

January 07: There Are More Everdays than Sundays

“There are more Everydays than Sundays.” – *Mother of a client.*

Sunday. The day of rest for most of us. The day of worship for some. The day for hobbies, for family, for volunteering, for traditions -- new and old -- to take root and flourish. The day of rejuvenation, the day of solace before the wear of the work week greets us bright and early every Monday morning.

Last Sunday, I learned that an extraordinary human being named Dave Gentry may have very few Sundays left. He had been traveling in South America with his wife for three weeks and had been sick the entire trip. They returned and Dave was immediately admitted to the hospital for tests, which came back with a tragic diagnosis: liver cancer. The odds are unfortunately against him.

The news hit me with the same reeling force as when my father told me he had cancer, roughly 15 years ago. My father’s diagnosis had also initially been liver cancer though during surgery it was discovered that the malignant cells were in his stomach, but had not yet made it to his liver. He survived. I earnestly hope a similarly kind x-factor befriends Dave.

My mind seized on a recent process seminar in Delaware where a woman in her 60s realized her sole focus in life had been taking care of her husband and children but she had no idea what she wanted her life to produce on its own. This sentiment was echoed by another woman who remarked how she needed to fill so many roles – mother, daughter, wife, etc. – that she was having a very hard time thinking about what she really wants for herself. Sound familiar? We all need to live on our terms, not to the exclusion of others, but if we can’t define and prioritize how we want the world to interact with us, we will always implicitly be living for somebody else.

Back to Dave. Rather than waste time probing the “Why is this happening to someone I love?” question, I’d like to focus on Dave’s life to date, as it illustrates a spirit that realized there are more Everydays than Sundays and decided to take the courageous steps to live on his terms...with **extraordinary** returns!

Dave married into a family business, which he successfully ran for over a decade. He probably could have run it for the rest of his life but he wasn’t happy and eventually he left, wandered for a bit, and then heard about an author named Steven Covey who was writing an interesting book. Dave ended up running

Covey's Los Angeles and Orange County seminar business, helping thousands upon thousands of employees (and employers) live better and more satisfying lives.

In time, leveraging his mission and passion to service others, he became an executive coach (of sorts), and his sincerity, wisdom, generosity and optimism are unlike **any** I have yet to encounter. Regardless of when Dave goes, the world will lose a glittering gem that has added luster to the lives of many, and me personally.

In the grand scheme, your time on this planet is miniscule, yet your impact on it and its inhabitants (of all species) can be incredibly profound. To think though, you can have this impact while living on someone else's terms -- and not working your passions -- is ludicrous. You have SIX more days in every week. I challenge you to make them mean something more than merely paying the mortgage...in the time of your life.

My thoughts are with you Dave, L