

# Turbo Leadership Systems

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

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To our clients and friends

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Remain  
unruffled when  
life loses its  
sparkle.

## Diamond Dilemma

### Lost and found

Day 24 of our journey from Loganville, GA to Seabeck, WA: We camped last night across the way from Hood River, OR in White Salmon, WA. Larry, Jr. called to say he was stopping by on his way to visit his Hood River Subway restaurants.

We rushed around to straighten things up a little. As Donna Lee was making up the bed, she glanced at her hand and gasped aloud, "What happened? Where is it?" Her wedding ring was missing! We scoured the RV, no ring. Larry, Jr. got there just a few minutes after our shocking loss. He helped us look around a little more, we even went through the trash basket, the coffee grounds, no wedding ring!

I'm sure every lady has a story about their wedding ring. Donna Lee has a special story too. We had plain bands when we were first married, on June 23, 1962. When she was in the hospital giving birth to Larry, Jr., the first of our three sons, her hand was so swollen, and she had to take her ring off and someone stole it.



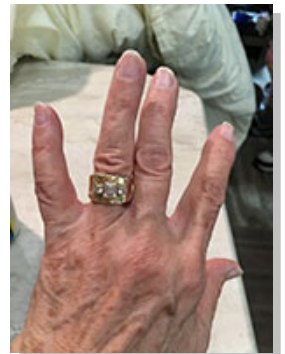
For the next six years, she wore an inexpensive, handcrafted, wedding band made from a quarter. Before our third son was born, we shopped for a special diamond for her, put it on layaway and I made payments on it every time I could. While she was recovering in the hospital, I had it mounted and surprised her with the ring.

In 1978, we traveled to South Africa. Everyone who goes to South Africa looks at diamonds. I bought two extremely high-quality, expensive diamonds and had them mounted in earrings and surprised her just as we were leaving. When we got home, we had them mounted on both sides of the 1.5-carat diamond solitaire she had been wearing. Her ring is quite special both physically but more importantly, emotionally.

We knew her ring couldn't go too far; on the other hand, it might have fallen off her hand, possibly ended up down the toilet drain, or in a crevice or crack somewhere never to be found. I was amazed at Donna Lee's composure, no panic, no drama.

Three days later, she was fluffing our bed, the ring fell on the floor just as she had envisioned. It was lost between the bed comforter and the sheet. That ring was priceless; there was no way it could be replaced.

If we let the loss of something cause us to lose our peace of mind, we've lost something more precious than anything we might possess. Panic is optional. Upset is optional. Anger is optional. I challenge you to a one-day pledge, no matter what happens, you won't let anyone, or any circumstance steal your peace of mind.



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