

*Love and other painful joys [Tom McFee] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Relationships Most of us see the connection between social and physical pain as a figurative one. At the same time, life often presents a compelling argument that the two types of pain share a common source. A few years ago a group of doctors at Johns Hopkins University reported a rare but lethal heart condition caused by acute emotional distress. Behavioral science is catching up with the anecdotes, too. In the past few years, psychology researchers have found a good deal of literal truth embedded in the metaphorical phrases comparing love to pain. Neuroimaging studies have shown that brain regions involved in processing physical pain overlap considerably with those tied to social anguish. The connection is so strong that traditional bodily painkillers seem capable of relieving our emotional wounds. Love may actually hurt, like hurt hurt, after all. A Neural Couple Hints of a neural tie between social and physical pain emerged, quite unexpectedly, in the late s. The infant dogs cried when they were separated from their mothers, but these distress calls were much less intense in those that had been given a low dose of morphine, Panksepp reported in *Biological Psychiatry*. If an opiate could dull emotional angst, perhaps the brain processed social and physical pain in similar ways. The concept was hard to test in people, however, until the rise of neuroimaging decades later. The researchers knew which areas of the brain became active during physical pain: They decided to induce social pain in test participants to see how those areas responded. Participants were under the impression that two other people would be playing as well. In actuality, the other players were computer presets controlled by the researchers. They watched as the other two players tossed the virtual ball, but were told that technical difficulties had prevented them from joining the fun. In these cases, the computer players included the participant for seven tosses, then kept the ball away for the next 45 throws. The brain might have recognized this exclusion as accidental, and therefore not painful enough to merit corrective measures. The study inspired a new line of research on neural similarities between social and physical pain. In a review of studies conducted since this seminal work, published in the February issue of *Current Directions in Psychological Science*, Eisenberger offered a potential evolutionary reason for the relationship. Early humans needed social bonds to survive: Maybe over time this social alert system piggybacked onto the physical pain system so people could recognize social distress and quickly correct it. There is the sensory component, which gives basic information about the damage, such as its intensity and location. As a result, researchers began to think that while the qualitative aspects of social and physical pain might overlap, the sensory components might not. Recently that thinking has changed. So instead they recruited 40 test participants and subjected them to a far more intense social injury: Kross and colleagues brought test participants into a brain imaging machine and had them complete two multi-part tasks. One was a social task: Participants viewed pictures of the former romantic partner while thinking about the breakup, then viewed pictures of a good friend. The other was a physical task: Participants felt a very hot stimulation on their forearm, and also felt another that was just warm. But activity in areas linked with physical pain, such as the somatosensory cortex and the dorsal posterior insula, also increased during these tasks. The results suggested that social and physical pain have more in common than merely causing distress — they share sensory brain regions too. As other research suggests, social pain may actually be much worse in the long run. A kick to the groin might feel just as bad as a breakup in the moment, but while the physical aching goes away, the memory of lost love can linger forever. A research group led by Zhansheng Chen at Purdue University recently demonstrated this difference in a series of experiments. During two self-reports, people recalled more details of a past betrayal than a past physical injury and also felt more pain in the present, even though both events had been equally painful when they first occurred. During two cognitive tests, people performed a tough word association task significantly more slowly when recalling emotional pain than when recalling physical pain. Heart-Shaped Box of Tylenol There is a bright side to the new line of research linking social and physical pain: Remedies for one may well double as therapy for the other. A group of psychological researchers, led by C. In one experiment, some test participants took a mg dose of acetaminophen twice a day for three weeks, while others took a placebo. After Day 9, people who took

the pain pill reported significantly lower levels of hurt feelings than those who took a placebo. As a follow-up study, DeWall and colleagues gave either acetaminophen or a placebo to 25 test participants for three weeks, then brought them into the lab to play Cyberball. Half of the stimulations were given at the threshold pain level, half were given one degree Celsius higher. Meanwhile the woman took part in a series of tasks to measure which had a mitigating effect on the pain. At least for all the hurt love causes, it has an equally powerful ability to heal.

Chapter 2 : Sorrow Quotes (quotes)

*Joy and Pain: Love Poems and Other Ramblings [Diana Wright] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. An intimate collection of poems, this book is a work that both young and old will love.*

That night, I put the lights on it. The olfactory sense can trigger some of the strongest sense memories we have, and I think this smell is linked into the magic and joy that laces my memories of Christmas as a child. We never had a fake tree, so when I smelled this smell – a real pine, cedar, or fir – it meant Christmas was coming. And that meant magic, love, and light. It meant my soul would lift and float for awhile. It is a glass spice bottle with a black plastic lid. The glass is very heavy, and the plastic is thick and sturdy. It appeals to me in some way, and so I saved it to use for something when the spice ran out. Last year, I lost a baby Davin right at three months into the pregnancy. It was my second miscarriage of the year and, for many reasons, it throttled me in different and harder ways than had the first one in April. I found out on December 9th during a prenatal appointment that he had died. I had carried him for a week, knowing he was no longer alive. It was both maddening and oddly comforting. On the one hand, I felt insane knowing he was inside of me and he was not alive; my body was incapable of doing anything to help him. On the other hand, I got to be with him and say goodbye, come to terms with him being removed. On December 15th, the day before the surgery, I asked John to go get a tree. The next day, he was all the way gone. I was sedated for some time after that. When the pills ran out there was still wine and liquor. I got tipsy regularly; I ate crappy food. No matter what I ingested, I was empty. I was empty in more ways than the one that made my uterus ache as it healed. That tree sat in the living room with me. I watched those lights flash and dance through my bleary eyes. I sat here, numb, with that happy smell. Each day rolled by and I tried whenever I could to enjoy them, even if it was an altered, forced experience. I cried a lot. I was angry and sad. A lot of days I was just nothing. The tree was there. At some time way past Christmas there came a point when I had to admit that the tree was dried out and needed to be taken away. I cried about that, too. When that tree came into my house, I still had my baby inside of me. Now the tree was about to leave, and I had to keep a part of it, because somehow, it was the last thing I could hold onto about Davin. I got down on my hands and knees with that damn spice bottle and I gathered up fallen needles until it was full. Then I put it in one of my kitchen cabinets. Only a couple of times during the year, when my heart ached the very most for Davin, I went and opened that bottle. I held it, smooth, cool and heavy, in my hand. In my fingers, it felt strong when I felt weak. I stared at the needles. I opened the bottle and smelled. Pain and joy mingle together in that smell for me now. Not long before we got our tree this year, I went for that bottle for the first time in quite a while. When I smelled it, I wept for my lost son. The smell was still very strong and crisp. It wrapped me up; it sang to me of both sorrow and delight. Afterwards, I felt a sort of peace. I put the bottle out as the very first Christmas decoration in our home this year. I will think of them both every Christmas: But I believe I will always still smile at them, as well. Pain and joy mingle together, and that is not such a bad thing to experience, or acknowledge. It is far better than pain sitting in the heart by itself.

Chapter 3 : Why Love Literally Hurts – Association for Psychological Science

The pain of the contractions and the joy when the baby is finally out are the opposites of the same coin. As a nurse midwife, I have the privilege of seeing this joy and pain played out.

June 6 Surrendering To Pain Today I feel like a outpatient that has just gone through major surgery. On the outside I may appear normal although I am doubtful of that , but on the inside I have just gone under the microscope and had tumors removed from my soul by the hand of Jesus Christ. That may sound like a strange phenomena, but that is exactly what I go through, every week. Some weeks the surgery is fairly easy and I get out with a short recovery time. Other weeks I need to be quiet and rest, letting the procedure take hold in the depths of who I am. Recovery takes longer because the pain was more intense. What is this surgery you ask, and how can it possibly be good for me? I started my journey into inner healing last spring. It actually started with just a wonderful Biblical prayer counselor, but then that abruptly ended because God had bigger plans for my healing. The Biblical prayer counseling helped me to get an understanding of the anger I had been dealing with for my whole life. What I learned is that anger, as well as anxiety, fear, bitterness, depression, and other related feelings, are a secondary emotion to pain. Pain is the root of all feelings outside of the love and joy God has created us to have. Pain is a sneaky little thing really. It always seems to hit you out of nowhere, blindsiding you and then leaving a mess in the wake of it. You are left looking around you wondering what happened and how did you end up on the floor? Most of the time when pain comes we are so unprepared we have no idea how to deal with it. It is a very messy and ugly feeling, and makes us feel powerless and ashamed of our weakness. Yet instead of reaching out to Jesus, the conqueror of death and hell, we usually shove that pain right back in where it came from, so we can just try to get back up and move on with life. Pain is a place to meet the grace and love of God. It is a place where the enemy works very hard to get you, because he believes it is in that place he can destroy you. That is not the point of view God takes, however. God sees us in the midst of this pain, and He sees a sweet and beloved child who needs Him desperately. Yet when He begins to reach down to lend a hand out of the pit, we ignore it in favor of climbing out on our own. We need to feel self-sufficient and capable because the world tells us that we are worthless otherwise. Only the weak and pathetic sit in pain, the devil tells us. It takes immense strength and resilience to sit in the pain and call on the name of Jesus to bring healing to it. When I first started my inner healing sessions, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. He started off small, letting me learn more about who I am in Christ. He also started to reveal places of pain that I was already aware of, yet had tried to suppress. Really, I was just dipping my toes into tepid water at that point. The real difficulty came just a couple of months in. The sessions always start of with prayer, and giving everything over to the will of the Holy Spirit to do what He knows needs to be done. Every person can handle what they can, and God knows what those things are. God had been building me up in strength for a very long time, I just had no idea. I had finally come to this place in time where the healing could begin. The funny thing is, healing never feels like healing. It feels like when you break a bone and it heals incorrectly, then it has to be broken again to heal correctly. Then you have the time it takes to wait for the complete healing and restoration of the bone. It takes time, patience and effort on your part to take care of yourself through the healing process. Sounds like a blast right? May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that by the power of the Holy Spirit you may abound in hope. I am in a darkened room. It is a small room, with no windows. It is cold and lifeless and scary, lit by candles. There are three men in black robes, and my grandmother. I am chained to the wall. I am only about 2 years old. I am scared out of my mind. Why would my grandmother bring me to this awful place? At this point, I did not even know where I actually was, which was at the Mormon church. Over time I would be very familiar with this room. The men are chanting. They are calling upon evil spirits, and channeling them. I am being molested by my own grandmother. It is terrifying to me. The men are calling upon spirits of evil because they want to channel them into me. The sexual stimulation is for the purpose of filling me with fear and pain, so that I will be open to receive what they have to offer. I can see what is happening around me, yet I can hardly comprehend. It was very hard to see this memory, as I had no idea, and I mean no idea, that I had ever experienced anything of this

nature in my life. I am in shock as the Holy Spirit recalls it to my memory, piece by piece. Yet it is real. How can it be. Yet there is some hope in the memory. Before the man who has channeled the demon can summon it upon me, a strong gust of wind blows through the room. It is an impossible wind, in a room with no windows. Yet it blows so fiercely that the candles go out and the man is knocked to the ground. The demon spirit is chased away by the power of it. It was the Holy Spirit. The men are filled with fear, and my grandmother is enraged. The spirit is gone and will not come back this time, so the ritual must end. For I am already being poured out as a drink offering, and the time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. I had already been in communication with God; already had talked with Him personally even at this tender young age. For some all this sounds impossible, and improbable. I wish it was. Yet in this world the devil has a foothold so deep that he has convinced us that he does not even exist. I am not alone in these experiences. There are many just like me. Yet they do not remember. To remember without the Holy Spirit is virtually impossible, and to attempt to do so could send someone to insanity. It is extremely dangerous to attempt to recover any memories of abuse without the help of God. He has to be the one to reveal them when He knows you are ready. Once He reveals them He shows you how they affected your beliefs and the way you see God and the world. He then removes the impact of what has been done to your soul through the moments He shows you. He brings you healing and begins to redeem what was bad, trading it for something good. This could never be done without God. The part He plays in this is vital and essential. This was the first ritual I that I become aware of. It is like a horror movie has come true, and I am the star. Yet the fact that I feel it is unreal and a horror movie speaks volumes about what this experience has taught me. It has taught me that the world is evil, nowhere is safe, the devil has control, and more things of that nature. Yet I still hung on to the hope of God in that moment. I still clung to Him desperately. That would change eventually though, as they realized the power of God that was already inside of me. You, dear children, are from God and have overcome them, because the one who is in you is greater than the one who is in the world. I do not think my experiences or abuse is worse than anyone else. Abuse in itself is traumatic and rips apart the fabric of your soul, no matter what the abuse is. Weak, afraid, and susceptible to his viewpoints of life. That is why it is imperative to follow Jesus into the pain.

Chapter 4 : Love & Other Drugs () - IMDb

The garden of love is green without limit and yields many fruits other than sorrow or joy. Love is beyond either condition: without spring, without autumn, it is always fresh. Rumi.

So many people live within unhappy circumstances and yet will not take the initiative to change their situation because they are conditioned to a life of security, conformity, and conservatism, all of which may appear to give one peace of mind, but in reality nothing is more damaging to the adventurous spirit within a man than a secure future. The joy of life comes from our encounters with new experiences, and hence there is no greater joy than to have an endlessly changing horizon, for each day to have a new and different sun. If you want to get more out of life, Ron, you must lose your inclination for monotonous security and adopt a helter-skelter style of life that will at first appear to you to be crazy. But once you become accustomed to such a life you will see its full meaning and its incredible beauty. And so, Ron, in short, get out of Salton City and hit the Road. I guarantee you will be very glad you did. But I fear that you will ignore my advice. You think that I am stubborn, but you are even more stubborn than me. You had a wonderful chance on your drive back to see one of the greatest sights on earth, the Grand Canyon, something every American should see at least once in his life. But for some reason incomprehensible to me you wanted nothing but to bolt for home as quickly as possible, right back to the same situation which you see day after day after day. I fear you will follow this same inclination in the future and thus fail to discover all the wonderful things that God has placed around us to discover. Move around, be nomadic, make each day a new horizon. You are still going to live a long time, Ron, and it would be a shame if you did not take the opportunity to revolutionize your life and move into an entirely new realm of experience. You are wrong if you think Joy emanates only or principally from human relationships. God has placed it all around us. It is in everything and anything we might experience. We just have to have the courage to turn against our habitual lifestyle and engage in unconventional living. My point is that you do not need me or anyone else around to bring this new kind of light in your life. It is simply waiting out there for you to grasp it, and all you have to do is reach for it. The only person you are fighting is yourself and your stubbornness to engage in new circumstances.

Chapter 5 : In what ways are the joy and pain of love presented in Romeo and Juliet? | eNotes

Joy, on the other hand is more related to the inner self and may last for a longer period of time. When one feels happy, then he's happy for sometime over that subject, but when one is overjoyed by something then that feeling lasts to content him for sometime.

Humans are dependent on parental help for a large portion of their lifespans compared to other mammals. Love has therefore been seen as a mechanism to promote parental support of children for this extended time period. Furthermore, researchers as early as Charles Darwin himself identified unique features of human love compared to other mammals and credit love as a major factor for creating social support systems that enabled the development and expansion of the human species. This would favor monogamous relationships over polygamy. Certainly love is influenced by hormones such as oxytocin, neurotrophins such as NGF, and pheromones, and how people think and behave in love is influenced by their conceptions of love. The conventional view in biology is that there are two major drives in love: Attachment between adults is presumed to work on the same principles that lead an infant to become attached to its mother. The traditional psychological view sees love as being a combination of companionate love and passionate love. Passionate love is intense longing, and is often accompanied by physiological arousal shortness of breath, rapid heart rate; companionate love is affection and a feeling of intimacy not accompanied by physiological arousal. Cultural views See also: Greek words for love Roman copy of a Greek sculpture by Lysippus depicting Eros, the Greek personification of romantic love Greek distinguishes several different senses in which the word "love" is used. Ancient Greeks identified four forms of love: At the same time, the Ancient Greek text of the Bible has examples of the verb *agapo* having the same meaning as *phileo*. The word *agapo* is the verb I love. It generally refers to a "pure," ideal type of love, rather than the physical attraction suggested by *eros*. However, there are some examples of *agape* used to mean the same as *eros*. It has also been translated as "love of the soul. The Greek word *erota* means in love. Plato refined his own definition. Although *eros* is initially felt for a person, with contemplation it becomes an appreciation of the beauty within that person, or even becomes appreciation of beauty itself. *Eros* helps the soul recall knowledge of beauty and contributes to an understanding of spiritual truth. Lovers and philosophers are all inspired to seek truth by *eros*. Some translations list it as "love of the body". *Philia* is motivated by practical reasons; one or both of the parties benefit from the relationship. It can also mean "love of the mind. It was an almost ritualized friendship formed between a host and his guest, who could previously have been strangers. The host fed and provided quarters for the guest, who was expected to repay only with gratitude. Ancient Roman Latin The Latin language has several different verbs corresponding to the English word "love. The Romans used it both in an affectionate sense as well as in a romantic or sexual sense. From this verb come *amans* "a lover, *amator*, "professional lover," often with the accessory notion of lechery and *amica*, "girlfriend" in the English sense, often being applied euphemistically to a prostitute. The corresponding noun is *amor* the significance of this term for the Romans is well illustrated in the fact, that the name of the City, Rome "in Latin: *Roma*" can be viewed as an anagram for *amor*, which was used as the secret name of the City in wide circles in ancient times, [36] which is also used in the plural form to indicate love affairs or sexual adventures. This same root also produces *amicus* "friend" and *amicitia*, "friendship" often based to mutual advantage, and corresponding sometimes more closely to "indebtedness" or "influence". Cicero wrote a treatise called *On Friendship de Amicitia*, which discusses the notion at some length. Ovid wrote a guide to dating called *Ars Amatoria The Art of Love*, which addresses, in depth, everything from extramarital affairs to overprotective parents. *Diligere* often has the notion "to be affectionate for," "to esteem," and rarely if ever is used for romantic love. This word would be appropriate to describe the friendship of two men. The corresponding noun *diligentia*, however, has the meaning of "diligence" or "carefulness," and has little semantic overlap with the verb. *Observare* is a synonym for *diligere*; despite the cognate with English, this verb and its corresponding noun, *observantia*, often denote "esteem" or "affection. As it arises from a conflation with a Greek word, there is no corresponding verb. Two philosophical underpinnings of love exist in the Chinese tradition, one from

Confucianism which emphasized actions and duty while the other came from Mohism which championed a universal love. In Confucianism, one displays benevolent love by performing actions such as filial piety from children, kindness from parent, loyalty to the king and so forth. In this, he argued directly against Confucians who believed that it was natural and correct for people to care about different people in different degrees. Mozi, by contrast, believed people in principle should care for all people equally. Mohism stressed that rather than adopting different attitudes towards different people, love should be unconditional and offered to everyone without regard to reciprocation, not just to friends, family and other Confucian relations. In Buddhism, Ai was seen as capable of being either selfish or selfless, the latter being a key element towards enlightenment. Instead of frequently saying "I love you" as in some Western societies, the Chinese are more likely to express feelings of affection in a more casual way. Japanese The Japanese language uses three words to convey the English equivalent of "love". Because "love" covers a wide range of emotions and behavioral phenomena, there are nuances distinguishing the three terms. Following the Meiji Restoration , the term became associated with "love" in order to translate Western literature. For example, Book 10 of Rig Veda describes the creation of the universe from nothing by the great heat. There in hymn , it states: When the calamity of time afflicts one limb The other limbs cannot remain at rest. If you have no sympathy for the troubles of others You are not worthy to be called by the name of "man".

Chapter 6 : Joy Quotes - BrainyQuote

Joy, pain and other stuff. 11 likes. Quotes about love, life and other stuff. Daily updates. I'm not the owner of those. Care for eachother.

Chapter 7 : Surrendering To Pain - The Other Side Of Darkness

Joy and Pain Lyrics: Remember when you first found love how you felt so good / Kind that last forever more so you thought it would / Suddenly the things you see got you hurt so bad / How come the.

Chapter 8 : Love - Wikipedia

Act III (Sunday) Discussion Questions. Note: Page references are to the hardcover edition. p. John Peter has a dental crisis, but the show must go on. When an actor or entertainer doesn't feel well, they still have to work because it costs too much money (and other people's jobs) to cancel the show.

Chapter 9 : Pain and joy mingle. | lotus carroll

"Without pain, how could we know joy?" This is an old argument in the field of thinking about suffering and its stupidity and lack of sophistication could be plumbed for centuries but suffice it to say that the existence of broccoli does not, in any way, affect the taste of chocolate."