



of the Month

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

**Editor's Note:**

August is celebrated as "National Shameless Marketing Month" by the great folks at Robert Robino Productions. Therefore, the pick of the month will return in September, which coincidentally is celebrated as "National Back-to-Pick-of-the-Month."

*ROBINO*

**NATIONAL SHAMELESS MARKETING MONTH EVENTS**

**August 7: Award Presenter at NAACP 20th Annual Freedom Fund Banquet Pensacola, FL**

**August 8: Judge at the National Coalition of 100 Black Women's Red Carpet Hat Show & Scholarship Luncheon Pensacola, FL**

**August 16—20: Presenter at the Blacks in Government National Training Conference, Kansas City, MO**

**August 23—27: Trainer at Professional Development Workshop**

**August 28: Judge at the "Striving to Be the Best" Gospel Singing Contest, Fort Walton Beach, FL**

meet Robin at  
**THE BOOK PARTY**

Robin Reshard signs copies of her new book  
**The Little Book of 'Fro-isms**  
Friday, September 3, 2010  
5:00 pm

Gumbo Gallery  
314 N. De Villiers Street  
Pensacola, FL

# Find our 'Fro™

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 4

AUGUST 2010

## Woman Shapes Up Her Present and Picks Her Future

It was the fifth time in as many days that Alessandra found herself holed up in the ladies room, her hands the only visible means of positive support. Yes, it was a chaotic environment. Yes, it was self-defeating to not face her boss. Yes, it was past time for her to look for another job. Yes, she was scared. After all, she had 10 years invested in the company, and quite frankly, she was happy that she was finally financially vested. At 55, she couldn't fathom jumping ship into uncharted waters. "It may be crazy, but at least it's crazy with a paycheck," thought Alessandra every time she took a vacation day to go to a doctor's appointment. Her professional fears and anxieties frequently put her in the waiting room, awash with the shame and guilt of using her personal time for this preventable disease.

She quickly controlled her sobs as she heard the private sounds of someone entering the next stall. "I know better. I can do better. I am better," Alessandra quietly chanted. The skills she acquired in her many years as a counselor often came in handy in this corporate setting, except when it was time for resolution, then they just didn't. Alessandra feared the truth of her situation – it was time for her to get fired up or get fired.

Or die. That last part was the doctor's prognosis. Last month, he said that her ballooning weight, increased fatigue, anxiety and depression were wreaking havoc on her blood pressure and heart, taking years from her life. With his suggestions of meditation or yoga and a psychologist on her mind, Alessandra left his office and headed straight for the donut shop to numb her emotional pain. She figured this was all the treatment she needed.

As sure as she sat on the porcelain instrument, Alessandra was positive that this latest incidence was another saga in her boss' effort to get rid of her and return the former administrator back to Alessandra's position. All signs were there – the blatant sabotage of Alessandra's relationships, the controlling language in meetings, the private undermining of her authority. Left undone, Alessandra knew she was accepting more humiliation and heart trouble. Worse, she had begun to bully others.

Sitting in silence, she recalled bits of an odd and very funny conversation between a police officer and acupuncturist she overheard at the donut shop after her last doctor's appointment. "It was incredible," the acupuncturist said. "In the last six months, I've told no less than ten of my clients about finding my 'fro. I asked each of them what



Photo Credit: Howard Robinson

they were holding on to that was keeping them from finding their 'fro. One by one, each one of them has come back with a life-changing story! It's like my 'fro has expanded simply by sharing my uniqueness with others." "I guess that's called multi-level 'fro-ing," laughed the cop.

Alessandra exited the stall. She silently asked herself, "What am I holding onto that is holding me back from living uniquely and purposefully?" Many answers ran through her mind and she knew that she had to take the first step to heal herself and her professional relationships. Yes, today was the day to dispose of the intimidation and sabotage. Yes, today was the day to discharge the fear of the future. Yes, today was the day to find her 'fro.

She opened the outer door, running smack into her boss. Following him into the men's room, Alessandra said, "Vince, it's time we flushed some things out."