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If you are an astute reader of *Uncommon Sense* you may notice the new look. The changes are nuanced, but they are there. This was done as technology has changed to accommodate how the newsletter interfaces with cellular devices. I hope you like the look.

In the **Self-Development** column, I bring you some observations I have about the decision-making process. I hope you put such principles to good use.

In the **Elephant in the Room** column, we get treated to Fin McCool's 4th and final installment on the Romney Impeachment Vote, but it's really *not* about that. McCool takes us on a fun and funny tangent in his inimitable way as only he can. Enjoy!

Some of my musings on accommodation will be awaiting you in the **From Ara's Journal** column.

The World of Words focuses on a very strong and potent word. While I hope you don't have to use this word yourself too much, you do need to know this word.

OK, let's get started.

Ara Norwood



Self-Development

On Decision Making

"Ara, we have a problem!"

My assistant sounded out of breath and frazzled.

"What seems to be the problem?" I asked.

"Remember those gift bags we gave to the winners of that company-wide contest? Well, you might remember we overlooked two people who should have also received them," she explained.

"Yes, I vaguely remember that there was some reason those two weren't included originally. What was the reason again?"

She continued: "That's not important now. What's important is that our vendor, who is excellent, just received the two additional gift bags for us to present to those two additional employees. These are athletic bags that came from overseas, and then they were shipped to a local embroidery facility that embroidered our company name and logo on the front of them."



"So what's the problem?" I asked again, feeling a slight tinge of impatience.

"Well," she explained, "in the original batch, the embroidery people put the company logo and everything directly on the bag itself. But this time around, they embroidered our name and logo on a patch, and then affixed the patch to the athletic bags."

I had to ask, "Why would they do that? Why didn't they just follow our instructions for the earlier batch?"

"Because they blew it," she exclaimed, not really answering my question.

"And what's more," she continued, "these two new bags that came from overseas are not precisely the same bags as the original batch from a few weeks ago. The colors are slightly different. I think we should send them back, get new bags, and then get the embroidery people to do the job correctly this time."

She then asked, "But what do you think we should do?"

So it was time to make a decision. There were a number of different factors to consider. Here were the ones foremost on my mind:

First, our own bias. I knew the embroidery was not supposed to be on a patch which was then affixed to the athletic bag. The embroidery was supposed to be directly on the bag itself, just as we had done recently with the other bags. It was clear to me that the people at the embroidery shop could not now remove the embroidered patches without damaging the athletic bags. Since both I and my assistant were cognizant of the error, I had to be honest with myself and confront the fact that my awareness of the error colored my thinking. I had to ask myself: "If you didn't already know the embroidered patches were done in error, would you dislike them? Or would the work be acceptable to you?" My tentative answer was that I didn't think the patches were as nice as the earlier version without the patches, but the patches certainly were not bad.

Second, aesthetics. Do we really feel the original design is aesthetically superior? Yes, we do. However, that doesn't mean the patch is innately horrible.

Third, time. How much more time will it take if we decided to correct everything? Since the bags came from overseas, we are probably talking about 3 to 6 weeks or so, since the manufacturer of the bag claims they are currently out of our original model. Then we have to add additional time for the re-do on the embroidery. I considered the delay to be a serious problem. These two recipients have already waited a long time.

Fourth, the recipients. How will they feel if they receive the bags as they currently are? I seriously doubted they would have any misgivings whatsoever. They would not be able to compare them with the earlier bags. I felt they will be thrilled to have received the prizes, as the bags were stuffed with lots of other athletic gear we had hand-picked.

Fifth, I had to consider if there was anything innately flawed about the product we received. In other words, were there any misspellings? Did the embroidery people use the wrong version of our logo? The answer, thankfully, was no.

Sixth, our vender. How would our vendor feel if we decided to have her start all over again? Conversely, how might she feel if we moved forward with what we had? Admittedly, this was a lesser concern for me. But it was a factor. Perhaps our vendor would see it almost as a sort of favor to her if we moved forward with what we have. Perhaps she would do us a similar favor down the road when the time comes.

Seventh, my assistant. How does my assistant feel about it? Would she be upset if I made the decision to move forward with what we have? Would it demoralize her? Granted, it's ultimately my call, but what will be the effect of my decision on her? It turned out, she agreed to support whatever decision I made.

As you can quickly perceive, my decision was not going to be made on only one or two factors. There were 7 factors in this scenario. And not each of these 7 factors carried the same weight. But the point I'd like to impress upon my readers is this: when making important decisions, one must account for all, not most, of the relevant factors. One must be able to quickly calculate in one's head (or on paper if necessary) what the totality of the situation dictates. When one factors in everything that is germane, one is usually able to see with greater clarity and make wiser decisions. There may be trade-offs, pros and cons, etc., but in the end the decision made will be one that can be made with confidence and defended in the light of day.

My decision on the above scenario was to go with the bags as they were. A comprise of sorts, yes. But ultimately a better decision for all involved.

The Elephant in the Room

Guest Editorial: Mitt Romney, The Left, and the Impeachment Vote, Part 4 of 4 by Fin McCool

OK folks, I said what I wanted to say about Romney. Now I'm going to have a little fun.

Hey Millennials! Listen up. Your phrase, "OK Boomer" is funny to us but otherwise rings hollow. Say it some more, we love it. Why is this so?

Because to us Boomers, with very few exceptions, you really don't know much of anything.

Want some examples? Great: an overwhelming number of you don't know what Auschwitz is, and cannot name what happened there. Your woeful lack of awareness of something so consequential is enough of an issue that it was featured on the wildly Leftist *CBS Sunday Morning* program not too long ago. When your own Leftist crowd is condemning you, perhaps you'd best pay attention.

Next, you can't pay attention – you have no attention span. It is you who are the reason for the national attention span dropping from 14 seconds (bad to begin with) down to 8 seconds. Do I have your attention now? (Of course not.)



Some people belch out the mantra that your generation is "tech savvy." But as an employer, I can state categorically that you're not. You may have social media down, but Zuckerberg gets the nod for the tech on that, not you; you're too busy taking pictures of your pancakes and posting them to your Instagram account in your pajamas. And while my own grammar needs constant improvement, yours by contrast is atrocious. You cannot spell. You cannot write a coherent sentence. You seem not to know the difference between a period and a comma, or when a sentence begins or ends. Nor can you add or subtract a row of simple numbers in Excel. I know this because I've hired you.

Lastly, you likely didn't even read any of this because your generation doesn't like to read.

Instead you live in your parent's basement playing digital games hoping to be the next Dr. Doom. You're also the generation that wants to punish Capitalism's hard work, trade it in for Socialism and Sanders. What's ironic (look it up) about this is you yourselves haven't even done the work to know the difference between the two; you're just parroting the Leftist talking points, and the idea of "free," of which there is no such thing.

You want the wealthy to pick up the pieces for you, give you all that you want on the backs of their hard work. You got a degree in Liberal Arts, or Gender Studies, or Indigenous Studies, or LGBT Studies, or Environmental Studies, which have less value than no degree at all; and in almost all cases you developed zero business skills that will contribute any sort of value to the economy or the job market.

Consequently so many of you are worthless in business (again, I've hired you), and since you cannot generate a dime's worth of income on your own, you expect me, the risk-taker, to make up the difference between your total lack of skills - which by definition means a low wage - to mandate to you an artificial raise to a so-called living wage.

Your lack of skills turns out to be my burden, twice:

- 1) I have to pay you more dollars for less output from you, and,
- 2) You want to tax me into a social income, again, to make up the difference between the very basic business skills that you failed to develop and my net income line.

Everywhere I turn, you want me, the risk-taker with everything on the line, to make up your skills deficit with my hard-earned, risk-taking income. This is nothing less than mandated theft.

So when you utter this phrase, "Ok Boomer," it's as funny to us, actually funnier than Dave Chappelle's take on transgenderism, vis a vis making the conversion based on "feelings." (His take on this by waking up one day and "feeling" Chinese is hilarious. Watch it Millennials, you'll love it just as much as us Boomers. If not, at least you'll know exactly how we value your Boomer phrase.)

So to us, hearing this phrase is akin to hearing one of the Three Stooges say it. You just have no credibility so it's irrelevant to us. Thus, it comes off as ironic and funny.

A Final Aside.....

Oh, and by the way Lizzo, I think you got Jillian Michael's thing completely wrong. It's great, for you, that is, that you love that body just the way it is, that you figured out your own psychology in order to accept the look you've chosen to accept (there is choice here), even though you could get healthier.

However, you've missed at least two major points Jillian was making: 1) You're fat and fat is not good or healthy on major organs of the body, cardiovascular system, or skeletal system, to say the least. Moreover, when you miss these points and take appropriate comments from Jillian seriously – she was most definitely NOT attacking you personally, actually trying to help you – and you respond by, a) taking it personally, and b) baring

your all in a bikini-based video gyrating and writhing sexually, well, the kindest thing I can say is you're helping no one, and in this video, you're unpleasant to look at from the neck down.

So while you may be comfortable in your own skin and the way you look, most of us aren't really turned on. And to make matters worse, doing a video of yourself sexually vibrating around and bearing yourself in a bikini for the world to see only made matters, uh, more uncomfortable for those of us that just don't appreciate viewing lard wrapped in a bikini.

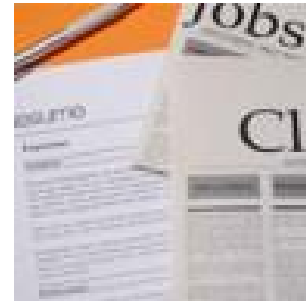
Jillian Michaels is right. It's a health issue. Great that you have a superior body image. How you managed that, I don't know, but good for you. But that's beside the point. The point is, you are unhealthy and you might consider doing something about it rather than normalizing obesity.

And that, my friends, is the latest elephant in the room.

Shameless Plug

Is Your Résumé Overdue For an Overhaul?

You may be gainfully employed, you may be unemployed, or you may (knowingly or unknowingly) be heading for a layoff. Having an impressive résumé can set you apart from the competition and position you for your next job.



Don't wait for the crisis. Get ahead of the game by whipping your résumé into shape now!

If you are in need of a quantum improvement of your résumé, you will benefit from my eBook, *Crafting a Winning Résumé*, which you can order by [clicking here](#).

Your résumé is your marketing brochure, and you do not get a second chance to make a first impression. Make an investment in yourself!

* * * * *

"I purchased Norwood's résumé guide last month and it's amazing! He goes through the processes step-by-step and you end up with not only a résumé that will get you that interview, but the skills necessary to be confident so you succeed in your interviews resulting in you receiving job offers (yes, offers)." -- D Smith, Santa Clarita, California

"I could not have gotten my first job without your expertise. Thank you so much! I learned that I had to reword and improve my résumé in order to be taken seriously in the workforce. I had been given tips from my professors in Health Science and other professionals but your advice was just what I needed. It took weeks of frustration waiting for interview calls when I happened to stumble across your website and discovered that I needed help. Your publication enlightened me with your knowledge on the wording and format needed to attract an employer. Furthermore, your booklet helped me recognize

certain skills and work experience that I would have never considered important until you got me thinking about it. Thanks for a great product!" -- R. Espana, Valencia, California

From Ara's Journal

Let It Be

No, this is not about the Beatles iconic hit song that came out in early 1970.

But it is about the basic message of that song.

About a week ago I was shopping at Costco. After I had finished filling my flatbed cart, I proceeded to get in line to pay for my items. Due to social distancing rules, the line extended from the front of the store near the checkout aisles to the back of the store. I got in line near the back of the store and, along with everyone else, tried to stay at least six feet away from the person in front of me. A few minutes later, when I had moved up about 30 yards or so, a man wearing a mask (we were all wearing masks) inexplicably jumped in line with his cart right in front of me. He basically cut in front of me rather than going to the back of the line.



My inclination was to inform him that he needed to take his rightful place at the back of the line. However, I was of the opinion that he was oblivious to the fact that the line was still stretched out to the back of the store. I sincerely believe he just didn't know any better. So rather than follow my instincts to enforce order and fair play, I took this as an occasion to be kind, to give the guy a break, to not make an issue out of it. No one behind me seemed to notice what he did, and there was no foreboding indication that an argument was going to start.

So I kept quiet, and I felt good about it. I decided to let it be.

Later that day, after I had taken a brief nap, I decided I wanted to both go for a run, and also pick up some additional groceries at the local supermarket. My plan was to drive my car to the supermarket and park there, complete my run in that general area, then come back and purchase the small number of items I still needed from the grocery store. However, when I looked outside my house, I saw that the entire cul-de-sac where I live was humming with activity. My home is on the corner of the cul-de-sac, and I'm new there. I don't know anyone yet, but all of the neighbors in that cul-de-sac seem to know each other and they regularly throw these amazing parties for the entire block. I saw lots of kids involved as well. I also saw a canopy that had been set up right in front of my house, lots of lounge chairs, some of which were blocking my driveway, and lots of other tables strewn around where Bingo games were taking place.

I could have made an issue out of the chairs that were blocking my driveway, because they would definitely have to relocate them in order for me to be able to pull my car out of the driveway.

But I opted not to. Instead, I decided I would walk to the nearby paseos and run on the paths there. I could go to the supermarket later in the evening. I decided to just let it be.

There is something empowering about being accommodating, about not making waves.

Some would suggest that I was being too timid or that perhaps I was shy or afraid to say anything. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is a world of difference between being afraid and being accommodating. There is a vast chasm between being timid and deliberately choosing to be flexible, recognizing that I can accomplish my goals

in a variety of ways, and some of those ways do not result in spoiling other people's fun. Further, some of those ways represent a deliberate step away from self-centeredness, or from being focused on my "rights." And to come to the realization that I had the power to disrupt things that were happening had I opted to, but then opted not to, seems like a better use of power.

In other words, to know that I could have sent the man back to the end of the line at Costco, or that I could have requested the neighbors move their lounge chairs so I could drive off, but chose not to out of a sense of accommodation, not a sense of nervousness, is a pleasant thing.

I guess the Beatles really did, at least on that song, bequeath some words of wisdom: Just Let It Be.

The World of Words

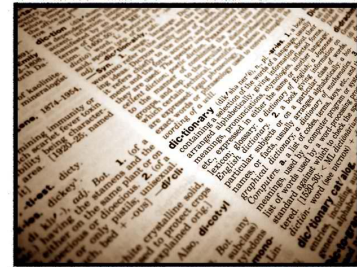
Apoplectic

Building Your Power of Expression

Apoplectic adj.

Pronunciation: əpəˈplektɪk

Meaning: While this word has its origins in the medical field, it is most often used in everyday language to refer to anger – extreme anger. Think in terms of rage.



Usage:

- *He was apoplectic over the news.*
- *Her initial reaction was disappointment, which grew into a perception she had been insulted, which later morphed into a level of fury that rendered her apoplectic.*
- *When the player missed the free throw the coach was so apoplectic that he threw his clipboard onto the court.*

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