

It's not the critic who counts, nor the observer who watches from a safe distance. Wealth is created only by doers in the arena who are marred with dirt, dust, blood and sweat. These are producers who strike out on their own, who know high highs and low lows, great devotions, and who overextend themselves for worthwhile causes. Without exception, they fail more than they succeed and appreciate this reality even before venturing out on their own. But when these producers of wealth fail, they at least fail with style and grace, and their gut soon recognizes that failure is only a resting place, not a place in which to spend a lifetime. Their places will never be those nameless souls who know neither victory nor defeat, who receive weekly paychecks regardless of their weeks performance, who are hired hands in labor in someone else's garden. These doers are producers and no matter what their lot is at any given moment, they'll never take a place beside the takers, for theirs is a unique place, alone, under the sun.