

Knight Shift

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by: Lorraine Shulba Knight shift: Copyright @ 2017 Suzanne La Voie www.suzannelaVoiewrites.com

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fulfilled reflects on the things you have with gratitude."—Jaren Davis There are no words sufficient enough to properly express the amount of gratitude I feel for all of the individuals in my life whom have been and continue to be a colossal part of my journey. While I could devote an entire chapter to listing all of the names responsible for helping lead me to where I am today, I will attempt to consolidate what I am able to on this page. First and foremost, I am super thankful for my mother Marlyn LaVoie, who has been my rock, my biggest cheerleader, my inspiration, and the one person who has always believed in me and my dreams and goals, especially to be a full-time writer. I want to express immense gratitude to some of the most amazing friends a woman could ever ask for, especially Jennifer C., Reverend Elizabeth E., Janet and Steve H., Chris and Karen S., Peter and Sue H., Ginny P., Pastor Tracie P., Carolyn and Ray H., John P., and Florence M. You all mean the world to me and always will! I notably want to thank Cheryl Raley from the Charlroy Motel (Owner), Seaside Park and Annette Dorman, whom were both the catalysts and mentors (and friends) for me engaging in a new career path with hospitality and tourism for thirteen years and are still so important to me. I am especially grateful for Cheryl believing in my ability to learn new skills within

the industry and my personal life. This book would not have come about if it hadn't been for my absolutely amazing literary team, including my incredible and supportive publisher Heather Andrews, my highly creative and energetic graphic designer Lorraine Shulba, and multi-talented and encouraging editor Julie Kapuschak. I also want to thank Author Kristie Knights, who allowed me the opportunity to be part of a book compilation over a year ago and has remained a wonderful friend. Last but not least, I am grateful for the gorgeous and alluring Adirondack region, especially the village of Lake George and all of the lovely people I have had the privilege to meet over decades of traveling there (specifically the Marinelli family, Christy R., and Dan R.). This book is a tribute to all that I love about the area and pray others will come to love it too. There are so many others that I would love to acknowledge here, but know that you are given thanks for in my heart.

Foreword An ounce of courage and a leap of faith... We each desire to belong, to be loved just as we are. Often in life there are circumstances when we are left out, discarded, alone, and yearning for a sense of acceptance and purpose. Dreams have been destroyed, and forgotten. We have each experienced great loss that caused our world to ignite, come aflame, and destroy our heart and soul; only to smolder till we can inhale and reach for courage. In the depth of the darkness it feels as if there is no way out. However, what we often forget is it takes twenty seconds of courage to change a life. If we are lucky, the twenty seconds of courage leads to a ripple of inspiration and change for the positive for those around us as well. Meet Sage Knight; in the wake of destruction as she is smoldering; she has a choice just like you. She can reach for more darkness and self-pity, or she can grapple with the light and embrace the journey. Step in the shoes of Sage as she recounts tough times, yet inspires a town in despair. She had no idea her twenty seconds of courage would lead a town to a place of prosperity and purpose. Of course, what you see on the outside is not often the case in the inside. Nothing is more true of the journey of Sage Knight and the town she resides. Join Sage on a journey of self-discovery, digging deep to trust thyself, and the rebuilding of a life; not only her own, but those around her as well. You will fall in love with Sage Knight as she embraces the new life she is creating while giving back to those around her as they are inspired to achieve the dreams they have let go of so long ago. The Knight Shift will envelop you in a sea of inspiration from a place of brokenness, to the triumph of a life created to give purpose to others. Bask in the sun of Sage Knight as she shares a story lived by you and I. Find comfort in the power of pain which leads to a life of joy. Come along and make the shift, the Knight Shift, to a place of grace, peace, and empowerment!

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Chapter 1 The clock in my bedroom was flashing 10:03 AM. I have been getting spoiled with being able to sleep late most mornings, but I know this can't last forever. The soft sound of the breeze coming off of the lake from a block away filled my room. It was a welcomed and familiar sound. My name is Sage Knight, I am single, and my age is still in the accepted bracket of being considered a younger adult. Chronologically, I know what the number is, but at this stage of the game, I seriously question the reality of it. Knight is not my maiden name, but it encourages me on those days when I could use a boost of energy to face the day. I picture myself as one of those medieval tin men statues I have seen at yard sales with every arrow coming my way just bouncing off of me into oblivion. Or, I am gleefully reminded of one of my favorite shows growing up, Knight Rider, and find myself wishing some days I could ride off into the sunset with the main actor and the computerized talking car. Hey, one can still dream, right? I made myself a cup of tea and sat in my favorite rocking lounge chair. My studio apartment is small, but it's mine, and it allows me to feel I still have some sense of control in my life. The apartment is also manageable for me, as I prefer a place that isn't high maintenance. I have been blessed with a wonderful landlord, Paul, who has also become a good friend. He saw me through some tough transitions and always responds right away if a problem occurs in the apartment. I try not to bother Paul unless it is an absolute mess of a task that I cannot take care of myself. Of course, if it is electrical, plumbing that requires more than a bucket solution, a non-functioning AC or heater...well, hopefully, these would all happen at different times so he does not put up the sign of the cross when I call. So far, it has been a month since I have needed anything fixed, so I believe I am safe. To put it in a nutshell, I am basically starting over. Certain decks of cards were handed to me that I was not expecting, and my life was filled with heart-breaking emotional earthquakes. I

used to joke with my close friends that I should have “fault coverage” due to all of the tremors and aftershocks. I was not expecting to be single again, but this is my present reality, and I am moving forward one tiny step at a time. After two cups of tea and listening to the windy conversation of ripples breaking on the lake beach, I decided to join the land of the living and take a stroll to the nearby walkway. It was February, but it was quiet and peaceful at this time of year. I have no other neighbors at this time, but I admit I have been keeping to myself over the past couple of months anyway. I visit with my parents who live in proximity of my town, and I have gone out with a few select friends, but that has been the extent of my social life. I also lost a recent job position due to a serious illness I had, and I was told the spot could not be held open any longer. *How compassionate*, I thought. *NOT!* Now, I am questioning what will come next. I put on my overused, favorite red leather jacket and took the short walk to the little beach. A couple of other water-seeking souls were out there as well, including a man exploring the sand with a metal detector. “Good luck”, I whispered in the soft wind to him. Even though it was still winter, the weather was not filled with a biting chill. I don’t do well with extreme cold or heat spells. I prefer the fall, although I love living in a state where there are four seasons. I heard some noise and looked toward the direction of the man with the metal detector. Apparently, he found something and appeared very pleased with his discovery. *Seek and you shall find*, as quoted by Jesus Christ in the Bible. I wish they came out with a metal detector for life situations, although I believe that is what prayer is. I sat on one of the benches and stared at the beckoning lake. I don’t know why, but at that moment the tears just spilled out of my eyes. If anyone came by and noticed, I could blame it on the cold. But, in that moment, I realized that the man with the metal detector was a message for me. I needed to seek and find what my next step was. I looked up toward the bluish-gray sky and asked for something, anything, to help me get out of this stagnant pool in my mind and heart.

Chapter 2 I checked my watch and saw that I had been sitting on the bench for nearly an hour. This did the mind and body well. I felt more focused and a bit lighter than before I left the apartment. I was so entranced by the lake and what was happening within me emotionally that I didn’t observe the others leave, including metal detector man. At that moment, I was starting to feel chilled, so I headed back to my place. Before I left the lake, I took in the surroundings of motels, houses, and other buildings. In a couple of months, seasonal businesses would soon be opening, and the crowds would return for summer fun and enjoyment. Being in the mountains meant there were also winter activities, but the months between May and September burst with zest and recreation. One huge perk of where I was living was that I did not have to worry about parking; I was close enough to the village where I could walk everywhere. Growing up, the local amusement park was one of my most cherished places to hang out at. To this day, I still go on rides and I don’t care who is watching. On my way back to the apartment, I took notice of a sign posted on one of the motel’s side glass doors advertising for help at the front desk. It was called the Serenity Savor Motel. I liked the name, the façade, and the outdoor pool. It had that old motel charm to it. As I stood there on the sidewalk, I seriously considered inquiring. I have always enjoyed the hotel atmosphere whenever I traveled, and I needed a job. Heck, I needed a fresh start. What did I have to lose? I have worked with people in many different settings, so it wouldn’t be too hard. I walked back fast to my apartment and called the number of the motel. The call was answered immediately. “Hello, Serenity Savor Motel. May I help you?” a female voice asked. “Hello, my name is Sage Knight, and I actually just live down the road. I was passing by your motel on the way back from the lake and saw your sign advertising for help. Are you still looking for someone?” “Yes, I am. Do you have hospitality experience?” “No,” I stated, already anticipating a rejection, “but I do have a lot of experience in jobs that revolve around serving the public.” “That’s fine. When are you available to come in and meet?” “I am available this afternoon and tomorrow.” “How about tomorrow morning at eleven? I have somewhere to go later today.” “Eleven works for me. May I ask your name?” She answered, “Renee. Renee Randoll.” “Great! I look forward to meeting with you tomorrow at eleven, Renee.” “Same here.” After the conversation ended, I sat down in my rocker and questioned whether this was the right move for me. It was totally different from what I had done for work before, or what I had studied in school. Again, what did I have to lose? After all, this was a much needed interview, and Renee sounded very nice on the phone. Tomorrow would be a new step. To

celebrate, I drove to a local restaurant, treated myself to dinner, and immersed myself into my latest book. I am very comfortable going to places by myself, which isn't always the case with some people I know. It works for me, especially when I am invested in a novel where I just have to find out what happens next. I called my parents that night and informed them of my interview the next day. They both wished me luck and understood that I needed a change ever since the recent heart-breaking events in my life. I managed to find one of my resume copies and picked out a professional-looking outfit. I love the pinstripe look, but that seemed a bit too formal, especially for this purpose. I didn't want to show up too casual, either. I finally settled on a nice pair of dress pants and a sharp top. I also selected what jewelry I was going to wear: one of my cross necklaces and a pair of gold hoop earrings. I felt pleased with what I chose and hoped Renee would approve. I went to bed that night with more hope than I have felt for a long, long time. **Chapter 3** I woke up the next morning way before my alarm went off. I laid there anticipating what kind of questions I would be asked at my interview. Truthfully, I was still bummed from having to resign from my teaching job. Being in the hospital for a serious gastrointestinal infection and weeks of recovery slammed the hammer on that. I don't always understand why there isn't more compassion in the workplace. I certainly did not ask to be sick. Now there is nothing I can do about it except move forward, whatever that meant for me now. I drank my usual cup of tea and ate breakfast while reading my book. When it got to be around ten, I showered and took my time dressing for my appointment. I wanted to make sure I looked my best. I applied makeup to hide the stress marks that may have been more imaginary than real. Then, I put my resume in a manila folder left over from my teaching supplies and headed over to the Serenity Savor Motel. I felt a lot of nerves in my stomach, but I pressed on. I walked up the steps to the main lobby and saw the sign on the front desk requesting the person to pick up the phone and let it ring if no one was there. I looked around and since there was no one in sight, I followed the instructions on the sign. Sure enough, I heard the phone ringing. After a few seconds, a door by the desk opened and a woman came out to the lobby. "Well, you passed the first test." she said. The woman must have seen the confused look on my face because she pointed to the phone. "You actually followed the directions on the sign. That's a plus. If you do wind up working here, you will see that's not always the case." "You must be Renee Randoll." "Yes. And I'm sorry—your name again?" "Sage Knight. It's a pleasure to meet you." "Likewise. So you live down the road? Well, that would be very convenient for you if you take the job." "To be honest, I hadn't considered that, but Renee was right. No commuting issues for me!" "Please come in and we can talk. My husband and I live on the property in the adjoining house along with my daughter." I followed Renee into her house, which was a nice size. She pointed to one of the couches and I sat down, following her lead. Renee offered me coffee, which I was very grateful for. For some reason when I am nervous coffee seems to relax me. "So...what made you decide to apply to this position? I know you said you never worked in hospitality before." "Now, here's the thing. How much should I divulge? Should I mention that this was a fresh start? That my life changed in ways that I never imagined? Please have mercy on me? I decided to just go with the flow at that point." "To be honest, I am looking for something new. I had to leave my last job, which was a teaching job, because I was ill for a few weeks. I am fine now in case you're wondering. I love the lake and thought it would be fun to work by it." The game show Jeopardy theme started playing in my head as I saw Renee considering what I just said. I handed her the folder with my resume. "Here's my resume if you wanted to take a look." Renee accepted it and looked it over. Time always seems to slow down when you are waiting for someone to make a decision, doesn't it? "Wow, you do have a lot of experience in other areas. You have your Bachelor's Degree? Very impressive." "Thank you." It was all I could manage to say at that moment. "You don't plan to go back to teaching?" I decided to just let it all out. What did I have to lose? "I have been going through a lot of changes in my life. Ones that I didn't see coming. I guess that's life, right? Being told to leave my last job did a number on me, especially because I was sick. I need something new; something fun. So, here I am." I said the last part with a big smile and spread my arms out. Nothing like adding a little drama to the mix. Truthfully, I figured I was toast at this point anyway. I thought my career in hospitality was over before it even began. To my surprise, though, Renee announced, "Well, I haven't received any other calls, and I appreciate your honesty. I also am

impressed by your resume. I believe this could work out. How about you come back in two weeks to start training? I usually open mid-April, and I would like to have you ready to go by then." I was so stunned I didn't reply right away. So, Renee asked, "Is that okay with you?" "Uh...yes. Yes! Sorry, I wasn't sure how this was going to go." "I understand; a lot more than you know, actually. Someday we'll talk about it. In the meantime, I will plan for you to begin training on February 23rd. Come back here around eleven that day." "I will be here! Thank you so much!" We stood up and shook hands. "Thank you. Now I can take that sign down, finally." I left there feeling so excited that I literally felt like skipping down the block back to my apartment. I really liked Renee, and I felt this would be a great starting over point for me. I could not wait until February 23rd, where a new journey was about to begin.

Chapter 4 The next two weeks seemed to fly by. I had already informed my parents and friends about what I would be doing. I felt like my parents were a little disappointed that I wasn't going back to teaching because they felt that it was my biggest gift. Ultimately, they understood that I needed time to deal with everything that happened, and funds were dwindling. I didn't want to let them down, but I felt that I should at least give the motel a chance. I thought, *who knows? I may even like it more than teaching!* On the morning of February 23rd I got up early, but I had a stomach full of nerves again. Ever since the changes, my self-doubt crept up on me like mold on food that had been left out too long. I am not the poster child for self-confidence, even though I achieved successful grades during high school and college. I was even part of honor societies and had received a couple of significant scholarships. My grades were the only thing I felt like I didn't have to play catch-up with. Now, it was time to move on to a new path.

Renee had informed me earlier in the week that I could come to work in jeans and a sweatshirt because I was training, and the motel was not open yet. I welcomed this, as casual clothing would help ease some of the nerves. It sounds silly, but for me, dressing down allows me to relax more and take in what is being said to me. I feel like the majority of my brain cells have been fried like eggs, and the remaining ones are hanging on for dear life. I got myself together and headed over to Serenity Savor. Yes, Lord, I could use a lot of serenity at this point! The side lobby door was open, so I walked in. I was thankful I wore a heavy sweatshirt under my leather jacket because it was cold in there. *The place was not open for business yet, so what is the sense in running the heat in the lobby?* I just had to deal with it, even if I wound up the color of a Smurf at the end of the day. Renee must have heard me and read my thoughts because she stepped out of her house immediately. "Why don't you come inside? I am just finishing up with making coffee. Plus, it's freezing out here anyway." I followed her inside and sat on the same couch I did over two weeks ago. This time a brown cat was in the living room. He or she sat in front of me and stared directly at me; probably wondering if I am friend or foe. "Cute cat!" I called out. "Oh, that's Mocha. Is she staring at you yet?" "Oh, yes." I said. "She does that with anyone new in here. The last time you were here she stayed in my bedroom. If you come back a second time, then she checks you out. If you are here a while, eventually she will jump on your lap. I hope you like cats." "Yes. I love all animals actually." "That's another plus. I don't have patience for people who don't like animals. They treat you better than most humans at times." I admit, I had to agree. Renee brought out two mugs of coffee. Mocha stood her position with me, even with Renee being in the room. I started feeling a little warm in the house, so I removed my jacket and laid it beside me. No sooner did I put it down, Mocha jumped on top of it and sprawled out all over. "So that's what you were after, huh?" I asked Mocha, shaking my head. "It was probably the red. She seems to like bold colors. I hope you don't mind." "Nah. I think it's funny." Renee began talking to me about how she loved the motel business and the area itself. I got to meet her daughter, Heather, that morning as well. I still hadn't met her husband, but he worked as a ski instructor in the winter during the day. By the afternoon, I was feeling pretty relaxed. Mocha even left the comfort of my jacket and graduated to my lap. It made me think about the two parakeets I owned a couple of years back. I thought about owning birds again, but I felt like I had to get other situations in my life back on track before bringing pets into the mix. Renee spent part of the afternoon showing me around the motel. Tomorrow, she would begin training me on the computer program she uses for the business. There was a lot to learn, which was why she wanted me to get started right away. She also informed me that I would primarily work weekends until it got closer to the end of May. Then, gradually, I would take on

more days, and then I would have a full-time schedule for the ten-week summer season."At this point, I need you for the night shift which is 3 to 11. Heather works 7 to 3."I am fine with that. No problem."Good. You should chat with her. She can fill you in on some of the interesting stories that have happened here and be an extra trainer as well."

What does it feel like when your life is suddenly turned upside down? What happens when a life event occurs that you were not expecting, and your personal and professional plans are thwarted?

Nothing makes sense.

The path you are now on is nothing like the one you were walking before, and there is nothing but the overwhelming darkness of uncertainty and fear.

Meet Sage Knight, whose life has become this new reality, and is now faced with a trail of anxiety and confusion. It is at those times when one is seeking answers, she or he must be open to new possibilities. For Sage, it is going to a calming spot near her home in the town of Lake George in the Adirondack Mountain region and praying for a fresh direction. When her

prayer is answered, she has no idea how her path will pave the way for another person in her journey to receive much-needed healing and a brand new perspective. Knight Shift is about the power of starting over, dealing with and overcoming adversity, and discovering new skills and abilities, sometimes even a career that was never considered before.

Come along on Sage's journey and immerse yourself in her story and the characters whom she comes in contact with along the way.

The shifts in our lives can become our greatest blessings if we allow them to.

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knights' journey taunter's taunts by heart, he replied, "I've been off-book since I was 12!"

• Long Shifter - A method is proposed to extend the zero-temperature Hall-Klemm microscopic theory of the Knight shift K in an anisotropic and correlated, multi-band metal to Chomsky Psychology Theory - Created by practicing garden Witch and The Tarot Witches I-IV book.. Witches Tarot By: Ellen Dugan, Mark Evans-When the Knight of Pentacles arrives place, the shift from intrigued observer to practicing pagan can be a daunting one. Knight Shift (The Lazarus Codex Book 4) eBook: E.A. Copen - Dark Knight Shift: Why Batman Could Exist--But Not for Long Zehr's book, Becoming Batman: The Possibility of a Superhero (The Johns Tabletop Deathmatch: Episode 8 - Cards Against Humanity - For transition-metal nuclei, the main contributions to the Knight shift are usually The detailed theory of chemical shifts is presented in Slichter's book [13].

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