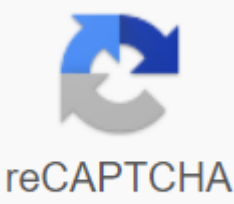




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## Rise 2020 dates

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If you have any questions, please contact today.community@tidalmail.com. Join the conversation Join or sign in to send! Most popular | Most recently 6 February 2017It is a common debate in my friendship group: some of us feel strongly that women should pay in their own way, initiate messages and sex, and follow no dating rules. But other friends of mine are much more old-fashioned and I think a heterosexual relationship should include more traditional gender roles, and while sexists like to greet feminism as the end of dating and romance, I'm happy to announce that this is not the case at all. Match's Singles In America survey is here, giving us insights into every aspect of dating – we do it, what we love, even problems with FOMO and addiction dating. It's really fascinating stuff and given that it's the most comprehensive survey of singles in America (they interviewed over 5,000 men and women ages 18-70+), it's a great wealth of information that even looks at bigger social issues. And one of the most interesting issues is how gender equality and feminism have carried out the way we date. Take a look at these statistics, because it's time for women to start making more moves first.1Making men like Dating FeministsBoo-yah! Fifty-nine percent of male respondents said that feminism changed the dating rules for the better and 54 percent said it was more enjoyable. And frankly, I don't know many women who want to date a guy who wasn't in feminism anyway, but it's still encouraging to see that boys are also And for women, 57% said it made them feel more empowered in dating, which is exactly what I like to see. 2But Singles really need to find out what Feminism IsSo this was less encouraging. Only 37% of single men and 46% of single women believed that feminism meant equality between women and men. Forty-three percent said that It meant a lot of different things and six percent just straight up I don't know. We need to fix this. 3The reason women offer to pay is depressingSo I didn't like this. Seventy-one percent of men said they liked it when women offered to pay the bill, although 65 percent said that women only did it to be polite and 61 percent said it was because women didn't want to look like they wanted a free meal. Not bad so far. But that was the worrying part - while 47 percent of women said they offered to pay the bill because they wanted to show their independence (which is great), a scary 74 percent said they did, so they didn't feel compelled to do anything with their date. Yes, it is. Even if it meant just a kiss or a second time, it's still upsetting that women assume they would be forced - the involvement being men would feel they bought them with food. Woe. 4Women need to take more OK initiative, I've been saying this forever, but I'm so glad that there are some stats to get it back. More than 90 percent of men said they were for women making their first move, their first kiss, their first sexual date, asking for their phone number, even calling after a first date. Men don't think it's weird! But still, 29% of women initiate the first kiss, only 23% initiate sex, and only 13% said they would ask for a phone number. Come on, ladies! You can do that, it's much better than waiting to wonder what's going on. Make this move. 5We're still split on one-night standsSo, with increasing gender equality, how much are women embracing one night stands? Well, we're still divided on it-- but so are people. Thirty-five percent of men and 18 percent of women said casual sex could be interesting and 29 percent of men and 15 percent said women said it could be the best sex. But 19% of men and women said it could be the worst sex, so we're all over the map about feeling about random dating. affected gender dating equality? In many ways. But the bottom line is men are embracing feminism and strongly before women. So, ladies, it's time to make the first move. In the last year of our relationship, every fight my ex and I had the same, with our life-saving mongrel, Tilly, cowering in the corner. Exhausted and defeated, the only thing we left in common was how bad we felt to upset our anxious corgi mix, so we would re-up on a few months more than mutual unhappiness out of guilt. When I finally moved in, I agreed that it made more sense for Tilly to stay in the apartment instead of crashing on couches. as soon as I was settled, though, I wanted some form of visitation. My ex-husband came and I agreed to keep an eye on her when she left town. Over time, this comfort allowed him to travel more, and I was more than happy for the extra days with Tilly.As Tilly,As couples withdraw or delay the traditional markers of the maturity of the relationship (marriage, babies), many of them seem to compensate by adopting dogs instead. When unmarried couples decide to share, however, without the formality of an official legal process to divide assets, figuring out who ends up leaving with pets in towing can be particularly risky. After all, divvying up that semi-decrepit living room furniture you two found on the street is probably much less controversial than hashing out who becomes loyal to Labradoodle. So as a solution, several couples are opting to do what my ex and I did and work on an agreement in which the dog's time is divided between both people-a dogvorce if you want. In addition, owning a dog requires a lot of time, work, and money, sometimes too much for a person to manage on his own. The same stagnation of wages, student debt, and declining home ownership, causing couples to delay or opt out of parenthood makes dog's solo property more challenging as well. It is hardly surprising that the milenials have found a way to combine these shortcomings. When Shanna Olson broke up with her ex-fiancé ten years ago, she had no intention of sharing custody of their Pomeranian named Kobe - that is, until she planned a holiday in Spain that she could not comfortably take without the right person to supervise the dog. I wouldn't have been able to go if I hadn't trusted [my ex] Greg so much to watch Kobe, Olson said. I knew she loved him as much as I did. In fact, their arrangement went so well that she got two more dogs - and Greg would follow them all when she traveled. When all three cubs finally died over the years, she was too heartbroken to get another dog. The two moved away until recently, when they met through mutual friends. He convinced her to take another Pomeranian, named Yum Yum, whom she now co-parented together. A decade and a few small dogs later, he has the keys to her apartment, visits once a week, comes whenever Olson has to work late, and watches Yum Yum when she's out of town. I wouldn't have caught him if Greg hadn't pushed me to get another dog, Olson said. I'm glad I did. One study found that one in 20 pet owners in relationships have a pet nup, a custody agreement that states who gets to keep pets, and can also cover things like visitation programs, ownership of veterinary bills, which ends up making decisions about their health , and more. precedent for pet nups has been largely established by married people because dogvorges have become more common and the case law around them becomes more nuanced, the parameters now apply to unmarried, cohabiting couples as well. Do you have Princess Diana's fever? You're not alone. The Princess of Wales is still in the minds – and in the hearts!– of many. Sign up for our newsletters Enjoy Enjoy BEST stories, tips and jokes! We know that a co-ed's wardrobe, among many things, involves a section of going-out tops-filmy, fragile blouses and tanks that are booked and recycled for nights out. But if you look in your closet and realize that all your blouses are still at the cleaners or LAMA from friends too eager to borrow, if you have a moment I'd go out tonight, but I don't have a seam to wear, we're here for you. Put aside these so-called going-out tops, because these shirts are the ones you're going to want to wear long after you get that diploma! Skip to content Once a private tropical hideout for Franco-British tycoon Sir James Goldsmith, Cuixmala is set to become the next hot resort on Mexico's Virgin Coast. Tom Austin is getting into fantasy. Daddy wouldn't want Cuixmala to become one of those dead places where rich people just go for cocktails. As the sun sets over the Pacific Ocean on Mexico's Costagre, also known as the Virgin Coast, Alix Goldsmith Marcaccini talks about the future of the crazy jungle castle built by her late father, Sir James Goldsmith, corporate raider, organic farmer, right-wing agitator, and iconic pirate of the great-eighties flash. The boring roar of the beachfront swells ricochets around Sir Jimmy's former lair, the clifftop La Loma, which lords it over 2,000 acres hidden estates in the 32473-acre Chamela-Cuixmala Biosphere Reserve. Cuixmala means 'the resting place of the soul', and Daddy liked the idea of having family around him in the jungle, where we could be surrounded by beauty, says Marcaccini. My brother Manes first brought us to this part of Mexico in 1983 and it took us forever to buy the land from different owners – and then two years and two thousand workers to build all the houses. In the early 1980s and early 90s, Goldsmith would fly to Puerto Vallarta on his padded silk, India-themed 757, accompanied by friends at the behest of Ronald Reagan, Henry Kissinger, and Richard Nixon—along with a rotating cast of secretaries, mistresses, wives, girlfriends, and children. For the 99-mile walk south of Cuixmala, they all

transferred to a props, descending on a landing strip on grass like zebras, ellands and crocodiles scattered in the wake of the charm they received. No wonder some guests compared the weekendexperience with Dr. No. One of her first guests was – who else?– Madonna, followed shortly by Mick Jagger. Own lists Marcaccini, for the New Year's parties at Cuixmala (Simon Le Bon, Quentin Tarantino, Johnny Knoxville, Seal, Heidi Klum, and that crowd), also have a way of Press. A devoted environmentalist who loves Mexico, Marcaccini is also an international social figure, and there are people who would rent La Loma just to be in the Goldsmith family orbit. Even after her father's death in 1997, Marmacini was never tempted to move into the oceanfront splendor of the big house: La Loma is the place everyone wants to rent. In the vicarious era of reality TV, it is perfectly acceptable even for the rich to live a life that seems more interesting than theirs. And the hype is still around Goldsmith, who would find the whole situation very funny. In many ways, Sir Jimmy continues to run the show: it's like his ghost just came out for a cigar. That's how it happens, this great, naughty tycoon, who once noticed, vulgarity is to some extent a sign of vigour, increased in the hospitality game. His father, Frank Goldsmith, a member of the Rothschild family and an English parliamentarian, was a manager of the Hôtels Réunis — a European chain with classic seats, would be the Hôtel de Paris in Monaco and Carlton in Cannes — and the family lived as sultans in hotels. Some of his family's freewheeling style is evident at Cuixmala: two absurd life-sized bronze statues, a gorilla and a rhinoceros, are still guarding the entrance to La Loma, and the two-level seats in the screening room have Indian pillows the size of double beds. It's impossible to imagine Nancy Reagan perched like a couture canary in a room that brings to mind a determinedly groovy Peter Sellers hoax, and yet the adjacent office boasts a commemorative White House bowl that she brought as a gift of bread and butter house. For an eco-warrior billionaire, Sir Jimmy had a remarkable flair for whims, and Cuixmala is fantastic theater. At the front gate, the guards in the shining SUV take visitors to an 8-km-long alley that walks ahovering a hovering on top of a hare overlooking pastures, coconut plantations, mangrove swamps and a river, then head for a bridge adorned with a pink crocodile sculpture. At Loma, a 37,342-square-metre business costing between \$9,000 and \$15,000 a night, is covered by a blue and yellow Moorish dome that shines at night like a cheerful radioactive beacon. The La Loma tax includes seven guest cottages hidden in a too large node with ocean views and a dormant volcano. Each small villa is an exercise with pure charm, with more modest variations on the decorative theme - bright walls, built-in concrete furniture and white enamel floors, designed to make scorpions easier. For simple mortals, a reasonable price, nature-driven vacation can be had in one of the cute casitas-a-button rental, originally built for Goldsmith's pilots, doctOrs, and support staff; these \$350 a night and up. There are three separate villas for rent nearby, with vaulted brick ceilings. Right under the gaealma is a small restaurant open only to guests, guests, a boutique that stocks trustafarian hippie garb. Upstairs is Marcaccini's private home, where she lives with her husband, Goffredo, another devoted environmentalist, and their three daughters. Cuixmala was a singular vision, directed by Robert Couturier, Goldsmith's brilliant architect of the dream landscape. At just 25 years old, at the time it began, Couturier spent years working on Sir Jimmy's properties: El Jabali, a Spanish colonial hacienda in the nearby Colima mountains; house in New York; the castle of 1640 in Burgundy; even 757's private. From the beginning, La Loma was meant to be a universe for itself, subjecting itself to its own stinting logic. With so much white paint, and the octagonal plane of the floor that rotates around an open courtyard, it's easy to get disoriented out there and spin into a strange, self-immolating orbit, like the 2001 astronauts: A Space Odyssey. For Couturier, the house is a completely artificial but not pretentious creation: Jimmy was not a hypocrite or a liar. He imagined a formidable palace that would make the estate subordinate to his house. The circular form abstracts the sense of time and space, and the central courtyard and white inspire spirituality. By the time Cuixmala was finally finished, in 1989, Goldsmith became obsessed with apocalyptic worries (globalization, nuclear energy, pesticides, genetic engineering, and so on), and his estate doubled as the world's most deeply opulent survival is. At Loma, all steel and poured concrete, could Weather Armageddon was already through an earthquake or two. Goldsmith has also maintained his own private army of security officers, who are still patrolling the area, especially in search of poachers (they hunt sea turtle eggs, cougars and wild boars). On paper, Cuixmala has remained about the same since Goldsmith died. Costlegre Mexico was a distant and perverse landscape for a palace in the sun, and Goldsmith—undoubtedly stimulated by the usual impulses of persuasion, self-interest, and posterity—did its best to maintain the natural beauty of the coast. He donated much of the land to the Chamela-Cuixmala Biosphere Reserve, a foundation formed in cooperation with the National University of Mexico: after a lifetime of being immersed in the rough-and-tumble trade, including the sale of deserted farms in New York's Adirondack Park to developers, he performed a lasting good deed. The protected area comprises 1,200 resident species of plants and trees; zebras, elands, and endangered jaguars; and the Mexican lizard with a rare and venomous beard. Two uninhabited islands, similar to Galápagos, are full of frigatebirds, snowy egrets, large herons and yellow-legged breasts that tilt over enormous cacti like seerly semens. On the grounds of Cuixmala, monitor sea turtle eggs and drive electric-boat tours through a wildlife uprising of flamingos, parrots, black ospreys, chachalacas (wild birds named for their endless squawking), mosquitoes, and 400 or so migrating river crocodiles, which, while perfectly capable of swimming to the ocean and moving on fresh territory, generally prefer to stay in Cuixmala. Marcaccini has lost a few dogs to crocodiles, but she is dedicated to her father's work: In a few years, this could be the only dry rainforest left on this coast, she says. Poor farmers burn the vegetation on their property to raise cows, and the rich are worse off, with their big hotel developments — seeing only the green of the dollar. Long before it became fashionable, Cuixmala was a property dedicated to green culture, and still works according to ecological sound dictates. Palm trees, for example, are ground for horse lining and then used as fertilizer. La Loma itself has no air conditioning, although thick walls and high ceilings keep the house cool. None of the four bedrooms has a TV, and at night, the sound of the ocean and jungle becomes a kind of lulling sound track. The well-stocked library contains two of Goldsmith's self-published tomes, The Trap (1995) and Counter-Culture, Volume Five (1993), which detail some of his social notions. The belief that all economic activity is productive is at the heart of the problems facing society, he wrote. Our foundation has helped peasants move from pesticides to organic farming. Inevitably, every tycoon thinks he's a statesman, and the Cuixmala smacks of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, retooled for the granola era and the sincere pleasures of laissez-faire capitalism. In one sense or another, Mexico has been a constant in the Goldsmith family drama. During the Fifties, Sir Jimmy, then a young and desolate player, fled (against the backdrop of a de-and-runaway heirous headlines throughout Europe) with his first wife, Isabel Patiño, bolivian daughter Tin King Don Antenor Patiño, who also developed Las Hadas (setting for the film 10), near manzanillo. Isabel died giving birth to their daughter, also called Isabel, and Goldsmith successfully fought her maternal grandfather for custody. Many years later, the young Isabel inherited 1,500 acres of oceanfront land from Patiño and, in 1990, transformed the property into the elegant boutique hotel Las Alamandas, half an hour's drive from Cuixmala. In the reception area at Las Alamandas are brochures showing family history, along with a photo gallery of grinning actors, trying the tabloid dear Brad and Jen on happier days. Despite having held several publications at various times, Goldsmith-given to criminal-slander lawsuits and campaigns conservative, who often did not play very well in the media-pretty much thought that the press should be regularly horsewhipped or at least kept out House. The prospect of a journalist like me sleeping in his bedroom would have sent him to the curve. However, in the new Goldsmith era, two of Goldsmith's daughters are exalted in the innkeepers of Mexico who can't stop attracting publicity. The old grass landing strip at Cuixmala is still used by the elite; the rest of us book commercial flights in Puerto Vallarta or Manzanillo and immediately face the strange and wonderful road movie, which is this part of Mexico, a country that does not stop being real. Bimbo bread delivery vans on Highway 200, the artery that follows the coast from Manzanillo to Puerto Vallarta, barrel donkeys past riding in the back of rickets trucks, cattle feeding on smoldering grass, and scruffy cities dotted with glitter-and-tinfoil shrines to fallen road warriors. On the land of Cuixmala, at the sight of the casitas pool, is an almost too real village, surrounded by luxury. An abandoned car engine and collapsed tin-roof hut are juxtaposed with flowers in plastic folders, Mickey Mouse towels, and the inevitable satellite dish. Inside a small shop, workers are chomping on Doritos, falling silent in the presence of a stray gringo. The village owner refused to sell the land to Goldsmith, although residents now have free access to water and security monitored by Cuixmala. To my taste, the eternal strangeness of Cuixmala, the raw power, the tranquility and the breathing chamber, is what makes it interesting and authentic. When watched from behind a horse, on a trail ride driven by a mace-wielding, cheerfully singing caballero, the property has a way of meandering through the unreal. Right next to the graceful expanse of the coconut plantation, the vultures float in the dusty void, waiting to feed on kitchen scraps too small for pigs. Bright sunflower fields and suddenly jump-cut marigolds with ominous nests termites in spiky acacia trees, wandering crocodiles, and tejones shearing a cross between a ring-tailed cat and a giant raccoon with climbing chops of a monkey. On the open plain are Indian antelopes, forever evasive, jumping straight up and vaporizing when scared, but to load through a herd of zebras surly to corral Cuixmala is pure joy. El Careyes, a few kilometers north of Highway 200, is a more traditional resort, which has always functioned as a social nerve center for the area. It is now a Starwood Luxury Collection property and comprises a low-slung assortment of Mediterranean-style buildings, polo motifs, a restaurant, a bar, and a stretch of Midwestern meat baking in the pool or bopping along to the pop chorus of I Believe in Miracles. In the hills above the beach is a restaurant based only on reservation; a collection of and some grand castles with three-storey turrets and others. On the opposite side of Cuixmala is another property, El Tamarindo. As neighbours, the three resorts have an uncomfortable symbiotic connection: some Cuixmala guests play golf at Tamarindo, and the Goldsmith brigade stayed at Careyes before Cuixmala was built. An international way then describes the scene as a set remaining sixty, going from pleasure to pleasure. The disadvantage of luxury resorts is a kind of psychic sink, a reluctance to engage with ordinary life and go from, well, pleasure to pleasure. Every hour of the day - from the moment the sun rises over the lush mountains to the moment it slips into the yawning Pacific - Cuixmala is an endless delight: the food is almost entirely organic, there is a cheeky margarita maker button on the room phone, and the helpful maids are given for the spread of flowers and good joy in each room. In fact, the deepest and most complicated relationship I've had in recent years was with Goldsmith's bedroom, a 1,700-square-metre creation with 18-foot ceilings suspended in the ether of money. That first moonlit night, it was all about a willful illusion, spinning around the Jacuzzi terrace with a cigar and pretending to be a player. By the second night, the struggle to rise to the spectacular level of the room were lost in the cold mid, hard rebuke to be an ir retrievable middle class upstart tormented by a big league poltergeist. But with the first light of dawn, every dark thought will be washed away in the midst of the thunder of the ocean and the white walls of the monastery, and I expected the castrated to announce my awakening. When Goldsmith retired from business and devoted himself to environmental causes, he found a new virginity, and Cuixmala was his last testament to the transformation. Like Goldsmith, I woke up every morning feeling clean, reborn in the embrace of his jungle paradise. Costagre, the area that stretches along the Mexican Pacific coast from Manzanillo to Puerto Vallarta, has two seasons: dry (November-June, when the foliage turns brown desert) and wet (during the summer and autumn months, when it is green and even warmer). Cuixmala lies between the two cities, off Carretera Barra de Navidad-Puerto Vallarta (Highway 200). There is an international airport in Puerto Vallarta (150 km from Cuixmala) and a smaller one in Manzanillo, 60 km. Since Cuixmala is so large, guests might want a car to travel around the garden. The resort can arrangetransport; it is cheaper, however, to rent a car at the airport. Cuixmala CASITAS from \$350; VILLAS FROM \$1,500; THE LOMA OF 9000 KM 45 CARRETERA BARRA DE NAVIDAD-PUERTO VALLARDA, JALISCO 52-315/351-0044; www.cuixmala.com El Careyes Beach Resort doubles 305 KM 53.5 ROAD CHRISTMAS BAR-PUERTO VALLARTA, COSTA CAREYES, JALISCO 800/325-3535 SAU 52-315/351-0000; www.elcareyesresort.com Tamarindo Golf Resort is dublezed from the 375 KM 7.5 ROAD ROAD DE NAVIDAD–PUERTO VALLARDA, CIHUATLAN, JALISCO 52-315/351-5032; www.eltamarindresort.com Las Alamandas DOUBLE FROM \$320 KM 83.5 CARRETERA BARRA DE NAVIDAD-PUERTO VALLARTA,QUÉMARO, JALISCO 52-322/285-5500; www.alamandas.com La Palapa la Las Alamandas All the bright colors and charm of burning, this small cool restaurant overlooks an epic stretch of clean beach. DINNER FOR TWO \$120 KM 83.5 CARRETERA BARRA DE NAVIDAD-PUERTO VALLARTA, QUÉMARO, JALISCO 52-322/285-5500 Playa Rosa A tastefully decorated Italian restaurant on a secluded bay near El Careyes Beach Resort. DINNER FOR TWO \$175 KM 53.5 CARRETERA BARRA DE NAVIDAD-PUERTO VALLARTA,COSTA CAREYES, JALISCO 52-315/351-0462 Caleta Careyes Restaurants On a portlined with beaten fishing boats and drying nets,and three generations of Mexican women serve cold beer and fresh fish in a tin-roof hut. WORK MASS FOR TWO \$ 38 KM 51 CARRETERA BARRA DE NAVIDAD-PUERTO VALLARTA, COSTA CAREYES, JALISCO 52-315/100-2635 Restaurants Caleta Careyes Playa Rosa La Palapa at Las Alamandas Las Alamandas El Tamarindo Golf Resort With only 29 villas on 900 acres, El Tamarindo Beach & Golf Resort is exceptionally quiet and intimate. Casitas private-three of which are waterfront; the others are scattered in the lush jungles of the soil - are examples of superb regional architecture: all incorporate local hardwood walls and thatched palm roofs, as well as decorative objects, such as tiles and colorful Mexican fabrics. Guests are welcomed with fresh fruit and wine bottles, and facilities include L'Occitane bath products, Egyptian cotton bedding, outdoor jacuzzi, deep water pools and hammock terraces. The rooms also have flat-screen TVs, and public areas have free Wi-Fi. Also on site: a spa cabin for massages by the waves and La Higuera restaurant, where diners order local grilled fish under a fig tree strung with lanterns. El Careyes Beach Resort Cuixmala © Copyright. All rights reserved. Printed from this link is to an external site that may or may not meet accessibility instructions. Guidelines.

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