



Malcolm is wrong

➔ 1380

June 30, 2009

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November 07, 2012



The first time was youthful bravery--I was playing hockey with people far better than I (not older, merely better) and they slammed me into the boards. That's something almost heroic, at least when you're twelve.

No, the second time was two days ago. I finished a delightful breakfast with a friend and as I walked out of the restaurant, I focused on the door to the street and the weather outside--and completely ignored the interior plate glass door, slamming right into it at full speed.

The important lesson: while it matters a lot that you have a goal, a vision and an arc to get there, it matters even more that you don't