

# Turbo Leadership Systems™

## The **TURBO** **Charger**

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To our clients and friends

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### *Welcome Home*



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*Happy New Year!*

Thursday night, after a long week with a new client in MacKenzie, British Columbia, my homebound Air Canada flight was on time for a 6:00 p.m. landing from Prince George into the Vancouver, BC airport. I sprinted down to Alaska Airlines where I printed out my E-ticket. I ran on through to customs. The customs agent greeted me in the customary way, "Welcome home", and began a repartee I found interesting. This visiting is always designed, it seems, to relax and disarm, to help the customs agents ensure that you have nothing to hide. The usual questions I've become accustomed to being asked about my passport stamps; "You've been to Israel! I see you've visited Jordan. Why were you in Jordan?" "I see you've been to Egypt, and why were you in Jordan?" Then to the present; "What were you doing in Canada?" "Well, I was on a customer call." "What do you do?" "Leadership training." "Oh, you should call on our management. They need it," was her response, then she said, "I bet you're accustomed to hearing that, aren't you?" "Yes, I am." I do hear this comment quite often. On through security and the hike to my gate, E96.

You know the airport drill; hurry up and wait. I bought a breakfast wrap, and as I ate it, I can't tell you why I felt a eerie connection with the 2,400 men, the remaining troops who hadn't deserted General Washington who fought the decisive battle that turned the tide of the Revolutionary War, the Battle of Trenton, which began early in the morning on December 25, Christmas Day 1776. When the battle was over, only four were

wounded and two died of hypothermia.

It seems to be conventional wisdom that a third of the colonists at the time of our Revolution were opposed to the idea of rebelling against the king and separation from England. A third were indifferent, and a final third were willing to fight for an ideal, for freedom, independence, determining their own destiny. This ideal which had affected many of them, the idea that all men are created equal and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness gave them the courage and determination to stand up against the most powerful force in the world. They believed that no man, because of bloodline, is better, no more entitled, no more endowed than any other man. Those farmers, merchants, ministers, tradesmen who had come to fight with their own guns and ammunition were ill-equipped, underfinanced, and poorly trained.

As these thoughts rattled around in my mind, I felt a deep sense of gratitude to them and all those men and women who have fought and died and are fighting and dying tonight, (as I eat my breakfast burrito), in defense of liberty. To perpetuate for us, you and I, and for all of human kind the right of self-determination; life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This Christmas may we remember the gift of freedom, may our hearts never grow indifferent or complacent, may gratitude be our constant companion, and may this nation never perish from the earth.

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