

MAKING WAVES

by Libby Brown

Quotes from the book:

What would you do if you weren't afraid to fail?

Imperil a privileged lifestyle?

“As a child of the conservative South, where tradition is the soul of society and women the guardians of the faith, the choice to imperil a privileged lifestyle, not only for myself but also for my family, might have been selfish if not reckless, and I would have been the first to find myself guilty. The hardest struggle for me has been to indemnify my deepest, most traditional values against the compulsions of my risk-seeking spirit.”

Step into the unknown?

“Risks are scary. It's frightening to step into the unknown. But if you never risk it, you'll never know what might have been. And simply by taking that step, win or lose, you succeed.”

Take a chance on untold riches?

“When the limo pulled away from the gathering, I glanced through the rear window to make sure the smiling bigwigs weren't a mirage. Could we be looking at enough financial security to guarantee fun and contentment from now on? I snuggled into the soft leather seat while my mind reeled, intoxicated by the chance of untold riches.”

Flirt with death?

“The water was tinged pink with blood. I lost whatever peace of mind I had about sharks and envisioned them schooling below for a feeding frenzy. Our captain tied the line to my T-shirt just in time to keep me from being snatched by the roaring current and flung out into the open water.”

Live on a rock in the sea?

“Buying an island in a land other than our own would be audacious in the most accommodating of places. But a hunk of coral rock in a country that was more ocean than land? No roads, no electricity, no septic system, no potable water. The only grocery store, pharmacy, bank, airport and hospital of note were 75 miles away, accessible only by air or water.”

Savor the reward?

“When we were hungry, we squeezed lime over fat lobster chunks and discarded civility to savor the juice of an Eleuthera pineapple and let it run past our chins and down our necks. We washed the sweet nectar off in the silky, turquoise sea—hedonists for the day.”

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