Holocaust. For example, they endured dehumanizing treatment in honorable ways, helping others, and holding on to their faith in God. Some inmates determined to survive so they could bear witness to the unspeakable things they had seen and experienced. After all Frankl endured and lost, he wrote a book: *A Psychologist Experiences the Concentration Camp*. It is considered by many to be one of the most influential books ever written. Here are some of his powerful insights: When we are no longer able to change a situation, we are challenged to change ourselves. Everything can be taken from a man but one thing: Red poppies are typically a reminder of the death and sacrifice of fallen soldiers. After World War I, in France, little would grow on former battle fields except in Flanders where poppies bloomed. Because their seeds are tiny and they are so resilient, poppies could live where nothing else could. Life and hope emerging from tragedy is what poppies symbolize to me.

### Chapter 9 : Saying Yes To Life In Spite Of Everything - Crossroads Counseling

*So in spite of everything - the stress, the big projects (when will I learn?), the tired, the constant sinus drainage (and all the other adverse effects which are merely annoying), I managed to keep weaving.*