



Pride

By Tom Walsh

I'm proud of my job and the power it gives me over other people's destinies, as well as my own. Most people do not recognize the dignity of my job and the power of my profession.

Except in my own field, the acclaim I receive for achievement is meager. When I finish my job and pass on, I shall die unheralded and unsung; but think of the heritage I shall leave!

Already, the estates I have created run into the millions. And, if I live long enough, there will be millions and millions more that I will have created. Much of it will go to those who, but for me would have been destitute.

Hundreds of widowed mothers will be kept from menial labor because of my work. Children will be raised in their home with their mothers and will receive educations to launch them into adulthood, because I have lived. Tired old men will retire with ample, guaranteed income to last as long as they live. I shall have saved for them their self-respect. Even the men and women respected, as outstanding successes need me, and need me badly. In the solution of the economic problems of life, I have the world's greatest power. I can give men time to accomplish their financial successes. If they are wealthy and are leaders at the quarter, the half or three quarters, I and I alone, can guarantee them success at the finish line.

For you see, a Life Insurance policy is nothing but a time-yellowed piece of paper with columns of figures and legal phrases, until it is baptized by a widow's tears. Then it becomes a miracle, a modern Aladdin's lamp.

It is food, clothing, shelter, and undying affection. It is the sincerest love letter ever written. It eases the aching heart of the partner who remains behind: a comforting whisper in the dark and silent hours.

It furnishes new hope, fresh courage and the strength to pick up the broken threads and carry on. It supplies the milk that quiets the crying of a hungry baby in the night. It provides the college education for a son or daughter, a chance at a future career instead of the need for a job. It is a dad's blessing to his daughter on her wedding day. It is a parent's uninterrupted dreams and plans for their family's future. Through Life Insurance, they live on! The premium, which they deposit, buys them the greatest of all privileges, the privilege of giving on after death.

Yes, it is the warmest and truest love letter a parent could ever write their family.

I am proud and thankful that you have let me help with this policy!