















The Cold Within

Author Unknown

Six humans trapped by happenstance In black and bitter cold Each one 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 the faces around the fire She noticed one of them was black.

The next man looking cross the way Saw one not of his church, And couldn't bring himself to give The first 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 still hands Was proof of human sin.
They didn't die from the cold without They died from the cold within.

My Commitment to Make a Difference

Each of us must accept responsibility for our individual working environment. As part of that responsibility, we need to be willing to take the actions necessary to make sure our surroundings allow us, and our co-workers, to contribute our very best to the organization.

In the future, I will think carefully about diversity and about what I can do to show I respect and value differences. I will begin using what I have learned today by:

1.

2.

3.

Choosing even one thing to do is okay.

Please make it something to which you feel
you can make an honest and sincere commitment.

