

# Chronicles of Diversity

*Your leadership weekly*

## Old Rancher Ron



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You will see a new look this week as we finally got around to learning enough of Adobe's Creative Suite and GoLive to get these weekly articles uploaded to a web site. So from here on out, if you would like to see any of these articles in a format other than text, you will have to follow either link.

This accomplishes a few things, first it shortens transmission time from our end, and second it allows you to read as you and your computer, or PDA, are comfortable. Finally, it allows those of you receiving this through dial-up, internet cafes, with or without encryption, to get the message with potentially less hassle.

Until the funeral of Ronald Reagan last week, I really had not realized the reason you have to put up with these lines every week was all his fault. Now if you followed any of the coverage of his funeral, you know that he ended the cold war, gave of twenty years of economic prosperity based on voodoo economics, and was a man of great faith in God.

My testimony is a little more personal, the environmental policies of the fortieth president forced me out of corporate america. Whether I was canned, or laid off is probably open to interpretation. At the time, during the ensuing couple of years when I collected over a one inch stack of rejection letters, and since that time, I would have to say I received few of the benefits for which the President gets enthusiastic praise.

I have however, received something much more valuable than what this world had to offer, that is getting a brief glimpse of why God created me and my spirit to begin with. Back in the early eighties I had no idea a life like this could exist, to personally understand the grace of God and His love, pales any of this world's riches.

Back in those depressing days, I penned my first of a series of attempts to directly market myself in a different way than a scientist, engineer, manager. One of results of that attempt was a small news-letter mailing with the cover parable, "Old Rancher Ron" Out of all I have written, proportionally I probably got a bigger response to that piece than anything I have ever written, no business, just a response. Therefore, and without further adieu, in memory to Ronald Wilson Reagan, I give you "Old Rancher Ron," as it appeared in the Spring 1985 edition of OIKOS (a place to live).

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## Parable: Old Rancher Ron



*Former President Ronald Reagan, left, and former Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev don cowboy hats while enjoying a moment May 2, 1992 on Reagan's Rancho del Cielo, north of Santa Barbara, Calif. Reagan and Gorbachev created a tight and lasting friendship during terms in office. For thousands of people, the effort to honor Ronald Reagan with a tribute is a chance to say goodbye to an admired president while taking part in history. (AP Photo/Bob Galbraith)*

Down south of here and a few years back, a man named Ron managed a large ranch. His neighbors and employees thought him to be a pretty good ranch manager. The grass was green, the cattle were fat, and there was plenty of water. After running this spread for eight years, Ron figured he had learned about all he could about running a ranch and retired to a job giving radio commentaries on ranching. These commentaries kept his name prominent throughout the land, and he soon became known as "Old Rancher Ron."

One day, Ron learned of a possible management opening on a great ranch back east. The manager was a peanut farmer named "Jimmy" who was not providing the leadership Ron thought he could provide. To get the job, "Old Rancher Ron" had to convince the people that worked and lived within the ranch boundaries that he was a better ranch manager than "Jimmy." Because of his fame and his acting ability, Ron accomplished this quite easily.

Just as he had done on the western ranch, Ron set to work immediately to make the grass green and the cows fat. However, it was not easy. While the other ranch that he managed was one of the biggest around, this eastern ranch was many times larger. Many foremen representing various districts of the spread also had offices around his white ranch house. These foremen spent a lot of their time arguing with one another over allocations of ranch resources. Also, because life around the big white ranch house was quite comfortable, some foremen spent little time in their districts.

Ron's first task as manager was to try to start the water flowing back to the various regions. You see, for years the foremen had been building pipelines to bring water to the fields around the white ranch house. In fact, the area's pastures and lawns were vivid green and the cows were very fat, but the districts had no water to spare.

Ron told the foremen that they were to shut some of the control valves that brought water from the distant regions. The foremen helped Ron send out a letter to all the ranch workers and residents stating that more water would soon be available and they should plant more crops and be ready for a bountiful harvest.

Just as the control valves were closing however, a drought began. The decreasing flow of water to the white ranch house did not compensate for the hot, scorching sun. Crops and livestock died in record numbers. The foremen convinced Ron that the only way to save any part of the ranch was to again open the valves and bring the water back to the white ranch house. In an economy measure, the foremen closed a couple of their own swimming pools.

All the water from the regions and the closed pools was to be used to reduce the amount of water being pumped from the ranch wells. You see, some of the foremen and Ron's staff suggested that the wells might go dry if pumping were not slowed soon. But because of the drought, the well pumps continued to run.

As nature would have it, the rains finally came. Ron got on the radio and proudly proclaimed that the drought was over and now prosperity would return, just as he had earlier predicted. Just to make sure, he kept the big well pumps running and the water flowed throughout the land. Because of the prosperity and the price of water, tankers were soon bringing loads of water from foreign lands. It seemed as though almost everyone in the world wanted their water used on Ron's ranch.

But now there are rumblings in many parts of the ranch about the use of all this water. Some

say, "If pumping from the wells continues at the present rate, the natural rainfall will not recharge the aquifer, and future generations will be left without water for irrigation. New crops necessary to provide jobs for many of the inhabitants of the ranch will not be available and the high level of prosperity enjoyed by most of the ranch citizens and their children will be threatened."

Ron and the foremen need your help and leadership on this issue because the future of our ranch depends on the proper allocation of our liquid resources. Used wisely and applied where needed, there will be enough water for all. Crops can be planted that will provide economic security and a bountiful harvest. On the other side of the coin, the continued waste of this resource will turn our beautiful ranch into an economic desert.