Three Questions

1. How do you “read the signposts” and course correct? How much is your organization missing out on because everyone is too focused on the final destination, that is, the next quarter’s bottom line, the fulfillment of the business plan, the communications plan, the marketing plan, or the KPI?
2. What systems do you have in place for people to achieve perceptual ability?
3. How many kinds of intelligences do you foster in the workplace? Is every member of the organization really able see what is going on?

References


2.10 The Anti-Hurry-Scurry-Worry Pill

Joan Marques

Keywords: power, influence, fear, motivation, empathy, humor, entrepreneurship
Courses this story could be used in: Organizational Behavior, Organizational Change, Entrepreneurship, Principles of Management

Topics: communication, empathy, leadership, culture

The Story

Ronaldo was rather depressed today. He was sent home early from work, because his manager told him he needed some rest. He looked pale and seemed to be infected by the bug that had been troubling the city of Belem for some time now, said the manager. Ronaldo had heard about the epidemic that had been threatening the city for a few months now. And now it seems that he was one of the 2 million Brazilians battling a disease for which there had not been a cure found yet. Day after day his old mama, Maria Isabel, had been sitting in front of the television, hoping that those smart Americans, or perhaps the practical Europeans, or maybe the sharp Cubans, would have discovered a cure for this strange disease. She did so because his father, old Eduardo, and his older brother Romario were also diagnosed as having been infected. They called it the Hurry-Worry-Scurry bug, and it seemed that it had infected half of the world population by now! It caused the victims to rush through life from early morning till late night, hardly ever allowing themselves the opportunity to take a break. They started early, and kept busy till very late: rushing to work, worrying about things to be done, scurrying from one errand to another, trying to fulfill obligations for professional, social, and private causes.

When she saw her youngest son coming home early from work, Maria Isabel knew she had to do something. She threw a wrap around her shoulders, slipped into her sandals, and walked three miles to the edge of town, then a half-mile into a narrow, unpaved side road, where a small wooden house was kept out of sight by trees and bushes. She knocked at the door, and waited to hear if there was any movement. The door squeaked as it was opened by an old woman. “Ah, Adelita!” said Maria Isabel, “I need your help! May I come in?” Adelita looked at her younger sister, saw the concern in her eyes, and stepped aside. “Okay, what is it?” “It’s about that bug that is spreading everywhere. Julio and Romario contracted it last week, but today Ronaldo was also sent home. I came to see if you have anything to cure them?”

Adelita lived as a recluse, away from the busy town, and with no other living creature around than her cat. She was revered by many and despised by a similar number. But there was one thing everyone knew about her: she was a medicine woman that had no match. Her potions were known far beyond the borders of her own country, but she did not care for any fame, money, or acclaim. There were very few people who approached this strange woman, and Maria Isabel was one of them.

Adelita walked to her kitchen, opened a large bottle, and grabbed a handful of pills, which she placed in a small bag. She said, “These are