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The following a selection of a of the few stories and quotes which appear in 'A Gift of Inspiration'

The Man Who Sold Very Good Hot Dogs

There was once a man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He was hard of hearing so he had no radio - he had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers and of course he didn't look at television. [more](#)

The Man Who Sold Very Good Hot Dogs

There was once a man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He was hard of hearing so he had no radio - he had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers and of course he didn't look at television. But he sold very good hot dogs. He put up signs on the highway telling everyone how good they were, he stood on the side of the road and cried out to all that past 'buy a hot dog, they are the best in town'.

And people bought his hot dogs and he increased his meat and bun orders. He bought a bigger stove to take care of all the extra business. He finally got his son to come and help him out with his business.

But then something happen, his son who had been well educated said . . . ' Father, haven't you been listening to the radio or reading the newspapers or watching television? There's a big recession happening right now. The current business situation is terrible in this country - we have problems with unemployment, high living costs, strikes, pollution, the influence of minorities and majorities, the rich, the poor, drugs, alcohol, capitalism and communism '.

Where upon his father thought, ' well my son's been well educated, he reads the papers, listens to the radio and watches television, so he ought to know '.

So his father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down all his advertising signs and no longer bothered to stand by the side of the road to promote and sell his hot dogs, . . . and his hot dog sales fell almost overnight.

'You're right, son ' the father said ' we certainly are in the middle of a recession'

Author Unknown

Erased by the winds of forgiveness!

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point in their journey they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face. The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, wrote in the sand - *TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE.*

They kept on walking until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who had been slapped on the face got stuck in the mire and started to drown, but his friend saved him. After he recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone - *TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED MY LIFE.*

The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, ' After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?'

The other friend replied ' When someone hurts us we should write it down in sand where the winds of forgiveness can erase it away. But, when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it.'

We should all learn to write our hurts in the sand and carve our benefits in stone.

Author Unknown

Who really cares!

The people who make a difference

Please take a moment to answer these questions:

- Name the five wealthiest people in the world.
- Name the last five recipients of the Australian of the Year Award.
- Name the last five winners of the Miss World contest.
- Name ten people who have won the Nobel Peace prize.
- Name the last half dozen Academy Award winners for best actor and actress.
- Name the winners of the last five World Series Cricket Series.

How did you do? The point is, none of us remember the headliners of yesterday. These are no second-rate achievers, they are the best in their fields. But the applause dies, awards tarnish and achievements are forgotten. Accolades and certificates are buried with their owners.

Here's another set of questions. See how you do with these:

- List a few teachers who aided your journey through school.
- Name three friends who have helped you through a difficult time.
- Name five people who have taught you something worthwhile.
- Think of a few people who have made you feel appreciated and special.
- Name a few people whose stories have inspired you.
- Think of five people you enjoy spending time with.

Was this a little easier to complete?

So what's the message?

The people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money, or the most awards. They are the ones that care. If you agree please pass this on to those people who have made a difference in your life.

- An Inspirational Thought -

'Watch your thoughts; they become words. Watch your words; they become actions. Watch your actions; they become habits. Watch your habits; they become character. Watch your character; it becomes your destiny'

Frank Outlaw

Yusuf - He's My Brother

Inspired by Yusuf and written by Keith Ready

Just recently I flew from Sydney to Melbourne for an early morning meeting followed by a series of additional meetings, all in the same office. It was one of those 'down and back in one day trips', so fortunately I only needed to carry my brief case so I could go direct to the express check in, saving myself up to half an hour in a queue.

Upon arriving in Melbourne at just after 7.15 a.m. I headed straight for the taxi rank to pick up a cab. As I walked out into the morning light I was greeted with a skyline filled with dense smoke, the product of the most recent horrific bushfires in Victoria. As I gazed in amazement at this scene and compared it in my mind to my last visit to Los Angeles, a voice broke my preoccupation.

'Good morning sir, do you need a cab' came from a Yellow cab parked at a slight angle to the curb just in front of me, the window was wound down and a bright smiling face look out at me. I said yes in a flash and jumped into the cab.

When I told the driver where I wanted to go - his eyes seemed to brighten even more and he asked, *'sir, what time do you need to be there'*. I replied by 9.00 a.m. for a series of meetings and he nodded, turned on the meter and off we drove. Within minutes he said that it was a very long drive, probably an hour and half and he would do his very best to get me there before 9.00 a.m.

I knew my destination was a long way from the airport and had opted for a cab, because I was not sure that if I hired a car I would be able to navigate my way to the destination and still get there on time at 9.00 a.m. As I settled in for the long trip, the driver and I began to talk about the bush fires, the business environment, his family, his love of Australia plus a whole host of topics and issues. Needless to say he also got to know a lot about me, including the fact that I was in Melbourne for the day and would be returning to Sydney on a 6.30 p.m. flight. As you could expect by the end of the trip we were on a first name basis.

We arrived at my destination at 8.50 a.m. I signed my charge docket, which was big enough for me to think that Yusuf may have to ring American Express for a credit clearance. As I was about to get out of the cab, Yusuf handed me a Yellow cab card. He indicated that his mobile number was written on the back and that if I gave him a call around a half an hour before I needed to leave to catch my flight, he would come and pick me up. I thanked him and headed off for my meeting.

My day was a busy one and by 3.15 p.m. I had completed my meetings and was ready to make the long trip back to the airport. So I gave Yusuf a call on his mobile and he said *'thank you Keith, I will pick you up in 30 minutes'* and guess what - he did.

On the way back to the airport I spent the first half-hour picking up a number of phone messages and returning calls. When I had finished Yusuf and I talked about his day working the area. He told me that after he had dropped me off, he had decided to spend the day in the area, knowing that at around 4.00 he could well have a fare back to the airport. He mentioned that it had been a good day for him with lots of short fares to keep him busy.

As we got closer to the airport, Yusuf said to me *'you seem to know a lot about business, can you suggest how I can be a better cab driver'*. I looked at him for a moment, then said - *'Yusuf, just keep doing what you are doing'*.

He looked back at me as if to ask for further explanation of what I had said. I went on to say, *'handing me your card and offering to come and pick me up, tells me that you already know how to be a better cab driver and you are doing it'*. We chatted for the next forty minutes and then it was time for me to sign the cab charge docket and again think about the need for a call to American Express.

As I was about to get out the cab on the departures level at Melbourne airport, two ladies came rushing up and asked if could Yusuf take them to the city, as they were in a hurry to get there. Yusuf said yes and they jumped in. Now I knew from my discussions with Yusuf that I had been his first fare for the day and that he was due to finish his shift at 7.00 p.m. He had also told me that he lived very close to the city. So this fare would take him close to home and he could finish the day at 7.00 p.m. and get home early enough to spend some quality time with his wife and six children.

Before embarking on his fare to the city, Yusuf got out of his cab and said *'Thank you Keith - my brother, the next time you are coming to Melbourne, give me a call the day before and I will come and pick you up'*. He smiled as he jumped in his cab, then he was on his way in the still smoke filled Melbourne atmosphere.

The moral in this real life experience

The more time you spend with your customer, get to know them personally, talk and listen to them and treat them with genuine courtesy and respect; the more business they will give you. Very often that same customer will also lead you to even more business of similar quality.

I still have Yusuf's card and the next time I am travelling to Melbourne, you can be sure that I will give him a call. That is the second part of the moral in this story - satisfied, happy customers become return customers and they tell lot's of other people about their experience . . . *And I just did.*

Kisses in a Box

The story goes that a man punished his 3-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree. Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy."

He was so embarrassed by his earlier over reaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He yelled at her: "Don't you know when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside it?" The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said: Oh, Daddy, it's not empty, I blew kisses into the box. All for you, Daddy."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little girl, and he begged for her forgiveness. An accident took the life of the child only a short time later. It is told that the man kept that gold box by his bed for many years and whenever he was discouraged, he would take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us as humans, have been given a gold container filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, friends and family. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

'Family and friends are angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly'

Author Unknown

The clock is running so make the most of today

Imagine there is a bank that credits your account each morning with \$86,400. It carries over no balance from day to day. Every evening it deletes whatever part of the balance you failed to use during the day. What would you do? Draw out ALL OF IT, of course!

Each of us has such a bank. Its name is TIME. Every morning it credits you with 86,400 seconds. Every night it writes off, as lost, whatever of this you have failed to invest to good purpose.

It carries over no balance. It allows no overdraft. Each day it opens a new account for you. Each night it burns the remains of the day. If you fail to use the day's deposits, the loss is yours.

There is no going back. There is no drawing against the 'tomorrow'. You must live in the present on today's deposits. Invest it so as to get from it the utmost in health, happiness, and success!

The clock is running, so make the most of today!

- To realise the value of ONE YEAR, ask a student who failed a grade.
- To realise the value of ONE MONTH, ask the mother of a premature baby.
- To realise the value of ONE WEEK, ask the editor of a weekly newspaper.
- To realise the value of ONE HOUR, ask the lovers who are waiting to meet.
- To realise the value of ONE MINUTE, ask the person who just missed a train.
- To realise the value of ONE SECOND, ask the person who just avoided an accident.
- To realise the value of ONE HUNDREDTH OF A SECOND, ask the person who won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Treasure every moment that you have! And treasure it more because you shared it with someone special, special enough to spend your time with, and remember that time waits for no one.

Author Unknown

- An Inspirational Thought -
There are three kinds of people in this world
1. Those who make things happen
2. Those who watch things happen
3. Those who wonder what's happening

Author Unknown

Can I please buy one of your puppies?

A farmer had some gorgeous blue heeler cattle dog puppies he needed to sell. He was putting up a sign advertising the 6 pups and as he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his trousers. He looked down into the eyes of a small boy. "Hi," he said, "Can I please buy one of your puppies?"

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "These puppies come from purebred parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got fifty cents. Is that enough to take a look?" replied the boy. "Sure," said the farmer. And with that he let out a whistle. "Here, Dusty!" he called. Out from the shed ran Dusty, followed by five little balls of grey and white fur.

The little boy pressed his face against the fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the pups made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the shed. Slowly another little ball appeared, this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid. Then in a somewhat awkward manner, the little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up.

"I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt. The farmer knelt down at the boy side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would."

With that the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe. Looking back up at the farmer, he said.

'You see sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands'

Author Unknown

- An Inspirational Thought -

'The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one does'

James M. Barrie
