

The Personal Bank Account

STARTING WITH THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

Before you'll ever win in the public arenas of life, you must first win private battles within yourself. All change begins with you. I'll never forget how I learned this lesson.

"What's wrong with you? You're disappointing me. Where's the Sean I once knew in high school?" Coach glared at me. "Do you even want to be out there?"

I was shocked. "Yes, of course."

"Oh, give me a break. You're just going through the motions and your heart's not in it. You better get your act together or the younger quarterbacks will pass you up and you'll never play here."

It was my sophomore year at Brigham Young University (BYU) during preseason football camp. Coming out of high school, I was

recruited by several colleges but chose BYU because they had a tradition of producing all-American quarterbacks like Jim McMahon and Steve Young, both of whom went on to the pros and led their teams to Super Bowl victories. Although I was the third-string quarterback at the time, I wanted to be the next all-American!

I'm starting with the man in the mirror

I'm asking him to change his ways

And no message could have been any clearer

If you wanna make the world a better place

Take a look at yourself, and then make a change.

"MAN IN THE MIRROR"
BY SIEDAH GARRETT
AND GLEN BALLARD

When Coach told me that I was “stinkin’ up the field,” it came as a cold, hard slap in the face. The thing that really bugged me was that he was right. Even though I was spending long hours practicing, I wasn’t truly committed. I was holding back and I knew it.

I had a hard decision to make—I had to either quit football or triple my commitment. Over the next several weeks, I waged a war inside my head and came face-to-face with many fears and self-doubts. Did I have what it took to be the starting quarterback? Could I handle the pressure? Was I big enough? It soon became clear to me that I was scared, scared of competing, scared of being in the limelight, scared of trying and perhaps failing. And all these fears were holding me back from giving it my all.

I read a great quote by Arnold Bennett that describes what I finally decided to do about my dilemma. He wrote, “The real tragedy is the tragedy of the man who never in his life braces himself for his one supreme effort—he never stretches to his full capacity, never stands up to his full stature.”

Having never enjoyed tragedy, I decided to brace myself for one supreme effort. So I committed to give it my all. I decided to stop holding back and to lay it all on the line. I didn’t know if I would ever



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ARNOLD BENNETT

get a chance to be first string, but if I didn’t, at least I was going to strike out swinging.

No one heard me say, “I commit.” There was no applause. It was simply a private battle I fought and won inside my own mind over a period of several weeks.

Once I committed myself, everything changed. I began taking chances and making big improvements on the field. My heart was in it. And the coaches took notice.

As the season began and the games rolled by one by one, I sat on the bench. Although frustrated, I kept working hard and kept improving.

Midseason featured the big game of the year. We were to play nationally ranked Air Force on ESPN, in front of 65,000 fans. A week before the game, Coach called me into his office and told me that I would be the starting quarterback. Gulpi! Needless to say, that was the longest week of my life.

Game day finally arrived. At kickoff my mouth was so dry I could barely talk. But after a few minutes I settled down and led our team to victory. I was even named the ESPN Player of the Game.



Afterward, lots of people congratulated me on the victory and my performance. That was nice. But they didn’t really understand.

They didn’t know the real story. They thought that victory had taken place on the field that day in the public eye. I knew it happened months before in the privacy of my own head, when I decided to face my fears, to stop holding back, and to brace myself for one supreme effort. Beating Air Force was a much easier challenge than overcoming myself. Private victories always come before public victories. As the saying goes, “We have met the enemy and he is us.”

INSIDE OUT

We crawl before we walk. We learn arithmetic before algebra. We must fix ourselves before we can fix others. If you want to make a change in your life, the place to begin is with yourself, not with your parents, or your boyfriend, or your professor. All change begins with you. It’s inside out. Not outside in.

I am reminded of the writings of an Anglican bishop:

When I was young and free and my imagination had no limits, I dreamed of changing the world;

As I grew older and wiser I realized the world would not change.

And I decided to shorten my sights somewhat and change only my country. But it too seemed immovable.

As I entered my twilight years, in one last desperate attempt, I sought to change only my family, those closest to me, but alas they would have none of it.

And now here I lie on my death bed and realize (perhaps for the first time) that if only I’d changed myself first, then by example I may have influenced my family and with their encouragement and support I may have bettered my country, and who knows I may have changed the world.



This is what this book is all about. Changing from the inside out, starting with the man or woman in the mirror. This chapter ("The Personal Bank Account") and the ones that follow on Habits 1, 2, and 3 deal with *you* and your character, or the private victory. The next four chapters, "The Relationship Bank Account," and Habits 4, 5, and 6 deal with *relationships*, or the public victory.

Before diving into Habit 1, let's take a look at how you can immediately begin to build your self-confidence and achieve a private victory.

The Personal Bank Account

How you feel about yourself is like a bank account. Let's call it your *personal bank account* (PBA).

Just like a checking or savings account at a bank, you can make deposits into and take withdrawals from your PBA by the things you think, say, and do. For example, when I stick to a commitment I've made to myself, I feel in control. It's a deposit. *Clutching*. On the other hand, when I break a promise to myself, I feel disappointed and make a withdrawal.

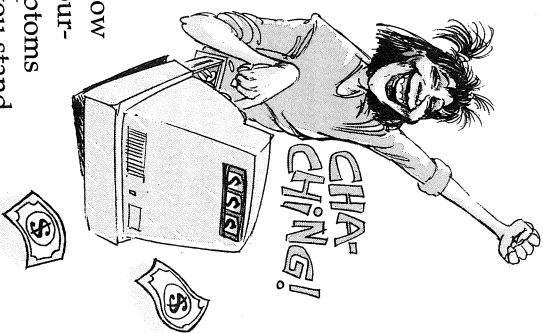
So let me ask you. How is your PBA? How much trust and confidence do you have in yourself? Are you loaded or bankrupt? The symptoms listed below might help you evaluate where you stand.

Possible Symptoms of a Poor PBA

- You cave in to peer pressure easily.
- You wrestle with feelings of depression and inferiority.
- You're overly concerned about what others think of you.
- You act arrogant to help hide your insecurities.
- You self-destruct by getting heavily into drugs, pornography, vandalism, or gangs.
- You get jealous easily, especially when someone close to you succeeds.

Possible Symptoms of a Healthy PBA

- You stand up for yourself and resist peer pressure.
- You're not overly concerned about being popular.
- You see life as a generally positive experience.
- You trust yourself.
- You are goal driven.
- You are happy for the successes of others.



If your personal bank account is low, don't get discouraged about it. Just start today by making \$1, \$5, \$10, or \$25 deposits. Eventually you'll get your confidence back. Small deposits over a long period of time is the way to a healthy and rich PBA.

With the help of various teen groups, I've compiled a list of six key deposits that can help you build your PBA. Of course, with every deposit, there is an equal and opposite withdrawal.

PBA DEPOSITS

PBA WITHDRAWALS

Keep promises to yourself	Break personal promises
Do small acts of kindness	Keep to yourself
Be gentle with yourself	Beat yourself up
Be honest	Be dishonest
Renew yourself	Wear yourself out
Tap into your talents	Neglect your talents

KEEP PROMISES TO YOURSELF

Have you ever had friends or roommates who seldom come through? They say they'll call you and they don't. They promise to pick you up for the game and they forget. After a while, you don't trust them. Their commitments mean nothing. The same thing occurs when you continually make and break self-promises, such as "I'm going to get up at six tomorrow morning" or "I'm going to get my homework done right when I get home." After a while, you don't trust yourself.

We should treat the commitments we make to ourselves as seriously as those we make to the most important people in our lives. If you're feeling out of control in life, focus on the single thing you can control—yourself. Make a promise to yourself and keep it. Start with real small \$10 commitments that you know you can complete, like committing to eat healthier today. After you've built up some self-trust, you can then go for the more difficult \$100 deposits, such as deciding to break up with an abusive boyfriend or not going after your sister for wearing your new clothes.

DO SMALL ACTS OF KINDNESS

I remember reading a statement by a psychiatrist who said that if you ever feel depressed, the best thing to do is to do something for

someone else. Why? Because it gets you focused outward, not inward. It's hard to be depressed while serving someone else. Ironically, a by-product of helping others is feeling wonderful yourself.

I remember sitting in an airport one day, waiting for my flight. I was excited because I had been upgraded to a first-class ticket. And in first class, the seats are bigger, the food is edible, and the flight attendants are actually nice. In fact, I had the best seat on the entire plane. Seat 1A. Before boarding, I noticed a young lady who had several carry-on bags and was holding a crying baby. Having just finished reading a book on doing random acts of kindness, I heard my



conscience speak to me, "You scumbag. Let her have your ticket." I fought these promptings for a while but eventually caved in:

"Excuse me, but you look like you could use this first-class ticket more than me. I know how hard it can be flying with kids. Why don't you let me trade you tickets."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh yeah. I really don't mind. I'm just going to be working the whole time, anyway."

"Well, thank you. That's very kind of you," she said, as we swapped tickets.

As we boarded the plane, I was surprised at how good it made me feel to watch her sit down in seat 1A. In fact, under the circumstances, seat 24B or wherever the heck I was sitting didn't seem that bad at all. At one point during the flight I was so curious to see how she was doing that I could hardly stand it. So I got up out of my seat, walked to the first-class section, and peeked in through the curtain that separates first class from coach. There she was with her baby, both asleep in big and comfortable seat 1A. And I felt like a million bucks. *Cha-ching.* I've got to keep doing this kind of thing.

This sweet story shared by a teen named Tawni is another example of the joy of service:

There is a girl in our neighborhood who lives in a duplex with her parents, and they don't have a lot of money. For the past three years, when I grew out of my clothes, me and my mom took them over to her. I'd say something like "I thought you might like these," or "I'd like to see you wearing this."

When she wore something I gave her, I'd think it was really cool. She would say, "Thank you so much for the new shirt." I'd reply, "That color looks really good on you!" I tried to be sensitive so that I didn't

make her feel bad, or give her the impression that I thought she was poor. It makes me feel good, knowing that I'm helping her have a better life.



Go out of your way to say hello to the most lonely person you know. Write a thank-you note to someone who has made a difference in your life, like a friend, teacher, or coach. The next time you're at a toll booth, pay for the car behind you. Giving gives life not only to others but also to yourself. I love these lines from *The Man Nobody Knows* by Bruce Barton, which illustrate this point so well:

There are two seas in Palestine. One is fresh, and fish are in it. Splashes of green adorn its banks. Trees spread their branches over it and stretch out their thirsty roots to sip of its healing waters.

... The River Jordan makes this sea with sparkling water from the hills. So it laughs in the sunshine. And men build their houses near to it, and birds their nests; and every kind of life is happier because it is there. The River Jordan flows on south into another sea.

Here is no splash of fish, no fluttering leaf, no song of birds, no children's laughter. Travelers choose another route, unless on urgent business. The air hangs heavy above its water, and neither man nor beast nor fowl will drink.

What makes this mighty difference in these neighbor seas? Not the River Jordan. It empties the same good water into both. Not the soil in which they lie; not in the country round about.

This is the difference. The Sea of Galilee receives but does not keep the Jordan. For every drop that flows into it another drop flows out. The giving and receiving go on in equal measure.

The other sea is shrewder, hoarding its income jealously. It will not be tempted into any generous impulse. Every drop it gets, it keeps.

The Sea of Galilee gives and lives. This other sea gives nothing. It is named the Dead.

There are two kinds of people in this world. There are two seas in Palestine.

● BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF

Being gentle means many things. It means not expecting yourself to be perfect by tomorrow morning. If you're a late bloomer, and many of us are, be patient and give yourself time to grow.

It means learning to laugh at the stupid things you do. I have a friend, Chuck, who is extraordinary when it comes to laughing

at himself and never taking life too seriously. I've always been amazed at how this hopeful attitude of his attracts friends by the score.

Being gentle also means forgiving yourself when you mess up. And who hasn't done that? We should learn from our mistakes, but we shouldn't beat the tar out of ourselves over them. The past is just that, past. Learn what went wrong and why. Make amends if you need to. Then drop it and move on. Throw that voodoo doll out with the trash.

"One of the keys to happiness," says Rita Mae Brown, "is a bad memory."

A ship at sea for many years picks up thousands of barnacles that attach themselves to the bottom of the ship and eventually weigh it down, becoming a threat to its safety. Such a ship ultimately needs its barnacles removed, and the least expensive and easiest way is for the ship to harbor in a freshwater port, free of salt water. Soon the barnacles become loose on their own and fall off. The ship is then able to return to sea, relieved of its burden.

Always be a first-rate version of yourself, instead of a second-rate version of somebody else.

JUDY GARLAND
SINGER-ACTRESS



Are you carrying around barnacles in the form of mistakes, regrets, and pain from the past? Perhaps you need to allow yourself to soak in fresh water for a while. Letting go of a burden and giving yourself a second chance may just be the deposit you need right now.



Truly "learning to love yourself," as Whitney Houston sings, "is the greatest love of all."

● BE HONEST

I looked up the word *honest* in my synonym finder the other day and these are a few of the synonyms I found: upstanding, incorruptible, moral, principled, truth-loving, steadfast, true, real, right, good, straight-shooting, genuine. Not a bad set of words to be associated with, don't you think?

Honesty comes in many forms. First there's self-honesty. Is what people see the genuine article or do you appear through smoke and mirrors? I find that if I'm ever fake and try to be something I'm not, I feel unsure of myself and make a PBA withdrawal. I love how singer Judy Garland put it, "Always be a first-rate version of yourself, instead of a second-rate version of somebody else."

Then there's honesty in our actions. Are you honest at school, with your parents, and with your boss? If you've been dishonest in the past, and I think we all have, try being honest, and notice how whole it makes you feel. Remember, you can't do wrong and feel right. This story by Jeff is a good example of that:

In my sophomore year, there were three kids in my geometry class who didn't do well in math. I was really good at it. I would charge them three dollars for each test that I helped them pass. The tests were multiple choice, so I'd write on a little tiny piece of paper all the right answers, and hand them off.

At first I felt like I was making money, kind of a nice job. I wasn't thinking about how it could hurt all of us. After a while I realized I shouldn't do that anymore, because I wasn't really helping them. They weren't learning anything, and it would only get harder down the road. Cheating certainly wasn't helping me.



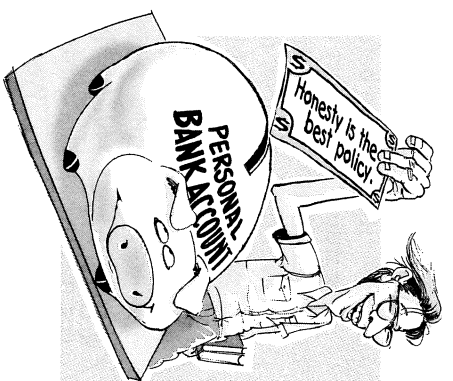
It takes courage to be honest when people all around you are getting away with cheating on tests, lying to their parents, and stealing at work. But, remember, every act of honesty is a deposit into your PBA and will build strength. As the saying goes, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." Honesty is always the best policy, even when it's not the trend.

● RENEW YOURSELF

You've gotta take time for yourself, to renew and to relax. If you don't, you'll lose your zest for life.

You might be familiar with the movie *The Secret Garden*, based on the book of the same title. It's a story about a young girl named Mary who goes to live with her wealthy uncle after her parents are killed in an accident. Her uncle has become cold and withdrawn since the death of his wife several years earlier. In an effort to escape his past, he now spends most of his time traveling abroad. He has a son who is miserable, sickly, and confined to a wheelchair. The boy lives in a dark room in the vast mansion.

After living in these depressing conditions for some time, Mary discovers a beautiful, overgrown garden nearby the mansion that has been locked up for years. Upon finding a secret entrance, she



begins to visit the garden daily to escape her surroundings. It becomes her place of refuge, her secret garden.

It's not long before she begins to bring her crippled cousin to the garden. The beauty of the garden seems to cast a spell on him, for he learns to walk again and regains his happiness. One day, Mary's withdrawn uncle, upon returning from a trip, overhears someone playing in the forbidden garden and angrily rushes to see who it could be. To his surprise, he sees his son, out of his wheelchair, laughing and frolicking in the garden. He is so overcome with surprise and joy that he bursts into tears and embraces his son for the first time in years. The beauty and magic of the garden brought this family together again.

We all need a place we can escape to, a sanctuary of some sort, where we can renew our spirits. And it doesn't have to be a rose garden, mountaintop, or beachfront. It can be a bedroom or even a bathroom, just a place to be alone. Theodore, from Canada, had his hideout:

Whenever I would get too stressed out, or when I was not getting along with my parents, I would just go into the basement. There I had a hockey stick, a ball, and a bare concrete wall on which I could take out my frustrations. I would just shoot the ball for half an hour and go back upstairs refreshed. It did wonders for my hockey game, but it was even better for my family relationships.



Arian told me about his refuge. Whenever he got too stressed out, he would slip into his high school's large auditorium through a back door. All alone in the quiet, dark, and spacious auditorium, he could get away from all the bustle, have a good cry, or just relax. Allison found a garden all her own:

My dad died in an industrial accident at work when I was little. I really don't know the details because I have always been afraid to ask my mother very many questions about it. Maybe it's because I have created this perfect picture of him in my mind that I don't want to change. To me he is this perfect human being who would protect me if he was here. He is with me all the time in my thoughts, and I imagine how he would act and help me if he was here.

When I really need him I go to the top of the slide at the local grade school playground. I have this silly feeling that if I can go to the highest place I will be able to feel him. So I climb up to the top of the slide and just lie there. I talk to him in my thoughts and I can feel him talking

to my mind. I want him to touch me, but of course know that he cannot. I go there every time something really is bothering me and I just share my burdens with him.

Besides finding a place of refuge, there are so many other ways to renew yourself and build your PBA. Exercise can do it, like going for a walk, running, dancing, or punching a bag. Some teens have suggested watching old movies, playing a musical instrument, finger painting, or talking to friends who uplift you. Numerous others have found that writing in their journals does wonders to help them cope. Habit 7, Sharpen the Saw, is all about taking time to renew your body, heart, mind, and soul. We'll talk more about it when we get there. So hold your horses.

● TAP INTO YOUR TALENTS

Finding and then developing a talent, hobby, or special interest can be one of the single greatest deposits you can make into your PBA.

Why is it that when we think of talents we think in terms of the "traditional" high-profile talents, such as the athlete, dancer, or award-winning scholar? The truth is, talents come in a variety of packages. Don't think small. You may have a knack for reading, writing, or speaking. You may have a gift for being creative, being a fast learner, or being accepting of others. You may have organizational, music, or leadership skills. It doesn't matter where your talent may lie, whether it's in chess, drama, or butterfly collecting, when you do something you like doing and have a talent for—it's exhilarating. It's a form of self-expression. And as this girl attests, it builds esteem.

You might die laughing when I tell you that I have a real talent and love for weeds. And I'm not talking about the kind you smoke but weeds and flowers that grow everywhere. I realized that I always noticed them, while others just wanted them cut down.

So I started picking them and pressing them—and eventually making beautiful pictures and postcards and art objects with them. I have been able to cheer up many a sad soul with one of my personalized cards. I am often asked to do arrangements of flowers for others and to share my knowledge of preserving pressed plants. It's given me so much joy and confidence—just knowing I have the special gift and appreciation for something most people ignore. But it even

LOOK, I CAN
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MAN
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goes beyond that—it's taught me that if there is so much to just simple weeds, how much more is there to almost everything else in life? It's made me look deeper. It makes me an explorer. And I actually am just a normal young girl!

My brother-in-law, Bryce, told me how developing a talent helped build his self-confidence and find a career in which he could make a difference. His story is set in the Teton mountain range that stretches high above the plains of Idaho and Wyoming. The Grand Teton, the tallest of the Teton peaks, juts 13,776 feet above sea level. As a young boy, Bryce had the picture-perfect baseball swing. Until his tragic accident. While playing with a BB gun one day, Bryce accidentally shot himself in the eye. Fearing that surgery might permanently impair his vision, the doctors left the BB in his eye.

Months later, when Bryce returned to baseball, he began striking out each time at bat. He had lost his depth perception and much of his vision in one eye and could no longer judge the ball. Said Bryce, "I was an all-star player the year before and now I couldn't hit the ball. I was convinced that I would never be able to do anything again. It was a big blow to my confidence."

Bryce's two older brothers were good at so many things, and he wondered what he could do now, given his new handicap. Since he lived near the Teton he decided to give climbing a try. So he dropped by the local Army store and bought nylon rope, carabiners, chalks, pitons, and other climbing necessities. He checked out climbing books and studied how to tie the knots, hook up a harness, and rappel. His first real climbing experience was rappelling off his friend's chimney. Soon he began climbing some of the smaller peaks surrounding the Grand Teton.

Bryce soon realized that he had a knack for it. Unlike many of his climbing partners, his body was strong and lightweight and seemed to be perfectly built for rock climbing.

After training for several months, Bryce finally climbed the Grand Teton all by himself. It took him two days. Reaching this goal was a great confidence builder.

Climbing partners were hard to come by, so Bryce began training on his own. He would drive to the Teton, run up to the base of the climb, do the climb, and run back down. He did this so often he became very good at it. One day a friend of his, Kim, said, "Hey, you ought to go after the record on the Grand Teton."

He told Bryce all about it. A climbing ranger named Jock Glidden had set a record on the Grand by running to the top and

back in four hours and eleven minutes. "That's absolutely impossible," thought Bryce. "I'd like to meet this guy someday." But as Bryce continued to do these types of runs, his times became faster and Kim kept saying, "You must go after the record. I know you could do it."

On one occasion, Bryce finally met Jock, the superhuman with the insurmountable record. Bryce and Kim were sitting in Jock's tent when Kim, a well-known climber himself, said to Jock, "This guy here is thinking about going after your record." Jock gazed at Bryce's 125-pound frame and laughed aloud, as if to say, "Get a clue, you little runt." Bryce felt devastated but quickly gathered himself. And Kim kept affirming him: "You can do it. I know you can do it."

Early in the morning on August 26, 1981, carrying a small orange backpack and a light jacket, Bryce ran to the top of the Grand and back in three hours, forty-seven minutes, and four seconds. He stopped only twice: once to take rocks out of his shoes and once to sign the register at the summit to prove he had been there. He felt marvelous! He had actually broken the record!



A few years later, Bryce received a surprise call from Kim. "Bryce, have you heard? Your record has just been broken." Of course, he added, "You need to get it back. I know you can do it!" A man named Creighton King, who had recently won the heralded Pike's Peak Marathon in Colorado, dashed to the top and back in three hours, thirty minutes, and nine seconds.

On August 26, 1983, two years after his last assault on the mountain, and ten days after his record had been broken, Bryce stood in the Lupine Meadows parking lot at the base of the Grand Teton in brand-new running shoes, ready and eager to break King's record. With him were friends, family, Kim, and a crew from the local television station to film his run.

As before, he knew the hardest part of the climb would be the mental aspect. He didn't want to become one of the two or three who die each year while attempting to scale the Grand.

Sportswriter Russell Weeks describes running the Grand as follows: "From the parking lot you face a run of about nine or ten miles up switchback trails, through a canyon, up two glacial

moraines, two saddles, a gap between two peaks and a 700-foot climb up the west wall of the Grand to the top. The rise and fall in altitude from Lupine Meadows to the top and back is about 15,000 feet. Leigh Ortenburger's *Climber's Guide to the Teton Range* lists the last 700 feet alone as a three-hour climb."

Bryce took off running. As he ascended up, up, up the mountain, his heart pounded and his legs burned. Concentration was intense. Scaling the last 700 feet in twelve minutes, he reached the summit in one hour and fifty-three minutes and placed his verification card under a rock. He knew that if he were to break King's record he would have to do it coming down. The descent became so steep at times that he was taking ten- to fifteen-foot strides. He passed some friends who later told him his face had turned purple from oxygen depletion. Another climbing party apparently knew he was going for the record because, as he passed, they yelled, "Go! Go!" Amid cheers, Bryce returned to Lupine Meadows with bleeding knees, thrashed tennis shoes, and one horrific headache, three hours, six minutes, and twenty-five seconds after he had left. He had done the impossible!

Word spread fast and Bryce became known as the best mountain climber around. "It gave me an identity," said Bryce. "Everyone wants to be known for something, and so did I. My ability to climb gave me something to work for and was a great source of self-esteem. It was my way of expressing myself."

Today, Bryce is founder and president of a very successful company that makes high-performance backpacks for climbers and mountain runners. Most important, Bryce is making a living doing what he loves to do and what he is good at and has used his talent to bless his life and the lives of many others.

Oh, by the way, the record still stands. (Now, don't get any wild ideas.) And Bryce still has that BB in his eye.

So, my friends, if you need a shot of confidence, start making some deposits into your PBA starting today. You'll feel the results instantly. And, remember, you don't have to climb a mountain to make a deposit. There are a million and one safer ways.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Up ahead we'll talk about the many ways in which you and your dog are different. Read on and you'll see what I mean!

Keep Promises to Yourself



- 1 Get up when you planned to for 3 days in a row.
- 2 Identify one easy task that needs to be done today, like putting in a batch of laundry, or reading a book for an English assignment. Decide when you will do it. Now, keep your word and get it done.

Do Random Acts of Service

- 3 Sometime today, do a kind anonymous deed, like writing a thank-you note, taking out the trash, or making someone's bed.
- 4 Look around and find something you can do to make a difference, like cleaning up a park in your neighborhood, volunteering in a senior citizens center, or reading to someone who can't.



Tap Into Your Talents

- 5 List a talent you would like to develop this year. Write down specific steps to get there.
- Talent I want to develop this year:
- How do I get there:

6

Make a list of the talents you most admire in other people.
 Person: Talents I admire:

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Be Gentle with Yourself

7 Think about an area of life you feel inferior in. Now breathe deeply and tell yourself, "It's not the end of the world."



8 Try to go an entire day without negative self talk. Each time you catch yourself putting yourself down, you have to replace it with three positive thoughts about yourself.

Renew Yourself

9 Decide on a fun activity that will lift your spirits and do it today. For example, turn up the music and dance.

10 Feeling lethargic? Get up right now and go for a fast walk around the block.



Be Honest

11 The next time your parents ask you about what you're doing, share the complete story. Don't leave out information meant to mislead or deceive.

12 For one day, try not to exaggerate or embellish!

Be Proactive



- I Am the Force