

Turbo Leadership Systems

The **TURBO** **Charger**

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To our clients and friends

Issue 763

Pioneering the Oregon Trail

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Engaging leaders
reflect and
share.

Volume V: Homecoming

A walk down memory lane



Day 10 of our 2,500 mile adventure from Loganville, GA to Seabeck, WA: We stayed at the Camelot RV site last night; one of the most well-kept, neat-as-a-pen, not a rock out of place, sites we've stayed in. Camelot RV is located in the town of my birth, Poplar Bluff, MO. Our plan was to visit my great grandfather's house; the house I was born in, my grandmother's home, and my cousin's home where I stayed in the summers.

In the middle of the night, Mark Twain, the name of the school I attended in the 2nd grade came to me. We put Mark Twain School in our GPS, and off we went. Unfortunately, it wasn't the Mark Twain School I attended, disappointed we drove on. When we came out on Main Street, I headed south. We hadn't gone more than a block on the quaint red-brick street, and there it was, my school house. It's a museum now. I was excited! I got out so Donna Lee could take a picture of me in front of the school. A fella in his construction truck pulled into the parking lot, asked if he could help. I told him why we were there. The sign said open Sundays from 2 to 4. He told me he was meeting someone from the board in a few minutes. He was sure the board member would let us in. When David Johnson, Chairman of the Museum Board arrived, I told him our story, he said, "Well, come on in!"

I was thrilled to get inside and look around. It's been a long time. My memory of the school was sketchy at best. As we looked around I saw a display dedicated to my uncle Bud Mussel's moving business. That was a thrill! Many memories came back. As we talked further David told us that the painting hanging in the entrance of the museum was painted by my cousin Deana's husband, Bob Cradic.



They say you can't go home; and I'm sure it's true, because home isn't there when you get there. Home changes and we change. What we can do is revisit in our memories those good times from yesteryear. This little trip down memory lane brought up many recollections. I shared those rich memories with Donna Lee, my wife. After 57 years of marriage we've shared about everything, but still there's more, and with each remembrance shared our relationship grows richer.

Why not do what I did? Ask your spouse to tell you one of their powerful, positive, memories from childhood. Here's a simple question: "Tell me about one of your positive memories from grade school?" You might be amazed at what you learn. More importantly, having this trip down memory lane will bring you closer together.

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