

Losing The Value Of Time (aka Grains Of Sand Are Not Limitless)



"Help me move some boxes of paper?" another employee asks a nearby group.

"Sure thing, I'll be right over", I respond and turn to the others.

"That task is 'beneath me' and my position", one of them brags.

I feel sorry for the bragger. So many opportunities just swiped away with the raising of the nose, with a moment of time passing and its value missed.

In each encounter, the possibilities to enrich all lives involved present themselves. A chance encounter with someone moving paper boxes could cause a side conversation about how you can "clean your vacuum cleaner filter and save it from the dump". Or "did you hear about that new treatment for ...?"

During moments of spontaneous involvement, I cherish the gifts that can be given and received. I remember one moment where I worked at Lockheed (many moons ago) and the department wanted someone to build a pie chart using Harvard Graphics. It was a mundane task with no future recognition, perceived reward. I offered my help (even though I had no experience with that program). I read some of the manual and built the graphic, then moved on to other work.



Later that year, a higher position opened up at another company with one requirement stating 'exposure with Harvard Graphics'. Bingo! I applied and got the job. Mix this scene into a cake bowl and you'll get the picture of how many times the same willingness to take on 'anything', mixed with unknown future needs, can equal keys to new doors (or maybe just a great tasting chocolate cake)?

It is in those moments with others, and work requiring a worker, that you are provided the tools to add value for your time. This monetary

increase caused by your efforts often doubles in its effect by providing treasures to both you and another. For you may also have a side conversation where your foresight/experience helps

someone to open their doors, broaden their foundation, and possibly brighten an otherwise less enriching future.

Daily, I experience and observe the grains of sands either being held in someone's hand, or blowing away, possibly being picked up by another, or never used.

Yesterday, I was visiting a well-executed eating establishment (BurgerVille) and having my frequent conversation with the employees. Pretty soon, most of the crew was around me and we were all joking/exchanging those sand pebbles. During our time together, I happen to mention the article I wrote about my mom's death two years ago and how I had received thank you messages for sharing and providing a window into a very traumatic situation. The manager said that two of the employees had just lost family members that week and if I wouldn't mind sharing the article with him, and in turn allow him to give something of personal value to them.

"Of course", I said. I was honored he asked. Another moment of time to provide (and get) value to/from others.



I have observed this same effort and results play out on LinkedIn, where people are connecting with each other, 'liking'/'commenting' in exchanges of acknowledgement/wisdom, and sharing their willingness to enrich others, and in turn, enriching themselves.

Even though there seems to be infinite grains of sand at the beach, we are only given so much time to scoop up what we can. Depending on your beliefs, there may be other beaches in other dimensions/realms, but, taking value/stock in others, will make for a better today for you, and better tomorrows for those you touch.

For all those who grab a handful of sand (moments) and see each as its own special bridge to new horizons, I hold up my (other) hand and *wave*, give you the *thumbs up* and look forward to times when I come across strangers who

have become better people because of your involvement in their lives.

Here are some of my doodles on the subject, plus a link to the article on death.

Holding Back Time: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-217.htm>

Time Lost: <http://timeforyourmind.com//davesArt/tfymArtIndex-515.htm>

Grains Of Sand: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesPhotos/grainsOfSand.htm>

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