

# You've Started a Business

## *Providing Solutions to Other's Problems*



Joyce Penner

*The MLM  
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*“Demand  
what you  
need,  
but earn  
it with  
your efforts”*

## *Chapter 9*

### *A Minute At A Time*

Jeff Olsen in his book “The Slight Edge” tells a story of two frogs. This is my version of the story. My paraphrasing of a wonderful, inspiring story.

Frog brothers, who hop up from the marsh, find a pail of cream and jump in. They drink and drink until they are saturated. What they didn't realize was that the level of cream was dropping as they drank and when they went to jump out the sides of the pail were too slippery, too slick and they landed with a plop back into the cream.

The talked as they swim around and around the pail. Trying to figure out how to get out. Both became tired and one brother wanted to just give up and sink to the bottom. The other brother encouraged him to keep going and he did – for a bit. But eventually he said goodbye and sank to the bottom.

The remaining brother kept going. Around and around and around. Exhausted beyond measure but he couldn't, he wouldn't give up. Finally with the last ounce of effort he had left he thought he'd try one last time to jump out of the pail. As he gathered his energy and his feet beneath him for the final leap he realized he was on solid footing. The “butter” was solid enough that it gave him the footing he required to leap to freedom.

Jeff Olsen, of course, tells the story much better than I ever could. But the message behind the story is one we should all remember. Never give up. Ever ounce of (productive) effort you put into building your business will eventually turn into “butter” and you will be able to take your leap to freedom.

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The other example or story he shares in that book that made an impact on me was the tooth story. And my version, paraphrased.

Two men, each with a toothbrush and toothpaste chose to take a different path. One man brushed his teeth every day. The other chose not to. Their teeth were the same when they started on day one. There wasn't a lot of difference after a week of brushing or not brushing. Even a month went by and there wasn't a lot of difference. But as the months progressed into years, the simple little decision to brush his teeth every day versus the man who chose not to, resulted in a drastic difference in their results.

Jeff Olsen, with this little story, was illustrating how the very simple decisions you make today to do or not do that one little thing, isn't going to affect you today or maybe even next month. But if you keep repeating that negative little decision eventually there will be a drastic difference in the results between the network marketer who does and the one who doesn't.

It's called the slight edge. Doing that tiny thing every day makes a huge difference.

I have joined a *Tribe* on Facebook and a couple of the members joined together to create an ebook. A book which could be used by the members as their free bonus offer. The book is packed with valuable advice and one of the authors, a lady by the name of Jacqueline McGinnis, took the time to lay out in great detail her **Daily Plan of Action**. Every day she meticulously checks off as she accomplishes what that daily plan entails. She's organized, she gets things done, she's working by doing the simple little actions she has set out for herself every day, day in and day out without fail. Bite size chunks, minute by minute.

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And that's sometimes all you have, when life interferes. Maybe it's only 10 minutes you have to devote to something or maybe as the story below illustrates, maybe it's only a penny. Whatever it is, the results speak for themselves.

*The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.*

*I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar and admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.*

*Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck. Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. "Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back."*

*Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. "These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me."*

*We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. "When we get home, we'll start*

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*filling the jar again.” He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. “You won't get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,” he said. “But you'll get there. I'll see to that.”*

*The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed. A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words, and never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done.*

*When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me. No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar.*

*Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar. To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me. “When you finish college, Son,” he told me, his eyes glistening, “You'll never have to eat beans again ... unless you want to.”*

*The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly and Susan took her from Dad's arms. “She probably needs to be changed.” she said, carrying the baby into*

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*my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.*

*She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. "Look," she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar.*

*I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.*

Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse and that person could be you !

Just like the frog or the dad, when times were tough, when they were tired, discouraged, life seemed hopeless, the small little actions, done continuously will change the future.

The slight edge.

The simple things.

Need to be done. No matter how tired or busy or discouraged you are.

Just do them.

I promise, it will make a difference.

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