

friends, Lew Gordon, has chosen this way to retire. Lew's retirement several years ago as a vice president of Atlanta's biggest bank was really Commencement Day for him. He established himself as a business consultant. And his pace is amazing.

Now in his sixties, he serves numerous clients and is in national demand as a speaker. One of his special projects is helping to build Pi Sigma Epsilon, a young but fast-growing fraternity for professional salesmen and sales executives. Every time I see Lew he seems younger. He's a young thirty in spirit. Few people I know of any age are reaping more from life than this senior citizen who resolved not to go out to pasture.

And the Lew Gordons aren't the boring old grumps feeling sorry for themselves because they're old.

Goals, intense goals, can keep a person alive when nothing else will. Mrs. D., the mother of a college friend of mine, contracted cancer when her son was only two. To darken matters, her husband had died only three months before her illness was diagnosed. Her physicians offered little hope. But Mrs. D. would not give up. She was determined that she would see her two-year-old son through college by operating a small retail store left her by her husband. There were numerous surgical operations. Each time the doctors would say, "Just a few more months."

The cancer was never cured. But those "few more months" stretched into twenty years. She saw her son graduated from college. Six weeks later she was gone.

A goal, a burning desire, was powerful enough to stave off sure death for two decades.

Use goals to live longer. No medicine in the world—and