

Chapter 1 : Why Did Old Phone Numbers Start With Letters? | Mental Floss

Mu'awiyah had written a letter to Amir al-mu'minin in which after recalling mutual unity and amicability he laid on him the blame of killing Talhah and az-Zubayr and ousting `A'ishah from her house and objected to his adopting Kufah as his seat of government in place of Medina.

If you effectively write a love letter to your significant other, you can make them cry tears of joy, you will deepen your connection with them, and they will have a keepsake to cherish for eternity that they can come back to whenever they feel like reading it and feeling a bonus burst of love. In fact, I believe in writing some form of a long-form love letter to your partner on at least a quarterly basis. Here are some tips on how to write a powerful love letter that will make your partner cry tears of joy. Things to Consider Before Writing Your Love Letter Before I get into the brass tacks structure of how to write your love letter, there are some things that I feel need to be expressed explicitly when it comes to the craft of love letter writing. The content of your love letter needs to make sense. They really see me for who I am. It has to come from your heart. More on this shortly. The format is irrelevant I get itâ€ not all of us are born writers. The format is irrelevant as long as it genuinely comes from your heart. The medium is irrelevant Some purists believe that hand written notes are the only way to go when it comes to delivery love lettersâ€ and while hand written is totally bad ass and a classic way of doing things, if your hand writing is as bad as mine then you might be better off sending a typed message via email, Facebook, etc. Now, some people would argue that hand written letters stand the test of time more than sending the words via for exaggerations sake a Facebook message. But hand written letters can catch on fireâ€ or have coffee spilled on themâ€ or get eaten by the dog. So who is to say that a hand written love letter will necessarily last longer than a digital message will? Whether you deliver it via beautiful stationary in your finest handwriting, a carefully crafted digital message, or a piece of paper that you commemorate in a photo frame, the delivery medium is largely irrelevant. Important Things To Include In Your Love Letter I will now go into some structural elements of an effective love letter that you can then mix and match and use as you see fit. There is no one correct order for these to appear in in your finished love letterâ€ these are simply elements. Use whatever it useful for you. Here are seven important structural elements that you can include in your love letter. This can be as short as a few words, or as lengthy as a few paragraphs. For example you could say any of the following to kick off your love letter: So I thought it was finally time to put pen to paper and tell you how I feel about you. You are such a gift in my life and you deserve to know itâ€ so I decided to write you this letter. What do they bring to your life? For this point, and the following five points, brainstorm your responses for as long as you need to. What exactly does your partner bring to your life? Physically, emotionally, mentally, spiritually, sexually. How do they elevate your life? How do they make your daily existence that much easier or better? This is your chance. Brainstorm out anywhere from things that your partner brings to your life and then pick your favourite handful to focus on. Some examples could be: I am healthier, more driven, and more emotionally fulfilled than at any other point in my life and that is in large part because of you. I am so grateful to have you as a rock in my life. You are an absolute blessing. And, by all means, if any of the above examples do ring true for you then please feel free to use them verbatim. Allude to memories that you share As simple as it sounds. Do you have a pre-existing relationship with this person? Then write out a list of all of your favourite memories that you shared and then pick your top couple of memories to reference in your love letter. I fell in love with you right then and there. I have such fond memories of how we navigated the streets like a team and we went the entire trip without even a small argument. My legs felt like jelly for the next few days. You certain have always had a powerful effect on me. The choice is yours. What do you love about them? What do you love about their character, their appearance, or what they fill their life with? Examples of what you might love about them: The depth with which you love others is nothing short of inspiring. I love your massive heart. I could get lost in them forever. I have endless respect for you and the way that you carry yourself in this world. So thank you for being you. What do they not get told enough by you or by anyone? I call this the Elusive Obvious effect. Often some of the things that are presented most obviously in plain view are the things that get taken for granted the most.

Also, if you are more prone to complimenting them on just one thing or one area. And every time they notice that detail about themselves, the thought will be linked back to you and your thoughtful letter. Really sit and brainstorm with this one. I wish I could give you a laundry list of things for you to pull from but you know your love letter recipient infinitely better than I do. Really give this specific exercise some time. The few nuggets of gold that you mine from your brain will pay dividends in your relationship for years to come if you do this one right. Plans for the future I like to finish my love letters with this element, but you can put them throughout your letter as you see fit. My love, These past few weeks have been relatively challenging for me, as you know, and you have been such a blessing to me. I feel so grateful to be able to wake up next to you every day, and am so happy that yours are the lips that I get to kiss before I nod off every day. From the craziness of white water rafting in Georgia to the silly fun at the trampoline park in San Francisco we always seem to make fun situations out of otherwise challenging moments. Your integrity is admirable. Your heart is so expansive and kind. Your eyes are like pools of green silk that I love getting lost in. I love how you are with your family. You are so loving and patient with them and they obviously all look to you for advice because they value you and your opinion so much. I love how considerate you are. You do so many little things for me that only ever add to my already never-ending list of things that I love about you.

Chapter 2 : How to Write a Business Letter to Customers (with Sample Letters)

Ù`Ù...Ù† Ùfð`ðšð` Ù„Ù† (ð¹Ù„ÙšÙ† ðšÙ„ð³Ù„ðšÙ„) ð¥Ù„Ù% Ù...ð¹ðšÙ`Ùšð. Our people 1 (the Quraysh) decided to kill our Prophet and to annihilate our root. They created worries for us, behaved with us harshly, denied us ease of life, exposed us to fear, forced us to take refuge in a rugged mountain and ignited for us the flames of war.

I may not have disciplined you enough, or maybe I disciplined you too much. I know at times, I drove you nuts! I fed you and bathed you and clothed you. I bought you toys. I sang to you, read to you, taught you. You were my boy, my precious, baby boy. I got up with you to send you to school. I stroked your forehead and hair when you were sick. I knew you were not feeling well, because you let me do these things. You were never very cuddly. I paid for heat to keep you warm. I stared at you for days, after you were born. I kept you safe. I kept you clean. I soothed you when you cried. I let you stay up late and watch TV. Do you know that you mean the world to me? I argued with you as you grew. You formed opinions of your own. I tried teaching you right from wrong, and to treat others with respect. I hugged you and kissed you at least three times a day, every day. Remember greeting each other after school, or hugging and kissing me good-night? I wanted to correct the behaviours of my parents, who were, and still are, non-demonstrative. When you were two, I wrote you a song. I made it up on the spot, while brushing your teeth, to distract you. You were always so active and wiggly. Keeping still for those few minutes required drastic measures! I wrote down the lyrics, and eventually put it to music. I now sing it to your little cousins. I supported you in most of the decisions you made. I encouraged you to be great. When you were thirteen or fourteen and wanted to come home drunk? You learned it, too. You never let yourself get in a predicament like that again. When you were on the high school football team, I went to your games. Even though I wrapped myself in a blanket, I still froze and felt the freezing effects of the wind whipping through my bones and at my face as I sat on the bleachers, while you worked up a sweat on the field. I tried to be the best single mother I could be to you, my only child. I sacrificed aspects of my life to enhance yours. I did this many times, for many years. I loved you from the moment I felt you inside my belly, flailing your tiny arms. When you lost your teeth, I became the Tooth Fairy. I was Santa and the Easter Bunny, too. You never knew, until I told you. Do you recall our ritual of checking the candy when we got home, to make sure it was safe? Each time we had to move from one apartment to another, I made endless preparations to ensure a seamless transition. I explained things to you, preparing you the best that I could for what was to come. I wanted you to feel secure. As an adult, you said you were. Yet you pretended not to know me one day when we were walking downtown, shopping, until you wanted something. I forgave you and admired you for exerting some of your independence. You had a fit when I joked around and pretended not to know you! It was your first rejection of me. At a young age, I taught you to do laundry. You were in charge of socks. You had fun matching them. As you grew, you graduated to facecloths, underwear, and towels. You were a big help, you know. I was surprised when you refused to let me launder your teenage clothes, and was impressed with the excellent care you took, and still take, with your wardrobe. When you trusted me to sew the holes, I felt needed again. I loved those moments, even though I hate sewing! Because I have eating and weight issues, and have had them all my life, I never wanted you to gain an extra ounce. Ridicule and self-loathing were not things you were going to experience! The healthy habits you formed early on in life have helped you become the strong, young man you are today. Do you still prefer yogurt over ice cream? Apples over potato chips? Granola bars over chocolate bars? I think you do. You go to the gym enough! Remember our little, plastic, red, first-aid kit? My heart swelled when you told me you brought one to the beach and when you went camping or was it hiking? Your foresight and sensibility astonishes me. I was still a teenager when I had you. I was only twice your age once. I was 18 and in pain, physically, when you were forced into this world. I was 36 and in pain, mentally. You were 18 then. I remember, too, how crazy I was. I know I put you through hell. When I almost lost my leg and had to undergo major surgery to save it, our roles were reversed and you took good care of me. Did I ever tell you how grateful I was? Let me remind you, I still am. After our conversation, I questioned you, asking you what you would rather have: I just want you, son, too. I just want you. I love, and always will love, you. I hope I will

always recognize your face and your voice. It touched me in explicable ways. I never want you to wonder how I felt, or have unanswered questions. You are my single-most biggest achievement. I kept us both alive despite a huge lack of money to do so. I may have gambled, done drugs, and a few other things you hate me for, but I did try to be a good mother to you, and for you, as well as a friend. Please, always remember that. Love always, Your unsettled Mom. On one particular Tuesday evening, he showed me a sweater he bought. The shocker, however, is what he said to me. I demonstrated how to sew and fixed one of the holes. He ended up sewing the other. I was so proud of him! I felt a sense of pride, though, after we were done, because I had empowered him with knowledge so that he could solve his own sewing problems in the future.

Chapter 3 : How To Write A Love Letter That Will Make Them Cry

Letters From Mum. Search. Main menu. Skip to primary content. Just take the music, the goodness, because it's the very best, and it's the part I give most willingly".

I really wanted to write you some kind of love letter for years now, but every time I began, I stopped because it never felt good enough. I write to you here in the only way I know how to -- stream of consciousness and removing my head from the conversation, leading with my heart. While scrolling through my Facebook feed, avoiding and checking out of work I had to do, I saw someone post an excerpt from Eat, Pray, Love, a book I did not read nor had any interest in ever reading. But I read the passage because the first word I saw was soul mate: But a true soul mate is a mirror, the person who shows you everything that is holding you back, the person who brings you to your own attention so you can change your life. But to live with a soul mate forever? Soul mates, they come into your life just to reveal another layer of yourself to you, and then leave. A soul mates purpose is to shake you up, tear apart your ego a little bit, show you your obstacles and addictions, break your heart open so new light can get in, make you so desperate and out of control that you have to transform your life, then introduce you to your spiritual master I confessed to you that I thought I had everything figured out; knew who I was, what I was capable of, what to expect from love -- that is - until I met you. My exact words were "You threw a wrench in my system. I let all those "living in sin" warnings get into my head, that somehow joining our lives together before being married would lead to my demise. I believed all I love eventually leaves. That I would lose myself, lose our love, and be a failure. But instead of being offended by my fears, you let me have them and promised to loved me. You have constantly let me talk about my fears; you embrace them and me and have never once judged the baggage I carry. I feel beautiful with you, fresh and alive. For years I allowed my body struggles to define my worth and felt lonely, cold, and sad -- praying to be someone else with a better body. The year I spent devoted to re-writing my own rules on love was the very same year I met you -- I find no odd coincidence in that. You called me beautiful from the start and you make me feel sexy and desired. I know of no other man who so passionately believes that the strength of his wife leads to the strength of his own life. Both you and I are now pursuing our own passions with a seamless sense of togetherness and mutual encouragement, respect and admiration for each others paths. And I see so fully your path, just as you so beautifully can see mine. I love how we admire who we are today and believe in the promise of who we will become. And within the six years being together, never once have I felt like I wanted to be apart from you. But I will tell you something I wrote about love when I was years-old, when I started philosophizing on life, dreaming of the future and trying to understand why some people fall in love and how to not lose yourself in the process. My teachers called me an "old-soul" because so many of my essays and reports went down this type of road. I do not want that. In Church, they use the flame becoming one to show love. I want my love some day to keep my flame bright and shelter it with his hand when it gets too windy. And I want to do that for his flame too. I think two flames are better than one - you see more. He will love me for my flame and vow to keep it safe. My dear husband, you are what my dream of true-love is. You are the hand that shelters my flame, making sure it never burns out when the winds get too strong. And you let it burn so brightly, trusting I can light my own path. You drew me in -- I felt it. Everyday, I feel it.

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Chapter 5 : Cost of a College Education by Jesus B. - Letters to the Next President

Letters From Mum When I moved overseas from Britain in the late 's, I became my mom's newest pen pal. Receiving her letters week after week, it was soon clear to me why so many people from all walks of life and from all over the world

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enjoyed her warm chatty letters.

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Chapter 8 : A Letter To My Son

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Chapter 9 : Letter 9: To Mu`awiyah | Nahjul Balagha Part 2, Letters and Sayings | blog.quintoapp.com

You play a major part in my life, you are the most important part of my life and you are the closest thing to my heart. I treasure your soul like no other. You will always hold a special place in my heart where only you can touch.