

## **ENVISIONING AND GOAL SETTING**

### **VALUE THE THINGS YOU HAVE IN YOUR LIFE**

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey, they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face.

The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, wrote in the sand "Today my best friend slapped me in the face". They kept on walking until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who had been slapped got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but the friend saved him. After he recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone "Today my best friend saved my life".

The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?" The other friend replied, "When someone hurts us, we should write it down in the sand where winds of forgiveness can erase it away. But, when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it."

### **DONKEY AND THE HORSE**

The donkey and the horse went to the mill. The donkey barely dragged on because two sacks of wheat were loaded on its back, and the well-fed horse galloped unloaded and neighed cheerfully.

"Oh!", the donkey groaned. "How much these sacks weight! I can hardly breathe. If I fall, I will die. Please, Horse, help me! Tell our owner to transfer one sack to your back." But the horse pretended not to hear the donkey and didn't care for his overworked companion.

At a rocky spot, the donkey tripped, fell to the ground, and died under the sacks. Then the owner of the two animals placed the donkey's saddle and sacks on the horse's back, whipped the horse and drove it forward. The horse leaned under the heavy load, sighed, bowed its head to the donkey, and said: "Ah, brother, if I had listened to your

please, I would now be carrying only one sack of wheat." And he began to intertwine his legs.

### **QUICK PROFIT – QUICK LOSS**

One man went to the market and brought a basket of eggs to sell. He had put a stick on the basket and carried it on his shoulder. The man walked by and was talking to himself: "I'm carrying three hundred eggs now. If I sell them for one coin each, I will take three hundred coins, if I sell them for two, I will take six hundred coins. With this money I will buy a pig, then I will feed it, it will give birth to twelve pigs, all female. These twelve pigs will grow up, and each will have twelve more, and I will have a large herd of pigs. I will lead this herd to feed in the forest - to eat, to be well fed. So, I will take them to the market and I will sell them all and make a lot of money from them. I will then buy a white horse. I will shave myself and iron my clothes, I will dress very well, then I will get on the horse, tilt my hat and go straight to the royal palace, fast like the wind. There, in the morning - in the evening I will run around the king's gates, so the whole field will be dug by the horse's feet, as when pigs have dug it. And the king's daughter will look at me from the veranda and will like me. Well, if the king's daughter wants me, I'll take her too. She will give birth to a male child and I will name him Bogdancho. When I go shopping, I will buy him apples. And when I come home, Bogdancho will run out to meet me at the door. And I will stretch my arms to embrace him and I will say: - Come to me, son Bogdancho, come to Daddy to give you an apple!" Saying this, the man forgot what he was carrying, so he stretched out his hands to show how he would embrace Bogdancho; and then he dropped the stick from his shoulder, and the basket of eggs fell on the ground! The eggs were broken, and the man moaned: "Well, all my wealth is gone!" As he bent down to sift through the healthier eggs, he saw another man walking after him, and embarrassed he asked: "Brother, have you been following me for a long time?" "Since you started winning money, until you lost everything, I'm all the time after you," the man said.

## **KFC**

You may not have heard of Colonel Sanders, but you have certainly heard of KFC. Well, Colonel Sanders is that nice old man who can be seen on all the facades of the famous KFC restaurants. His history can be a real lesson in endurance for many entrepreneurs and businessmen today.

Harland David Sanders was born in the late 19th century into a poor American family. At the age of 10 he started working and did not stop doing it all his life, representing a long series of failures.

His first major business was selling carbide lamps. Unfortunately, his business is rapidly becoming obsolete amid a powerful electrification campaign that is beginning across America. After the failure of the lamp business, Sanders abruptly changed his profession and began practicing law, which also ended quickly after he got involved in a courtroom fight. Although he is ultimately fully justified, his reputation is forever tarnished and he is aware that it is impossible to continue on the same path.

And Sanders continues! His new business is a restaurant where he is determined to show his culinary skills and mostly the specialty from the South, with which he is very good - fried chicken, mashed potatoes, prepared with aromatic and fresh herbs. In addition, to be perfect in running his restaurant, he completed an eight-week internship at Cornell University. It was not long before the Governor of Kentucky awarded him the honorary title of "Colonel of Kentucky" in recognition of his contribution to the spread of American cuisine.

Chance seems to be finally smiling at him. But not! Not this time! Sanders is losing most of his customers to the construction of a highway. His business is on the verge of bankruptcy, he sells at a loss and barely manages to pay off his debts.

Ruined and defeated, at the age of 66, he had to settle for \$ 105 a month in social benefits.

Where most people would kneel before what fate had ordained for them and accept their bad luck, Sanders decided to act rather than complain. Determined to get back on his feet and convinced in the potential of his famous fried chicken recipe, he decided to

commercialize it. Instead of selling it, he offers restaurant owners to use it and give him a small amount for each chicken sold. However, this adventure did not turn out to be easy, and his perseverance was put to a severe test.

Sanders crossed America for two long years in his old car, sleeping in the back seat. Despite the refusals, he tried to always be fresh and enthusiastic when convincing each new restaurant owner of the qualities of his recipe.

And so - in two years he received more than 1009 rejections before hearing the first Yes! Yes, you read that right – one thousand and nine refusals from restaurant owners. How many people do you think would continue after 50 refusals? And after 100? After 200? After 500? After 1000? But Colonel Sanders had realized that the only way to fail was to give up. And his tenacity took him to the late 1950s, when he was already at the head of an empire of 400 franchise restaurants. In the early 1960s, Kentucky Fried Chicken began earning about \$ 300,000 a year. And defending his secret, the Colonel soon became a seventy-year-old multimillionaire.

### **BUILD LIKE A CHILD**

On a warm summer at a beautiful beach a little boy on his knee's scoops and packs the sand with plastic shovels into a bucket. He upends the bucket on the surface and lifts it. And, to the delight of the little architect, a castle tower is created. He works all afternoon spooning out the moat, packing the walls, building sentries with bottle tops and bridges with Popsicle sticks. With his hours of hard work on the beach a sandcastle will be built.

In a Big city with busy streets and rumbling traffic, a man works in an office. He shuffles papers into stacks, delegates assignments, cradles the phone on his shoulder and punches the keyboard with his fingers. He juggles with numbers, contracts get signed and much to the delight of the man, a profit is made. All his life he will work. Formulating the plans and forecasting the future. His annuities will be sentries and Capital gains will be bridges. An empire will be built.

The two builders of the two castles have very much in common. They both shape granules into grandeurs. They both make something beautiful out of nothing. They both

are very diligent and determined to build their world. And for both, the tide will rise and the end will come. Yet that is where the similarities cease. For the little boy sees the end of his castle while the man ignores it. As the dusk approaches and the waves near, the child jumps to his feet and begins to clap as the waves wash away his masterpiece. There is no sorrow. No fear. No regret. He is not surprised; he knew this would happen. He smiles, picks up his tools and takes his father's hand, and goes home.

The man in his sophisticated office is not very wise like the child. As the wave of years collapses on his empire, he is terrified. He hovers over the sandy monument to protect it. He tries to block the waves with the walls he made. He snarls at the incoming tide. "It's my castle," he defies. The ocean need not respond. Both know to whom the sand belongs.