

## Endings and Beginnings

by Beverly Denver

Today is Sunday, and at this precise moment, I am lounging lazily in a bulky brown suede chair at the Starbucks closest to Memorial Park and to my home. This particular coffeehouse is smaller and cozier than most, and the faces of the folks who frequent it are familiar, their smiles of greeting sincere.

This Starbucks is the neighborhood hangout for many of us who live around here, part of “the village” we’ve carved out for ourselves in the middle of this mighty metropolis. Like so many other park-side, urban dwellers, I come here often to meet serendipitously with neighbors and to unceremoniously deepen the roots I’ve planted here.

This afternoon I am enjoying some (well-deserved) down time. Another issue is completed and ready to be sent to the printer. This combo one, the last of 2006 and the first of 2007, represents both a happy ending and a new beginning. Not unlike the holidays ahead.

I’m feeling especially happy right now to be out of the office where phone calls and an inbox full of e-mails await reply. I am delighted also — for the time being — to be separated from the shops and throngs of holiday shoppers roaming aimlessly in search of inspiration.

To simply sit and sip a favorite hot beverage on this cold, grey day is a pleasure I find most gratifying!

The Peppermint Mocha Latte I just ordered is, admittedly, a self-indulgent treat — a reward for surviving another challenging year. Demands on my time (and energy) were many, and the patience of the requesters was often lacking — *or at least it seemed!*

On my lap is my journal — the one I keep in my over-sized handbag and carry with me at all times. Yes, I am a habitual scribbler of thoughts, and it is at times like this I am the most retrospective.

Today, I am experiencing a bit of déjà vu.

I am in another place (a tiny Starbucks in Athens, Georgia) and time (late summer 2001). I am drinking another latte and writing in my journal. I am doing what I do quite often — jotting down random thoughts. Non-paragraphs, really, with no regard to spelling, grammar or the rules of punctuation — just words and phrases that the universe seems to hurl at me without warning.

*“Nicole’s graduation weekend over. Hard to believe my little girl has her MBA now. Number One in her class! I’m so proud of her, but not surprised! She’s amazing. Working full-time and going to school. How does she do it?”*

*“Last night was weird. I kept waking up. Then I would fall back to sleep and find myself smack in the middle of the same scenario. There was a new magazine for women in Houston, and I was responsible for it. The dream (nightmare) was so real. The magazine even had a name, Houston Woman Magazine!”*

That day in Georgia seems like yesterday and a million years ago. So too does the day I filed the DBA and decided to pursue this project. September 2001, six days before 9-11.

The idea was right, but not the timing! It would be another two years, and an adventurous stint with *The Houston Chronicle*, before I would yield to slumberous visions and say, *“Okay, it’s time to start that magazine!”*

Endings and beginnings! Our lives are full of them. How blessed we are when we look for the gifts to be found in all of them!

*Houston Woman Magazine  
December 2006*