

CHAPTER FOUR

Stop Catching Chickens



STOP CATCHING CHICKENS



MY FATHER TOLD ME TO “WORK HARD AND BE honest in all your dealings.” This was good advice from a hard working and honest man whom I hold in high respect. Honesty and the willingness to work hard are strong foundations for extraordinary commitment, unrestrained action and bold execution.

My first real job at the age of thirteen was working on a chicken catching crew. This job was an important learning experience for me and helped me to form a question I still ask myself on a regular basis, “Am I catching chickens or eating chicken?”

HOW TO CATCH A CHICKEN

I love to eat fried chicken, good crispy fried chicken. Restaurant style chicken and fast food takeout are good, but my favorite is



chicken fried at home in a skillet, just like mom cooked most every week when I was growing up. Fried chicken is great, but have you ever given thought to how chickens get from the chicken farm to the grocery store or restaurant? Think about it, the chickens surely do not volunteer to be deep-fried! Someone has to transport the chickens from the farm to the processing plant and then on to the store or restaurant. Most of us have never given thought to these behind the scenes details. We prefer to see chicken as a product packaged and wrapped or prepared for us on our plate. In reality, it requires a lot of work to get the chicken from the chicken farm to the processing plant.

As any thirteen-year-old boy, I was not very smart about realities of the world. I based my decisions not on facts but whims. When I first heard about the job of catching chickens, my vision was that of something grand, something fun, something you could be proud of doing. I was excited to think that you could do something like chicken catching and get paid for it as well. Although the pay of \$4.00 a day for chicken catching did seem a little low to me, I thought, "What the heck? It's not every day you get an opportunity to do something as exciting as catching chickens."

A couple of friends told me about the great opportunity to catch chickens and assured me they would talk to the boss and get me on the chicken catching crew. Sure enough, the important connections worked out and I had the job. I was instructed to meet my crew at the feed mill at 5:00 p.m. sharp. Now, I admit to being a little confused as to why we were getting such a late start; I figured we only had two or three hours of daylight remaining and that it would be difficult catching chickens in the dark.

It was my first day on the job, and I wanted to look my best. So I got out my work hat, which was a beat up Stetson with a shortened brim. That old hat looked the part, with a thick layer of ground in dirt and a burnt hole in the top caused by a dropped King Edward Cigar.



This was a real cowboy hat, not a go on a date hat, but a working man's hat and one that I thought looked good. I put on my best pair of worn out work boots. It was important to have a pair of boots that looked the part. I did not want a clean, shiny, polished pair of boots. I wanted boots that looked experienced, and my boots certainly looked the part. They were a well-worn pair of Justin, pointed toe, slant heeled boots; not the best walking or work boots, but they looked good or at least I thought they did.

I arrived early at the designated meeting point, the town feed mill, which provided me with the opportunity to watch the rest of the crew arrive. The Haggert brothers, who had let me in on this great job opportunity, were the type of guys that usually arrived last minute at everything. The seasoned chicken crew arrived shortly after I did, and they were a rough looking group of guys. Of course, they arrived in a large group and besides being big and scary looking; they were loud and rowdy.

Panic started setting in as the group started my way because something deep down was telling me this is not the friendly welcoming committee. As they came closer, I started looking for my escape routes, and planning which way I would run. I could feel the adrenalin, and like an old farm dog could feel the hair standing up on the back of my neck. To my relief Big Jake and Dub Haggert arrived just in time. Both Big Jake and Dub were intimidating looking fellows. Dub had long hair and a pretty good beard for a fourteen-year-old, and Big Jake was just as his nickname implied, really big and hairy for his age. Even though the Haggert boys were rough looking guys, they had been my friends since we were small kids. It felt so good to have my "protectors" arrive and stand by me. The menacing group of chicken catchers did not appear so threatening to me now. I could tell that my association with the Haggert brothers was going to prove valuable as I watched the group of chicken catchers move on to harass another rookie.





As I looked around at my work associates, I have to admit they were not what I expected. Instead of the hard working cowboy types I had envisioned, these fellows looked like a work group from the county prison. However, I reckoned that the supervisors would be the type that could keep a group like this under control.

Dust boiled up behind a tractor-trailer rig that was heading down the dirt road that lead to the feed mill. I was excited about riding in a big rig truck, I could just imagine myself riding in the customized cab, shifting through all ten gears and blowing the truck horn. When the rig pulled up, to my dismay it was an old, beat-up looking truck, loaded high with chicken coops. It was not the “big rig truck” with the customized cab I had envisioned; instead, it looked more like something reclaimed from the junkyard.

The door of the truck swung open and the driver climbed down the steps to the ground. The driver, J.O. was a rough looking man, with a scared face, dirty cap, and filthy clothes. In a slurred voice, he started calling names of those that would be on his truck. It was hard to understand him because he slurred every word. I could not tell if he was drunk or had some type of speech problem, but I was hoping for the speech problem. Along with the Haggert boys, I got the call to be on J.O.’s chicken truck. We climbed into the cluttered and filthy cab for the ride to the chicken farm. It was cramped seating with J.O. and three boys in the front seat of the truck. To top it off, I had the gearshift between my legs and it got really uncomfortable when J.O. shifted to 5th gear.

After a long hot ride in the cramped cab, the truck came to a stop in front of a long metal barn at the chicken farm. I was ready to get out of the truck cab, since J.O. and the Haggert boys did not place high priority on taking regular bathes or using deodorant. So, after the ride in a hot smelly cab with a gearshift between my legs I was ready to get some fresh air.





When I walked into the large chicken house for the first time, the thousands of white chickens crammed together in one place awed me. It was a sea of chickens, and the smell was overwhelming. It was at this point I realized this job was going to be hot, smelly, hard work. During my brief job orientation session from Big Jake, I learned that our job was to reach under the chickens, and capture them by their legs. Catch four chickens in your right hand and four chickens in your left hand, for a total of eight chickens, not six and not nine, exactly eight. Big Jake continued to explain that after catching eight chickens, we were to take them to the truck and hand them up for loading into the coops. It sounded simple enough, but the chickens really did not want to cooperate. Catching four chickens in each hand proved to be a tough assignment. Catching one chicken was not too hard, but when you opened your hand to catch the second chicken, the first one would wiggle free and warn the others with loud screams. I soon found out that catching the chickens was the nice part of the job; handing them up to the person on the truck was the really nasty part. In order to hand the chickens to the person on the truck you had to lift the clucking, wing flapping chickens high over your head. With the chickens lifted over your head, poop and feathers would rain down on you; it was as if chickens knew this was their last chance to get revenge.

YOUR CHOICE: CATCH CHICKENS OR EAT CHICKEN

Chicken catching was hard dirty work. Even though I was young and not all that smart, I knew right away that I did not want to make a career of chicken catching. After only a couple of nights working on the chicken catching crew, I made a decision to stop catching chickens. Since my last night on the chicken catching crew, the closest I have come to catching a chicken is carrying my order out of KFC, Popeye's, or Churches.





There are professional chicken catchers; people whom have made a profession out of chicken catching. During my brief stint as a chicken catcher, I asked J.O., the head chicken catcher, how long he had been doing this job. To my disbelief, he told me he had been catching chickens for 33 years. When I asked why he had been a chicken catcher for 33 years, J.O. replied, "It's all I ever knew I could do. The money is okay, so I just kept on doing it." For 33 years, J.O. had assumed this was all he could do; that there was nothing more for him; that he was simply destined to be a chicken catcher.

You have to be on guard not to let "chicken catching" syndrome creep into your life. This syndrome keeps you doing what is "dirty", unsatisfying, and exhausts you. Chicken catching syndrome is what you do, because you "have to" and not in response to what you are passionate about or inspires you. The first step in moving from being a chicken catcher and becoming a chicken eater is to recognize the chicken catching aspects in your life. These may be hard to identify, because you might be like J.O. the professional chicken catcher who kept on catching chickens because, he accepted it as the best he could do.

Maybe, you have a "chicken catching" job that you have stuck with far too long. The job that you dread going to every day, where at the end of the day you feel like a chicken catcher lifting your catch over your head for the poop to rain down on you. Your day ends leaving you feeling underpaid, underappreciated, and covered with the poop of frustration.

Maybe you are stuck in a chicken catching routine of getting up, fighting traffic, going to work, leaving work, fighting traffic, coming home, eating dinner, turning on the television and falling asleep on the couch. Your chicken catching routine plays out day after day as the poop of sameness and boredom rains down on you.

Possibly, you continue with chicken catching habits that you have failed to break. Maybe you continue to make unwise decisions in





your personal life, or you continue to make poor decisions with your diet and health. You may struggle with maintaining relationships that you failed to develop and nurture, or you remain steadfast in stubbornness refusing to offer forgiveness. Regardless of what your chicken catching syndrome may be, at the end of the day, week, month, year, or lifetime the poop of regret rains down on you for your failure to break the chicken catching syndrome.

THE DIFFERENCE

If you think like a chicken catcher, you will act like a chicken catcher and you will accept ordinary, restrained, and cautious as the path you take. It is quite simple; you will act as you think. A chicken catching mentality will cause you to act in a negative non-productive manner. On the other hand, a chicken eating mentality will cause you to act in an extraordinary, unrestrained and bold way. Your way of thinking and your viewpoint of the world will determine your actions and the opportunities you will pursue. To help you out, I have listed the key attributes that are essential to live an extraordinary, unrestrained and bold life. It is your choice to act on these attributes; how you think will determine how you act, and that determines the opportunities you pursue.





HOW TO TELL IF YOU ARE A CHICKEN CATCHER OR CHICKEN EATER

How Do You Look At...	THE CHICKEN CATCHER VIEWPOINT	THE CHICKEN EATER VIEWPOINT
Commitment	Ordinary	Extraordinary
Action	Restrained	Unrestrained
Execution	Cautious	Bold
Opportunities	Limited, fearful of new opportunities	Abundant, pursues new opportunities
Change	Avoids and fears change, enjoys sameness	Creates and embraces change
Direction	Complains about current situation	Charts their own course
Decisions	Delays making decisions	Makes intentional decisions
Work	Content with doing dirty work	Willing to work hard but desires to work smart
Value	Expects others to bring value to them	Brings value to others
Self Awareness	They are what they are and not much can be done to change it	Realize they have room for personal improvement
Personal Growth	Does not engage in learning	Never stops learning
Responsibility	Avoids taking responsibility	Takes personal responsibility





How Do You Look At...	THE CHICKEN CATCHER VIEWPOINT	THE CHICKEN EATER VIEWPOINT
Initiative	Low	High
Productivity	Low	High

OPPORTUNITY VIEWPOINT

People with chicken catching syndrome have a limited opportunity viewpoint of their world. They tend to see the world as a place where there is not enough for everyone. A world where opportunities are limited and available only to a few lucky people, gifted people, rich people, smart people, tall people, pretty people, thin people or any other type of person that meets their self-described exclusivity list. By accepting these self-imposed limitations and exclusions, they take their place at a life table where there is not enough for everyone. You might hear them say things like, “The rich get richer and the poor get poorer” or “I hate this job, but it’s the best I can do.”

Chicken catchers view the world as a place where only a select group of people can succeed, and they choose to exclude themselves from seeking more opportunity. At the root of this thinking is laziness and fear. Chicken catchers are too lazy and fearful to explore and dream about greater opportunities or pursue opportunities placed before them.

Years ago, I made my decision to stop catching chickens and become extraordinary, unrestrained and bold. However, people with chicken catching syndrome continue to do the dirty work and complain about the poop raining down on them. They have bought into the lie that there is nothing more in life for them, and they are too





lazy to pursue other opportunities. Chicken catchers believe the lie that there are no more opportunities available to people like them and accept their miserable lot in life. When I catch myself thinking that I have reached my pinnacle of achievement, I recall the time when I walked away from catching chickens and discovered larger opportunities. It starts with your decision to stop catching chickens and your decision to be extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold.

CHICKEN EATERS ARE EXTRAORDINARY, UNRESTRAINED AND BOLD

After making my decision to stop catching chickens, I worked as a farm hand, hauled hay, milked cows and worked as a ranch hand. From the time, I was thirteen years old I have had a job of some type. When I was a young man, my goal was to become a top cowboy. However, I can recall the hot long days working on the ranch and daydreaming about going to college and having a professional job. Because I had no idea about how to get into a college or what type of professional job to pursue, I never spoke about my dream. I feared that my friends might have laughed at me if I told them my big secret dream. After all, we did not know anyone who had left our small town, attended college, or pursued a professional career. People in this small town were blue-collar working, big-hearted folks whom were some of the best people you would ever meet. However, I had a deep desire to pursue a vastly different path for my life; I wanted to do something different. At times, I would try to convince myself I liked working on a ranch and that I really wanted to make it my life. While I knew other people who did live their dream by working on a ranch, deep down inside me I knew that I wanted something different, even though I did not know exactly what it was.

It is strange how we want to convince ourselves we are happy with being ordinary, restrained, and cautious in our life. If you remain complacent and deny your dreams or yourself, after a while the fire





of your big dream will dim and will eventually be extinguished. Keep your dream alive by believing you can do more. Believe you can live your dream by being extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold. Do not settle for chicken catching, be a chicken eater.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY

A few months after Mattie and I were married, I was offered a job working on a large ranch that raised registered cattle. The job included a rent-free house. It sat on a hill overlooking a large lake that stretched for several miles and a new pickup truck to drive. To top it all off, there was a beautiful ski boat that was ours to use when the owner was not at the ranch. The job responsibilities included caring for the expensive show cattle and overseeing the ranch property. In addition to these duties, during the stock show season, Mattie and I would travel all expenses paid, to take the best cattle to the various stock shows and fairs around the country. For a newly married young couple this was an exciting opportunity to travel, and have our housing, recreation and transportation needs provided for in one package.

At the end of my interview, the ranch owner indicated the job was mine if I wanted it. He told me to talk it over with Mattie and call him the next day to let him know if I wanted the job. As we drove out of the gate of the ranch to head back home, both of us were excited about the new opportunity. The ranch was beautiful; the house was perfect, and the job was the pinnacle of what I wanted to achieve as a cowboy. That night I was so excited about the new job that I had trouble sleeping. Knowing a full day of work lie ahead of me on the ranch where I was currently working, I did my best to get some sleep. That morning during breakfast, Mattie and I talked about the new job with excitement. Mattie liked the house and was already talking about ways she could put her





touches on it. The new truck and traveling to the fair and stock shows really got me excited.

I finished breakfast and kissed Mattie, then I headed out the door for work. During the drive that morning, I rehearsed what I would say when I called my prospective new boss to accept the job. At the same time, I was concerned how I would tell the ranch foreman where I currently worked that I would be leaving.

TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVEL IT

I drove through the ranch's main gate and it immediately became evident that I had a tough day ahead of me as soon as I saw a tractor-trailer loaded with cotton hulls that sat outside the barn. Cotton hulls are used as filler in the cattle feed and need to be stored inside a barn and protected from the rain. Cotton hulls are difficult to handle because of the way they stick together; auger systems simply dig a tunnel in the hulls instead of moving them. The only way to get cotton hulls unloaded from the truck to the barn would be to shovel them, one shovel load at a time. Climbing from the pick-up truck, I asked the truck driver to back the trailer into the barn, drop the trailer and I would call when it was unloaded.

It was early morning, but the Texas sun was already beating down and it was stifling hot. Inside the barn where the trailer was dropped, there was little air movement and it was like an oven with the hot sun beating down on the tin roof. Cotton hulls are not heavy to shovel, but they are extremely dirty and dusty. As I shoveled the cotton hulls, thick dust mixed with my sweat and covered my entire body and clothes with a layer of filth. All day I shoveled hulls from the back of the trailer. I only took a few breaks, and by the end of the day, I was drained from the heat, covered in dust, and exhausted.

I sat down to evaluate my work. I was proud that less than half the trailer load remained in the front of the trailer. Exhausted and drained from the heat, I decided to stop for the day and finish first





thing in the morning. Climbing from the trailer, I remembered I had not told my boss that I would be leaving to take another job. I wanted to make sure I told him before leaving for the day and assure him I would be back to finish shoveling the remaining hulls before I moved on. Walking from the barn into the cool breeze, I was met by the ranch foreman, who was a rugged, grouchy individual who could be very difficult to get along with at times. Even though he was a difficult person, I liked the old fellow and most of the time we got along well.

The foreman took one look inside the truck and snapped back, “You been playing around all day? Anyone worth their pay could have shoveled the entire truck in a day and still have time left over.”

His comments caught me by surprise and really struck a nerve. Before thinking, I tossed the shovel to the foreman and replied, “Being you’re so good, you can shovel the rest of them. I think you would be happier with someone else, so I will not be back in the morning.”

As I walked from the barn to my truck, the foreman gave me a good cussing and “accepted my resignation.”

On the drive home, I began to worry that I had just quit my job and did not officially have the new job. Mattie and I lived on a very tight budget and missing even one of day work would be devastating. What if I called the ranch owner and discovered he had changed his mind? I regretted my abrupt reaction to the ranch foreman *What if I had to go back and ask for him a job? Would he let me have my old job back?* Even if he did give the job back, I knew there would be hell to pay.

CHOOSE THE EXTRAORDINARY, UNRESTRAINED AND BOLD ROUTE

As I drove along the country road that led from the ranch to the main highway, I continued to think about the job I had just quit. There were many things I liked about the cowboy life and working





on ranches. The people were genuine and down to earth, and I enjoyed the wide-open spaces and slower pace. On the other hand, it was hard, dirty work and held little opportunities for career growth. The real question that I had to answer was, “When would I come clean with myself and follow my big dream of attending college, and pursuing a professional career? When would I trade my cowboy boots and jeans for dress shoes and slacks? When would I trade the wide-open spaces and pursue my dream of a corner office? Did accepting the next ranch job move me closer to realizing my big dream?”

I pressed on the brake firmly and my pickup came to a stop at the crossroad of the main highway. I sat at the crossroad and faced a decision, should I take the usual route along the same highway I traveled everyday or should I take the less familiar scenic route? In a similar way, I was at a crossroad in life with my career decision. Should I turn left onto the familiar road of another ranch job, or would I have the courage to take the extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold route?

I usually turned left to take the shortest way home; however, that day I decided to turn right and take the longer more scenic road home. Cool wind blew through the open window of the truck as I drove along the winding river road through the rugged Texas hills.

Dust boiled from beneath the truck as I pulled off to the side of the road at a scenic overlook point. I walked to the edge of the overlook then sat down on a large rock. Positioned at this high point of the overlook, I could see the countryside stretching to the far away horizon. Beyond the horizon was my big dream. I realized that if I wanted to clearly see that dream as more than a hazy far off image, I would have to venture out to the horizon to see what lay beyond it. I decided to be extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold. I stood up ready to take the first step toward my personal horizon, steps that would lead me to discover new paths that would lead to my big dream.





The first step is always the biggest and most difficult. For the first time I realized that if I wanted to pursue my big dream, I must turn down the new ranch job and find another job that did not involve cattle ranching or farming. Working on farms or ranches was all I had ever done, so that was as far as I could see on the horizon. I had no idea what was beyond the horizon of farming and ranching, but I knew I needed to go beyond the horizon so I could see more.

I climbed back into the pick-up truck and continued my drive home, all the while wondering what I could do if it was not ranching or farming. Maybe I could work in a store, factory or maybe learn a trade? The winding country road ended at the main highway and I turned left and headed home along the busy highway. I made this familiar drive everyday; however, today a large factory building that I had passed many times caught my attention. A large sign in front of the building advertised “Hiring Loading Dock Workers”. Without pause, I turned my truck into the parking lot of the factory. As I drove slowly through the parking lot, I spotted a man who was wearing a white dress shirt and tie walking to his car. I rolled down the truck’s window and asked him, “Excuse me sir, do you know who I need to see to apply for the loading dock job?”

“Sure do cowboy, you’re looking at him. Are you interested in working on a loading dock?” Without a second thought I answered, “Yes sir, I am. I don’t know anything about working on a loading dock, but I am willing to work hard and learn.” All he had to do was look in the window of my truck to see I was covered with dirt from a hard day of work.

“Good, you may be just the man we are looking for. Come see me at 8:00 a.m. tomorrow morning, and we can talk about it. My name is Richard Crowley but just ask for Rich when you come in tomorrow.”





WHEN YOU COME TO THE CROSSROADS IN YOUR LIFE

At the crossroads of life, take the extraordinary, unrestrained and bold route. It may be longer and not as straight, but it will lead to your horizon.

- Resist the temptation to be ordinary, restrained and to play it safe.
- Your big dream lies beyond the horizon of what you can see today.
- Take the first step, go to your horizon, and then you will be able to see more.
- Explore new routes that may lead to your dream.
- Write down your big dream.
- Walk away from your “chicken catching” activity.
- Be extraordinary, unrestrained and bold; go to the horizon of what you can see today and you will see more.

COURAGE TO PURSUE THE BIG DREAM

The next morning at breakfast, I told Mattie that I was going to apply for a job on a loading dock, and if I got it I would not take the ranch job. It was difficult to tell her because I knew she wanted the little ranch house on the hill overlooking the lake. In her supportive way, Mattie took my hand and told me that she hoped I got the job I wanted. Knowing Mattie was willing to give up what she wanted made me realize how blessed I was to have a loving and supportive wife. Without her support and encouragement along the way, I might not have pursued my dream. It is important that the people closest to you are willing to make the journey with you toward your big dream.

That morning after a short interview with Rich he said, “The job on the loading dock is yours. When can you start?”

“I can start this morning, if you can put me to work,” I replied without hesitation.





Surprised at my response, Rich replied, “This morning? I have never had anyone want to start work the same day they got the job. However, I think we can work that out. Let me take you to the dock and introduce you to your new boss.”

Turning down the ranch job was a hard thing to do. Everything about the job seemed so good, with one exception. It would not put me on the path to my big dream. Reflecting back, turning down the ranch job was the best decision, I ever made. It was a difficult decision to turn down a good opportunity in order to pursue my best opportunity and my big dream.

Shortly after getting the loading dock job, I learned the company benefits program would pay tuition and books for me to attend college. When I worked as a cowboy, I wondered how I would be able to afford the cost of attending college, and now, to my amazement, the problem was solved, and in a way I could not see until I went beyond my horizon. The next three years, I worked all day and attended college at night. It made for long days for me, but even longer days for Mattie who cared for our new baby girl.

One day while driving my forklift, Rich stepped out in the aisle, waving his arms to flag me down. It had been a while since I had visited with Rich, but we seemed to make a connection the day he hired me. I stopped my forklift beside Rich and turned the noisy engine off so we would not have to scream over the noise.

He extended his hand as I stepped from the forklift. Rich said, “I’ve noticed you’ve been going to night school for some time now. Have you learned anything?”

I was puzzled by the abrupt question but replied, “Sure have, I am working on my engineering degree. Someday I will design the equipment I load here every day.”

Rich continued, “I am sure you noticed the new units we’ve been loading onto flatbed trucks lately. These are the largest most complex units we have ever made; and we need someone to travel to





the job sites to startup and commission these large units. We have watched how you have progressed since you have been with the company, and we believe you would be the right man for the job. What do you think?"

Dumbfounded, I replied, "I must be dreaming, Rich. Are you sure that I am the man for the job?"

Again he extended his right hand for a handshake of agreement. "I've never been so sure about anything. If you are interested, you start factory consultant training next week."

I thrust my hand into his and almost pulled his arm out of the socket as I shook it like a wild man. "Rich, I can't tell you how much I thank you for this opportunity. I will not let you down."

As Rich walked away toward the front office, I stood beside my forklift shocked and excited. I could not wait to get home and tell Mattie about the new job.

The factory consultant job required traveling around the country to oversee final commissioning of the largest and most complex products manufactured by the company. While I really enjoyed the new job, and the pay increase was a big boost, I spent a lot of time on the road and many nights out. I missed being at home with Mattie and our daughter. Mattie was pregnant with our second child and it was hard on her when I was not home all week. The travel complicated my home life and was a big obstacle to my college work. Because of the extensive travel, I was unable to continue my college coursework and earn an engineering degree. However, I was learning a lot in my new job and I was willing to put my college on temporary hold. The factory consultant job was the launching pad for my career, because it could lead to jobs as a sales representative, in sales management, and eventually into senior management levels.

All this opportunity started at the crossroad at the moment I chose the extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold route instead of the familiar route. I went to my personal horizon and when I got there,





I could see a little further. The day I sat on the rock at the overlook and looked over the horizon I never imagined all this opportunity was just beyond what I could see.

Years ago when I ask Rich for a job on the loading dock, I just wanted to pursue my big dream. I never considered I might be sitting in a corner office someday, and never dreamed that I would own a business of this size. It is a long way from working as a cowboy to working as a senior executive and finally owning the company I worked in for many years.

When the founding owner of the company died suddenly, I was appointed by the family to run the business. After a few years of running the company, the opportunity to own the company was presented to me. This big bodacious opportunity scared me just as much as my first ride on Son of Bo. To acquire the company required that I put everything I owned on the line. It was a tough ride at first, during the first year of ownership I made some big mistakes and almost went broke.

As you can see, the company survived and it just goes to show, that what lies beyond the horizon of what you can see today can be much greater than you ever dreamed. To see what is beyond your horizon you must choose the extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold route. If you take the journey and stay the course, you'll be on your way to realizing your big dream.





UNRESTRAINED ACTION REQUIRED

- Choose the extraordinary, unrestrained, and bold route
- Know when you are catching chickens and take the first step to stop
- Do not leave one chicken catching activity and exchange it for another
- Have the courage to turn down good opportunities and pursue your best opportunities.
- Go to your horizon where you will be able to see beyond the now
- Make the decision, stay on course, and pursue your big dream

