

Fernley Republican Women
Leadership – January 20, 2015
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From the Paratus Education website:

“There are three rules for creating good leaders. Unfortunately, no one knows what they are.”

There are no perfect leaders; that is why good leaders are always trying to improve themselves through self-study, training, education, mentorship, making mistakes and then learning from them, etc. Since there are no perfect leaders, it is hard to build a good leadership model, which is why there are hundreds of them. But, we can be sure of a few things that good leaders have:

1. A vision of the future.
2. The ability to encourage followers to jump into that vision.
3. A love of self-improvement for themselves and their followers, making them good coaches and mentors.
4. Empowering their followers to get things accomplished.

At our Leadership training last Saturday, we had a fantastic presentation by NvFRW Leadership Chair Alice Shillock Clark. During part of her presentation, we became Navy Seals as Alice guided us through her summary of the 10 Life Lessons that Admiral McRaven delivered during the 131st Spring Commencement at The University of Texas at Austin. Admiral McRaven was the man who planned the Osama Bin Laden mission in Pakistan.

Tonight we are going to focus on one of the ten. It is number nine, but it's my favorite.

Here is what Admiral McRaven said:

Quote:

“The ninth week of training is referred to as “Hell Week.” It is six days of no sleep, constant physical and mental harassment and—one special day at the Mud Flats. The Mud Flats are area between San Diego and Tijuana where the water runs off and creates the Tijuana slue's—a swampy patch of terrain where the mud will engulf you.

It is on Wednesday of Hell Week that you paddle down to the mud flats and spend the next 15 hours trying to survive the freezing cold mud, the howling wind and the incessant pressure to quit from the instructors.

As the sun began to set that Wednesday evening, my training class, having committed some “egregious infraction of the rules” was ordered into the mud.

The mud consumed each man till there was nothing visible but our heads. The instructors told us we could leave the mud if only five men would quit—just five men and we could get out of the oppressive cold.

Looking around the mud flat it was apparent that some students were about to give up. It was still over eight hours till the sun came up—eight more hours of bone chilling cold.

The chattering teeth and shivering moans of the trainees were so loud it was hard to hear anything and then, one voice began to echo through the night—one voice raised in song.

The song was terribly out of tune, but sung with great enthusiasm.

One voice became two and two became three and before long everyone in the class was singing.

We knew that if one man could rise above the misery then others could as well.

The instructors threatened us with more time in the mud if we kept up the singing—but the singing persisted.

And somehow—the mud seemed a little warmer, the wind a little tamer and the dawn not so far away.

If I have learned anything in my time traveling the world, it is the power of hope. The power of one person—Washington, Lincoln, King, Mandela and even a young girl from Pakistan—Malala—one person can change the world by giving people hope.

So, if you want to change the world, start singing when you're up to your neck in mud.”
End quote

FROM ANNIE:

The sun'll come out tomorrow, bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, there'll be sun.

Just thinkin' about tomorrow, clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow, till there's none.

When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely,

I just stick out chin and grin and say,

Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya, tomorrow. You're only a day away.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya, tomorrow. You're only a day away.