

## Adapting to Change

*By CC Huffhines*

In my lifetime, I have experienced many changes. Truth is, I have made those changes happen myself, because I was not satisfied with current situations. No outside “changing of the guard” occurred.

I took my first job with a company in Atlanta, moving from Austin, Texas to Minneapolis immediately after graduation from the University of Texas. On top of that, I married and had to make the move with all the challenges facing a newlywed. We did manage those circumstances, but two years later, I was promoted to head the Chicago office. My wife disliked Chicago intensely, mainly because she had our first child there without any friends or family members. Back in Texas, she would have had many close people to help her go through this first childbirth.

We moved back to Dallas, and I began creating jobs that I was qualified for. My first outing was an advertising agency. I knew a gentleman who owned a feed mill for large animals. He was noted for honest dealings with animal feed stores, and he offered me the opportunity to promote his products through advertising. Back then, media selections included newspaper, radio, and hand-out folders. TV was on the horizon.

After a few years, I added new clients, mainly in the real estate category. This life of constantly seeking new clients did not please my wife. Though we had three new daughters in Dallas, she chose to divorce me and move to the beautiful Hill Country of Texas, where we often traveled. In my new single life, I began to travel the world. My ad agency suffered the absences. In the meantime, I met another interesting lady. She met me at the airport as I returned from a China trip, we decided to marry, and purchased a restaurant in Kerrville, Texas. She had owned a successful café, and I relied on her knowledge of the business. After one year, we closed the restaurant. Our marriage also collapsed.

I began booking group tours into a local hotel. As fate would have it, a friend who owned a bank in Dallas was preparing to build a new building and he asked me to assist with an opening promotion. I became a bank vice president and created an opening event that was named “Marketing Plan of the Year” by the national marketing organization. I had left the bank, when requested to attend the presentation of the top award in Portland, Oregon, and I did.

Now what? I never made big money. My reputation allowed me to earn an amount that enabled me to keep traveling the world. I ended up helping my ex-wife die on an abandoned cavalry post in south Texas. Five grandchildren lived in Denver and when my daughter Lisa announced she was moving back there after her mother died, I decided to join her.

All these events occurred in my 92 years. My life has been interesting and rewarding.