

DEDICATION

This volume, my 17th book-length manuscript, is dedicated to authentic people. I was 48 before I found some people with whom I could talk with about anything, no taboos. It was a liberating experience. My friends Robert and Dana and I would go to the local watering hole, Sloan's, and they'd have a beer and I'd have a milk or diet cola and we'd talk about money, politics, marriage, parenting, sex, religion, *everything*. My good friend Tanner organized a golf outing, a "Workaholic's Retreat," where these kind of conversations continued. Honest conversation had never been safe before in my life; the people I knew from parents on down were too quick to judge. Through these new conversations, I came to believe that honest, authentic, transparent conversations are like diamonds in life, to be treasured above all the chaff of superficial, tell-it-like-it-*should-be* chit-chat that was a waste of time. I've only had five such people in my life. Robert, Susan, Erick, Tanner and Dana. Dana died of a heart attack at age 51. Now I'm down to four. Erick I pay a hundred dollars an hour to, so does he count? Robert took a new job and disappeared. Tanner lives 10 hours away. So now I'm down to Susan. She's still here. That amazes me in a major way. Wow. I've tattooed the initials of the people who've had a major influence on my life on my wrist. Tony's there. Robert's there. Dana's there. Tanner's there. Susan's there. I hope you have people in your life to whom you can turn to talk about things, anything. Some might say that some things are best left unsaid. In my experience that has always led to more pain and wasted precious "life time" than the shock of learning how things really are. Unresolved and misunderstood realities lead to later pain and bitterness. The light of day on every topic, though, heals and nurtures. May you find and cultivate friendships with people with whom you can be utterly, completely, and authentically you. And may you be the same, non-judgmentally, for them.