

FORGETTING THE BASICS

It was one week before Christmas in 2001. My son Benjamin was five years old at the time. He seemed healthy, but he had large lumps on the side of his neck; the doctor had been running blood and ultrasound tests on them, trying to determine a diagnosis. I was on a morning commuter train heading downtown for a rather important meeting about a company merger that had just been announced. My wife Toni called on my cell. I could tell immediately something was wrong. The doctor, not the doctor's office, had called. He needed to see both of us immediately. He would not tell Toni why. We both started thinking the worst.

As soon as I was off the train I arranged for a rental car and headed straight back home. Toni and I met at the doctor's office within an hour of the phone call. He informed us that Sick Kids Hospital in Toronto did not have any available beds. He had already made arrangements for us to attend a similar hospital in Kingston. This was two hours east of us. He informed us they had a concern that Ben had lymphoma. We would be meeting a pediatric oncologist in Kingston and we should pack for staying overnight. We walked out of the doctor's office and to our separate cars to head home and pack.

Dad and Linda had been making arrangements to purchase our family a membership at a private alpine ski club as a Christmas present. The first thing I thought of was the need to call them and tell them not to. We wouldn't be available to go skiing this year due to the news about Ben. I called and Linda answered the phone.

I remember sitting in this unknown car and the emotion of the moment hitting me like a brick wall. I told Linda the news and told her to cancel the ski membership plans. Shortly after I hung up with Linda, Dad phoned me back. He was compassionate but firm. He told me they were going ahead with the membership and for me to get my thinking straight. He said Ben is fine and not to give energy to any thought but that. He had been teaching me that my whole life, but it can be so easy to forget in the moment. He was even more emphatic that we not show any emotional weakness in front of Ben. The last thing we should do was to make him fearful.

We arrived at the Kingston hospital and as we walked through the front doors the doctor came up to us and asked if we were the Proctors. My immediate thought was "it's bad." When do you ever get greeted like that at a hospital? I stopped my thought and pictured Ben healthy and skiing. Ben had a CT scan that evening then a biopsy the next morning. We waited patiently for the results from the pathologist. They came back negative for cancer. We were incredibly relieved and exhausted. The entire experience left me in awe as to the personal character of the pediatric nurses. What incredible interpersonal skills they have to do what they do every day. Dad's words, of putting my thoughts on the right track, were all the easier with the wonderful support of the nursing staff.

I realized that day the importance of positive thinking. Whether or not it made a difference in my son's diagnosis I will never truly know. However, I know it made a difference for my son. Being strong for Ben allowed me to properly address my concerns for his well being. My first thought had been one of emotion and worry. Imagine the damaging impression I would have made on Ben, had I expressed my fear and worry in front of him. Those emotions really would not have been about

his well being, but my own. If I had taken a moment to reflect, I would have realized that positive thoughts and attitude are the only things that would express my concern for his well being. I appreciate the fact that dad called back that day to remind me what I needed to do: Think positive.

Five days later we had the most grateful Christmas we had ever had and started skiing as a family the next week. We ski as a family today.

Ray Proctor

Excerpt from *Inspired: The Secret of Bob Proctor*

We read what motivational speakers teach us, but what do they teach their families behind closed doors?

The Proctor family shares what they have learned from the Godfather of motivation, Bob Proctor. From his 9-year-old grandson relaying how Bob gently explained the meaning of death, to his son's view of money, the Proctor family relay what they have learned from living with Bob Proctor.

The chapters are honest, emotional and funny. They expose Bob Proctor's traits as a dad, husband, grandfather and much more! You may have experienced Bob Proctor in a business environment..this book gives you the personal application of his teachings.a must for every family!

Bob Proctor is turning 75 years young! To get a copy of *Inspired: The Secret of Bob Proctor* or to wish Bob a Happy Birthday please go to: www.HappyBirthdayBobProctor.com