

Following in My Foot Steps

It was March of 2006 and my company was hosting its leadership conference in Las Vegas. Hundreds of leaders and top income earners flew in from all over North America to huddle together and receive knowledge and training that we all knew would launch our businesses to the next level. I was excited to attend the conference, but I was more excited to see my six-year-old son Drayson, who lives in Las Vegas. We hadn't seen each other for almost three months because his mother had moved there.

The event schedule posted online showed that each of the days for the conference would run from nine to five, leaving me each of the evenings to spend with my son. We were both anxiously waiting to see each other.

My son came to meet me the first night at the business overview presentation. His face lit up and he came running over to give me a big hug. There were hundreds of leaders and guests in attendance. The energy was high, the room was vibrating.

The presentation started and my son sat quietly beside me, looking like he was taking notes during the presentation. Each time I looked over, he would look up and smile at me, sitting up straight and looking very proud to be with his Dad.

At the end of the presentation, there came an announcement. The schedule that was posted on the internet was not correct. Each day of the conference would run from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. with a Gala dinner running until midnight on the last night. Drayson looked over at me with a look of panic, realizing that this meant no time with Dad on this trip. I could feel his heart drop to his knees as did mine.

He leaned over and whispered. "Dad? Could I come to the seminar too?"

I simply didn't have the heart to tell him, that it was against company policy to have children attend the conference, so instead, I said "Why don't you ask that man right there and see if it's possible."

Drayson jumped out of his seat and immediately went over to the organizer for the event and said "Since you made a mistake on the schedule, that means I won't be able to see my Dad, so would it be okay if I came to the seminar too? I promise I will be quiet!"

The organizer looked at his little brown watery eyes that were reaching out in desperation. Then he looked at me and then back at my son and said “Can you be really... really quiet? Drayson’s eyes lit up and his face filled with excitement. “Yes!” he cried out.

During the course of the conference Drayson sat beside me quietly. The whole time looking like he was taking notes and continued to do so for the entire three-day event.

On the evening of second night, Drayson kept asking me if he could write something in my special notebook. We had been talking all day about goal setting and he really wanted to write out something in my special book. I said “Drayson, You have to think really big pal. This is Dad’s special book” So he grabbed his pen and opened my book to a fresh blank page and started writing away.....

The next day at the conference was even more exciting than the first. Again Drayson sat quietly the entire time looking like he was taking notes.

Then the end of the program came and the organizer asked people to come up on stage to share their testimonials from the weekend. Instantly my son looked over at me and nudged me in the stomach and said “Dad! You have to go up there!”

I said “OK, but if I go up, you have to go up too!” His eyes went into shock with my response, but then I saw a little sparkle in his eye. So I grabbed his hand and we went marching for the stage. We waited our turn and I could see Drayson’s nervous energy combined with his excitement. One after another, the people gave their testimonials. Now it was our turn.

I grabbed the microphone and said “Good evening ladies and gentlemen. My name is Darren Little and this is my son Drayson Little. The most impact that this seminar had on me this weekend was to realize what an impact it had on my son who is 6 years old. I realized that all of the principals of this industry and the personal development that happens along the way transfers directly to our children. In fact, last night my son asked me if he could write something in my special notebook and I told him if he did he needed to dream big.

So my son wrote “My Dad makes 1 million dollars per month”

The crowd roared. There I was on stage with my six year old son, who had gotten more out of the weekend than many people that were seven or eight times his age. Then I picked up the mike and asked “Drayson! What is the most powerful word in the world?”

He screamed “YES!”

Then I said “Drayson! What are the two most powerful words in the world?”

He screamed “It’s Possible!”

Darren Little

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