



Roddy Gray

Unique!!!

Whether he is the keynote speaker, the closing speaker or presenting seminars, **Roddy Gray** captures the attention of his audiences and never releases it!!

Here of some of the topics that Roddy uses for his speeches or seminars. He sends to all clients a "speech survey" and then tailors his presentations to their specific needs.

Just Bend the Nail....

This is a great trip down that "Yellow Brick Road" to learn more about the characters from the classic Wizard of Oz. Managers or instructors are going to enjoy this one! If you expect more from employees or students and want to build on the skills they already have, you're in for a pleasant surprise. The trick is learning how and where to look for these skills, and more importantly, how to acknowledge and affirm these hidden talents.

Return to Sender.....

A different way of looking at those essential communication skills. You will enjoy this humorous but thought provoking examination of ways to make sure that your point is not only received, but understood. This presentation puts the burden of understanding right on the shoulders of the SENDER. Great tips to use at work or home. Who knows, you might even find yourself taking notes on this one????

Gnats and Elephants....

There's something for everyone here! Most of our working hours are spent toiling and worrying over major deadlines, audits, and evaluations, and we tend to overlook the "minor" details. However, as history reminds us, it's the small problems that eventually kill us, since they have a habit of multiplying. A humorous, but thought provoking look at ways of dealing with "gnats" before they turn into "elephants." When was the last time you had an encounter with an elephant? But those pesky little gnats....!!!

He Just Blocked....

Roddy skillfully uses the example of his son (THE BIG FOOTBALL PLAYER) to shout that there are no insignificant jobs of tasks! This is a great talk to promote of affirm the value of teamwork, and you can't listen to this talk without feeling a little better about your job.

Let's call this one a stress-reliever and a backpatter.

He's Got a Good Nose!

This time Roddy regales us with stories about hunting quail with his brother and Dad. You'll see those dogs on point and may even hear that covey of quail as they're flushed. But—believe it or not—you will also learn about the value of

teamwork and training. Get ready!!! I believe the dogs are on point!

Humor's a Tool, Not a Weapon — Be Careful!

Here you will get some great ideas on making effective talks or presentations. No, you will not develop a sense of humor. However, you might just learn how to lighten up! Roddy's theory is that the amount of learning that occurs is in direct proportion to the amount of fun that exists! Take that funny nose off; this is not CLOWN TRAINING.

How to Make a Drop-Dead Presentation

For those who have some anxiety about speaking before a group and those who want to improve their speaking skills—you need this one! Roddy gives tips and illustrations on the essential preparation needed and of course on the all-important delivery. He's been practicing these techniques for years; it's about time he shared the secrets.

“Excuse Me—Your Attitude is Showing”

In the inimitable style that only Roddy possesses, we learn about the importance of positive attitudes and how they affect our careers. The big guy also gives some tips on how to maintain positive attitudes and how to change negative thoughts into positive thoughts and actions. At some time during the presentation, you will think that he has been reading either your mail or your thoughts!

Not only is he a nationally recognized speaker, but soon he'll be an author as well. Enjoy these few chapters from his soon to be published book, ***"You Know What?"***. You'll laugh and you'll cry as he pens his thoughts to paper.

Girls Are A Painful Addiction

There was a time when contact with members of the opposite sex was the only mission that I had in life. Just to avoid any misunderstanding — we're talking about GIRLS here! Everything that I did, every thought that passed through my brain depended on those soft and sweet-smelling things known as females. The clothes that I wore — the cologne that I bathed in — the groups that I hung with — the car that I wanted to own — GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS!!! Shamefully I must admit that one constant and pervading thought was "how much girl would I be able to touch or to see."

When our group of hormonally challenged, puberty laden "men" met, this question was always asked—"how far did you get?" According to the answers that we gave and received, all of us had had sex with some wild college girl several times—several times in one night, of course. As you may have guessed, all of our sexual experiences were personal ones — very personal — very lonely!

A mirror was the best friend a boy could have. It was here that countless minutes were spent greasing and arranging hair — adjusting that shirt collar until the back stood up just perfect—practicing those facial expressions you had seen in the movies — and cursing those damned pimples.

Most visible pimples always erupted on your nose or forehead right before that special date or the school dance. I always knew when our school was having a dance by the condition of my face. Right between my eyes that small red rising rose to such proportions that my belief in unicorns was confirmed. Now your mama told you that if you left that "bump" alone that it would go away, and if you had two weeks to wait that would probably be true. But that dance is tomorrow night and you know how to take care of that pimple! You now look as if you stopped a major league fastball with your forehead. Hey, no problem — you just break out that tube of beige acne medication and all blemishes are covered. Who are you kidding? It looks as if you have covered your forehead with MUD.

Fortunately as you arrive at the dance, you discover that many of your friends are also splattered with mud, and misery does love company. Besides that gym is pretty dark until the keeper of morality tells the coach to turn on a few more lights. There's a special hell for people like that!

Let's assume that this was one of those rare occasions when you went "stag"(that sounds a lot better than "without a date"). Now you must walk around the gym acting cool with your cool buddies and try to make eye contact with all those "stagettes". There was a special type of look that one searched for, and that look was called desperation. Okay, we had to wait for the next slow dance and then we slowly approached our target, and casually asked, "would you like to dance?" You had to appear casual because there is always the chance that the answer would be NO.

"She said YES, and guess what — she has something that all guys appreciate — breasts." It is important at this time not to immediately crush her to your chest; start at a decent degree of separation and just slowly move in, maintaining a cheerful banter the whole time. With any luck at all bodily contact is established and without and doubt you now know that she "wants you desperately" and you will relay this information to your cool buddies.

For teenage boys, breasts are the "Holy Grail".

Sometimes A Mind Will Play Tricks On An Aging Man

Pretend if you will, as I shall, that you drink alcoholic beverages, or have drunk them in the past. Alcohol will send strange messages to the brain, and this can cause some dangerous or embarrassing moments. For example, after a few drinks you suddenly discover that you are good looking—a couple of more drinks and you develop a sense of humor — one more drink and you become invisible! Hey, once you are invisible it does not matter what you do or say — you are protected. However, the next day your wife and friends give you a blow by blow description of your actions during your period of invisibility and you place on the list another place that you can never revisit. Oh, did I mention that “headache from hell?”

Let’s agree that the mind, in this case, cannot be held responsible for this social disaster. No sir, alcohol has altered the performance of a well-tuned brain. So, let’s remove alcohol from the equation and let’s review the track record of that “well-tuned” mind. Bear in mind that I only write about personal experiences — they are the only kind that I have had.

Several years ago when I was in my “mid-forties” shooting some hoops in the gym of the college where I worked, some of the students asked me if I would be interested in playing some team ball. Obviously they had noticed the deft touch I had with the basketball and my eagle eye. “Just let me know when there’s a game and I’ll be there,” I said.

Well, the call to play came in a couple of days and I was at home “suiting up” when my wife walked in and asked, “Where are you going?” I stood, like a gladiator going to battle, and answered, “the kids at school want me to play some round-ball with them.” That woman without hesitation said, “You’re too old to play with them; you’re going to get hurt!” I smiled at her and whispered confidently, “We’ll just see about that.”

Now, I had not played full-court basketball in twenty years and I was not in great shape. I had been shooting some hoops by myself in the gym just for fun. When those kids asked me to play on a team (they needed a fifth player), I should have smiled and answered, “Where were you twenty years ago?” They would have laughed and we would have parted friends. But this is the part where the mind stepped in and deliberately lied to my body. “Go ahead and show these kids how the game of basketball is played. You have forgotten more moves that they have ever imagined”. Smart basketball will always triumph over “physical basketball” was the message sent to my aging body and it trembled in anticipation of combat!!

The first five minutes was everything that my mind had promised — I ruled! As minute six began, the lungs began to scream for air, the knees begged for ice, and other major organs started to shut down. The body could no longer live up to the promises made by the mind. As I stood bent over, panting for air, the ball came flying toward me and I skillfully caught that ball on the end of a single finger which was then bent backward in a position it had never tried before.

After two months of physical therapy it was decided that surgery would be required. After surgery, it was decided that months of physical therapy would be required. After therapy it was decided that the Gray family would collect aluminum cans to help pay for the surgery and physical therapy. The injured finger has never and will never regain its original shape and that serves as a reminder that the mind will lie to an aging body.

Before you start to call me weak or perhaps, naïve — just look around and you will notice devious minds controlling many mature people, and friend, you may have fallen prey. Unscrupulous minds tell many seniors that they still can wear and look good in those clothes that were worn twenty years ago.