

the dark and I see you in the grey. I see you as a story, as words I have spoken or may yet speak. Maybe only in a memory or a dream. I see your hands and your arms and your body and your legs and your face and I see what you have been and what you will be. I see you and in looking at you, I want you to know that whoever you've had to be to survive all this, I will not look away. I want you to know that there's a space inside this book for you. So if you have the time and the inclination, you can sit here with me, just for a while. And perhaps between us, we can see everything that matters. -pleasefindthis

"I need you to understand something. I wrote this for you. I wrote this for you and only you." The follow-up to the international #1 bestselling collection of prose and photography, this is the third book in the I Wrote This For You series and gathers together the very best entries in the project from 2011 to 2015. Started in 2007, I Wrote This For You is an internationally acclaimed exploration of hauntingly beautiful words, photography and emotion that's unique to each person that reads it. Only available during the launch period, this limited edition of I Wrote This For You And Only You has been created using a superior colour printing process for brighter, better photography. While the differences between the normal edition and this edition are subtle and nuanced, the publisher, author and photographer want to give readers a choice in terms of both price and quality.

Early 1920s Dear Santa, Ive been good. Can you bring me a doll? That is all I want. Thanks, Nannie ----- Early Christmas 1930s I am grown up now. I dont need a doll anymore. I need socks and a scarf. Thanks., your friend, Nannie ----- Christmas Day , 1944 Well I got my doll a real baby! She cries and wets. She has blue eyes and blonde hair. Thank You Jesus for sharing Your birthday with her, her name is Mary Elizabeth. Thanks again. ----- Christmas, 1963 Jesus, my little girl wants to go far away and stay. She wants to be Your bride! This is a hard thing for me to understand, but I must. Take care of my baby, Mary. As always, Nan ----- Christmas 1964 No longer a little girl, all grown up with a new name, Sr. Mary Noel, a pretty name for someone who was born on Christmas day. Shes happy now and so am I.

This is a book of the last century of the world. Or a book of life, about us, the people of the world and each individual. Or a book of answers that people do not always obey. From the past to present to the future. Family, parents, children, life, wife. Respect. Our past, our countries, our choices, our freedom. With total connection, with ideology, view, and mentality of our ancestors. Include our American founding fathers, Words, views, and hobbies. This book was born in an old-fashioned barbershop, made by an old-school Soviet barber. It has been offered to read to real-life customers on the spot while they were waiting for the best haircuts. From simple realities of small business owners and realities in old-fashioned barbershops, to simple realities and history of the country to around the world. Included is the Soviet barber's life story and roads to freedom, where American people will see their history, or real history, and reality of their ancestors who made tough decisions and choices and dangerous roads, to freedom and independence. It is based on conversations between the customers and the barber.

Written over an eleven-year period, these letters between Thomas Wolfe and Aline Bernstein chronicle a love affair that was by turns stormy, tender, bitter, and contrite. When Wolfe met Mrs. Bernstein shortly before his twenty-fifth birthday in 1925, she was forty-four, married, and at the pinnacle of a successful career as a stage and costume designer. Bernstein gave the young writer not only the unstinting love of an experienced older woman but the financial assistance and belief in his ability that enabled him to create Look Homeward, Angel. "I am deliberately writing the book for two or three people," he writes to her, "first and chiefest, for you." In letters written while Wolfe traveled in Europe, Bernstein describes the exciting world of the theater in New York and her own work on countless productions. Wolfe's descriptions of life, culture, and language from Oxford to Budapest rank with the best of his collected writings. Reproach becomes a more common theme in the letters as the affair continues, however, by 1931 Wolfe acknowledges that his feelings for Bernstein have altered: "I need your help, and I need your friendship, and I need your love and belief--but the time of madness, darkness, passion is over, we can never relive that, we can never live through it again." That time continues to live, however, in these letters and in the books that both Wolfe and Mrs. Bernstein wrote about their relationship. For those who have read Wolfe's Of Time and the River, The Web and the Rock, or You Can't Go Home Again, or Aline Bernstein's Three Blue Suits or The Journey Down, this correspondence provides remarkable insights into the authors' sources.

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