

The Big Five For Life
Leadership's Greatest Secret
By John P. Strelecky

Have you ever been approached with the question, “are you having a *Museum Day Morning*?” Prior to reading this book I would have said let’s hope not! However, after reading this story, I am determined to have a museum type of day, every day. In John P. Strelecky’s book, ***The Big Five For Life, Leadership’s Greatest Secret***, he shares the story of Thomas Derale, CEO of Derale Enterprises. The novel tells the story about how Thomas is able to align his personal Purpose for Existing (PFE), his companies PFE and his own Big Five For Life to create Leadership’s Greatest Secret.

John’s book is a business owner’s guide to leadership. From vital business practices to basic human elements, readers will discover what it takes to increase profits while becoming a great leader.

Now you must be wondering what a *Museum Day Morning* is? Here is an excerpt from ***The Big Five For Life, Leadership’s Greatest Secret***, explaining a *Museum Day Morning*.

“Joe, do you know how long most people’s lives last?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Oh, I don’t know, seventy years, maybe eighty.”

“You’re close. The average human in the United States lives around 28,200 days, or about seventy-five years. Hopefully ends up being more, sometime it ends up being less, but statistically speaking, it’s about 28,200 days.”

His answer sort of surprised me. “I’ve never really thought of it in day’s before,” I replied, “it seems shorter for some reason when you think of it in days versus years.”

“Yes, it does. It makes it more real.”

“Okay, so the average life span is 28,200 days. What does that have to do with a museum day morning?”

“Have you ever been in a history museum, Joe? Ever wandered the halls looking at old photos of people? Shots of them at work, or in their military uniform, maybe some family photos or some goofing-off shots with friends?”

I nodded. “Sure.”

“Well, one day I was in Orlando, Florida, for a conference. I ended up driving around and found this little museum in a place called Winter Garden, Florida. The whole museum can’t be more than a thousand square feet, but it’s filled with pictures of people from the town’s history, stories of what they’ve done, and events that have occurred over the last one hundred and fifty years or so. And while I was wandering through that museum, it struck me. What if every day of

our life was cataloged? The way we felt, the people we saw, how we spent our time. And at the end of our life a museum was built. It was build to show exactly how we lived our life.”
I looked at Thomas, confused.

“Think of it this way, Joe. If eighty percent of our time was at a job we didn’t like, then eighty percent of the museum would be dedicated to showing us unhappily spending our time at a job we didn’t like. There would be pictures and quotes and little video monitors where people could pick scenes of different unhappy moments. If we were friendly with ninety percent of the people we interacted with, it would show that. But if we were angry and upset or yelled at ninety percent of the people we interacted with, it would show that. Those also would be documented with photos and little video clips and audios.

“If we loved the outdoors, or spending time with our kids or friends, celebrating life with our significant other, but only spent two percent of our life fueling those loves, then no matter how hard we wish it to be different, only two percent of our museum would be dedicated to that. Maybe there would be just a few pictures in a frame at the end of a long hallway.”

“Imagine what it would be like to walk through that museum toward the end of your life. To view the videos, listen to the audio, look at the pictures. How would we feel? How would we feel knowing that for the rest of eternity, that museum would be how we were remembered? Every person who walked through it would know us exactly as we truly were. Our legacy would be based not on how we dreamed of living, but how we actually lived.”

“Imagine if heaven, or the afterlife, or however you think of what life is like after we die, actually consists of us being the eternal tour guide for our museum.” He paused for a moment.
“That’s why I asked you if it was a good museum day morning”

Wishing you a “Museum Day Morning,”

BreeAnn Gale
Pink Blossom Events