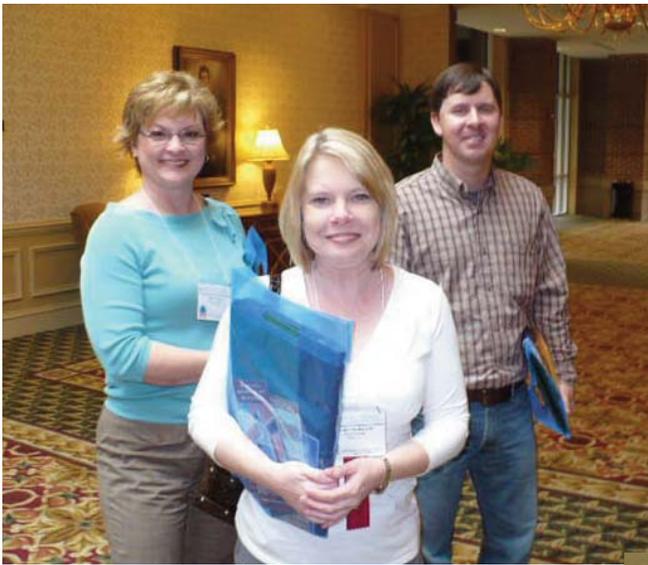


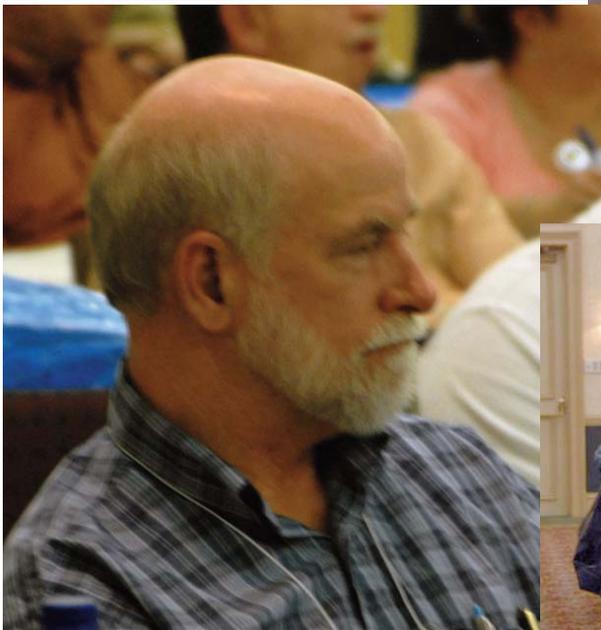


*2008
NRCS
Georgia
All-Employee
Conference
Highlights*

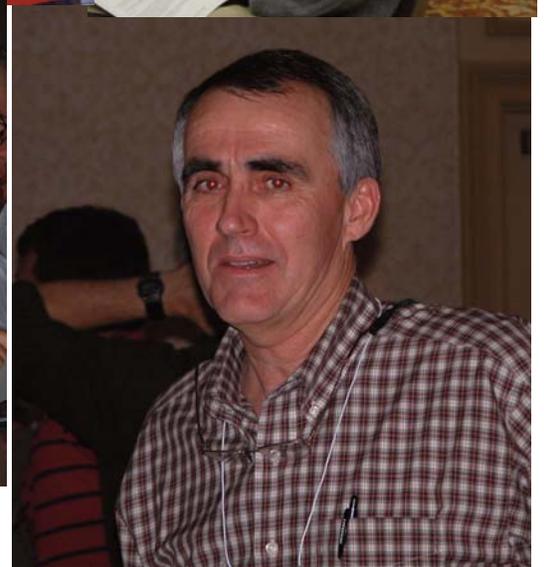
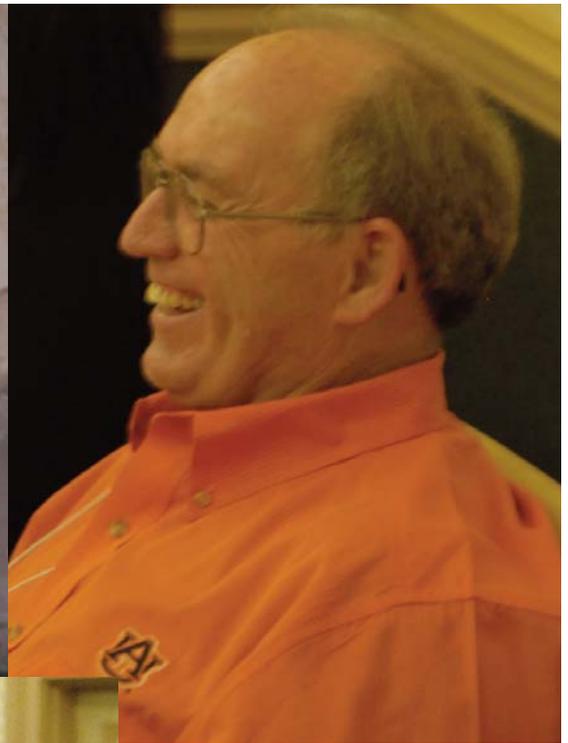




“I thought it (the conference) captured a lot of diversity. It was a really good training.”-- Margaret Dunn



The defect of equality is that we only desire it with our superiors. –Henry Becque



All generalizations are false, including this one. — Alexander Chase

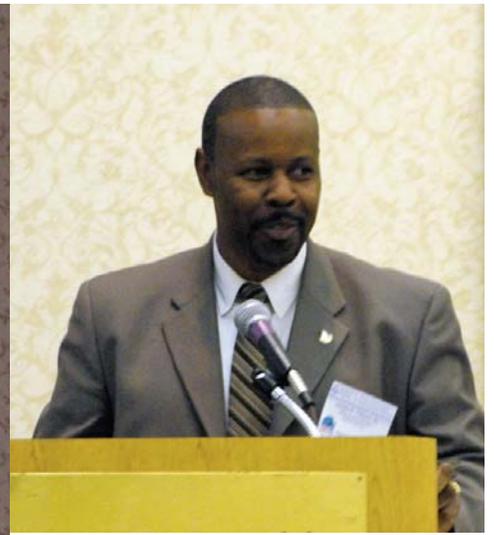




Ten Ways to Help Your Career

Jon Bourdon

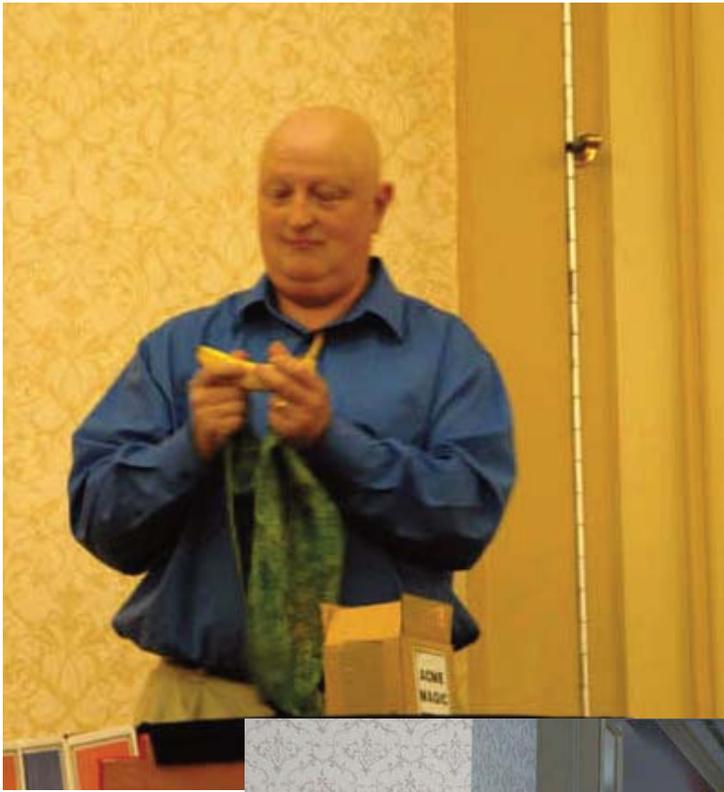
- 1. It's not always about you.*
- 2. Watch what you say.*
- 3. Be careful what you share at work.*
- 4. Always keep your clothes on at work.*
- 5. There is no value in spreading rumors.*
- 6. Keep a positive attitude.*
- 7. Do the obvious; take initiative.*
- 8. Take responsibility, admit mistakes.*
- 9. Treat everybody with respect.*
- 10. The most powerful thing you have is your reputation.*



*Aye, fight!
But not your
neighbor.
Fight rather
all the things
that cause you
and your
neighbor to
fight.
—Mikhail
Naim*













We are all creative, but by the time we are three or four years old, someone has knocked the creativity out of us. Some people shut up the kids who start to tell stories. Kids dance in their cribs, but someone will insist they sit still. By the time the creative people are ten or twelve, they want to be like everyone else. –Maya Angelou





The Cold Within

*Six humans trapped by happenstance
in black and bitter cold
Each possessed a stick of wood,
Or so the story's told.*

*Their dying fire in need of logs,
the first woman held hers back
For on the faces around the fire
She noticed one was black.*

*The next man looking 'cross the way
Saw one not of his church
And couldn't bring himself to give
The fire his stick of birch.*

*The third one sat in tattered clothes
He gave his coat a hitch,
Why should his log be put to use
To warm the idle rich?*

*The rich man just sat back and thought
Of the wealth he had in store,
And how to keep what he had earned
From the lazy, shiftless poor.*

*The black man's face bespoke revenge
As the fire passed from his sight,
For all he saw in his stick of wood
Was a chance to spite the white.*

*And the last man of this forlorn group
Did naught except for gain,
Giving only to those who gave
Was how he played the game.*

*The logs held tight in death's stilled hands
Was proof of human sin,
They didn't die from the cold without,
They died from the cold within.*

— James Patrick Kinney

