



What is Your Story? What Will Be Your Story?! (3-11)

How are You Using Your Life?

Below is a remarkable story. As you read this, think about what is important in your business, family, personal life, and any other areas.

I have those one thousand marbles left before I am seventy-five if I should live that long. This would be a wonderful way to motivate yourself to change from what you have always done to what you have wanted to do. Every time a marble goes from the supply bin to the trash bin, another Saturday has been subtracted from your life. If this gets you to take the action you need to change, then it becomes more pressing as the marbles decrease. Fool the tables, finish out the marbles, and start putting them back in.

One Marble at a Time

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. It's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the basement shack with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning ended in a great life-changing way!

Let me tell you the story!

I turned the dial up into the phone portion of the band on my ham radio to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, I came across an older sounding chap, with a tremendous signal and a golden voice. You know the kind; he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whomever he was talking with something about "*a thousand marbles*". I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say. "*Well, Tom, its sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you must be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital.*"

He continued, "*Let me tell you something Tom, something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities.*" And that's when he began to explain his theory of a "*thousand marbles.*"

"You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-



five years. Now then, I multiplied seventy-five times fifty-two and I produced 3900, which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now stick with me Tom, I'm getting to the important part."

How Long Did It Take?

"It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail"; he went on, and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy."

"So, I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up one thousand marbles. I took them home and put them inside a large, transparent plastic container right here in the shack next to my gear.

Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away."

"I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight."

"Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time."

"It was nice to meet you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your family, and I hope to meet you again here on the band. 75-year-Old Man, this is K9NZQ, clear and going RT, good morning!"

Time is a Gift!

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. He gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, and then I was going to meet up with a few hams to work on the next club newsletter. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss.

"C'mon honey, I'm taking you and the kids to breakfast." "What brought this on?" she asked with a smile. "Oh, nothing special, it's just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles."



Work like you don't need the money.

Love like you've never been hurt.

Dance like nobody's watching.

Everyone should buy marbles and then ask him or herself how they want to "lose their marbles".

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