

Uncommon Sense

Providing Clarity, Promoting Intelligence

[Quick Links](#)

[Ara's Web Site](#)

[Facebook Page](#)

[Join Our Mailing List!](#)

Click Here to Join!

Issue #261

June 11, 2022

Here we are in the month of June! And another round of Uncommon Sense awaits you.

Check out the customer service story I share in the ***Self-Development*** column.

The Elephant in the Room column is sparse this month. You can skip it, or just scan what few tidbits I have therein.

I have some perspectives about birthdays I wish to share with you. Check them out in the ***From Ara's Journal*** column.

And ***The World of Words*** column provides a rather unusual word for your consideration. I hope you incorporate it.

OK, let's get started.

Ara Norwood



Self-Development

The Elusiveness of Customer Service

I was standing in the post office the other day.

Given that organizations such as the US Postal Service is, like the Department of Motor Vehicles, run by the Federal Government, I am

often treated to displays of horrific customer service. This occasion at the Post Office did not disappoint (meaning, it did disappoint).



While I don't pretend to understand the full context of what I witnessed, because I wasn't present at the very beginning or the very end of the episode, I saw enough to be able to share some lessons in this forum.

A woman customer, who appeared to be in her early 70s, was in line. Evidently she had arrived earlier and had been unable to open up her personal Post Office Box. At least, that is what I surmised. I believe she must have spoken to someone who works there, who I imagine instructed her to get in line and talk to the service clerks up front.

So while she was still in line, a postal worker, let's call her Alice, got word from a postal mail carrier (i.e., one who delivers the mail to the PO Boxes at that location) that the reason the customer was unable to open her mail box was because the mail carrier had inadvertently shoved a lot of mail into the box and a large, thick envelope had blocked the latch from being able to open when the customer used her key to try to get in her PO Box.

Upon learning of this explanation, Alice and the postal mail carrier walked back into the service area where customers are being taken care of, and Alice spoke to the customer in line and said, "The reason you couldn't open your box is because an envelope was blocking your ability to open it."

This fragmented bit of information was confusing to the customer. The customer asked, "Who put the envelope there?" And Alice, showing no empathy or patience, raised her voice at the customer and said, pointing to the mail carrier, "He did!"

The tone and the volume used by Alice was highly agitating and off-putting to the customer, who retorted, "You know, I'm right here! You don't have to shout at me!"

Alice neither apologized, nor said another word. The mail carrier, seeing the tension, tried to put a salve on it and invited the customer to return to her PO Box and he would fix the problem.

The last I saw of the customer, she was walking back towards her PO Box, shaking her head in dismay at the treatment she received from Alice.

Alice, undoubtedly learned nothing from the experience. Being an employee of the Federal Government, she is part of a culture that prides itself on making life difficult for others.

But Alice really blew an opportunity. It would have been easy to turn this into a wonderful customer experience. Alice could have asked the woman her name, and then addressed her by name, in a friendly tone, and with a persona that gave clear signals Alice was there to help this customer. Alice could have smiled instead of scowled. Alice could have apologized for the inconvenience the customer experienced. This could have easily transformed a headache into a very positive, warm experience for the customer.

And the same goes for all of us.

We can always, if we so desire, provide a wonderful and memorable experience for our customers, be they external or internal.

The Elephant in the Room

A Slow News Month

Although we are only one-third of the way into the month, there hasn't been much of interest to report. I almost wonder if the so-called progressives have taken a sabbatical. After all, the only things I took note of included the following:



California, from where I made my recent exodus, decided to offer [reparations to any black people](#) who could prove they are the offspring of slaves. Expect Joy Reid and Ibram X. Kendi to move to California any moment now.

In an effort at blasphemy, the United States [raised the LGBT flag](#) at the embassy at . . . wait for it. . . the Holy See. Word is that the flag was going to have "Romans 1:27" emblazoned on the it, encircled in red with a red line drawn across it at an angle, as is often seen on Do Not Enter signs, but somehow they didn't go that far.

A 16-year-old thug in Los Angeles stole a car, then decided, just for kicks, to run over a young mother and her toddler who were out for a walk. He crashed into the woman, but later claimed he simply didn't see her or her baby even though he turned his vehicle directly towards them. And, true to form, LA County DA George Gascon, in what may be a final act of treachery before he is recalled, gave the criminal 5 months of probation. [No jail time whatsoever.](#) Not sure if Gascon also gave the hoodlum the Key to the City.

Errin Haines, a black woman who appeared on a recent panel on an MSNBC show nobody has heard of went on a rant and claimed the reason women cannot vote is because [white men won't allow it.](#) Nothing further needs to be said.

The White House, not led by Joe Biden, forgot all about D-Day until [Fox News took the time](#) to remind them about it.

And finally, Left-wing activist Nicholas John Roske, who worries that not having stricter gun laws will lead to murder by shooting, [tried to murder](#) Supreme Court Justice Brett Kavanaugh by shooting.

* * * * *

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

From Ara's Journal
On Birthdays: Remembering Our Significance

Yesterday was my birthday. I am now 64. Thus, I think it fitting that I offer some thoughts, not on my life per se, but on birthdays in general.



A birthday is a time of making an accounting of one's life. It is a time for looking at the long road behind us. It is a time of reviewing the path we have trod. It is a time to be frank with oneself – brutally honest, taking into account one's victories, and gazing courageously (albeit with some degree of shame) at one's failures. This represents an assessment, however sobering, of reality.

A birthday is a time of recalibrating. This is an exciting opportunity to revamp and resolve to repent, regroup, and resume. This is where we look at the road ahead and recommit to excellence and to greatness. I have done precisely this and I am invigorated by the process! I look forward to my remaining years and am bent on making not a small difference on the world.

A birthday is a time to give thanks. We are all lucky to be alive. Some of us enjoy more good fortune than others. But all of us, no matter what cards we have been dealt, can surely conjure a litany of reasons to be grateful. For me, my long list includes gratitude at my good fortune of holding membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, of being a citizen of the United States of America, of having received an amazing education – both formal and informal, of having met and befriended some amazing men and women whom I treasure, of having built a worthy career that galvanizes me, of having lofty goals I pursue with vigor and determination, of having reasonably good health, of having been mentored (directly or indirectly) by some of the most astonishingly brilliant people one could hope for, and for both my successes and my failures in life, both of which taught me a great deal.

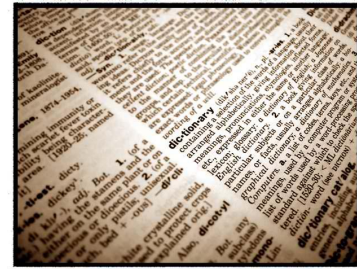
The World of Words

Avuncular

Building Your Power of Expression

Avuncular, adj.

Pronunciation: əvəNGkyələr



Meaning: While you won't see this word often, because it has only limited play, it is a perfect word to describe the friendly manner a kind uncle has towards his nieces and nephews. Think of your favorite uncle helping you with your resume, or a job interview, or a lead of some kind, or taking you to the amusement park for the day when you were a little kid. That kind uncle was acting in an avuncular manner.

Usage:

- *For many young men, an avuncular man serves a good role model.*
- *The man living next door tries to be avuncular to all of the neighborhood children.*
- *When things went well he grew expansive, his tone avuncular.*

New subscribers, the Special Report "11 Ways to Beat the Odds" should be in your In-Box within 24 hours from the time you subscribed. If you have not received it, please communicate that to me via email (ara@aranorwood.com)

For more information on my work, follow me on Facebook (keyword "Leadership Development Systems") or via my website: www.aranorwood.com

Sincerely,

Ara Norwood
Leadership Development Systems

Visit our website



[Unsubscribe ara@aranorwood.com](#)

[Update Profile](#) | [Constant Contact Data Notice](#)

Sent by ara@aranorwood.com powered by



Try email marketing for free today!