



The eggs weren't green but I still do not like them...

Anyone remember Dr. Seuss? A couple of the lines in his inimical style:

I do not like green eggs and ham...

I do not like them Sam I am...

We'll get to the eggs in a minute. For starters, I want to talk about

PHOTO OPS...

Many of you have heard me address the concept of *Photo Ops*. In my experience with clients and in my own life, I've noticed the human tendency to skip right over these moments. Moments we miss to our own detriment. Highlights...or maybe HIGHLIFES...Those times when something amazing happens, where if we'll pause, take a "photo," and put the photo in a "photo album," we can not only remember these highlights. We can learn life lessons we dare not miss.

Two examples: one from a client and one from my own life.

First. Recently, I was meeting with a client. They are working through generational succession planning with family members. Part of that journey is to do some gifting of stock in several businesses they own. After signing some paperwork, one of the "kids" said, *THANKS!* And then, the kid called Dad to say, *Dad, I don't think I adequately expressed my gratitude for all you've done for me.* When Dad shared this with me, my first reaction was: **Pause!!** Let's take a photo for the photo album. No agenda made the kid pick up the phone and call Dad. Dad didn't force the *Thank you* out of him. Something "beyond" any of them (us) happened. Wow! And, to top it off, the kid said, *I need help. I need my sibling's help.* Double WOW!! This is something Mom and Dad have dreamt of but weren't real hopeful would ever happen. Maybe we even needed a "video" rather than just a photo to put in the album...

Now, my own vignette...This is more than a bit embarrassing...Here come the eggs...

I've been encouraged by my doctor to eat more protein, and by my son to start my day with boiled eggs prior to my typical routine of oatmeal. So, just last night, to get ahead of the game, I decided to boil some eggs for a few days. Ten eggs on the stove, getting them to boil for 10 minutes. Usually, I set a timer. Not this time...AND, you guessed it. I forgot them...About 45 minutes later, my wife came in and said, *Your eggs exploded...everywhere.* Uh-oh...By everywhere, Lyn meant EVERYWHERE...the hood over the stove, the ceiling, the refrigerator, the floor, the couch...One of those *You had to be there...* to fully "appreciate" what happened. Here's the photo op. Lyn laughed...I laughed...and together, for about 45 minutes, we cleaned things up as best we could. Now, why is that a photo op? Our (Lyn's and my) MO when something like this happens, is to get upset with the "culprit" and then the response of the "non-culprit" (often one of condemnation or, *How could you be so stupid?*) Not this time. A win! Yay! Instead of driving us apart (SEPARATION), this better response (and cleaning together) resulted in CONNECTION. Yay!! Another photo op for our album.

Both of these stories reinforce a message I heard Russell Brand conclude a podcast with. I've shared this with many of you.

Change is possible!
Hope is real!

So, maybe rather than Capitol One's, *What's in your wallet?*, we should ask, ***What's in your photo album?***

Until next time...