

## Bookmarks

When I was young, I had so many little torn pieces of paper as bookmarks in all the encyclopedias. I had *Books of Knowledge* with around fifty pieces of paper in them. These were used to mark spots I wanted to read again, which worked as I kept coming back to them. In time, though, I removed most of the little bookmarks, and replaced them with real bookmarks that mean the most to me.

The problem when you pick up a book with fifty bookmarks is you are left wondering: *Where am I in this book?*

Life is no different.

Without closing past chapters of our lives, there are so many bookmarks it is hard to know where we are. Some bookmarks are from school, be it wins or losses or both. A few are from a lost job, a bitter friend, someone you admired for saying no, or saying yes. Some bookmarks hold us back, while others mark wonderful lessons we still need. Some of us put bookmarks ahead of where we are in the book—on blank pages we fill with dreams. No matter where we place them, we are living in the past and future, and in doing so, we are ignoring the present of the present.

I have a dear friend who speaks about the bullies in school every time I see him. They called him white trash and treated him poorly ... more than 60 years ago!

Another old friend of mine identifies as a football player and a scientist. Yet, he no longer works in either field, and hasn't for more than 20 years!

One acquaintance defies (I meant to write identifies, but defies is better) herself as ugly and a dork. That is what she was called in college. Yet, she has taken such good care of her health that she is much prettier than any of the people she went to school with. And she isn't dorky at all, but rather a laid-back and down-to-earth mom.

Another says she will travel here, live there, make this, and do X, Y, and Z, but she hasn't even done A, B, and C! She is dirt poor and back living at her parents' house, yet she calls herself so many things from bookmarks of dreamed up pages. She believes it so much, the desire to pursue her goal is dead.

What are some of your bookmarks that aren't true anymore (and maybe never were)?

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Choose to replace some of the big bookmarks with a little torn piece of paper. In time, those little pieces will fall out. How? I am I, and you are you, so you will have to find your own ways of putting the biggest bookmark for your life in the page you are on, the page of today. There is one below for you to cut out and use in the books that continue to enhance your journey.

If applying this helps improve your life, then look for more resources at:

[www.EmotionalManagement.org](http://www.EmotionalManagement.org)

*I am not my past. I am not my future.  
To honor my past and turn future dreams into reality,  
I focus on now, on today, on the one others love: me.  
I accept the present of the present.*