



of the Month

*You call it a tip. I call it a pick.*

# Find our 'Fro™

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On your way to finding your 'fro, you must shape your purposeful uniqueness so that you get it like you want it. That may mean that you have to pick and re-pick it, pat it down and fluff it back out, and get the mirror and look at it on all sides. Don't be afraid to pat it down too much. You can always pick it back out later!

While you're shaping your uniqueness, research other 'fros, meaning look into what others in your personal and professional industry are doing—and not doing—and see how your 'fro stacks up against theirs. This is not a 'fro competition, dear friend, but getting things in perspective is usually highly beneficial.

Remember, in the end, it's not how big your 'fro—your uniqueness—is, but how fly it is!

*Robin*

August  
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The Little Book of 'Fro-isms

YOUR UNIQUENESS →

A Guide For Your Journey To Finding Your Uniqueness

## Young Woman Stops to Shape Up Her Life

**K**aren walked out of the nightclub into the night air, the music still throbbing in her ear. The smoke had her eye contacts dry and irritated. Even more irritating was the conversation that played over and over in her head.

Frustrated by her earlier lack of composure, she pulled out her ticket stub and turned to re-enter the club. She was stopped cold by the mammoth bouncer. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he whispered, "we close in five minutes and I can't let you back in." "What!" Karen screamed at the gentle giant. "I paid my money and my ticket says the party goes from dusk 'til dawn," she yelled over the music pounding in her head. "You're right, ma'am," he said apologetically, "and it is five minutes until dawn."

Embarrassed, Karen looked at the orange sky appearing over the concrete horizon. She slinked toward her car.

Five miles later, Karen was pulling over to the side of the road. A couple of cars zoomed by her stationary car as the patrol officer approached her car, removing the ticket pad from the side of her belt. Knowing the drill, Karen cautiously removed the driver's license from her purse and the insurance card from the glove box. The impending doom hung in the air like

the dark clouds the weatherman incorrectly predicted for the weekend. "Maybe he meant that the clouds would be in my car," Karen thought out loud. She slyly blew her breath in her cupped hands. When she looked up, the gold nameplate inscribed "Dillon" greeted her embarrassment.

"Good morning, ma'am," the patrol officer greeted her, extending her hand to receive the documents Karen proffered her. "Step out of the car, please, ma'am," Officer Dillon softly ordered. The interiors clouds darkened as Karen followed the instructions, stumbling over the practical shoes that had taken her up the college ladder and down the barrel of many shot glasses. She vowed to throw the shoes away the first chance she got.

After a series of sobriety tests, Officer Dillon handed Karen back her license and insurance card, along with a speeding ticket that exceeded Karen's mortgage payment. The morning sun was kissing the sky as Karen was remembering her lost composure at the bartender's refusal to serve her any more drinks. Now she was soberly thankful.

"Do you know that last year, about 12,000 people died because of drunk drivers, ma'am?" Officer Dillon said. "That's about 1,000 mothers, fathers, sisters



and brothers every month killed because someone forgot what their purpose in life was," she continued. "Is your purpose in life to kill others, ma'am?" Officer Dillon asked Karen. Taken aback, Karen shook her head. "I forgot what my purpose was, quite frankly, Officer Dillon," Karen admitted.

"My father-in-law did, too," Officer Dillon shared, "and two months ago, he tried to commit suicide in his office. If I may be so bold, ma'am, in a way, this was your suicide attempt, and whatever you're trying to kill like this may eventually result in you killing someone else. May I suggest you reconnect with your life's purpose? That will be one less ticket I have to give and you can live and let others live in their purpose."

Karen thanked her for her words and the ticket. The morning sun took full shape as Karen drove off towards dawn of a new day, five miles under the speed limit.