

David: You've Loved Him! Now, Should You Leave Him?

You've given David a lot of yourself in the past few years. Has he given you anything in return? It's your decision. Will you stay, or will you leave?

The early morning sun was shining brightly but the air was still chilly enough to make David grab a sweater before stepping outside.

He walked slowly out the back door and started to hum softly to himself. It was so peaceful and quiet in the mornings. There was barely any traffic noise and the birds had the lovely job of singing alone for a while.

David hurried a little and finally came to the big shady tree. He dropped his sweater on the ground and grabbed the rope. He almost felt like a kid again as soon as he sat down on the wide, wooden swing!

BEAUTIFUL MOMENTS!

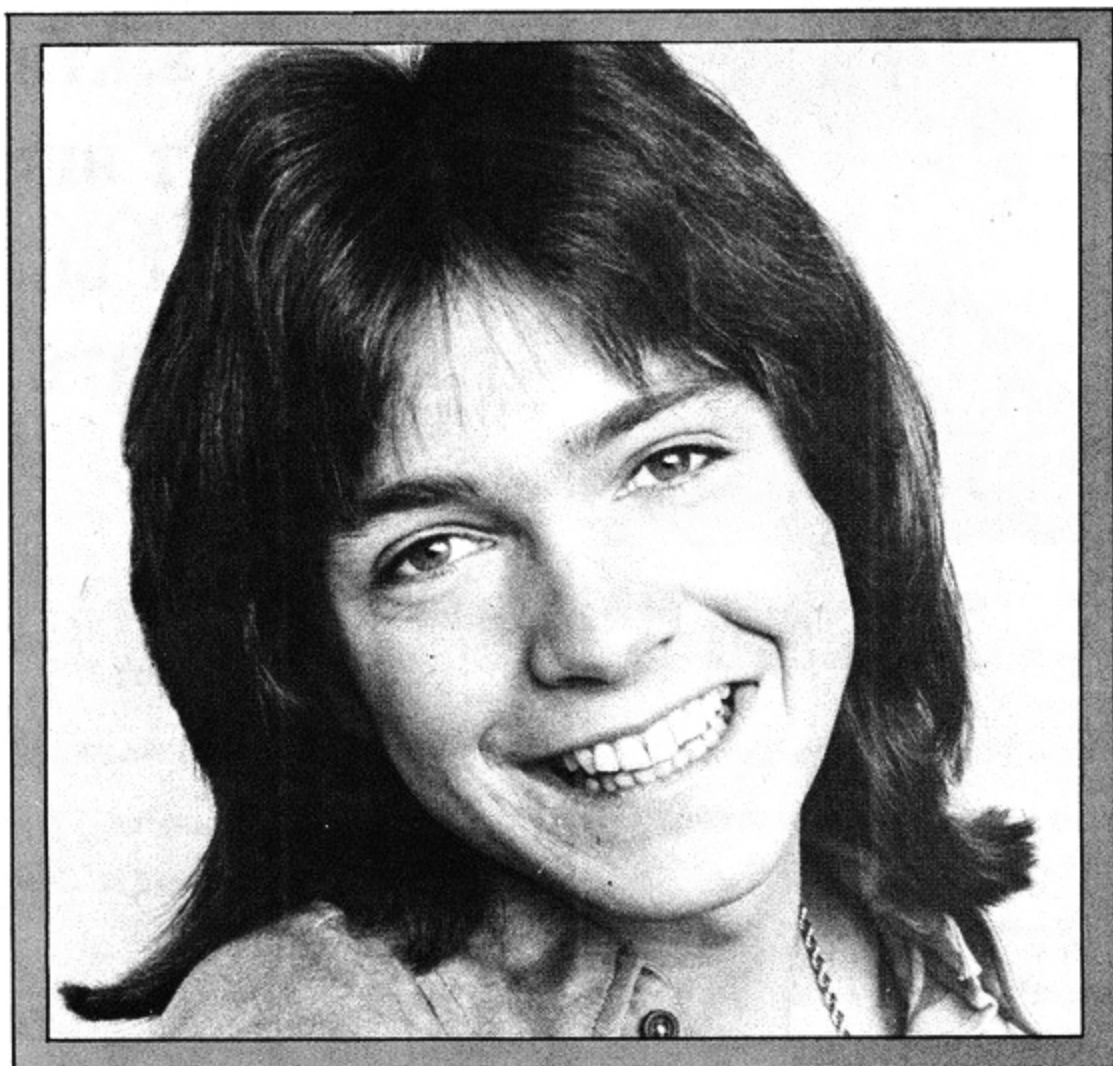
He pushed himself a little harder, kicking the ground a little more, and found himself going higher and higher. David leaned back and held the ropes at arms' length and looked up.

He had to laugh because he still got that same ticklish sensation just as he did when he was a little boy! He half-closed his eyes and watched the leaves sway above him as the swing's ropes brushed the branches overhead.

He let the swing carry his weight and let his legs dangle. It felt so good being outside like this—in the sunshine, the fresh air, alone with the outdoors. He had to smile at himself. If he didn't know better, he would almost think he was feeling sorry for himself!

"That would really be a laugh," he whispered to the tree. "People would really think I was nutty!" He closed his eyes and felt the nice, gentle motion of the swing almost acting like a lullaby. But what a terrible thing to do—fall asleep when he'd gotten up a half hour early just to be able to sit in the swing before leaving for the studio!

Besides, it was one of those beautiful moments that David loved. The time when everything seemed to be perfect—quiet, peaceful, and no need



to rush anything—just enjoy the moment for as long as it lasted!

Suddenly, David opened his eyes. That's what was bothering him! He looked around and saw the trees, their branches heavy with different fruits and leaves. The air was filled

with the different smells of flowers and green grass. It couldn't be copied anywhere!

This was something of what he'd been missing all the time he was in the studio, under hot lights in the middle of a cardboard world!