Babys First Easter Sassy

The weekly source of African American political and entertainment news.

My life begun hard, and it seemed to just become more and more difficult throughout the years. I once lived a life like J.C. Dougard and Elizabeth Smart, but instead of one sexual predator, I had many. They had families to go home to, where I had none, I was forgotten about years, and years ago and pretty much raised myself with only God's guidance since the age of thirteen. I've been exploited, trafficked, raped, held hostage, kidnapped and more! Then God stepped in, when death was almost beating at my door, He stepped in. Sometimes I feel as if my life wasn't planned by me, but by God. Once you read my story I'm sure you'll understand. You see all of my hopes, dreams, and plans for my life became sidetracked long ago, due to many factors, that took away so many of my plans, my dreams for the future. Through it all I've become an amazing woman. Able to stand tall and strong, finding my inspirations along the way, and praising God for all of His Angels, Saints, and Prophets who've come along and saved me, rescued me, carried me, and blessed my life so profoundly with their kind, gentle, caring ways. Do you view human beings as just people, or are you able to experience such a close relationship with God that you can view people as the little Gods they are? Aren't we all supposed to be reflections of Our Lord and Savior? Then why aren't you able to view those people for the Gifts they are? Or are you able to see yourself and others how God sees you? I hope you enjoy the journey of my life, my story, my testimony as much as I enjoyed writing it. My story is a story of tragedy, but yet it is also one full of inspiration, hope, strength, courage, family, and love. But mainly my story is about Life's Lesson's Learned. Enjoy! P.J. Taylor

Things move quickly in the cocktail fast lane—but slow to a crawl when pregnancy kicks in. Right? Wrong! Even when sporting a “baby bump,” modern moms can stay in the social swing of things with Preggatinis, featuring lip-smacking, liquorless libations designed by master mixologist Natalie Bovis-Nelsen, aka “The Liquid Muse.” Within these pages are 75 original Preggatini recipes highlighting fresh juices, herbs, and garnishes as well as ideas for Preggatini Parties—a modern spin on the humdrum baby shower. Organized by pregnancy stages and symptoms, this lavishly illustrated, pocket-sized, virtually intoxicating guide also offers quotes from famous moms and sidebars about pregnancy and health and such options as “De-virginize for Dad”—making these drinks applicable to all. Includes a recipe exclusively provided by Celebrity Chef Michel Richard, recipient of the 2007 Outstanding Chef James Beard award, author of Happy in the Kitchen, and owner of the legendary Citronelle restaurant in Washington, DC.

It's spring in Pawpaw County, Indiana and everybody has a bad case of hanky-panky pants. Senior sleuths Ruby Jane Waskom (RJ) and Veenie Goens are on the run, chasing down cheating heart jezebels and shaking child support out of deadbeat daddies. After Avonelle Apple’s husband, William, the esteemed town dentist, passes away, she receives a child support letter from a self-proclaimed mistress. Suspicious, she hires the Shady Hoosier Detective Agency, to determine if her late husband was a philandering baby daddy. The case seems simple until Avonelle’s son, Bromley, heir to his father’s dental empire, and well-known King of the Hanky-Panky Pants Club, pops up dead in a scarecrow costume. The mounting romantic mysteries come to a surprise head as the senior sleuths outrun shotgun showers to close in on the answers at the Moon Glo Motor Lodge, the Original Home of Hillbilly Hanky Panky. Veenie and RJ have to buy an extra case of Bengay and a buttload of BBs just to keep up with the romantic misadventures in this humorous crime classic.

A story about how a little boy goes through the stages of childhood and becomes a man, and about the enduring nature of parent's love and how it crosses generations.

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I marry a gorgeous executive, have a baby, lose all the weight (most of it)—and move to a fine house in the suburbs with a welcoming new church. Wait—did I say welcoming? One teeny waaah! and new mothers and their crying babies are exiled to a separate room. At least there's some enlightening conversation. Like about my husband and issues I didn't even know about! And then there's my aptly named mother-in-law, Queen Elizabeth, who can't stand me. I'm about to lose my mind! So it's high time for a visit to the Sassy Sistahood for some much-needed advice about men, marriage and motherhood!

New York magazine was born in 1968 after a run as an insert of the New York Herald Tribune and quickly made a place for itself as the trusted resource for readers across the country. With award-winning writing and photography covering everything from politics and food to theater and fashion, the magazine's consistent mission has been to reflect back to its audience the energy and excitement of the city itself, while celebrating New York as both a place and an idea.

Take a two-income, quasi-New Age, newlywed couple with two Greyhounds and the resolve never to have children or to embrace any form of organized religion. Add ten years of hunger for "something more." What do you get? A large Catholic family, of course. And one in which in which the second youngest, while watching Pope Benedict depart the Vatican, solemnly declares, "Now I'll be pope: Pope Awesome the First, with my Swiss Guard army. And if my army men don't give me any new video games, I'll punch them in the face." In words often as sassy as those of her little Pope Awesome, Catholic homeschooler Cari Donaldson here relates how her friend's newborn baby, a portrait of the Virgin Mary, and the words of the Miraculous Medal called her forth from a selfish, small way of life into the welcoming arms of the Church. Six children in ten years have banished all her hopes for a tidy secular life, and, in her upscale town, where "Cats, not kids" bumper stickers are seen, have raised countess eyebrows along the way. Undaunted, Cari declares that "If we're to be a traveling carnival freak-show by New England standards, then we're going to be a carnival freak-show for Jesus," although her husband has stopped her from airbrushing onto her van a mural of Our Lady of Guadalupe riding a unicorn over a sparkling river. Above all, Cari tells of the awakening of her love for the Eucharist, the deepening of her love for her husband and her children, and the humility and faith these experiences have nurtured in her. To Jesus she confesses, "You taught me to be open to the lives You wanted to bring into the world through me. I rose above myself just enough to let You bring the blessings of these children into my life. I was sometimes scared and sometimes angry, and always at a loss about how I was going to mother these children, but I knew that it would be Your grace, and not my shortcomings, that would triumph." Through Cari's remarkable tale of her conversion and the peace she's found as a Catholic, you'll be reminded of

the many profound, lifelong blessings God gives you through your Faith, and, yes, even through your daily small troubles and unexpected joys . . . like little Pope Awesome punching his Swiss Guards in the face! Cari's tale will lead you to share her conviction that we never know what God has planned for us tomorrow, but, for sure, "it will be better than anything we ourselves could have planned, even in our wildest dreams."

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