

Redux. Redux. Redux.

Here I go again.
(And again.)
(I'm not proud.)

Yesterday I sent a rather effusive thank you note, to a renowned M.D.—age 64.
Got an even more effusive response—thanking me for taking the time to thank him.
Time?
The email took probably 2 minutes to write.

Power of appreciation?
Infinite.
Power of “paying attention”?
Infinite.
Always was.
Always will be.
Age 4.
Age 64.
Famous.
Infamous.
(Maybe more powerful than usual in these especially frenetic, “I’m toooo busy” times.)

Have you offered a “small” thank you to anyone today?
Two someones?
(Three?)
Written?
In person?
(Or a card?)
Sent flowers?
Apologized for a “little” mix-up?

(How many written thank yous?)
(Today?)
(Damn it.)

Did she/he pick up your laundry?
Cook?
Call the satellite guy for an appointment (ha!)?
Did you say thanks for any or all of the above?

Winter is coming.
Buy flowers for the office.
(And home.)
Say thank you more than usual.
We need all the help we can get to survive 'til Spring.

(It's below freezing/28 degrees F in Chicago as I write.)

Send this Post (attached as a PDF) to 10 colleagues-friends.

Prime Time version of this, courtesy Mother Teresa:

“We can do no great things, only small things with great love.”

(Quote source: Cool Friend Mary Pipher, from *Writing to Change the World*.)

tompeters.com blog, posted 11.02.06 by Tom Peters