

The Secret to Power in Business

by Glenn Clark

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VIII. One's Duty to Oneself

Another part of seeing a thing whole is to see your own part, and the need for fair inflow to come to those who produce. Luther Burbank worked for a season without charging for his inventions. Soon he found it was far more productive for himself and for others if he charged a fair price. "It is nature's way," he said simply, "for bees to bring home honey as they serve mankind in carrying pollen, otherwise the bee would soon have to quit his work entirely."

This brings me to a theme that is rather hard to express in words without danger of being misunderstood. The most successful men in business are usually men who have what might be called a "matrix for money." I can make this clear by relating an incident:

In 1933 at the height of the depression, I took leave of absence from my college work, at half pay. I planned to go to California to write a book, and tried to arrange speaking engagements on the way out and back, hoping that the honorariums from these would support the family. However, try as best I could, I saw that I would fail to achieve this purpose by exactly \$200.00.

My first appointment was a series of eight talks to the Congregational ministers of Chicago. Following those talks they were to engage with me in a speaking mission in a number of small outlying churches. Here was one woman who attended all of these meetings, and when I got on the elevated train to go to Austin to start the preaching mission after the series in the city was over, I was amazed to find that she was in the elevated train before me. As we walked to the church I asked her why she was so interested in my talks. She replied that she was often called upon to talk on prayer and she wanted to get the beautiful ideas that I had. Riding back on the elevated a very significant conversation developed that I shall never forget. I referred to the large bag that she carried which seemed so different from the handbags that other women ordinarily carry.

She replied, "I had this made especially to order."

"But why so big?" I asked.

"To hold my money."

“To hold your money!” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” she replied. “Remember how it says in the Bible, Dig your ditches? If you wish to catch much rain, dig them deep.”

“You must love money,” I commented.

“Yes, I do, and what is wrong about that? I love it in the right way. I accept it as the gift of God, and use it in His service, bringing happiness to others and beauty in my place of abode. But what made you mention that?”

“Because what you love, loves you. There is a professor in my college who loves little dogs, and I hesitate to walk to college with him because all the dogs in the neighborhood follow him to school. Now you love money, and money comes to you. I don't love money, and I grew up with the conception that money was 'filthy lucre,' and something that a good Christian should rather abhor and flee from. Consequently money has a way of hesitating a long time before it comes to me. I didn't realize that money, like everything else God made, is sensitive and likes to receive a cordial welcome wherever it goes.

“On the other hand, I love beautiful ideas, and whenever I ask for them they come flocking to me. Now let me tell you what I propose to do. I need \$200.00 more to support my family this year. You want more ideas this year. You with your matrix for money pray for the \$200.00 to come to me and I with my matrix for ideas will pray for the idea to come to you.”

“Shake!” She said.

The following evening I was given a party by the Camp Farthest Out friends in Chicago. As I was leaving a tall, handsome man and his lovely wife were whispering together by the door and, after they shook hands with me, they handed me a little envelope with the comment, “This is a little token of appreciation. Just forget it.”

I proceeded to forget it so completely that it was not until I was in my upper berth that night on a train bound for California that I suddenly remembered the episode. I pulled the envelope out of my pocket, opened it, and out fell a check for \$20.00. Somehow the ciphers looked a little queer in the dim light, so I put on my spectacles to see it more clearly. Two hundred dollars! Why hadn't I asked her to pray for two million dollars! If I were a minister, I thought, that is the kind of person I would like to have on my Board of Trustees.

The difference between a person who has a matrix for money and one who does not have it, is that one thinks of money as a necessary nuisance to deal with, something to keep one in clothes and food and other bare essentials that he needs. The other thinks of it as something fluid and flowing, not only pressed down, but running over. He thinks of it in terms of *surplus*, to give away to those he can help, and to use to beautify his home, his yard and everything he does. In “I Will Lift up Mine Eyes” I give a detailed description of what I consider the father and mother of riches? Service and Opulence. Suffice it to say, they are the welcoming spirit that accepts that which some more austere folks would spurn, scorn and reject. I shall quote a couple of paragraphs from that book:

“I know very well how completely you understand what I mean by service and I know just as well how completely you misunderstand what I mean by opulence. Most of us think of service as something good and opulence as something bad. I understand that

perfectly, because I also, come from Puritan ancestry. There was a time when my forefathers thought that long, gloomy sermons were good, but stained-glass windows were bad. They thought that long, solemn prayers were good, but pipe organs and even singing of hymns was bad. And they thought that giving a hungry man a dish of soup was good but that to give the same man, after his hunger was appeased, a book of beautiful poems was sentimental and foolish. I know people today who think a good dinner for a poor man is a good thing, but who think a beautiful painting for a yearning soul to gaze at is the height of impracticality.

I thought of using the word beauty in place of opulence, but beauty is not a strong enough word. God made a world of things to serve us, like potatoes, radishes and turnips. But He also gave us sunsets and rainbows and Grand Canyons and Niagara Falls. It takes my breath away when I start to enumerate the things that carry us so far beyond potatoes and radishes and turnips that the word beauty is not a great enough word for it. Such an infinite profusion of glory, such a wealth of color and grandeur, can only be adequately described by a word like opulence. Behold the glory of God's handiwork, the heavens and how He has stretched them out for us. If God made a world that goes beyond radishes and turnips we should be willing to spend money for something besides radishes and turnips.”

But let me add this warning: nothing cuts the thread of financial success so quickly as for the one who loves opulence to go into debt to buy the fine things he wants, just as in the field of harmony, nothing stifles a man's power to succeed more than the lack of faith in him from his wife. Integrity, harmony and faith are the corner stones of all success. This matrix for money belongs to those who love service and opulence only on condition that they possess all the other qualities described in this book. If one has this twin love in his heart and his heart is clear of ballast and he loves harmony and teamwork, and tithes his income, and reverences God, and is loving and just to his fellowman—then money simply flows to him.