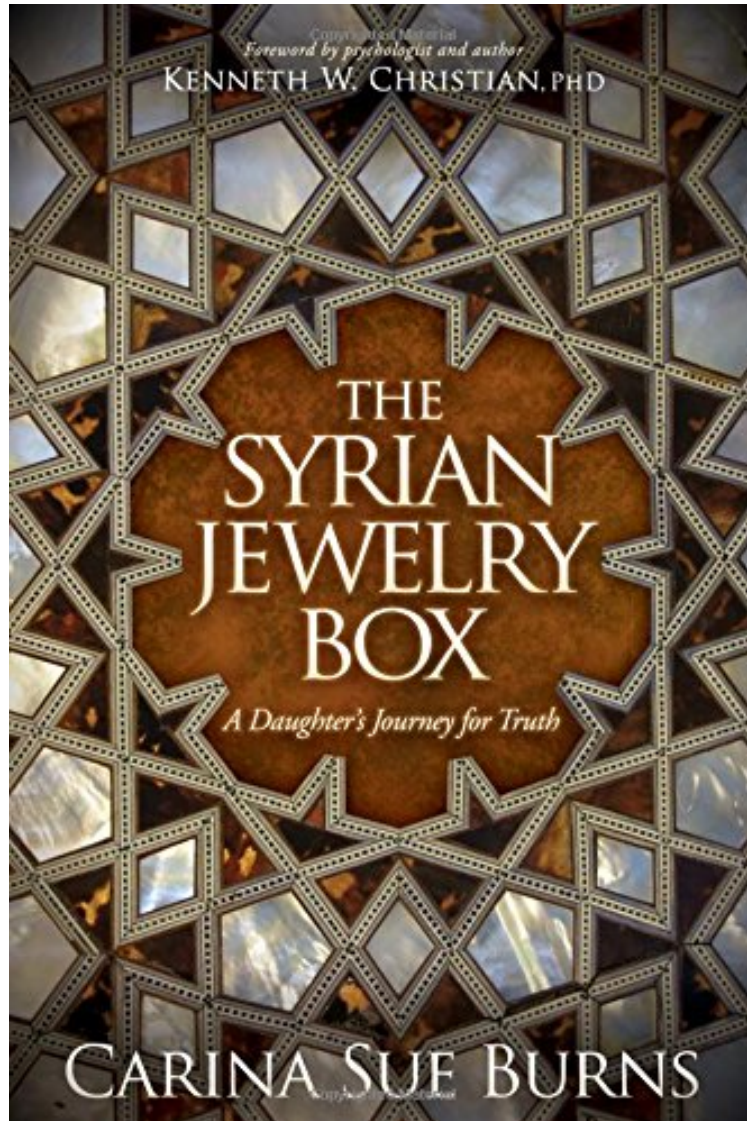


[Ebook free] The Syrian Jewelry Box: A Daughters Journey for Truth

The Syrian Jewelry Box: A Daughters Journey for Truth

Carina Sue Burns

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Carina Sue Burns : The Syrian Jewelry Box: A Daughters Journey for Truth before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Syrian Jewelry Box: A Daughters Journey for Truth:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Remarkable journeys both physical and mental, vividly describedBy RJFSIn The Syrian Jewelry Box, Carina Sue Burns describes remarkable journeys, both physical and mental. Her descriptions about life growing up in Saudi Arabia are vivid and evoke the carefree adventures of a kid living in a

unique foreign place. The shattering of her self-esteem after learning about her adoption at the age of 15 was heartbreaking, and only made more painful by the inability of her parents to guide her through that difficult mental journey. Instead, they took her on many physical excursions to amazing places in the Middle East and Europe. Carina effectively describes how those experiences intertwined with her own emotional and spiritual transformations. This book includes conversations to help make the travels feel alive and pull the reader in. She sprinkles in just enough historical information to make the reader feel awe about the rich and exotic experiences she had. The book is easy to read and would be good for any family I highly recommend it. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. and loved. Carina's journey to that truth is a most ...By Paula Spirit Rising Richards Whether we realize it or not, we are all on a journey to discover the truth about ourselves - that we are loving, loveable, and loved. Carina's journey to that truth is a most unusual one in that it also physically spans a journey through many foreign countries at a very young age. I delighted in learning about these different cultures through a child's eyes, and seeing how embracing them helped Carina find the courage to embrace the truth about herself. I read with tears of joy as she rediscovered the beautiful, loving, and lovable person she always has been and always will be. Paula R. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. True story and historical facts By Bassim Arkook Beautiful book tells the reality beautiful and important in the life of the writer .. and I see it as a unique and distinctive experience to the writer that the Arab world witnessed, especially in the city of Jeddah, which I thought crossroads of cultures and civilizations ... in all honesty the writer has a good spirit and seeks to spread the love and affection and peace between the Western and Arab worlds ... especially that the writer grew up in the Arab world and has a great background and insight into the world about it .. I wish to the writer a good luck and success and I thank her that allowed us access to an important part of her life ..

Carina Rourke is a young American growing up in blissful innocence in the Middle East until at age fifteen she is captivated by an obsessive desire to search inside of her mothers forbidden jewelry box. Carina discovers a shocking family secret. On the heels of her discovery, she and her family pursue her fathers dream; an exotic drive through the Middle East and Europe, which serves as a metaphoric journey for the woman Carina becomes---a silent nomad searching for identity. When they reach Paris, the citys temptations engulf her. French pastries become a dangerous addiction and an accomplice in silence. And so does the love of a mysterious Tunisian. Many years later, as a married mother in Holland, Carina draws on her fathers wisdom to finally confront the family secret to heal herself and her family.

Carina Burns has looked within herself, faced her demons, and developed the courage to share her journey of love, perceived betrayal, angst, and regenerative love. I first knew Carina before she learned of her adoption. She was a typical carefree teenager enjoying the good life of a third-culture expatriate kid. Only recently have I reconnected with her. She has quite a story, a gift she shares with passion. Carina Burns is truly becoming in every way imaginable. -- Richard Maack, junior high school principal, Saudi Arabia One cannot expect to walk in on a life that is so private and has been like that for years and not find similarities that will taunt you and challenge you to resolve those issues that have long been contaminating your life. When you realize that the issues you have unpacked have left your life naked and painfully raw from the death of your natural beliefs, The Syrian Jewelry Box will become your anecdote. Carinas story holds the key to a delightful celebration of self and trust. By following the well-worn steps to a full and sustainable recovery, you will be able to elevate yourself to your rightful place in the sun. -- Barbie Lightbody Carinas book shows you how to become empowered by the sometimes shocking and traumatic experience of adoption. It is a must-read for anyone who is adopted. --Richard Krawczyk, Author of Ultimate Success Blueprint (TheMrBlueprint.com) "Carinas book is a delightful insight into the youth of an extraordinary girl growing up in an extraordinary country with an extraordinary background. I have always wondered how my cousins life had been in Jeddah and as a girl who never really got out of her small Bavarian hometown Carinas exotic foreign stays and travels inspired my dreams. Thank you Carina for giving me that information now about how you lived there, what was going on in your mind and what kind of adventures your family encountered driving that white Mercedes from Jeddah to Paris. . . I see your arrival in Grafenau clearly in my memory: four sun-tanned people getting out of a car that was covered in red dust all over sporting a glittery green licence plate with Arabic letters and numbers on it. . . something I had never seen before. I admired my beloved cousin for her exotic life and I think it was back then that the seed of becoming a traveler too was planted in me. As a stewardess for Lufthansa I have been travelling the world for almost 32 years now and I used to visit Jeddah several times too and during every layover I looked at the sand and the sea, I felt the heat on my skin and thought of Carinas adolescent years. . . like I could walk in her steps. "The Syrian Jewelry Box" has somehow made that possible for me now. Carina Sue Burnss book is a wonderfully written true coming-of-age story outlining actually two journeys: the adventurous road trip from Jeddah to Paris and the healing inner one towards acceptance while growing up from a beautiful young teenager full of unanswered questions to become the warm-hearted and inspirational lady she is today." --- Ina Krmmel About the Author For over two decades, Carina Burns traveled the globe throughout Europe, Asia, and the Middle East, including Germany, France, the Netherlands,

Hong Kong, and Saudi Arabia. She enjoys all aspects of foreign cultures, including exotic cuisines, cultural history, and language. She studied writing at DeAnza College and Stanford and is a member of the California Writers Club South Bay Branch. A speaker and blogger on adoption-related issues, Carina is currently pursuing a bachelors degree in psychology. She is the author of "What Do You Mean I Was Adopted? 7 Steps to Acceptance, Gratitude Peace". When not attending school, she enjoys spending time with her family, reading and nature hiking. She lives in Palo Alto, California. To learn more about Carina, visit her website at www.carinasueburns.com. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

I glanced out the window to be sure no one appeared. I gulped down a glass of water in the kitchen. The dishes that Thabit cleaned this morning were stacked high in the dish rack. I knew that my job included putting them away by dinnertime, but right now the dishes didnt matter. I paced up and down the living room, psyching myself up to go into my parents bedroom. My arms crossed over my chest and I felt my heart pound. I passed by my own room. A feeling of uneasiness overwhelmed me. Should I proceed to my room? Should I read a book or change course? Thinking about the smart thing to do didnt work. I scuffled my feet and intertwined my hands. I fidgeted with them and got cold feet. The cuckoo clocks pendulum swung twice each second, reminding me that I could turn back, but I didnt. Instead, I kept walking down the long narrow hallway toward my parents bedroom. I watched behind and in front of me. I passed Denniss room, kept surveillance corner to corner, acting as if I were waiting for something or someone. When I got to the open bedroom door, my heart raced faster. The room felt forbidden to me. The cuckoo clock chimed on the hour, reminding me that it was only 4 p.m., lots of time before Dad returned from work and Dennis got back from Franks. My body felt like it had a mind of its own. I bit my nails even though I had previously stopped. I probably would never have another chance so perfectly designed as this one--I persisted, determined to satisfy my urges. The tightly shut patio doors kept out the intense afternoon sun. I flipped on the light switch to their dusky bedroom. Laundry detergent permeated the air. Dads clothes, which Thabit had neatly folded, sat untouched near the edge of the bed. Mom and Dads sleek beige armoire sat at the opposite end. I eyed the alluring Syrian jewelry box, which sat opposite the hand-carved mirror. The mere sight of it made me breathe faster. With trembling hands and the utmost care, I lifted the lid of the jewelry box. Before I touched anything, I scanned all the pieces to be sure I didnt forget what went where. I noted four small plastic bags filled with diamond rings in each one. There were a lot of diamond rings here--I wondered if they were real or just costume jewelry. Why on earth would Mom own so many? I then recalled her telling me that she bought fake diamond rings. I pored over the pieces. I recognized two shiny gold bracelets and concluded that she had bought them at the gold souq. I spotted an ornate silver necklace; it looked exactly like the Bedouin jewelry that Mom bought at the gold souq at the time I chose my snake ring. I pored over gold rings with rubies, emeralds, and semi-precious stones. There must have been a ring for each day of the week these couldnt all be real too. Dismissing them, I set my gaze on a filigree silver pin encased with diamonds and three black stones. It appeared antique. I guessed this one belonged to my German grandmother, whom I call Omi. Today I own this beautiful vintage gem. Every time I wear my lovely pin, I remember Omi and her exquisite taste for art nouveau. I noticed Moms silver wedding band; the reflection of the silver caught my eye with its intriguing black etchings. I loved pretending to be married. I thought of my biology teacher and began to fantasize about someday being married to him. I slid the ring onto my ring finger--only halfway just in case it got stuck. I frowned. Why wasnt Mom wearing her wedding ring? I twisted it around on my finger and then removed it. I stared more closely at the black etchings and read the inscription on the inner band: 1962. I held my breath. I focused on the date more closely. Nineteen sixty-two? I whispered. But I was born in 1960!