

THE SOURCE

Making Meaningful Work

Submitted by TyLynne Bauer, Facility Operations Officer (from Joe Tye, Values Coach, January 24, 2012 *Spark Plug*)

I was recently at the annual meeting of the North Central Montana Hospital Association. My good friend Todd Linden, CEO of Grinnell Regional Medical Center, was also a speaker. He showed a slide that really struck me — a formula for creating meaningful work:

$$\begin{aligned}
 &(\text{Talent} + \text{Skills} + \text{Interests}) \\
 &+ (\text{Mission} + \text{Values}) \times \\
 &(\text{Shared Vision}) = \text{Meaningful Work}
 \end{aligned}$$

The first clause — talent + skills + interests — represents what the individual brings to the table. It's that sweet spot of work where you have a natural talent and a cultivated skill for work

that is inherently motivating.

The second clause is what the workplace brings to the table — a mission that inspires you in an organization whose values you are proud to share.

And the multiplier effect is being part of an organization where everyone is inspired by a commonly-shared vision — creating a total healing environment in a hospital, creating the world's coolest video game in a garage start-up, a mission to Haiti with the church, or building the most successful insurance or real estate agency in town.

I hope you noticed the

most important factor in this equation: virtually every element is up to the individual — the organization cannot make the work meaningful. You as a person bring your skills and talents and interests to the job; you buy in (or not) to the mission and values of the organization; and you join in (or not) with coworkers in making a commitment to the shared vision of the future to which you all aspire (and for which you are willing to work).

I'm reminded of my favorite scene from the movie *Cool Hand Luke* (one of Paul Newman's most enduring

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Nebraska Sex Offender Treatment Program

Mission: Providing Sex Offender treatment to prepare for community reintegration while maintaining public safety.

Vision: Helping people rebuild their lives with no more victims.

roles). Luke and his fellow chain gang prisoners are out shoveling hot asphalt under a blistering sun. Boss Man keeps hollering at them to hurry up. Finally, Luke says, "Boss Man wants speed, boys, let's show him some speed." He hollers "Hee-Yaw!" and starts shoveling like a man possessed. The other prisoners capture the spirit and shovel like wild men, trying to keep up with Luke.

They finish the road two hours early — two hours before



the truck is due to take them back to the prison, where they have more work to do. One of the other guys says, "What do we do now, Luke?" Luke just leans back on his shovel, smiles

a big smile, looks up at the sun and says "Nothin'!"

What just happened there? One minute you had a bunch of miserable men in chains being forced to do odious work, and thirty seconds later they were playing a game. *The work did not change -- the men changed their attitude about the work.*

Even on your worst day on the job, I doubt you were more

miserable than were Cool Hand Luke and his fellow prisoners out there

on that steaming, stinking road. If they can turn *that* work into a game, what can you and your coworkers do to transform your "jobs" into meaningful work?

And if every worker in every job in the country had that attitude ("I'm having great fun at this job — keep up with me if you can!") the jobs crisis, the economic crisis — even the healthcare crisis — would be a whole lot more manageable.

"Great managers would offer you this advice: Focus on each person's strengths and manage around his weaknesses. Don't try to fix the weaknesses. Don't try to perfect each person. Instead do everything you can to help each person cultivate his talents. Help each person become more of who he already is."

- Marcus Buckingham and Curt Coffman: *First, Break All the Rules: What the World's Greatest Managers Do Differently*

Please Welcome New NRC Employee



Kayla Hrabanek
Mental Health
Security Specialist II (PRN)

Remember When ...

Author Unknown

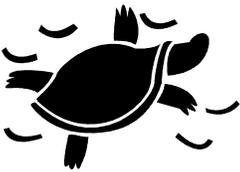
Remember when TV was all black and white, and you could hardly see a picture for all the snow? You could spread the rabbit ears as far as they would go, pull a chair up to the TV set —



"Good night, David. Good night, Chet."

Mom used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread mayo on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food poisoning.

Mom used to defrost hamburger on the counter and I used to eat it raw sometimes, too. Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice pack coolers, but I can't remember getting E. coli.



Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the river instead of a pristine pool (talk about boring), no beach closures then.

The term cell phone would have conjured up a phone in a jail cell, and a pager was the school

PA system.

We all took gym, not PE ... and risked permanent injury with a pair of high top Keds (only worn in gym), instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built-in light reflectors. I can't recall any injuries, but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.



Speaking of school, we all said the Pledge of Allegiance and sang the national anthem, and staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention.

We must have had horribly damaged psyches. What an archaic health system we had then. Remember school nurses? Ours wore a hat and everything.

I thought that I was supposed to accomplish something before I was allowed to be proud of myself.

I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, Play Station, Nintendo, X-Box or 270 digital TV cable channels.

Oh, yeah ... and where was the

Benadryl and sterilization kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

We played "king of the hill" on piles of gravel left on vacant construction sites, and when we got hurt, Mom pulled out the 48¢ bottle of mercuriochrome (kids liked it better because it didn't sting like iodine did), and then we got our butt spanked.

Now it's a trip to the emergency room, followed by a 10-day dose of a \$49 bottle of antibiotics, and then Mom calls the attorney to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it is such a threat.

We didn't act up at the neighbor's house either, because if we did we got our butt spanked there and then again when we got home.

I recall Johnny from down the street coming over and doing his tricks on the front porch, just before he fell off. Little did his mom know that she could have owned our house (few lawsuits back then). Instead she picked him up and



swatted him for being such a goof. It was a neighborhood run amok!

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dys-

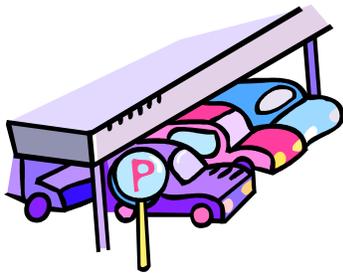
functional family. How could we possibly have known that? We needed to get into group therapy and anger management classes to know that.

We were obviously plagued by

so many societal ills that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac!

How did we ever survive???

Parking Lottery and Winners' Bulletin Board



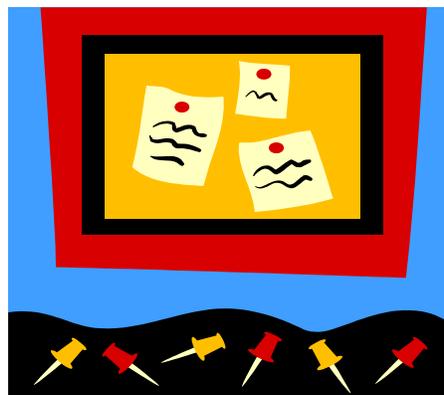
Winners for the month of March are:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Marsha Nelson | 5. Shannon Bulau |
| 2. Jennifer Bender | 6. Cynthia Krause |
| 3. Sharon Koehler | 7. Jason Meinke |
| 4. Julie Beutler | 8. Nancy Schaecher |



CHECK IT OUT!!

Check out the March Parking Lottery Winners and get to know more about your co-workers. The bulletin board is located on 1st floor, center south hallway (by the HIM Department).



A Job Well Done

To Josh Dinesen:

For being ready to help with the incident, you had a good attitude, remained calm and collected with the job of helping maintain safety at NRC.

Eric Derby

To Seth Lauver:

For helping maintain the safety of NRC, you kept a good attitude, ready to help with anything needed.

Eric Derby

What I've Learned

Author Unknown

I've learned that, no matter what happens or how bad it seems today, life does go on, and it will be better tomorrow.

I've learned that you can tell a lot about a person by the way he/she handles four things: a rainy day, the elderly, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.



I've learned that, regardless of your relationship with your parents, you'll miss them when they're gone from your life.

I've learned that making a "living" is not the same thing as

making a "life."

I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance.

I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back sometimes.

I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But, if you focus on your family, your friends, the needs of others, your work and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you.

I've learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the right decision.

I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one.

I've learned that every day, you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch — holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back.



I've learned that I still have a lot to learn.

the Book of Life

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The Source is an employee newsletter written by the employees and published monthly for the employees within the Norfolk Regional Center. Articles and ideas for publication are always welcome and can be forwarded to any member of the Editorial Board.

It is the policy of the Editorial Board to attempt to print any article that does not attack another person. The Editorial Board reserves the right to edit articles for size and content. Articles sent to the Editorial Board must be signed, but the writer may request to have their name withheld. Please contact us with submissions for the next edition, and with your comments on the newsletter!

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St. Patrick's Day Recipe



IRISH SODA BREAD



1/2 c. white sugar

4 cups all-purpose flour

2 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. baking soda

3/4 tsp. salt

2 cups raisins

1 T. caraway seeds

2 eggs, lightly beaten

1 1/4 cups buttermilk

1 cup sour cream

Preheat oven to 350° F. Grease a 9" round cast iron skillet or a 9" round baking or cake pan. In a mixing bowl, combine flour (reserving 1 tablespoon), sugar, baking powder, baking soda, salt, raisins and caraway seeds. In a small bowl, blend eggs, buttermilk and sour cream. Stir the liquid mixture into the flour mixture just until flour is moistened. Knead dough in bowl about 10-12 strokes. (Dough will be sticky.) Place the dough in the prepared skillet or pan and pat down. Dust with reserved flour. Bake in oven for 15 minutes, then cut a 5" long x 3/4" deep "X" in the top of the bread (to let the devil out!). Continue baking for 45-60 more minutes, until done. Let cool and turn bread onto a wire rack.