

A little boy was overheard talking to himself as he strode through his backyard, baseball cap in place and toting a ball & bat.

"I'm the greatest baseball player in the world", he said proudly. Then he tossed the ball in the air, swung and missed. Undaunted, he picked up the ball, threw it into the air and said to himself, "I'm the greatest baseball player ever!". He swung at the ball again, and again he missed.

He paused a moment to examine the bat and ball carefully. Then once again he threw the ball into the air and said, "I'm the greatest baseball player that ever lived!". He swung the bat hard and again missed the ball.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "What a pitcher!"

COMMITMENT

Until one is committed
there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back,
always ineffectiveness.

Concerning all acts of initiative (and creation)
there is one elementary truth,
the ignorance of which kills countless ideas
and splendid plans:
that the moment one definitely commits oneself,
then Providence moves too.

All sorts of things occur to help one
that would otherwise never have occurred.
A whole stream of events issues from the decision,
raising in one's favor all manner
of unforeseen incidents and meetings
and material assistance,
which no man could have dreamt
would have come his way.

I have learned a deep respect
for one of Goethe's couplets:

*"Whatever you can do, or dream you can . . . begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it."*