



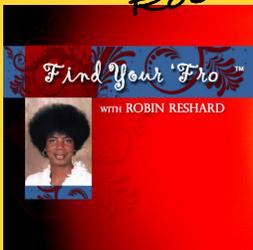
Pick
of the Month

You call it a tip. I call it a pick.

What happens when you lose your 'fro, or lose your personal or corporate uniqueness? Let me answer that question by making this statement - sometimes we do things that destroys us from the inside, those internal bombs that slowly build up over time through neglect or misuse and then detonate when the force is too great and the foundation is too weak. We do small things over and over again that weaken the protective skins of our corporate or personal soul.

Still, other times, we allow external forces to shave our heads, to get rid of our purpose in action because we have forgotten the origin of the purpose. Can you spell Sampson? When you allow external forces to shave your head, their 'fro becomes your 'fro and your uniqueness seems to be no more. But like Samson, even when we give away our uniqueness, we are usually given another chance to grow our hair back. So, get your pick ready. It may a teeny, weeny 'fro at first, but with patience, protection and perseverance, your 'fro will rise again.

Robin



Find our 'Fro™

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 2

APRIL 2010

Man Embraces His Dash and Picks Life

Doug sat on the bench quietly. The day, like the weather which enshrouded him, had been perfect. It was his favorite bench in the park and was strategically positioned across from the entrance to his investment firm in the financial district. Several ladies, and a few men, nodded to him as they began their evening transition. Of late, he had begun to take a respite in order to enjoy this ritualistic exit that his employees seemed to long for. He appreciated the irony in that he was taking a work break in order to see his employees break from work.

Doug was the epitome of professional perfection. Adored by his employees at all levels, he made sure their every professional need was taken care of. He paid salaries well above the industry average because he believed it was the right thing to do. Sheila, the company's HR director, marveled at the number of resumes she received on the rare occasions that a position opened at the company.

His physical health rivaled his peers. At 57, he could outrun most men half his age and play a mean game of basketball. His social calendar was the talk of the town. His fiscal health wasn't too shabby, either. His personal wealth was substantial, and his firm's 10 - 15% annual growth

rate his firm's was the result of sound companies policies and strategies that kept his customers' vast portfolios on level ground.

He reflected on all of this as he sat on the bench. His outward appearance belied his inward turmoil. His suit was impeccable. The subtle gray and warm cocoa herringbone was modernly classic without looking stuffy. In fact, he had deemed it his favorite when he picked it up from the tailor the prior week. "The most perfect wool," the tailor, Joel, had said, smiling dreamily as he rubbed his hands over the finished fabric. "I knew it was meant for you the minute I laid this old eyes on it."

Even now, after a long day of meetings, the suit still felt fresh and comfortable. His secretary, Jordan, had remarked on the cut, calling it exquisite. He pondered what explanation he would give Joel for the tiny, oddly shaped hole in the jacket. His cell phone had trapped the projectile before it arrived at the intended target, living a nickel-sized bruise on the skin over his heart.

Doug thought this one act of self-inflicted pain would terminate his life of agonizingly questioning his existence. Even as he became richer and richer, his heart ached for deeper meaning and purpose. When he tried to explain this overwhelming feeling



last month to his acupuncturist, Audrey, she nodded and suggested that he live his dash. "Do what?" exclaimed Doug. "Live your dash," repeated Audrey, smiling. "It's the simplest and the hardest thing to do, and really, it's the only thing you have control over."

Doug recalled Audrey's explanation. She said living your dash means that you live your life of purpose with intent and integrity, and honor those traits and characteristics that set you apart. "They're differences, not deficiencies," she said. "Your uniqueness and what you do with it between your birth date and your death date makes you you. You've really got to find your 'fro, dude," Audrey laughed.

Doug got up from the bench and dashed to his car. This was a great day to begin again. But first, he had to see a man about a hole.