

been piling up. With a new kid on the way, John had decided he needed the security of a steady paycheck.

Darkness

After hanging up the phone, Steve sat down on his living room couch, put his head in his hands and closed his eyes. All he could see was darkness. He began to wonder if he should pull the chute like John. It was a thought that gave him some relief. After all, the past few months hadn't been much fun. As he sat there contemplating the death of his young business, he recalled the afternoon his former boss called him into his office and told him he had just received his last paycheck. It was a painful day, but one that taught him a lesson—there was no more security in a full-time job than in running your own business. He hoped things would work out for John, but Steve wasn't going to put all his energy into finding a job, only to get laid off a third time.

Steve opened his eyes and looked around his living room. He made a promise to himself right then—that he was not going to give up. And right after that, he made another promise—that he was going to find a way to do more than just scrape by. The world was full