



of the Month

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

Dear You:

This month's pick is "leave it alone." Often when we've worked our 'fro—our uniqueness—we may have a tendency to keep working it so we can get it right. We have great intentions to do our very best that we don't release our uniqueness to the marketplace. The challenge with this practice is that we tweak our 'fros so far right that it goes wrong.

I'm taking my own advice this month and leaving the rest of the story alone. I invite you to finish this month's newsletter with your own ending. Let your wisdom show through! Tell us your alternate movie ending! Let your imagination shine bright!

Post your version at www.findyourfro.com and let the world see your 'fro-ness!

Now, write on!

ROBIN



February 26

2011



Find our 'Fro

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 7

NOVEMBER 2010

Woman Grows Her Style & Learns the Rest of the Story

Zelda was on her third cup of Cuban coffee in as many hours. The deadline was looming and her mind was, well, dead. She was laughingly taken aback by the sheer volume of brain cells that had been damaged by her café cubano indulgence over the past few months. Yet, this was no laughing matter for the senior architectural engineer, Pat, who had just appeared at Zelda's office door for the fifth time in five minutes. "Finito?" Pat inquired. Zelda, holding up her pointer finger, gave her a terse head shake. "Well, I'll be a donkey's daddy!" exclaimed Pat, leaving Zelda's office in a huff. Zelda, thinking Pat could very well be other parts of a donkey, smiled and went back to calculating the final project figures. This project was not just good for Zelda's career; it was great for the architectural firm where she had worked for the past seven years and this was her third project as the lead architect in the last 18 months.

And it would be the icing on the cake for Pat's career. Hers was a career built on the backs of others, literally. Pat was the kind of team member who was highly assertive with her superiors and highly aggressive with her subordinates. There was never any middle ground with

her and she used her subordinates to get to higher ground, regardless of how shaky it was. For it was higher, it was good enough for Pat. She had been promoted or given a lateral transfer no less than once a year and her current goal was to assume the vacant vice-presidency position.

Zelda was happy about her ideas and contributions to the firm, but more importantly, she knew that she was fulfilling one of her lifelong dreams – designing a children's library, complete with a community garden. She loved designing recreation and casual parks, as was her usual assignments, but every time she designed one, she was reminded of what her grandmother would say: "All of that green grass and it ain't fit for cows." Well, the grass that she was designing around the library contained varieties that would make her grandmother proud. She incorporated wheat grass and soy beans, collard greens and kale, strawberries, kiwi and avocado, edible flowers and fruit trees. In the back, she had even thought of a green space for a few bee hives to ensure good pollination. She put in outdoor kiosk-style reading areas for different reading and learning styles. Inside the library, she mounted electronic book stations on the walls of the restroom stalls, positioning them just right for boys and girls.



Photo Credit: Howard Robinson

"Priceless," Zelda thought.

Zelda finished the final numbers, made a back-up copy and sent the final design over to the 3-D printer. Satisfied, she stopped by Pat's office to give an update. "It's about time. I've seen Hades freeze and thaw out twice already," Pat said smugly. Zelda smiled, thanked Pat for her guidance and walked down the hall to pick up the drawings from the printer.

"Wow, Zelda, this library is magnificent!" crowed Dell, the print technician. "In 15 years, I've never seen anything so amazing," he said matter-of-factly. "What's amazing, Dell?" asked Brent, the firm's president., poking his head in the print shop.

"Well, let me show you, Mr. Brent," Dell said, looking sheepishly at Zelda. Brent studied the drawings for what seemed to Zelda like an eternity. "You're right, Dell," he said. "Who designed this project?" he said, just as Pat walked in, smiling at him.