

# Decide On What You Really Want!

By Vernice "FlyGirl" Armour

This is the second article from my seven part series: *You're Not Stuck, You're Just Not Moving!* Do something every day to move towards your breakthroughs. What are you doing right now to create **your** next breakthrough?

**Breakthrough Recommendation for the week:** At any moment, we can give in to Zero Mentality. We have to know what we want and what we're willing to do and sacrifice to make it happen. It's okay to quit. Winners quit all the time, as Seth Godin has shown us in his book *The Dip*. They quit the right things at the right time, in order to *focus* on the *right* things at the *right* time! Losers quit the wrong things, *or* quit at the wrong times. [Read "The Dip" by Seth Godin \(SethGodin.com\)](http://SethGodin.com). You'll never think the same about quitting...and you'll actually look forward to it!

## Decide On What You Really Want!

It was 5:45pm and I was still a good 20 minutes from the airport. My flight was scheduled for a 6:20 take off (door closes at 6:10pm) and I was racing down the interstate hurdling my little jeep wrangler in and out of traffic. The entire time I'm thinking..."I'm not gonna make it." But that stuff inside my head wouldn't let me turn the car around. It was rush hour traffic and I just didn't see any way I was going to make it happen. I'd pulled some miraculous airport arrivals during my time, but I knew when I was behind the eight ball...and this was one of those times.

5:58. I got to the airport terminal and raced inside the door closest to the TSA security entrance. I left the bag I needed to check, for my friend to bring with her the next day when she flew out. Made sure I had an outfit and shoes for the next day and ran inside. I stopped in front of security to pull out my preprinted boarding pass (thank goodness I printed it at home!) and headed for the security check point. My heart sank. The line wasn't ridiculously long, but just long enough for me to know I wouldn't make it if I stood in that line. I slowly (I was thinking) walked up to the end of the line and stood there for about 5 seconds. That was it, I resigned myself to forfeiting my FREE ticket and having to now purchase one tomorrow since I was too close to the departure date to have the free ticket transferred. As I ducked under the rope to head to the Southwest counter, something inside just wouldn't let me give up. As I was walking away, I walked up to the line agent at the entrance with the saddest face I could muster and said, "My flight takes off in 20 minutes, is there any way I can make it?" (Mind you, the airplane door closes 10 minutes before a flight departs.)

6:02pm. The woman told me to walk down to the premier line and go through. The man checked my takeoff time and sure enough, he let me through. When I got to the first checkpoint line, it was extremely short and I thought I was in luck until the agent told me the line was closed. My begging did no good. I quickly looked to my left and asked the woman in the next line if she minded letting me in. Knowing my predicament all too well herself, she graciously let me in and I was through security within seconds.

6:08pm. They can close the door at 6:10. By now my mind is set that they'll just have to close the door in my face, I'm not giving up! I locate my gate...B50. I frantically follow the signs leading me to the B terminal. Much to my dismay, I accidently went to the underground walkway vice the above ground

TRAM service! I wasn't turning back; I was going to have to hoof it. As I ran through the tunnel, I briefly recalled feeling sorry for a woman I saw a few weeks earlier running through this very tunnel, suitcase in tow, trying to catch a flight. How ironic life can be sometimes.

6:10pm. I heard a male voice come over the intercom announcing the last call for Flt 912, non-stop to Chicago! I kicked it into combat running mode. I couldn't afford to feel tired even though I couldn't help but feel the flames pouring out of my chest. I got to the escalator and tried to carry my bags up the steps. It was futile. I needed a quick breather. I knew I'd be sprinting down the terminal when I got to the top.

6:15pm. By this point, the door has probably been closed for 5 minutes, but what if there's been a weather or maintenance delay? I kept running. Finally, I could see Gate 49 about 12 gates down, so I knew Gate 50 was just within my reach. As I ran up to the gate, I immediately noticed that the door was still open to the jetway, this was a REALLY good sign. I yelled, "Is this the flight to Chicago?" to the attendant who was standing there processing paperwork? It is, he said. "DID I MAKE IT?!?!?" "Yes, you made it!"

6:19pm. As I stood there, heart pounding, I gladly handed him my ticket. Had I arrived on time, my boarding pass would have allowed me to be one of the first to board the plane and grab my coveted window seat and at a minimum the next best thing...an aisle seat, but I absolutely **hated** sitting in the middle. As I walked onto the jetway, I realized this would be the first time I would LOVE sitting in the middle seat!

What is it that you want so bad that you'll put up with the inconvenience to reach your goals? Look into the small moments of decision making you've had in the past and learn from those decisions. Now, where can you apply your lessons learned in your future? We all have choices to make and I believe we "Make our breaks" and "Opportunities don't go away, other people take advantage of them"! Decide on what you really want and go after it!

*Get more tangible tips and insights from FlyGirl at [www.VerniceArmour.com](http://www.VerniceArmour.com). Her monthly newsletter and coaching alternatives are a fantastic way to help you unleash the combat pilot inside and break your own personal sound barriers.*