

2012

Business Management
Self Development
Laughter Time
Health Care
Family Care



Rich
Within

May the lamp of love burn brightly in your heart,
May the light of understanding shine in your mind,
May the light of harmony glow in your home.
Wishing you a very happy and prosperous new year!



Maulik Bhuptani



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November 13, 2012

PREFACE

Before writing this book, I decided to be Rich Within first. This year was very busy for me. Business has grown, have to give time to my three year old child Nishka and my family too. So, this year I could not get much time to write, edit and compile this book during the whole year. I was worried about finishing this book on time. So, it was difficult for me to get time to refresh my self by removing impurities of my mind. But, my firm decision and motivation of Mr. Indravadan Kothadia, a teacher-Vipassana Meditation, Vipassana Meditation for twenty days. I am thankful to Mr. Indravadan Kothadia from bottom of my heart. I went to Vipassana Meditation from 4th to 25th September, 2012. Those twenty days were golden days of my life. After coming back, I am experiencing at least three times increase in my creativity. Positive change in my decision making process. I could handle critical situations in business as well as personal life very easily and smartly. I wonder, I am finishing this book in such a short time duration, which was never possible before. I dedicate this book to Vipassana Teachers and Dhamma Servers, who gave me an opportunity to be Rich within in real sense. I am thankful to my wife Sonal and my daughter Nishka for allowing me to go to Vipassana Course for Twenty days. I know they missed me a lot but they understood my desire to be pure within. After coming back, I was busy with this book and my business, I was coming to office at morning four and reaching back to home at evening nine. They understood my situation, they didn't stop me for over time for last ten days. This generated more respect for both of them. My brother and his wife are also part of our life. I am thankful to them for being with us. My parents are also part of my journey of peace and happiness. Just thanks wouldn't be enough.

I would like to share my happiness, my real richness of love and much more with all of you. I hope you will get inspiration for self development, better family relations, your business and job management and to improve your health from the content of this book.

We wish you all prosperous new year !



SHARE WITH US

We would love to hear your reactions to the stories in this book. Please, let us know what your favorite stories were and how they affected you.

We also invite you to send us stories you would like to see published in future publications. You can send us either stories you have written or stories written by other that you have liked.

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We hope you enjoy reading this book as much as we enjoyed compiling, editing and writing it.



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SELF DEVELOPMENT



True success brings happiness in lives.

The power of determination

(true story)

The little country schoolhouse was heated by an old-fashioned, pot-bellied coal stove. A little boy had the job of coming to school early each day to start the fire and warm the room before his teacher and his classmates arrived.

One morning they arrived to find the schoolhouse engulfed in flames. They dragged the unconscious little boy out of the flaming building more dead than alive. He had major burns over the lower half of his body and was taken to a nearby county hospital.

From his bed the dreadfully burned, semi-conscious little boy faintly heard the doctor talking to his mother. The doctor told his mother that her son would surely die – which was for the best, really – for the terrible fire had devastated the lower half of his body.

But the brave boy didn't want to die. He made up his mind that he would survive. Somehow, to the amazement of the physician, he did survive. When the mortal danger was past, he again heard the doctor and his mother speaking quietly. The mother was told that since the fire had destroyed so much flesh in the lower part of his body, it would almost be better if he had died, since he was doomed to be a lifetime cripple with no use at all of his lower limbs.

Once more the brave boy made up his mind. He would not be a cripple. He would walk. But unfortunately from the waist down, he had no motor ability. His thin legs just dangled there, all but lifeless.

Ultimately he was released from the hospital. Every day his mother would massage his little legs, but there was no feeling, no control, nothing. Yet his determination that he would walk was as strong as ever.

When he wasn't in bed, he was confined to a wheelchair. One sunny day his mother wheeled him out into the yard to get some fresh air. This day, instead of sitting there, he threw himself from

the chair. He pulled himself across the grass, dragging his legs behind him.

He worked his way to the white picket fence bordering their lot. With great effort, he raised himself up on the fence. Then, stake by stake, he began dragging himself along the fence, resolved that he would walk. He started to do this every day until he wore



a smooth path all around the yard beside the fence. There was nothing he wanted more than to develop life in those legs.

Ultimately through his daily m a s s a g e s , h i s i r o n persistence and his resolute determination, he did develop the ability to stand up, then to walk haltingly, then to walk by himself – and then – to run.

He began to walk to school, then to run to school, to run for the sheer joy of running. Later in college he made the track team.

Still later in Madison Square Garden this young man who was not expected to survive, who would surely never walk,

who could never hope to run – this determined young man, Dr. Glenn Cunningham, ran the world's fastest mile!



I knew you would come

There were two childhood buddies who went through school and college and even joined the army together. War broke out and they were fighting in the same unit.

One night they were ambushed. Bullets were flying all over and out of the darkness came a voice, "Harry, please come and help me." Harry immediately recognized the voice of his childhood buddy, Bill. He asked the captain if he could go. The captain said, "No, I can't let you go, I am already short-handed and I cannot afford to lose one more person. Besides, the way Bill sounds he is not going to make it." Harry kept quiet. Again the voice came, "Harry, please come and help me." Harry sat quietly because the captain had refused earlier. Again and again the voice came. Harry couldn't contain himself any longer and told the captain, "Captain, this is my childhood buddy. I have to go and help." The captain reluctantly let him go.

Harry crawled through the darkness and dragged Bill back into the trench. They found that Bill was dead. Now the captain got angry and shouted at Harry, "Didn't I tell you he was not going to make it? He is dead, you could have been killed and I could have lost a hand. That was a mistake." Harry replied, "Captain, I did the right thing. When I reached Bill he was still alive and his last words were "Harry, I knew you would come".

Good relationships are hard to find and once developed should be nurtured. We are often told: Live your dream. But you cannot live your dream at the expense of others. People who do so are unscrupulous. We need to make personal sacrifices for our family, friends, and those we care about and who depend on us.



The Young Mining Engineer

Herbert's aim was to become mining engineer. He applied to a mining company. He did not receive any reply for few days. His friends ask him to apply to other company in other fields. But, he was firm about his aim. He decided to go to the company and enquire.

He went to the company next day morning. He simply took appointment of recruitment manager. He enquired about the application status. The recruitment manager wanted to say no. Because, there was no vacant place in his staff for the mining engineer post.

The manager : "Mr. Herbert, mining engineer post is not vacant." Before Hoover's turn could come, he added, as a joke, "I needed an additional typist in my office, but of course——." Herbert interrupted. "All right, I'll take it. I can't come for a few days, but I'll come next Tuesday, say."

The recruitment manager was a little breathless at the rapidity with which things seemed to get settled by this boyish, very boyish, young man, but as they were apparently really settled he could only say, "All right."

Now the reason that the new typewriter boy could not begin until next Tuesday—this was on a Friday—was that he had in the meantime to learn to write on a typewriter! Trivial matter, of course, in connection with becoming a mining engineer, but apparently necessary. So learning what make of machine he would have to use in the office, he stopped, on his way to his room, at a typewriter shop, rented a machine of proper make, and by Tuesday had learned to use it—after a fashion.

That kind of boy could not remain for long a typist in the office of a discerning man like Louis. Perhaps certain idiosyncrasies of spelling and a certain originality of execution on the machine helped bring about a change of duties. But chiefly it was because of a better reason. This reason was made especially clear by an

incident connected with an important mining case in which Janin was serving as expert for the side represented by Judge Curtis Lindley, famous mining lawyer of San Francisco. The papers which indicated the line of argument which Judge Lindley and Mr. Janin were intending to follow came to Hoover's desk to be copied. As he wrote he read with interest. The mine was in the Grass Valley region that he knew so well. He not only copied but he remembered and thought. The result was that when the typewriter boy delivered the papers to the mining engineer they were accompanied by the casual statement that the great expert and the learned attorney were all wrong in the line of procedure they were preparing to take! And he proceeded to explain why, first to Mr. Janin's indignant surprise but next to his great interest, because the explanation involved the elucidation of certain geologic facts not yet published to the world, which the typewriter boy had himself helped to discover during his work in the Grass Valley region.

The outcome was that Janin and his new boy went around together to Judge Lindley's office where after due deliberation the line of argument was altered. The further result was that the boy parted from his typewriter, first to begin acting as assistant to various older staff men on trips to various parts of the Coast for mine examinations, then to make minor examinations alone, and finally to handle bigger ones. The letters from the young mining engineer to the girl of the geology department, still at Stanford, came now in swift succession from Nevada, Wyoming, and Idaho, and then very soon after from Arizona and New Mexico. Little mines did not require much time for examination and reports signed "Hoover" came into Janin's office with bewildering rapidity. Janin liked these reports; they not only showed geological and mining knowledge, but they showed a shrewd business sense. The reporter seemed never to lose the perspective of cost and organization possibilities in relation to the probable mineral richness of the prospects. And the reports said everything they had to say in very few and very clear words.

Herbert Hoover was not only moving fast; he was learning fast,

and he was rising fast in Janin's estimation. He had a regular salary or guarantee now with a certain percentage of all the fees collected by Janin's office from the properties he examined. What he was earning now I do not know, but we may be sure it was considerably more than the forty-five dollars a month which he had begun with as typewriter boy, a few months before.

The work was not entirely limited to the examination of prospects and mines. In one case at least it included actual mine development and management. Mr. Janin had in some way taken over, temporarily—for such work was not much to his



liking: he preferred to be an expert consultant rather than a mine manager—a small mine of much value but much complication near Carlisle, New Mexico. This he turned over to his enterprising assistant to look after.

Years after he becomes President of United States of America. Yes he was the same person - Mr. HERBERT HOOVER.



Freedom is the open window through which pours the sunlight of the human spirit and human dignity.

The advice

One old man was sitting with his 25 years old son in the train. Train is about to leave the station. All passengers are settling down their seat.

As train started young man was filled with lot of joy and curiosity. He was sitting on the window side.

He went out one hand and feeling the passing air. He shouted, "Papa see all trees are going behind".



Old man smile and admired son feelings.

Beside the young man one couple was sitting and listing all the conversion between father and son. They were little awkward with the attitude of 25 years old man behaving like a small child.

Suddenly young man again shouted, "Papa see the pond and animals. Clouds are moving with train". Couple was watching the young man in embarrassingly.

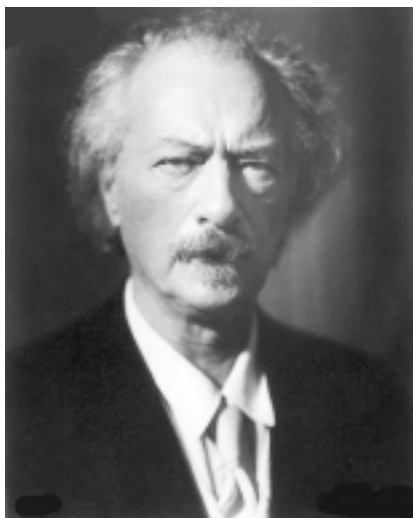
Now its start raining and some of water drops touches the young man's hand. He filled with joy and he closed the eyes. He shouted again, " Papa it's raining, water is touching me, see papa".

Couple couldn't help themselves and ask the old man. "Why don't you visit the Doctor and get treatment for your son."

Old man said, " Yes, We are coming from the hospital as Today only my son got his eye sight for first time in his life".....



LIFE IS A BOOMERANG



Many years ago two boys were working their way through Stanford University. Their funds got desperately low, and the idea came to them to engage Ignacy Paderewski for a piano recital. They would use the funds to help pay their board and tuition.

The great pianist's manager asked for a guarantee of \$2,000. The guarantee was a lot of money in those days, but the boys agreed and proceeded to promote the concert. They worked hard,

only to find that they had grossed only \$1,600. After the concert the two boys told the great artist the bad news. They gave him the entire \$1,600, along with a promissory note for \$400, explaining that they would earn the amount at the earliest possible moment and send the money to him. It looked like the end of their college careers. "No, boys," replied Paderewski, "that won't do." Then, tearing the note in two, he returned the money to them as well. "Now," he told them, "take out of this \$1,600 all of your expenses and keep for each of you 10 percent of the balance for your work. Let me have the rest."

The years rolled by. World War-I came and went. Paderewski, now premier of Poland, was striving to feed thousands of starving people in his native land. The only person in the world who could help him was Herbert Hoover, who was in charge of the US Food and Relief Bureau. Hoover responded and soon thousands of tons of food were sent to Poland. After the starving people were fed, Paderewski journeyed to Paris to thank Hoover for the relief sent him. "That's all right, Mr. Paderewski," was

Hoover's reply. "Besides, you don't remember it, but you helped me once when I was a student at college, and I was in trouble." It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Goodness has a way of coming back; that is the nature of the beast. One doesn't have to do good with a desire to get back. It just happens automatically.

Whether it is our thoughts, actions or behaviour, sooner or later they return and with great accuracy. Treat people with respect on your way up because you will be meeting them on your way down.



I established a certain standard of behavior, that, created ways to come out from serious problems .

Peace and Harmony

Everyone seeks peace and harmony, because these are what we lack in our lives. From time to time we all experience agitation, irritation, disharmony, suffering; and when we suffer from agitation, we do not keep this misery limited to ourselves. We keep distributing it to others as well. The agitation permeates the atmosphere around the miserable person. Everyone else who comes into contact with him becomes irritated, agitated. Certainly this is not the proper way to live.

One ought to live at peace within oneself, and at peace with others. After all, a human being is a social being. One has to live in society-to live and deal with others. How to live peacefully? How to remain harmonious within ourselves, and to maintain peace and harmony around us, so that others also can live peacefully and harmoniously?

When one is agitated, then, to come out of it, one has to know the basic reason for the agitation, the cause of the suffering. If one investigates the problem, it soon becomes clear that whenever one starts generating any negativity or defilement in the mind, one is bound to become agitated. A negativity in the mind-a mental defilement or impurity-cannot coexist with peace and harmony.

How does one start generating negativity? Again investigating, it becomes clear. I become very unhappy when I find someone behaving in a way which I don't like, when I find something happening which I don't like. Unwanted things happen, and I create tension within myself. Wanted things do not happen, some obstacles come in the way, and again I create tension within myself; I start tying knots within myself. Throughout one's life, unwanted things keep happening, wanted things may or may not happen, and this process of reaction, of tying knots-Gordian knots-makes the entire mental and physical structure so tense, so full of negativity. Life becomes miserable.

Now one way to solve the problem is to arrange things such that

nothing unwanted happens in my life, and that everything keeps on happening exactly as I desire. I must develop such a power-or somebody else must have the power and must come to my aid whenever I request it-that everything I want keeps happening. But this is not possible. There is no one in the world whose desires are always fulfilled, in whose life everything happens according to his wishes, without anything unwished-for happening. Things keep occurring that are contrary to our desires and wishes. So, in spite of these things which I don't like, how not to react blindly? How not to create tension? How to remain peaceful and harmonious?

In India as well as in other countries, wise saintly persons of the past studied this problem-the problem of human suffering-and they found a solution. If something unwanted happens and one starts to react by generating anger, fear, or any negativity, then as soon as possible one should divert one's attention to something else. For example, get up, take a glass of water, start drinking-your anger will not multiply; you'll be coming out of your anger. Or start counting: one, two, three, four. Or start repeating a word, a phrase, or perhaps some mantra. It becomes easy if you use the name of a deity or a saintly person in whom you have devotion. The mind is diverted, and to some extent you'll be out of the negativity, out of anger.

This solution was helpful; it worked. It still works. Practising this, the mind feels free from agitation. In actuality, however, this solution works only at the conscious level. By diverting one's attention one in fact pushes the negativity deep into the unconscious, and at this level one continues to generate and multiply the same defilement. At the surface level there is a layer of peace and harmony, but in the depths of the mind is a sleeping volcano of suppressed negativity, which keeps erupting in violent explosions from time to time.

Other explorers of inner truth went still further in their search. By experiencing the reality of mind and matter within themselves, they recognized that diverting the attention is only running away from the problem. Escape is no solution; one must

face the problem. Whenever a negativity arises in the mind, just observe it, face it. As soon as one starts observing any mental defilement, then it begins to lose all its strength. Slowly it withers away and is uprooted.

A good solution, avoiding both extremes of suppression and of free license. Keeping the negativity in the unconscious will not eradicate it, and allowing it to manifest in physical or vocal action will only create more problems. If one just observes, then the defilement passes away: one has eradicated that negativity, is free from that defilement.

This sounds wonderful, but is it really practical? When anger arises, it overpowers us so quickly that we don't even notice. Then, overpowered by anger, we commit certain actions which are harmful to us and to others. Later, when the anger has passed, we start crying and repenting, begging pardon from this or that person or god: "Oh, I made a mistake. Please excuse me!" Again the next time, in a similar situation, we react in the same way. All this repenting does not help at all.

The difficulty is that I am not aware when a defilement starts. It begins deep at the unconscious level of the mind, and by the time it reaches the conscious level, it has gained so much strength that it overwhelms me. I cannot observe it.

Then I must keep a private secretary with me, so that whenever anger starts, he says, "Look master! Anger is starting!" Since I don't know when this anger will start, I must have three private secretaries for three shifts, around the clock; or rather, four of them to give staggering holidays!

Suppose I can afford that, and the anger starts to arise. At once my secretary tells me, "Oh, master, look! Anger has started." Then the first thing I do is slap and abuse him: "You fool! Do you think you are paid to teach me?" I am so overpowered by anger that no good advice will help.

Suppose that wisdom prevails and I do not slap him. Instead I say, "Thank you very much. Now I must sit down and observe the

anger." Is it possible? As soon as I close my eyes and try to observe the anger, immediately the object of anger comes into my mind, the person or incident because of which I became angry. Then I am not observing the anger. Rather, I am observing the external stimulus of the emotion. This will only multiply the anger. This is no solution. It is very difficult to observe any abstract negativity, abstract emotion, divorced from the external object which aroused it.

However, one who reached the ultimate truth in full enlightenment found a real solution. He discovered that whenever any defilement arises in the mind, simultaneously, two things start happening at the physical level. One is that the breath loses its normal rhythm. I start breathing hard whenever a negativity comes into the mind. This is one reality which everyone can experience, though it be very gross and apparent. At the same time, at a subtler level, some kind of biochemical reaction starts within the body-some sensation. Every defilement will generate one sensation or the other inside, in one or another part of the body.

This is a practical solution. An ordinary person cannot observe abstract defilements of the mind-abstract fear, anger or passion. But with proper training and practice, it is very easy to observe the respiration and the sensations, both of which are directly related to the mental defilements.

The respiration and the sensations will help me in two ways. First, they will be my private secretaries. As soon as a defilement starts in the mind, my breath will lose its normality. It will start shouting: "Look, something has gone wrong!" I cannot slap the breath; I have to accept the warning. Similarly, the sensations tell me: "Something has gone wrong." I must accept this. Then, having been warned, I start observing the respiration, the sensations, and I find very quickly that the defilement passes away.

This mental-physical phenomenon is like a coin with two sides. On the one side is whatever thoughts or emotions arise in the

mind. On the other side are the respiration and sensation in the body. Any thought or emotion (whether conscious or unconscious), any mental defilement manifests in the breath and sensation of that moment. Thus by observing the respiration or sensation, I am indirectly observing the mental defilement. Instead of running away from the problem, I am facing the reality as it is. Then I will find that the defilement loses its strength; it can no longer overpower me as it did in the past. If I persist, the defilement eventually disappears altogether and I remain peaceful and happy.

In this way, the technique of self-observation shows us reality in its two aspects, outside and inside. Previously, one always looked with open eyes, missing the inner truth. I always looked outside for the cause of my unhappiness. I always blamed and tried to change the reality outside. Being ignorant of the inner reality, I never understood that the cause of suffering lies within, in my own blind reactions.

It is difficult to observe an abstract negativity when it arises. But now, by training, I can see the other side of the coin: I can be aware of the breathing and also of what is happening inside me. Whatever it is, the breath or any sensation, I learn to just observe it, without losing the balance of the mind. I stop multiplying my miseries. Instead, I allow the defilement to manifest and pass away.

The more one practises this technique, the more one will find how quickly he or she can come out of the negativity. Gradually the mind becomes freed of defilements; it becomes pure. A pure mind is always full of love, detached love for all others; full of compassion for the failings and sufferings of others; full of joy at their success and happiness; full of equanimity in the face of any situation.

When one reaches this stage, then the entire pattern of one's life starts changing. It is no longer possible for one to do anything vocally or physically which will disturb the peace and happiness of others. Instead, the balanced mind not only becomes peaceful

in itself, it helps others to become peaceful also. The atmosphere surrounding such a person will become permeated with peace and harmony, and this will start affecting others too.

This is what the Buddha taught, an art of living. He never established or taught any religion, any "ism." He never instructed followers to practise any rites or rituals, any blind or empty formalities. Instead, he taught to just observe nature as it is, by observing the reality inside. Out of ignorance, one keeps reacting in a way which is harmful to oneself and to others. Then when wisdom arises-the wisdom of observing the reality as it is-one comes out of this blind reaction. When one ceases to react blindly, then one is capable of real action, action proceeding from a balanced, equanimous mind, a mind which sees and understands the truth. Such action can only be positive, creative, helpful to oneself and to others.

What is necessary, then, is to "know thyself"-advice which every wise person has given. One must know oneself not just at the intellectual level, at the level of ideas and theories. Nor does this mean to know oneself at the devotional or emotional level, simply accepting blindly what one has heard or read. Such knowledge is not enough.

Rather, one must know reality at the actual level. One must experience directly the reality of this mental-physical phenomenon. This alone is what will help us to come out of defilements, out of sufferings.

This direct experience of reality within one's own self, this technique of self-observation, is what is called Vipassana meditation. In the language of India in the time of the Buddha, passana meant to look, to see with open eyes, in the ordinary way. But vipassana is to observe things as they really are, not just as they seem to be. Apparent truth has to be penetrated, until one reaches the ultimate truth of the entire mental and physical structure. When one experiences this truth, then one learns to stop reacting blindly, to stop creating defilements. Naturally the old defilements are gradually eradicated. One

comes out of all miseries, and experiences happiness.

There are three steps to the training which is given in a Vipassana course. First, one must abstain from any action, physical or vocal, which disturbs the peace and harmony of others. One cannot work to liberate oneself from defilements in the mind while at the same time continuing to perform deeds of body and speech which only multiply those defilements. Therefore a code of morality is the essential first step of the practice. One undertakes not to kill, not to steal, not to commit sexual misconduct, not to speak lies, and not to use intoxicants. By abstaining from such actions, one allows the mind to quiet down.

The next step is to develop some mastery over this wild mind, by training it to remain fixed on a single object, the breath. One tries to keep one's attention on the respiration for as long as possible. This is not a breathing exercise; one does not regulate the breath. Instead one observes the natural respiration as it is, as it comes in, as it goes out. In this way one further calms the mind, so that it is no longer overpowered by violent negativities. At the same time, one is concentrating the mind, making it sharp and penetrating, capable of the work of insight.

These first two steps of living a moral life and controlling the mind are very necessary and beneficial in themselves. But they will lead to self-repression unless one takes the third step: purifying the mind of defilements, by developing insight into one's own nature. This, really, is Vipassana: experiencing one's own reality, through the systematic and dispassionate observation of the ever-changing mind-matter phenomenon manifesting itself as sensations within oneself. This is the culmination of the teaching of the Buddha: self-purification through self-observation.

This can be practised by one and all. The disease is not sectarian, therefore the remedy cannot be sectarian: it must be universal. Everyone faces the problem of suffering. When one suffers from anger, it is not Buddhist anger, Hindu anger,

Christian anger. Anger is anger. Due to anger, when one becomes agitated, it is not a Christian agitation, or Hindu, or Buddhist agitation. The malady is universal. The remedy must also be universal.

Vipassana is such a remedy. No one will object to a code of living which respects the peace and harmony of others. No one will object to developing control of the mind. No one will object to developing insight into one's own reality, by which it is possible to free the mind of negativities. It is a universal path. It is not a cult. It is not a dogma. It is not blind faith.

Observing the reality as it is, by observing truth inside-this is knowing oneself at the actual, experiential level. And as one practises, one starts coming out of the misery of defilements. From the gross, external apparent truth, one penetrates to the ultimate truth of mind and matter. Then one transcends that and experiences a truth which is beyond mind and matter, beyond time and space, beyond the conditioned field of relativity: the truth of total liberation from all defilements, all impurities, all suffering. Whatever name one gives this ultimate truth is irrelevant. It is the final goal of everyone.

May all of you experience this ultimate truth. May all people everywhere come out of their defilements, their misery. May they enjoy real happiness, real peace, real harmony.

- Mr. S. N. Goenka

(The Principal Vipassana Teacher)

For more information about Vipassana meditation technique and & course nearer to your location, please visit : www.dhamma.org



Choose your Words

A farmer insults his neighbour. Realizing his mistake, he went to the preacher to ask for forgiveness.

The preacher told him to take a bag of feathers and drop them in the centre of town. The farmer did as he was told. Then the preacher asked him to go and collect the feathers and put them back in the bag. The farmer tried but couldn't as the feathers had all blow away, when he returned with the empty bag, the preacher said, "The same thing is true about your words. You dropped them rather easily but you cannot retrieve them, so be very careful in choosing your words, "words reflect attitude. Words can hurt feelings and destroy relationships. More people have been hurt by an improper choice of words than by any natural disaster. Choose what you say rather than say what you choose.

That is the difference between wisdom and foolishness. A fool speaks without thinking; a wise man thinks before speaking. Words spoken out of bitterness can cause irreparable damage. The way parents speak to their children in many instances shapes their children's destiny.

Spoken words can't be retrieved!

Choose your words carefully.



Be more careful about your behavior
than money.

The black dot

A small town chamber of commerce invited a speaker to address its annual dinner. The community's economy was bad, people were discouraged, and they wanted this motivational speaker to give them a boost.

During her presentation, the speaker took a large piece of white paper and made a small black dot in the centre of it with a marking pen. Then she held the paper up before the group and ask them what they saw.

One person quickly replied, "I see a black dot."

"Okay, what else do you see?"

Others joined in agreement : "A black dot."

"Don't you see anything besides the dot?" she asked.

A resounding "No" came from the audience.

"What about the sheet of paper?" asked the speaker. "I am sure you have all seen it", she said, "But you have chosen to overlook it."

"In life, we also tend to overlook and take for granted many wonderful things that we have or happen around us and focus our attention and energy on small, dotlike failures and disappointments. The so called 'problems' that we have are usually like the black dot on the paper. They are small and insignificant if we can widen our horizon and look at the whole picture."

Are you one of the people who focus your attention and energy on dot-like problems?



A great help

Mark was walking home from school one day when he noticed the boy ahead of him had tripped and dropped all of the books he was carrying, along with two sweaters, a baseball bat, a glove and a small tape recorder. Mark knelt down and helped the boy pick up the scattered articles. Since they were going the same way, he helped to carry part of the burden.



As they walked Mark discovered the boy's name was Bill, that he loved video games, baseball and history, and that he was having lots of trouble with his other subjects. They arrived at Bill's home first and Mark was invited in for a Coke and to watch some television. The afternoon passed pleasantly with a few laughs and some shared small talk, then

Mark went home. They continued to see each other around school, had lunch together once or twice, and then both graduated from junior high school.

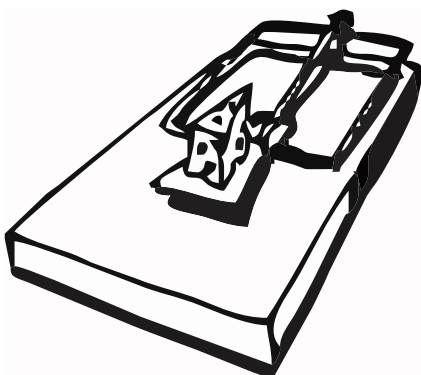
They ended up in the same high school where they had brief contacts over the years. Finally the long awaited senior year came and three weeks before graduation, Bill asked Mark if they could talk.

Bill reminded him of the day years ago when they had first met. "Did you ever wonder why I was carrying so many things home that day?" asked Bill. "You see, I cleaned out my locker because I didn't want to leave a mess for anyone else. I had stored away some of my mother's sleeping pills and I was going home to commit suicide. But after we spent some time together talking and laughing, I realized that if I had killed myself, I would have missed that time and so many others that might follow. So you see, Mark, when you picked up those books that day, you did a lot more, you saved my life."



The mouse trap

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package. “What food might this contain?” the mouse wondered. He was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap.



Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed the warning: “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!”

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said “Mr. Mouse, I can tell this is a grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it.”

The mouse turned to the pig and told him “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!” The pig sympathized, but said “I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray. Be assured you are in my prayers.”

The mouse turned to the cow and said “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!” The cow said “Wow, Mr. Mouse. I'm sorry for you, but it's no skin off my nose.”

So, the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer's mousetrap alone.

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house – like the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey. The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it was a venomous snake whose tail the trap had caught. The snake bit the farmer's wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital and she returned home with a fever.

Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient. But his wife's sickness continued, so friends and neighbors came to sit with her around the clock. To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig. The farmer's wife did not get well; she died. So many! people came for her funeral, the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them.

The mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness. So, the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and think it doesn't concern you, remember: when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk. We are all involved in this journey called life. We must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another. Each of us is a vital thread in another person's tapestry.



Our prime purpose in this life is to help others. And if you can't help them, at least don't hurt them.

Yes, You Can

What if at age 46 you were burned beyond recognition in a terrible motorcycle accident, and then four years later were paralyzed from the waist down in an airplane crash? Then, can you imagine yourself be-coming a millionaire, a respected public speaker, a happy newlywed and a successful business person?

Can you see yourself going white water rafting? Sky diving? Running for political office?

W. Mitchell has done all these things and more after two horrible accidents left his face a quilt of multi-coloured skin grafts, his hands fingerless and his legs thin and motionless in a wheelchair.

The 16 surgeries Mitchell endured after the motorcycle accident burned more than 654 per cent of his body, left him unable to pick up a fork dial a telephone or go to the bathroom without help. But Mitchell, a former Marine, never believed he was defeat-ed. "I am in charge of my own spaceship," he said.

"It's my up, down. I could choose to see this situation as a setback point." Six months later he was piloting a plane again.

Mitchell bought himself a Victorian home in Col-order, some real estate, a plane and a bar. Later he teamed up with two friends and co-founded a wood burning stove company that grew to be Vemont's second largest private employer.

Then four years after the motorcycle accident, the plane Mitchell was piloting crashed back onto the runway during take-off, crushing Mitchell's 12 thoracic vertebrae and permanently paralyzing him from the waist down. "I wondered what the hell was happening to me. What did I do to deserve this?"

Undaunted, Mitchell worked day and night to re-gain as much independence as possible. He was elected Mayor of Crested Butte, Colorado, to save the town from mineral mining that would ruin its beauty and environment. Mitchell later ran for

Congress, turning his odd appearance into an asset with slogans such as, "Not just another pretty face."

Despite his initially shocking looks and physical challenges, Mitchell began white water rafting, he fell in love and married, earned a master's degree in public administration and continued flying, environmental activism and public speaking.

Mitchell's unshakable Positive Mental Attitude has earned him appearance on the "Today show" and "Good Morning America" as well as feature articles in Parade, time, The New York Times and other publications. "Before I was paralyzed, there were 10,000 things I could do," Mitchell says. "Now there are 9,000. I can either dwell on the 1,000 I lost or focus on the 9,000 I have left. I tell people that I have had two big bumps in my left. If I have chosen not to use them as an excuse to quit, then maybe some of the experience you are having which are pulling you back can be put into a new perspective. You can step back, take a wider view and have a chance to say, "Maybe that isn't such a big deal after all."

Remember: "It's not what happens to you, it's what you do about it."



If you think you can do it.
You can do it for sure

FAMILY CARE



Family covers every body in our life, who meet us, talked to us, helped us directly or indirectly and many more...

Missing Everything

It was weekend morning. Traffic was very less at 7:00 am. The florist was just opening his shop. One luxurious car stopped at his door. An energetic came out from the car. He orders the costliest bookie. He asks the shop kipper to deliver the bookie to his mother, living nearer town. He wrote in gift card.

“My dearest mother,

Happy birthday to you.

I love to be with you. But, today I have meeting with my financial experts for new investments. It's matter of millions. I have to spend the whole day with them for our future. I will try to meet you in next weekend.

With love.

John..”

He left the shop. While sitting in the car, he hears a voice of child cry. He looked to that direction. A small girl child of eight year was crying alone. She was not looking like a bagger. He went to near to the child asked the reason. She informed him that she is not having enough money to buy flower for her mother. He took the child in shop and asked her to buy and he paid the money. Child was happy now. She ran away. He was confused. Did she cheat him or what? He follows her. He found the girl near a grave. She was happy and thanked him for money.

The girl : “Sir, my mother is slipping here. Today is her birthday. I am thankful to you for giving me money to buy flowers for her!”

John was speechless.



The kids would have known the difference

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon in Oklahoma City. A proud father Bobby Lewis was taking two little boys to play miniature golf. He walked up to the fellow at the ticket counter and said,

“How much is it to get in?”

The young man replied, “\$3.00 for you and \$3.00 for any kid who older than six. We let them in free if they are six or younger. How old are they?”

Bobby replied, “The lawyer's three and the doctor is seven, so I guess I owe you \$6.00.”

The man at the ticket counter said, “Hey, Mister, did you just win the lottery or something? You could have saved yourself three bucks. You could have told me that the older one was six; I wouldn't have known the difference.” Bobby replied, “Yes that may be true, but the kids would have known the difference.”

As Ralph Waldo Emerson said, “Who you are speaks so loudly I can't hear what you're saying.” In challenging times when ethics are more important than ever before, make sure you set a good example for everyone you work and live with.



Children are most valuable assets of our future. Give enough priority for their smallest requirements.

The second chance

Nisha and Akshay were looking like made for each other. The harmony between them inspired Mrs. Gadda to ask the secrete to Nisha's mother.

Nisha's mother : "They were happy couple for few month after their marriage. After one year quarrels started. The situation became worst when Nisha asked advice for separation. I was shocked. I asked her to wait for at least few months before coming to this important decision and advised her to live normal life with her husband and try to make him happy. She was trying her best. Situation was little better but not as good as before. My advice was not working well. One day changed their life, their attitude towards each other.

It was 25th January 2011. Nisha was waiting for her husband Akshay. It was their marriage anniversary. Things have changed since their marriage. From cute couple they turned into a fighting one. The quarreld everyday on every small thing. Nisha gave up thinking that Akshay must have forgotten their anniversary and surely won't be back home on time.

Akshay too didn't like how the things were going. She was so loving, so caring before marriage how everything got changed so radically. Yet they still love each other.

It was 4:00 p.m . The bell rang. Nisha was surprisingly happy.. Akshay finally remembered.

She ran to open the door. Indeed Akshay was standing outside. He was smiling and had a bunch of flowers at his hand. The two then started reliving their beautiful days, making up for their

quarrels. There had champagne, light music and it was raining a little outside.. Overall the weather too seemed to get romantic along with them.

But the moment came to a slight pause.. The phone in the bedroom was ringing.. Quite agitated Nisha went to pick up the

phone. It was a man on the other side.. "Hello madam I am calling from the police station. Is it Mr Akshay Malhotra's number???"

"Yeah, it is"

There was an accident and a Man. died. We got your number from the man's purse. We need you to

come here and identify the body.."

Nisha's heart sank. "Whhhhhaaat?? B-but my husband is here with me?"

"Sorry madam the accident took place at 3:00 p.m when the man was trying to board a bus".

Nisha was about to lose her senses. How could this happen? She knew this type of things. She had heard about this. The soul of the person comes to meet you before it parts. She ran to the drawing room. Akshay was not there. It is true? Has something that bad really happened to Akshay? Has he left her forever? Oh God! Had she been given another chance? She would have mended all her faults. She rolled down on the floor awe struck.

Suddenly there was noise from the bathroom. Akshay came out." I forgot to tell you dear my purse was stolen while I was returning home."

That was the last day when she had complains about Akshay. She understood the reality of life. Life might not give you a second chance. So never waste a moment when you can make up for your deeds.

Live, Laugh, Love

Forget, Forgive Your Loved Ones."



Happy me and happier my child

Neema married to Ajay, an American Citizen, and settle to USA. As she was well qualified, got a job as Manager in American MNC. After few years, she gave born to a baby girl. She took leave from office for three months. She decided to do job with family care and she did the same. After three-four months, she found it difficult to manage both. It was becoming stressful day by day for her. Her husband had good salary. So, she was thinking of quit the job and give full attention to her child.

All of a sudden her mind went back to past. Her mother was also doing job and managing family. She was successful in both. She didn't even complain about her stress during these many years! She called her mother.

Neema: "Hi mom!"

The mother : "Hello my dear! How are you?"

Neema: "Mom I need your advice. It is difficult to take care of my child as well as job. I think I should leave my job for my child and family. What is your opinion?"

The mother: "Is your child asking to leave or your husband asking for that?"

Neema: "No! How can my child ask at the age of six months and my husband is giving me full liberty for my decisions. He is able to take care of our financial requirements. Mom you were capable to manage family and job at the same time. I think I can't."

The mother: "My dear daughter, this is what I want to tell you. It must be very clear in your mind that you are not doing for your child. You are doing it for your ease."

Neema: "You may be right. But my question is answered. What should I do?"

The mother : “You will get the perfect answer within few minuets. I am trying to suggest you something which may help you and your family for the whole life. Your child will be happy child and you will be happiest person of the family.”

Neema: “I know our style of delivery good thoughts in my mind. Now I am thirty two years old. I am mature enough to understand directly. Why to puzzle?”

The mother: “I am very happy today. You are ready to grasp good thoughts. Now listen carefully and give me answers of few questions”

Neema: “Ya. I am listening. Sure, I will.”

The mother: “Why child is not giving respect to its parents at teen age?”

Neema: “I guess... they are not aware... what their parents did for it for happiness of the child. They want to fly in their thoughts and feelings.”

The mother: “Is it wrong to dream at teen age? Is it wrong to try something which they feel good?”

Neema: “Every body have dreams. It’s good. But they must not hurt parents feelings.”

The mother: “What hurts the parents most? Spending money? Spending time? Trying to do something own its own? What?”

Neema: “I think...Money and time may not be the problem. If teen age child is thinking about him or herself only and not considering the parents. That is creating problem. Child should listen the parents and should follow.”

The mother: “Why?”

Neema: “They know the good and the bad for their child. They are child’s parents and they have given many sacrifices for the child.”

The mother: “Are they doing sacrifices or making a business deal with a small child?”

Neema: “Means!”

The mother: “I will not confuse you more... listen carefully. If I ask you to leave your family and come back to me. Because I am old and I think India is the best country for you. I have nurtured you since your born. Now you have to come back forever and take care of me. What will you do now?”

Neema: “Are kidding? How is it possible? How can I leave my husband here?”

The mother: “Did you like my question?”

Neema: “No... not at all. You are asking something impossible.”

The mother: “The same thing is happening with all us. When we are nurturing our child, we are thinking about the return of our investments. Actually, giving something to child is not an investment. it is donation. You can not aspect anything in return.

You are thinking of leaving job because of your limitations. Your child have nothing to do with it. Either you leave the job or continue, you should not impose your wishes on your child. If you do so now. It will be very difficult for your child. Even if your child might be in position to fulfill your wishes, it will become responsibility for her, it will become compulsion. Love will disappear. At the old age, we need more love. If you do not condition our mind today, your child will be free from your undue wishes. She will give to you with love. It may be more or less in quantity but quality of life will be the best. You and your child will be the happiest people in the family.”

Neema: “Thanks mom, you saved me from my probable bad future. I love you mom.”

The mother : “I love you too.”

On Parenting

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you, and though they
are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you
cannot visit, not even in your dreams

You may strive to be like them, but seek out to make them
like you,

For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which our children as living arrows
are sent forth.

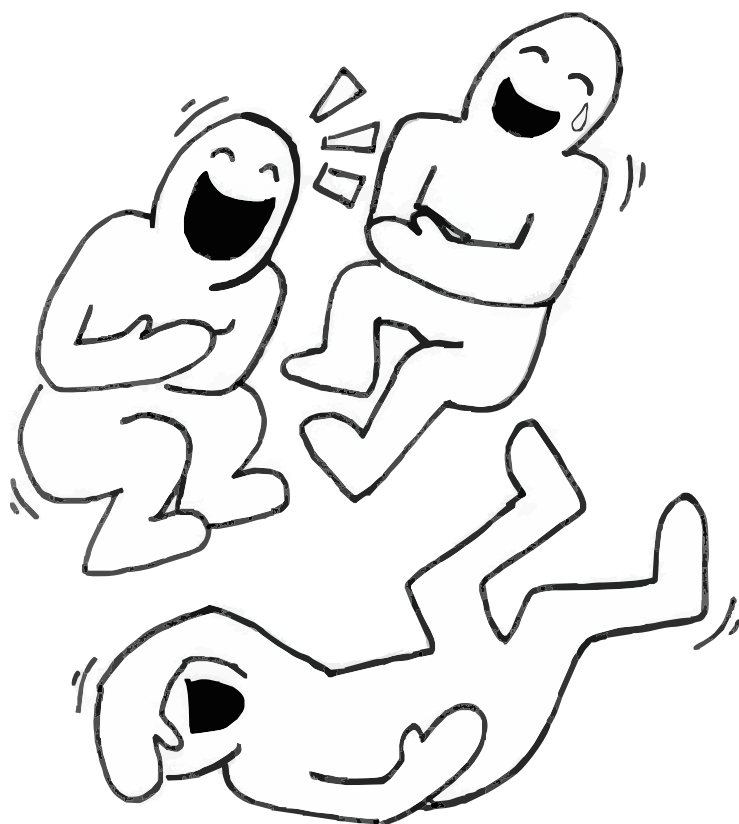
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and
He bends you with His might that His arrows might go swift
and far.

Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;

For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the
bow that is stable.



LAUGHTER TIME



WAITER, WHY
DO YOU HAVE
YOUR THUMB
ON MY STEAK?

SO IT DOESN'T
FALL ON THE
FLOOR
AGAIN,
SIR.



How to recruit the right person for the job?

Put about 100 bricks in some particular order in a closed room with an Open window. Then send 2 or 3 candidates in The room and close the door. Leave them alone and come back After 6 hours and then analyse The situation.

If they are counting the Bricks.

Put them in the accounts Department.

If they are recounting them..

Put them in auditing ..

If they have messed up the whole place with the bricks.

Put them in engineering.

If they are arranging the bricks in some strange order.

Put them in planning.

If they are throwing the bricks at each other.

Put them in operations ..

If they are sleeping.

Put them in security.

If they have broken the bricks into pieces.

Put them in information technology.

If they are sitting idle.

Put them in human resources.

If they say they have tried different combinations,

yet Not a brick has been moved.

Put them in sales.

If they have already left for the day.

Put them in marketing.

If they are staring out of the window.

Put them on strategic planning.

And then last but not least.

If they are talking to each other and not a single brick has
been moved.

Congratulate them and put them in top management.

Man O Man !

When he is without money, he eats vegetables at home;

When he has money, he eats vegetables in a fine restaurant.

When he is without money, he rides bicycle to work;

When he has money, he rides bicycle to exercise.

When he is without money, he walks to eat food;

When he has money, he walks to burn food.

When he is without money, he acts like a rich man;

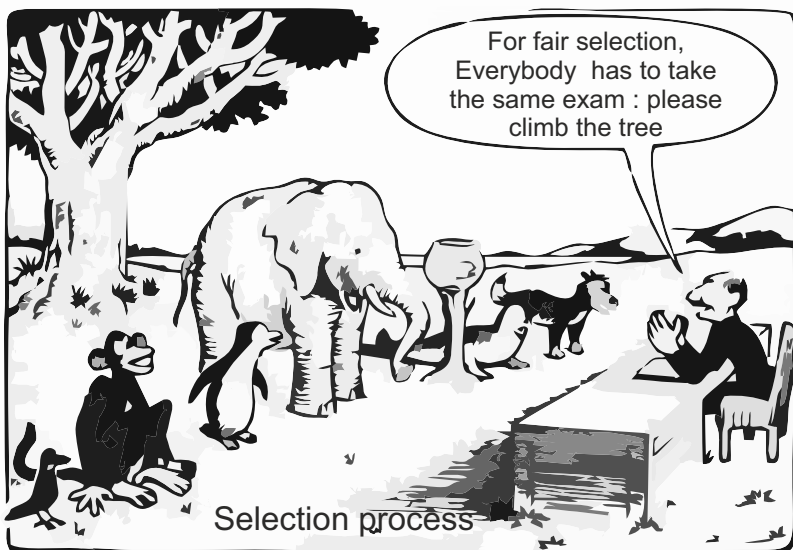
When he has money, he acts like a pauper.

He says share market is bad but he keeps on speculating;

He says money is evil but he keeps on craving for it.



Go Green



BUSINESS MANAGEMENT



Markita Andrews. #1 Sales woman

The greatest saleswoman in the world today doesn't mind if you call her a girl. That's because Markita Andrews has generated more than eighty thousand dollars selling Girl Scout cookies since she was seven years old.

Andrews learned early that knocking on doors wasn't worth her time. At age 6 when she and her mother moved to New York after a marital separation, she joined a Brownie troop to meet other girls her age. It was during the Girl Scout cookie sales period.

She started out by knocking on doors in the Lincoln Towers apartment complex where she lives with her mother, aunt and uncle. "One of the doormen said, 'If I get any complaints about you knocking on doors, I'm going to bring you down to the lobby,'" Andrews recalls. Sure enough, there was a complaint, and she was demoted to the lobby. But it turned out to be a boon. "It just happened to be when people were coming home from the office," she says. "I sold to 45 people that afternoon." She adopted this strategy and has used it ever since.

Andrews likes to find her customers all in one place. "I sell in lobbies at a lot of companies, and I try to find new companies every year," she says. Dubbed as the top Girl Scout cookie seller of all time, Andrews last year sold 8,006 boxes--\$16,000--not bad for a little over three weeks of work. And the girl, who is described by her aunt, Meredith McSherry, as "shy to a certain extent," has sold well over 30,000 boxes of cookies in the past eight years, with sales increasing around 30 percent each year.

By comparison, in 1984, Girl Scouts sold 130,250,000 boxes of cookies, mostly in the United States. Excluding volunteer adults who sold cookies, that averages out to somewhat less than 100 boxes of cookies per Girl Scout.

Some of the big guys have taken notice of Markita Andrews' astonishing sales figures. Companies like International Business Machines Corporation, Lotus Development

Corporation and Pacific Telephone have flown her to conventions to speak about her sales techniques.

In 1982, Walt Disney Productions made a 12-minute sales motivation film that featured Andrews. Businesses throughout the country have purchased the film to educate their sales forces. And Andrews, with the help of writer Cheryl Merse, has written a book for Random House, detailing her basic steps of successful selling. The book is aimed at both the youth market and salespeople and is scheduled for release in March.

The first step in selling, she says, is setting short- and long-term goals. Andrews tries to take 100 orders a day after school during the three-week selling period. "If I don't reach my goal of 100 on one day, I'll work harder the next day, and I'll try to think of new places to go."

Andrews also stresses the importance of keeping good records. Sometimes, if customers say they have paid for an order and Andrews has doubts, she checks her spiral notebook of all the people she has sold to, what they bought and what order form they are on.

Wearing her uniform helps attract attention when Andrews is selling in an office. "People will see me and wonder, 'Who's going to be wearing a uniform like that? What is this girl doing?'" she says. "Then they'll think, 'It looks like she's trying to sell something. I wonder what she's selling?' So they'll come up to me part way, and I'll meet them the other part of the way and try to sell them some cookies."

Perhaps the real secret of her success is charm. "A lot of people have bought from Markita just because she's Markita," says her aunt. "People like her and they'll buy one box." Andrews says, "I try to be very kind to people because then they'll tell other people."

Last year Andrews, an honorary member of the National Association of Professional Saleswomen, charmed members of the Million Dollar Roundtable into buying 5,000 boxes of cookies

when she was a featured guest at their convention at Radio City Music Hall. Andrews has also appeared twice on "Late Night with David Letterman" and "Good Morning America."

But Andrews does not rest on her laurels--she wants to go to college to polish her sales techniques. Yet for now, with only a couple of years left in Girl Scouts, she wants to reach her goal of selling 40,000 boxes of cookies. This should not be an impossible task for Andrews because she's motivated by a strong belief in her product and organization. "Girl Scouts are a great cause. I sell cookies to help them out--helping kids who don't have enough money to go to camp and helping buy office supplies." Andrews' troop receives 25 cents for every box the troop sells. With the money, she says, "we go to dude ranches in upstate New York."

However, selling does have its ups and downs. When people don't want to buy any cookies, says Andrews, "I will try to convince them what a good cause Girl Scouts are." But if they still refuse to buy and don't wish to make a contribution, Andrews politely thanks them. "I know there are people who don't want to buy, but there are a lot of people who do, and I look forward to the people who do want to buy."

Once on live TV, the producer decided to give Markita her toughest selling challenge. Markita was asked to sell Girl Scout cookies to another guest on the show. "Would you like to invest in one dozen or two dozen boxes of Girl Scout cookies?" she asked. "Girl Scout cookies" I don't buy any Girl Scout cookies he replied. I am a Federal Penitentiary warden. I put 2,000 rapists, robbers, criminals, muggers and child abusers to bed every night.

Unruffled, Markita quickly countered, "Mister, if you take some of these cookies, maybe you won't be so mean and angry and evil. And, Mister, I think it would be a good idea for you to take some of these cookies back for every one of your 2,000 prisoners, too." Markita asked.

The warden wrote a check.



The 333 story

I was doing a weekend seminar at the Deerhurst Lodge north of Toronto. On Friday night a tornado swept through a town north of us called Barrie, killing dozens of people and doing millions of dollars' worth of damage. Sunday night, as I was coming home, I stopped the car when I got to Barrie. I got out on the side of the highway and looked around. It was a mess. Everywhere I looked there were smashed house and cars turned upside down?

That same night Bob Templeton was driving down the same highway. He stopped to look at the disaster just as I had; only his thoughts were different than my own. Bob was the vice-president of Telemedia Communications, which owns a string of radio stations in Ontario and Quebec. He thought there must be something we could do for these people with the radio station they had.

The following night I was doing another seminar in Toronto. Bob Templeton and Bob Johnson, another vice-president from Telemedia, came in and stood in the back of the room. They shared their conviction that there had to be something they could do for the people in Barrie. After the seminar we went back to Bob's office. He was now committed to the idea of helping the people who had been caught in the tornado.

The following Friday he called all the executives at Telemedia into his office. At the top of a flip chart he wrote three 3s. he said to his executives "How would you like to raise 3 million dollars 3 days from now in just 3 hours and give the money to the people in Barrie?" There was nothing but silence in the room.

Finally someone said, "Templeton, you're crazy.

There is no way we could do that."

Bob said, "Wait a minute. I didn't ask you if we could or even if we should. I just asked you if you'd like to."

They all said, "Sure, we'd like to." He then drew a large T underneath the 333. On one said he wrote,

"Why e can't." On the other said he wrote, "How we can."

"I'm going to put a big X on the 'Why we can't said.'

We're not going to spend any time on the ideas of why we can't. That's of no value. On the other said we're going to write down every idea that we can come up with on how we can. We're not going to leave the room until we figure it out." There was silence again.

Finally, someone said, "We could do a radio show across Canada."

Bob said, "That's a great idea," and write it down. Before he had it written, someone said, "You can't do a radio show across Canada. We don't have radio stations across Canada." That was a pretty valid objection. They only had stations in Ontario and Quebec.

Templeton replied, "That's why we can. That stays." But this was a really strong objection because radio stations are very competitive. They usually don't work together and to get them to do so would be virtually impossible according to the standard way of thinking.

All of a sudden someone suggested, "You could get

Harvey Kirk and Lloyd Robertson, the biggest names in Canadian broadcasting, to anchor the show" (That would be like getting Tom Brokaw and Sam Donaldson to anchor the show. They are anchors on national TV. They are not going to go on radio.) At that point it was absolutely amazing how fast and furious the creative ideas began to flow.

That was on a Friday. The following Tuesday they had a Radiothon. They had 50 radio stations all across the country that agreed to broadcast it. It didn't matter who got the credit as long as the people in Barrie got the money. Harvey Kirk and Lloyd Robertson anchored the show and they succeeded in raising 3 million dollars in 3 hours within 3 business days!

You see, you can do anything if you put your focus on how to do it rather than on why you can't.

Bob Proctor



The Best Employee Of The Year

Mr. Nimesh's name was suggested for the award of "the best employee of the year". As a tradition, he was supposed to deliver a speech on his success to encourage other employees. The chairman of group of company specially came from Europe to India for this special occasion. When the chairman was about to give award on the stage, Nimesh requested Mr. Ashok Jain – the wise president of the company to come on the stage. Everybody was looking with curiosity. He requested the chairman to give the award to Mr. Jain. Now everybody was shocked with surprise. The chairman was wise person. He asked the reason. Mr. Nimesh's answer was...

"I was working as a consultant in the company, helping senior vice-presidents formulate and implement their new strategic vision. It was an enormous challenge.

At the same time, my mother was in the final stages of cancer.

I worked during the day and drove 60 Kilometres home to be with her every night. It was tiring and stressful, but it was what I wanted to do. My commitment was to continue to do excellent consulting during the day, even though my evenings were very hard. I didn't want to bother the management with my situation, yet I felt someone at the company needed to know what was going on. So I told the vice-president of Human Resources, asking him not to share the information with anyone.

A few days later, Mr. Ashok Jain called me into his office. I figured he wanted to talk to me about one of the many issues we were working on. When I entered, he asked me to sit down. He faced me from across his desk, looked me in the eye and said "I hear your mother is very ill."

I was totally caught by surprise and burst into tears. He just looked at me, let my crying subside and then gently said a sentence I will never forget: "Whatever you need."

That was it. His understanding and his willingness to both let me be in my pain and to offer me everything were qualities of compassion that I carry with me to this day.

I think, Mr. Jain deserves this award.”

The Chairman : “You gave your speech before receiving award! You broke one law; I will not break more laws. The best employee of the year award will be given to you on the bases of your performance.”

Everybody was surprised. It was pin drop silence in the hall.

The Chairman : “I am glad to announce the most effective employee of the year award. The award goes to Mr. Ashok Jain.”

The hall converted into joyous place.

The Chairman : “Now, he is no more with your single company only. He is wise president of the group of company!”

Nimesh was the happiest person that day.



Without inspiration the best powers of the mind remain dormant. There is a fuel in us which needs to be ignited with sparks.

The seed of honesty

A successful business man was growing old and knew it was time to choose a successor to take over the business.

Instead of choosing one of his Directors or his children, he decided to do something different. He called all the young executives in his company together.

He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next CEO. I have decided to choose one of you."

The young executives were shocked, but the boss continued. "I am going to give each one of you a SEED today – one very special SEED. I want you to plant the seed, water it, and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from the seed I have given you. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next CEO."

One man, named Jim, was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly, told his wife the story. She helped him get a pot, soil and compost and he planted the seed.

Every day, he would water it and watch to see if it had grown. After about three weeks, some of the other executives began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow.

Jim kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew. Three weeks, four weeks, five weeks went by, still nothing. By now, others were talking about their plants, but Jim didn't have a plant and he felt like a failure.

Six months went by — still nothing in Jim's pot. He just knew he had killed his seed. Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Jim didn't say anything to his colleagues, however... He just kept watering and fertilizing the soil – He so wanted the seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the young executives of the company brought their plants to the CEO for inspection.

Jim told his wife that he wasn't going to take an empty pot. But she asked him to be honest about what happened. Jim felt sick to his stomach, it was going to be the most embarrassing moment of his life, but he knew his wife was right.

He took his empty pot to the board room. When Jim arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other executives. They were beautiful—in all shapes and sizes.

Jim put his empty pot on the floor and many of his colleagues laughed, a few felt sorry for him!

When the CEO arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted his young executives.

Jim just tried to hide in the back. “My, what great plants, trees, and flowers you have grown,” said the CEO. “Today one of you will be appointed the next CEO!”

All of a sudden, the CEO spotted Jim at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered the Financial Director to bring him to the front.

Jim was terrified. He thought, “The CEO knows I'm a failure! Maybe he will have me fired!”

When Jim got to the front, the CEO asked him what had happened to his seed – Jim told him the story.

The CEO asked everyone to sit down except Jim. He looked at Jim, and then announced to the young executives, “Behold your next Chief Executive Officer! His name is Jim!”

Jim couldn't believe it. Jim couldn't even grow his seed.

“How could he be the new CEO?” the others said.

Then the CEO said, “One year ago today, I gave everyone in this

room a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it, water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds; they were dead – it was not possible for them to grow. All of you, except Jim, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Jim was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore, he is the one who will be the new Chief Executive Officer!”

- * If you plant honesty, you will reap trust.
- * If you plant goodness, you will reap friends.
- * If you plant humility, you will reap greatness.
- * If you plant perseverance, you will reap contentment.
- * If you plant consideration, you will reap perspective.
- * If you plant hard work, you will reap success.
- * If you plant forgiveness, you will reap reconciliation.
- * If you plant faith in God , you will reap a harvest.

So, be careful what you plant now; it will determine what you will reap later..

“Whatever You Give To Life, Life Gives You Back”



If ethics are poor at the top, that behavior is copied down through the organization.

Doctor's service!

A doctor quickly entered the hospital after being called in for an urgent surgery. He changed his clothes and went directly to the surgery block. He saw the boy's father walking back and forth in the hall waiting for the doctor.

Once seeing the doctor, the dad yelled: "Why did you take all this time to come? Don't you know that my son's life is in danger? Don't you have the sense of responsibility?"

The doctor smiled and said: "I am sorry, I wasn't in the hospital and I came the fastest I could... now, I wish you'd calm down so that I can do my work."

"Calm down?! What if your son was in this room right now, would you calm down? If your own son dies now what will you do?" said the father angrily.

The doctor smiled again and replied: "I will say what is said in the Holy Bible 'From dust we came and to dust we return, blessed be the name of God.' Doctors cannot prolong lives. Go and intercede for your son, we will do our best by God's grace."

"Giving advice when we're not concerned is so easy" murmured the father.

The surgery took some hours after which the doctor went out happy, "Thank God! Your son is saved!"

And without waiting for the father's reply he carried on his way running. "If you have any question, ask the nurse."

"Why is he so arrogant? He couldn't wait some minutes so that I ask about my son's state?" commented the father when seeing the nurse minutes after the doctor left.

The nurse answered: "His son died yesterday in a road accident, he was in the burial when we called him for your son's surgery."



The Plumber

Jagat, a staff member, informed me that drainage of one bathroom is having problem. I asked him to talk to the plumber. He already tried but the plumber refused to fix it. Jagat was little upset with the plumber's attitude. He told me about the plumber's responsibility of fixing this problem. After few minutes the plumber came in. It is his routine practice to visit every fifteen days for plumbing problems.

I asked the plumber to fix the problem. He was not ready to see the bathroom even. I was shocked. What happened to this boy? Why is he denying for his job.. I asked him to come to room and talk. He again declines to fix the problem. I asked him again to come inside the room. He came in the room. I asked him about the reason behind his negative answer.

The plumber: "I have not installed this bathroom's fittings. Call your architect and ask him to bring that plumber."

I understood the problem.

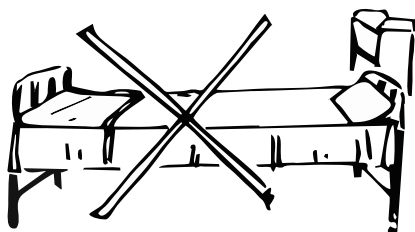
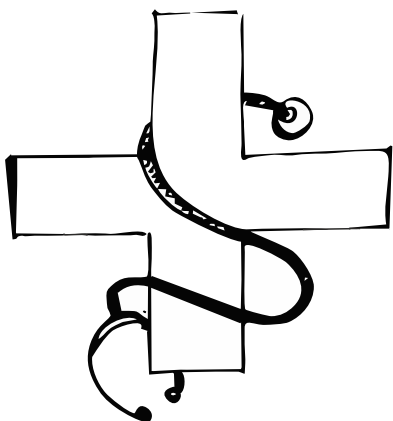
I: "My dear friend. You are working with us since long. I know your capacity, you can fix this. You know everything in this premise. I do not want other person. Kindly look in to the problem and guide me what should we do to fix this?"

The plumber was no more negative. He looked in to the problem and immediately ordered Jagat for white cement. He fixed the problem in fifteen minutes.

Generally, we are showing the responsibilities to our colleagues and subordinates without understanding the situation. In this situation, same thing happened. Plumber's was very well aware with his responsibilities. He was visiting regularly and fixing other problems. He was de-motivated due to past few transactions like give new orders to other plumber, miss behaviour of staff, etc. He was experiencing less importance of him. So, he was just finishing his compulsory jobs. So, his performance and attitude were poor. If I again give lecture about his responsibility, the situation might be more complicated. He needed to be motivated by staff and management. So, few words of motivation were enough.



HEALTH CARE



Eye care tips for computer users

Most of our work is done on computers, and there is usually no escape from it. It is a visually intensive task and, unfortunately, our work pressure and lifestyles do not give us the opportunity to be kind to our eyes.

This is why these tips should come in handy.

1. Know your eyes

Tears: The first line of defence, they also serve as lubrication by keeping the eyes moist and nourished; they also have a corrective lens function. **Eyelids:** Their main job is to protect your eyes from dirt, dust and harsh light.

Eyelashes: A protective net for your eyes.

Cornea: A refractive zone that guides light to reach the retina.

Pupil: Controls the amount of light that enters your eyes.

Lens: A refractive zone that also guides light into the retina.

Retina and Optic Nerve: A bunch of intricate wiring that carries vision signals between your brain and eyes.

2. Exercise your eyes

"First, blink your eyes several times. While you keep your eyes closed, roll your eyeballs both clockwise and anticlockwise and take a deep breath. Gradually open your eyes while releasing your breath. This exercise lasts for a minute and you can repeat it three times before getting back to work." It serves as a good workout for the eyes.

3. Look away

While working for long hours, look at distant objects either in your office or outside. Looking at a distant object and then returning to your task helps your eyes focus better. Try taking

such visual breaks for about five to 10 minutes every hour.

4. Palming

Sit straight at your workstation and rub your palms against each other till you feel them warm. The warmth of your palms helps soothe and relax tired eyes. Then, lightly cup your eyes with your palms and relax for 60 seconds. Count the seconds in your mind. Repeat this exercise two to three times whenever your eyes feel tired, or as often as you want. While palming, you can either rest your elbows on your desk or keep away from the desk and cup your eyes. Both ways are fine.

5. Splash water on your face

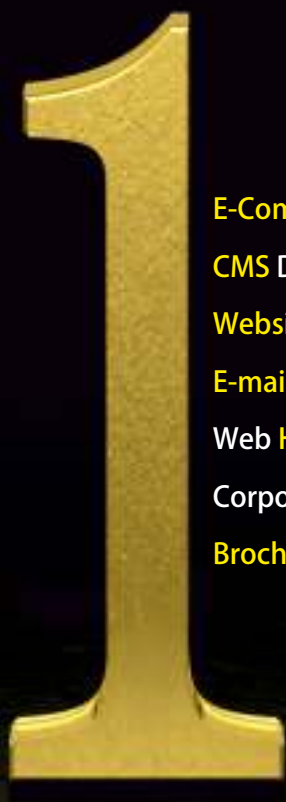
During breaks, splash water on your face while closing your eyes. This has an overall relaxing effect and helps you feel refreshed.

Value and nurture the health before
sickness comes

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