

associates thought I was crazy, and they were not backward about saying so.

Frankly, I was inclined to agree with them, but there seemed nothing I could do about it. I was seeking happiness and I had not found it. At least that is the only explanation I could offer for my unusual actions. What man really knows himself?

“Again I became ‘fidgety’ inside. I was not happy. It became more obvious every day that no amount of money would ever make me happy.”

I could have written this about myself a few years ago. But when I took action by leaving a situation that, although financially rewarding, was no longer aligned with my personal mission, new doors of opportunity opened for me. It turned out to be the best decision of my professional life. Can you think of a time in your life when you made a difficult decision . . . but knew it was the right one even when others questioned you?

That was during the late fall of 1923. I found myself stranded in Columbus, Ohio, without funds, and worse still, without a plan by which to work my way out of my difficulty. It was the first time in my life that I had actually been stranded because of lack of funds.

Many times previously I had found money to be rather shy, but never before had I failed to get what I needed for my personal conveniences. The experience stunned me. I seemed totally at sea as to what I could or should do.