RELATIONSHIPS | TEAMWORK

Loving Your Team

In a world where "high tech" has become prolific in building a team I believe we all need to be reminded to utilize "high touch" as well.

by **Gary Eby**

1123 words | 8 pages

"The Power of Love" has been the title for numerous popular songs: (You Got) 'The Power of Love" by The Everly Brothers in 1966 ... 'The Power of Love" by Frankie Goes to Hollywood 1984 ... "The Power of Love" by Huey Lewis & the News in 1985 and "The Power of Love" by Luther Vandross in 1991. We've sung about it, talked about it and read about it. And, some have even been fortunate enough to have experienced it.

But is "Love" REALLY relevant to the world? Is it relevant to your business?

Obviously this is a topic that I can only scratch the surface of.

Love has no end. It has social, spiritual, and eternal implications.

So rather than embark on an endless journey, I thought I would illustrate my points with a simple story. It's from my book *"Lefthanded Soldiers"* and it is called "The Wallet."

One day a depressed and lonely man was walking home from work. His life was at a crossroads. Failure had led to frustration. His worry list was ever expanding. To make his frustration worse, HE WAS FREEZING! He slowly drudged ahead hanging his head to shelter it from the cold. He was used to looking down. This time it worked FOR him. He happened to see an old brown leather billfold with red lacing around it that someone must have lost in the street. He leaned over and picked it up, and as we all probably would do, he opened it up and looked inside to see if he could find some sort of identification so he could try and call the owner.

But unfortunately, the old billfold only had three crumpled one dollar bills in it and an extremely old crumpled up letter that looked like it had been in there for years. He was almost afraid to touch it. But curiosity spurred him on.

The old yellowed envelope was really worn out, and the only thing that was legible on it was a faded return address. So, he finally opened the letter, hoping to find some sort of clue. He was surprised at his interest. He may as well be interested in someone else's life; his was no prize! Then he saw the date on it--1924. Wow! That old letter had been written over sixty years ago. As he looked closer he saw that it had been written in a beautiful feminine handwriting on powder blue stationery. The paper had a little flower in the top left-hand corner.

As he began to scan the first page ever so carefully he realized that this was a "Dear John" letter. It told the recipient whose name looked like Michael that the she could not see him again. Her heart was broken, but, her mother had absolutely forbidden it. She went on to tell him that no matter what, she would always, always love him. She simply signed it, Hannah.

The man who found it was touched by the simple beauty of the letter. It felt good to see that at least somebody believed in love. As he thought about it, there was no way that the owner could be identified. No way in the world! He had nothing to go on except for the names, Michael and Hannah. He had a wild idea! Maybe if he called information, the operator could find a phone listing for the address on the envelope. It was worth a try.

So he called and said ..."Operator," "I know this is a crazy request. I'm trying to find the owner of a billfold that I found. Is there any way, any way in the world that you can tell me if there is a phone number for an address that was on an envelope inside the billfold?"

She suggested that he speak with her supervisor, who hesitated for a moment then said, "Well, there is a phone listing at that address, but I can't give you the number."

"Oh no!'

But, she said, as a courtesy, she would call that number, explain the story and ask them if they wanted her to connect him.

So he waited a few minutes. It seemed like an eternity. The supervisor came back on the line. She said “I have a party who will speak with you.”

This was getting exciting now. He asked the woman on the other end of the line if she knew anyone by the name of Hannah. The lady replied, “Oh! We bought this house from a family who had a daughter named Hannah. But that was 30 years ago!”

He asked her if she had any idea where that family was now?”

She said that Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home years and years ago, but she suggested that if he got in touch with them they might be able to track down the daughter. So, she gave him the name of the nursing home and he called the number.

He found out that the mother had passed away some years before but after a lengthy search they found a phone number for where they thought the daughter might be living. So he tried that number. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home. So, the chase continued. This felt good. He was involved in life again!

He kept on plowing. Something was compelling him. He called the nursing home where Hannah was supposed to be living and the man who answered the phone told him, “Yes, Hannah was staying there.”

Even though it was already 10 p.m., he asked if he could come by to see her. “Well it’s up to you; if you want to take a chance. She might still be in the activity room watching television.”

So, he thanked him and drove over to the nursing home. The nurse on duty and a security guard greeted him at the door. They all went up to the third floor and they did find Hannah in the day room.

Now Hannah was a sweet lady with silver blue hair who still had a warm smile and a twinkle in her eye. He told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter.

The second she saw the powder blue paper with that little flower on the left, Hannah took a deep breath and said, “Young man, this letter was the last contact I ever had with Michael.” She looked far, far away for a moment as tears came to her eyes, and then she said softly, “I loved him very much. But, I was only sixteen years old at the time and my mother felt I was too young. He was so handsome.” Michael Goldstein was a wonderful person. If you should find him, tell him I think of him often. And,” she hesitated for a moment, almost biting her lip, “tell him I still love him.” She said smiling as tears began to well up in her eyes, “I never did marry. I guess no one ever matched up to Michael.”

So the man thanked Hannah and said goodbye. He took the elevator to the first floor and as he stood by the door, the guard there asked, “Was the old lady able to help you?” He told him she had given him a lead. “At least I have a last name now. I’d sure love to find the owner of this billfold.”

He took it out to show the guard. It was just a simple brown leather case with red lacing on the side. When the guard saw it, he said, “Hey, wait a minute! That’s Mr. Goldstein’s wallet. I’d know it anywhere with that bright red lacing. He’s always losing that wallet. I must have found it in the halls at least a dozen times.”

“Who’s Mr. Goldstein?” He asked as his hand began to shake.

“He’s one of the old timers on the 8th floor. That’s Mike Goldstein’s wallet for sure. He must have lost it on one of his walks.”

So he thanked the guard and quickly ran back to the nurse’s office. He told her what the guard had said. He went back to the elevator praying that Mr. Goldstein would still be up. On the eighth floor, the floor nurse said, “I think he’s still in the activity room. He likes to read at night. He’s a darling old man.” We went to the only room that had any lights on and there was a man reading a book.

The nurse went over to him and asked if he had lost his wallet. Mr. Goldstein looked up with surprise, put his hand in his back pocket and said, “Oh, it is missing!”

This nice man found a billfold and we wondered if it could be yours?” The man handed it to Mr. Goldstein and the second he saw it, he smiled with

relief and said, “Yes, that’s it! It must have dropped out of my pocket this afternoon. I want to give you a reward.”

“No, thank you,” he said. But he said, “I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hopes of finding out who owned the wallet.” The smile on his face suddenly disappeared. “You read that letter?”

“Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is.”Mr. Goldstein suddenly grew pale.

“Hannah? You know where she is? How is she? Is she still as pretty as she was? Please, please tell me,” he begged.

“She’s fine--just as pretty as when you knew her.” He said softly. The old man smiled with anticipation and asked, “Could you tell me where she is? I want to call her tomorrow.” He grabbed my hand and said, “You know something, mister, I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I’ve always loved her.”

“Mr. Goldstein,” he said, “Come with me.” We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night-lights lit our way to the day room where Hannah was sitting alone watching the television.

The nurse walked over to her. “Hannah,” she said softly, pointing to Michael, who was waiting with me in the doorway. “Do you know this man?” She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn’t say a word. Michael said softly, almost in a whisper, “Hannah, it’s Michael. Do you remember me?”

She gasped, “Michael! I don’t believe it! Michael! It’s you! My Michael!” He walked slowly towards her and they embraced. The nurse and the man who found the wallet left with tears streaming down their faces.

About three weeks later the same man got a call at his office from the nursing home. “Can you break away on Sunday to attend a wedding?” asked the nurse from the nursing home. “Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!”

It was a beautiful wedding with all the people at the nursing home dressed up to join in the celebration. Hannah wore a light beige dress and looked beautiful. Michael wore a dark blue suit and stood tall. They made that stranger their best man. The hospital gave them their own room and if you ever wanted to see a 76-year-old bride and a 79-year-old groom acting like two teenagers, you had to see this couple. A perfect ending for a love affair that had lasted nearly 60 years.

> ***All of this happened because somebody put his own hurts aside, and got involved. He volunteered his time. He served someone else, and his life changed forever.***

If you are down, if you are despondent, if you are depressed, then volunteer to serve others. Put your hurts behind you and become a Lefthanded Soldier! Learn to serve in an army of volunteers and public servants that fill thousands of needs in millions of lives…every day.

When they say Love is eternal ... they are right.

SO … how does that relate to loving your team? The key to the story is someone took the time to get involved.

> ***In a world where "high tech" has become prolific in building a team I believe we all need to be reminded to utilize "high touch" as well.***

Building relationships will solidify your team. When adversity comes… and it will… it is the relationships that will cause someone to get in a foxhole with you!

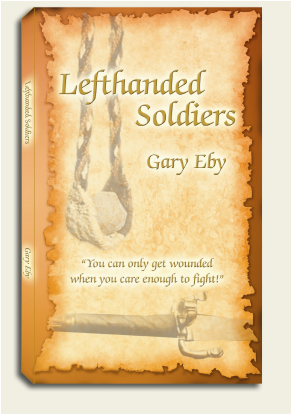
When we build lives instead of paychecks… the paychecks will come. People may get involved for the money… but they stay involved for the feelings!

Get involved in the lives of your team!

Building your team on a foundation of love will cause it to stand for a long, long time!

Gary Eby is an International Trainer and Sales Strategist. He has been given a dynamic gift to teach, train, motivate, and inspire.
Our generation is looking for leaders. Gary Eby is a leader. He has a God-given ability to communicate deep truths in a clear and easily understandable style. His message will lead you on a power-packed adventure that is often filled with laughter and practical illustrations. Gary's gift has made room for him in meetings and teaching seminars all over the United States. He has also spoken in England, Japan and Brazil.

Having come from a diverse background including the United States Marine Corps and as an international speaker, Gary's life style mission statement includes the philosophy of "vision, integrity and diligence."



Gary has worked in the Direct Sales and Network Marketing Industries both at the corporate level and as a distributor. He has written and produced numerous videos, interactive CD's and various training materials for these industries through one of his companies, Digitech Seven Productions. This distinctive background gives him a unique insight into the aspirations of both the corporate officers and field producers.

Not only is Gary a sought after speaker but he is also an Author and Songwriter having written over one hundred songs that have been recorded and performed worldwide on television, on radio, and concert stages.