

At birth we board the train and meet our parents ,

and we believe they will always travel by our side .

As time goes by , other people will board the train ,

and they will be significant , i.e. our siblings , friends , children , and even the love of our life .

However , at some station our parents will step down from the train , leaving us on the journey alone .

Others will step down over time and leave a permanent vacuum .

Some however , will go so unnoticed that we don't realise they've vacated their seats .

The train ride will be full of joy , sorrow , fantasy , expectations , hellos , goodbyes and farewells .

Success consists of having a good relationship with all passengers , requiring that we give the best of ourselves .

The mystery to everyone is , we do not know at which station we , ourselves , will step down .

So we must live in the best way , love , forgive and offer the best of who we are .

It is important to do this because when the time comes for us to step down and leave our seat empty we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the train of life .

"My son is 10 years old, and loves police officers and firemen. When we first got to the restaurant that we were eating at, there were two police officers finishing up their lunch and Jonathan asked if he could say hi to them and shake their hands. My husband took him over to say hi and the officers talked with Jonathan for a moment or two before we went to our table. As the officers left, one of the officers came to our table and asked how long we would be at the restaurant. He returned about twenty minutes later with a badge for my son along with a heavy metal looking badge that my son could keep in his pocket. This made Jonathan's day! In talking with the police officer we found out that he had driven all the way back to the police station to get these things for Jonathan and made a special trip to bring it back to him! Talk about going above and beyond! We thanked the police officer for his thoughtfulness and kindness and he said getting to do that for Jonathan made his day. He definitely made a difference today in the life of one little boy, but I have a feeling he is the type of person that makes a difference everyday. Thank you Lieutenant J.D. Turner Jr, you are definitely one of Glynn County's Finest!!"

Credit to the Respective owner

One afternoon while I was painting the house, I heard from a distance the brakes slightly screech as they came to a gradual halt a couple houses down and some young kids walked down the bus steps onto a sidewalk that passed by my house.

As they were walking by, one of the kids said "What are you doing?" I replied, " I'm doing a little painting, how was school?"

He came running over to me and said "School was okay .... is that fun?" I replied " I think it's fun. Do you want to give it a try?"

He said "Yeah!" So I told him "Okay little buddy, I will go get you a brush and while I'm doing that, go make sure it's okay with your parents".

He hurried back after asking and we painted the house for a few hours he confessed to me that his parents didn't care what he did and that the only thing he looked forward to at school was to eat lunch because they didn't have any food at home.

So I packed him a box full of everything I had at the house to take back home so he and his brothers wouldn't go hungry that night and I told him "If you ever need anything, don't hesitate to come by and ask little man."

As I watched him walk away with that box full of food, I came to the conclusion .... that every child deserves a parent but not every parent deserves a child.

~ Cody Bret

"I tried to go to college once when my daughter was 2. I was told by my ex 'I couldn't do it' and 'I would be neglecting my daughter.' So I gave up. Now my daughter is 5 and I went to the college to do my assessment testing. The whole way there I kept hearing his voice in my head telling me those things again. I got to the parking lot and found out they only take cash for the parking permit. His voice got to me and this older lady just knew. She walked over and started talking to me. I told her I was just going to go home. She told me not to do that she would pay the $2. She went out of her way to get me to the testing room. It was the best thing in the world she could have done for me. A complete stranger saved me from giving up again. I will always hold onto this parking permit to remind me that a complete stranger has faith in me and that I can do this. That a past voice will not control my life anymore. I wish I could have told her thank you for this."

I love this picture. Two totally calm men are waiting for the tantrum of the little girl to pass. The two men are the father and grandfather of the two-year-old girl, who lay on the floor and started Throwing a tantrum in the middle of the mall.

Neither of the men loses patience or yells at her. They just wait quietly. They have decided to not give her what she wants – when it doesn’t make sense. Yet they are letting her express her emotions, in this case her anger, at not getting what she wants.

Nobody feels embarrassed about the show the little girl is putting on.

The father's own words when posting this photo explain everything:

This post is about one thing and just the one thing – Get comfortable in the uncomfortable.

There are no perfect parents, but one thing my parents taught me was not being a parent depending on what others think. My dad always let me feel what I needed to feel, even if it was in public and embarrassing. I don't remember him telling me: 'You're embarrassing me! 'o' Don't cry! '. It wasn't until recently that I realized how important it was for my own emotional development. Our kids are learning and processing so much information and they don't know what to do with all these new feelings that come up.""

Let us learn to be comfortable in the uncomfortable. Let us learn to deal with our children's tantrums, with patience and tranquillity. Children are children.

Credit goes to the original owner

"I served one of the worst tables today. There aren't enough adverbs for how they acted.

But, I had someone who I would describe as a total angel turn my night around. He noticed how I was being treated by this table and stood up for me to state that they were being rude, although they were accusing me of being so. I ended up bursting into tears at his table and he handed me his napkin and allowed me the time to get myself together before he gave me his order. He was so kind to me, apologized for how I was being treated, talked me down from my tears, made me laugh, and ended up leaving me a 500% tip along with this extremely sweet note, which says:

'Like your pens, people come in all colors, nice, rude, and sometimes jerks. Don't let them ruin your day. Now have dinner sometime on the nice people. Have a great shift. Your new friend.' I burst into tears again after seeing that.

People like that are gifts, and I am humbled and so thankful for his light, kindness, and generosity in ways that went far beyond monetary." ❤️❤️❤️

Credit : Elissa Walther

"A couple of weeks ago a child therapist that I know looked at my kids and said,

'You're such a good mum.'

Feeling like a total fraud I blurted, 'I don't feel like a good mum. The kids are driving me so crazy, I'm losing my temper and falling asleep at night wondering where I'm going to get the patience for another day.'

To which she responded with a statement that I haven't been able to forget,

'Babies cry, it's how they communicate. Toddlers scream, children whinge and teenagers complain.'

She continued, 'Then mums say the words for \*\*\* sake under their breath before responding. It's how we communicate. But guess what Con? It's better then silence. A house full of screaming kids and fighting teenagers and a parent who's being thrown every question and request is a healthy one to me. It's the silent children, the scared toddlers, the teenagers that don't come home and the parents who aren't in communication with their children that I worry about. And kids don't drive you crazy, you were crazy already. That's why you had them.'

And just like that, I felt like a good parent again.

Deep breaths, you're doing a good job."

"A few days ago, my husband and I watched our daughter, Asia, cross the stage to get her B.A. in Computer Science with a minor in math from NYU. Graduation is special for every parent, but for us, it made us realize how far we had come.

As we sat in Yankee stadium for the commencement ceremony, my husband turned to me and said, 'Wow. I grew up in the projects, blocks from Yankee stadium. I worked so hard to get out of that lifestyle and here I am… blocks from where I lived..watching my daughter graduate college.'

It was really special for him. His mom came from the Dominican Republic and worked hard to raise 4 boys in one of the toughest areas of NYC. His mom and brothers shaped the man that sat next to me and it made me realize something. Our daughter did the school work and, yes, she earned that degree. But our extended families played a pivotal role in our development as parents, with their guidance, advice, and even financial assistance that we needed along the way. For this, I say thank you to our families for being there and supporting us. Success doesn’t happen alone. Recognize the people, whether it be family or friends, that have provided a path, bumpy or smooth, for your growth and success."

My mother bought them these onesies because she thought they were funny. For us, they're especially poignant. Finding a good egg didn't come easy for me, and I suspect there are many people out there facing the same struggle.

The road down a dark path began while hosting Sportscenter on the road from Alabama. I arrived in Tuscaloosa almost three months pregnant. I wouldn't return the same way. The juxtaposition of college kids going nuts behind our set, while I was losing a baby on it, was surreal. I was scared, nobody knew I was pregnant, so I did the show while having a miscarriage. On television. My husband had to watch this unfold from more than a thousand miles away, texting me hospital options during commercial breaks.

It would get worse. Two more failed pregnancies. More than once, I'd have surgery one day and be on SportsCenter the next so as not to draw attention to my situation. We then went down the IVF road of endless shots and procedures. After several rounds, we could only salvage two eggs. I refused to even use them for a long time, because I couldn't bear the idea of all hope being gone. I blew off pregnancy tests, scared to know if it worked. It had. Times two.

It was exciting news, but we knew better than to celebrate. So I spent a third straight football season pregnant, strategically picking out clothes and standing at certain angles, using scripts to hide my stomach. There would be no baby announcement, no shower, we didn't buy a single thing in preparation for the babies, because I wasn't sure they'd show up. We told very few people we were pregnant, and almost no one knew there were two. For those that thought I was weirdly quiet about my pregnancy, now you know why.

For as long as I can remember I hosted Sportscenter on Mother's Day, and the last couple years doing that have been personally brutal. An hours-long reminder of everything that had gone wrong. I wasn't on tv today, and I'm not sure when I will be again, but instead I got to hang with these two good eggs. My ONLY good eggs. And I know how lucky I really am."

"This morning as I sat in the waiting room of my Doctor's office, I saw this beautiful woman pictured in the wheelchair here with her family member. I am being seen as a preventative measure since breast cancer runs in my family. I was feeling a little annoyed about the long wait when these lovely ladies came in. Within seconds, they were laughing and telling stories about things happening in their lives, as if oblivious to the apparent struggles of the lady in the wheelchair. I overheard her say she was in chemotherapy for a second time. Randomly, someone else in the waiting room recognized her and they exchanged a lovely embrace and talked about how they knew one another, each genuinely concerned for the other's well being. What a beautiful sight to see this morning. The positivity, love, and energy that flowed from this stranger, could be felt across the room and certainly inside of me. Thank you, dear stranger, for inspiring me today. I don't know what lies ahead for me or my family, but I know that our challenges are only endured through love, family, friendship, concern for others over self, and most of all, laughter." 💕

Credit : Nina Marie

"I met the sweetest elderly woman at the dog park a couple days ago and through random chatting, she told me she eats a TV dinner every night of the week. She said on special occasions, she goes to the grocery store deli and gets to buy a container of hot soup. She has no companion beside her dog and she does not cook. I told her I'd return in a couple days with something special for her. So, I turned to my trusty Nordstrom Cafe (copycat) Tomato Basil Bisque recipe developed by This Old Gal and made her containers of soup she can freeze and eat when ready. I also couldn't resist crusted parmesan Italian bread to add on the side. This recipe is so understated. PS - do for others who can never repay you."

"Last night I found myself in the Essexville Meijer parking on the verge of tears after the milk I just placed in my car fell out and splattered all over the ground. Prior to this I managed to pick up a few needed items and some snacks for our low key New Year's party of four with two very tired boys. Made it through the store barely escaping a meltdown from the youngest.

Now the milk I needed was splattered on the ground. It doesn't seem like a huge deal until you find yourself with two tired kids buckled in their seats, one crying, parked almost at the end of the parking lot because it's NYE. Who shops on NYE with kids, LOL.

Anyways, little did I know a car parked across the aisle from us was watching me. I placed the cart into the cart return next to that car. A woman got out and said 'I'm so sorry you spilled your milk. I'm a grandma I know how that is. Please let me go in and get you another one.' I said no that's ok. I couldn't possibly make this "grandma" do that for me. She insisted. I finally agreed because I knew the boys needed their milk tonight. She told me to wait and she would be right back.

I waited and she came back. I offered to pay her. She wouldn't accept it. I begged her to take some money. She wouldn't. She said happy New Years. I thanked her, gave her a hug and got into the car. Not only did she get my gallon of milk but she got me an additional gallon and a meijer gift card! She has no idea what her act of kindness did for me. I was feeling exhausted and defeated for the most part this week and this strangers random act of kindness made me cry like a baby.

Thank you to the parking lot grandma. In 2017 I hope we can all be a little more like her. I'm hoping the lady that helped me out last night will see this. Please feel free to share. Less hate, more love is my hope for 2017." ❤️

"I had one of those "stop-you-in-your-tracks", extremely humbling moments, while working quietly on the hair of a very exhausted, sleeping nurse. She'd been at work all night and hadn't been to bed, when she landed in my chair, but not before stopping to buy my breakfast on her way. As she dozed off, I gently rested her head on my stomach and continued to foil her hair....then I noticed her shoes. I wondered how many miles those shoes have walked. I wondered what they'd walked through. Blood? Tears? In & out of the countless rooms of the patient's she's cared for? I wondered how many hours they've carried her, and all those like her, while they literally save the lives of those we love and hold the hands of the ones who can no longer fight that fight. But with those shoes propped up in that chair, phone in her lap, I got the chance to take care of her (even if it was just for a few hours) and I felt extremely honored to take care of such a hard working, inspiring woman I'm so lucky to call my friend. ❤I've always respected and valued these amazing super-heroes and am proud to be the sister, daughter, niece, friend and hairstylist of so many. Know you are appreciated, know you are irreplaceable, know you are loved!"

Credit: Ashley Bolling