

Lotro powerleveling

IV. Or picture the **wow power leveling** unlighted house, empty at fall of night. The **lotro power leveling** windows are dark; the door shut; the clean wind goes about and about it, and cannot find an entrance. The dull heavy air is faint within; it longs to be reunited to the wind of the world outside. Then comes the woman with the key, and in she steps; the **wow power level** windows are opened, the imprisoned air rushes out, the wind enters; the lamps and the fire are lit; so that light fills windows and doors. The tables are set, there is the sound of footsteps; and more footsteps. The house **wow powerleveling** glows and lives.

??One could please oneself by many more images; such as the **wow power level** white garment of feathers that the young swans put on in the spring; the young flowers opening out their cups to the **wow power leveling** Sun that fills them with his golden wine. All life is full of such images, because nature has ruled that **wow powerleveling** love, energy, beauty, and joy are one.

??V. A last image only I would like to add because of the **wow power leveling** pleasure it has given me. On the north door of the Cathedral of Chartres there is a sculptured design, some six hundred years old, of God creating the birds. God is charming, quite young, not more than thirty-eight or so; He has a most sweet **lotro power leveling** expression. Behind Him a little stands the Son, about seventeen, tall as He and very like Him, but beardless. He has the same sweetness of look, as though upon each countenance an ineffable smile were just dawning. The **wow powerleveling** Father is holding something that time has broken in His hand; most likely it is a bird. What a fortunate moment! What a fortunate thought! No wonder they both look pleased. Never have the birds disappointed Him as have we, His ruder children. Every spring since then these small creatures praise Him, head turned skywards, for the joy of the beloved, for the **wow power level** secret nest.

??Imagining and pondering, one is apt to grow a little wise; now perhaps we may say that love is a radiant atmosphere of the **wow power level** soul, a celestial energy, a fluid force.

??This force, this energy is set running in the **wow power leveling** wide kingdom that is within us by some Spirit touch. A soft tumult takes place in the life within; waves on waves of joy, desire, grief, ecstasy begin to run, making a trembling music that often causes the whole **wow powerleveling** body to shake and tremble too.

??I am in love with love; I do adore it;?from the smile **wow powerleveling** on that rough fellow?s face as he talks to his dog, to the ardours of a St. Francis or a Joan of Arc. That bright creative flame, winged, conferring the **wow power level** gift of tongues, master of all music, of all joy, is the best thing we have of **wow power leveling** life.