

FAILSAFE

Learning from the Lessons
that Failure Teaches

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Success requires accountability, belief in yourself, and the ability to keep showing up one more time than you got knocked down. Remember, your greatest success just might be Three Feet From Gold.

www.GregReid.com

Problems are nothing more than challenges. And there is a gift behind every challenge including an opportunity. Problems are nothing more than frustrations, that's why they must be considered simple challenges. Identify the given with each challenge and the goal you are seeking. Keep it simple. Do not get lost in the journey along the way. Do not be afraid to fail. Making mistakes is part of your education and success. If you painted it the wrong color the first time, paint it a new color.

<https://thegrandfatherofpossibilities.com>

Your heart will be touched as Dr. Cheryl sharing her life's journey and powerful discovery around failure . . . that the key to succeeding sooner is to fail faster! You will be empowered through her transformational message of hope. The strength of this book lies in its message that you can continue moving forward and find the gifts that failure can bring by teaching us inner wisdom to find our purpose along our own path. May you lean in and be willing to bring your gifts forward faster too.

WUDQVSDUHQW VKDULQJ RI RZQ OLIH -wfile:///C:/Users/John/Desktop/JohnV DQG W

Having known Dr. Cheryl for 8 years now, the way she has grown could not have been predicted. This is a raw account of her transition from her head (the academic that she is) and into her heart (the person who has been through so much). This book is a perfect read for those struggling to get there. It's a determination to succeed in falling in love with and believing in yourself.

Healthy and Energetic Aging Expert,
www.theagingcoach.com

This is a wonderful guide to take you through the process of accepting yourself and your path. Everything happens for a reason! Have gratitude for all of it and know that it's an adventure.

Spirit Guide, Psychic, and Love Coach
www.comfysoul.com

One does not go through life alone. Thank you to my Secret Knock (SK) Family, particularly my coach Dr. Greg Reid and Shannon Parsons. Since I joined the tribe many years ago, I have found kindred spirits in pursuit of this thing we call life. I am forever grateful for your welcome to the family, your continued love and support, and your gift of friendship, introduction, and connection to the many family members I continue to meet.

Thank you to Jim Stovall for joining this journey in writing the Foreword. Because of the connection to Napoleon Hill, what a perfect member of the SK family to write such an invitation.

Thank you to my team at Pensiero Press to include Gary Rosenberg for his brilliant cover design.

To Dr. Hamilton and the two greatest loves of my life, thank you for the greatest gifts of failure. Thank you

Within the pages of this book, you are going to take a journey with my colleague Cheryl Lentz. You are going to learn a lot about Cheryl, her life, and what her experiences have taught her. But this is not a book about Cheryl. It is a book about you and me. Cheryl has just been kind enough to allow us to look into the reflection of her soul so we can examine ourselves. I believe, as it has been said, that an unexamined life is not worth living.

Here in the 21st century, we have more information and less reality than any generation of people that has ever lived. Social media fo

Failure³ the other F- ZRUG ZH FDQ·W VD\

Failure is a WHUPLQDO ZRUG WKDW RIWHQOJHWHU BFWXOKW: HQF SGRV
FDQ·W BFDQ·W HWHQHWKQINLWJdgment word³ a word that gets a bad
rap in my opinion. Judgment is a choice. WE give these words meaning.

:KDW LI \RX·UH ZURQJ"

:KDW ZRXOG \RX GR EVERRWAFRUXOGGQHWEDLEOest thing that ever
happened for you? What if failure was a gift? What if f DLOXUH ZDVQ·W WKH HQG EXW

2

Failure has the perception of finality that few can think about. We take it personally. When we fail, we
think it is permanent. WKHQ ZH JHW LW ZURQW hear that there is something wrong XFN
with us. We are unlovable, we are undeserving. We hear that WE are the failure. We take failure VERY
personally. We let failure stop us.

I know because it stopped me . . . for more than 30 years.

Once we realize that there are no short cuts, there are no ways to hide, that failure has no alibi---
solutions will come, success will find us as it was always meant to be.

Read on.

igh school is not something I would want to repeat ever . . . at any price. I am one of those annoying folks you knew in high school. You know the type, the brainiac, always had her nose in a book, always studying, always the one who raised the test curve. You know the type, salutatorian in junior high, en route to valedictorian in high school . . . etc etc etc.

However, senior year presented a challenge (saw that coming, right?). Calculus BC stood between me and my final A to attain that brass ring and join the ranks of the elite ³ the group of 10 of us that year in 1985 at Wheeling High School ³ all with perfect GPAs.

I remember the first day of this class like it was yesterday (and I can hardly remember what I had for breakfast!).

The beginning of my senior year in high school started with yet another Advanced Placement (AP) class to add to my college prep transcript

For some, their A s were trumpeted for all the world to see and celebrate. Some earned a buck an A! (I would have made a killing!).

Not me.

Getting A s for me was no big deal; nothing unusual, nothing new to see here.

UNTIL the day the first C came. THAT was the grade that went on the refrigerator and was celebrated. (I was devastated!). THIS was the milestone heralded far and wide.

Then the next milestone . . . yes ³ you saw this coming ³ my first F.

My 1 R L W G L G Q · W V W D Q G I R U I D Q W D V W L F

I can still see the paper, the staring back at me in the face, shocking everyone in
the class, including me as I tried to hold back the tears. How could this happen? I was working harder
than I had ever L Q P \ O L I H D Q G V W L O O , F R X O O Q H W J H S V E R W , W F D
were simply geniuses 6 H Y H U D O G L G O H W E Y K A D T H E Y W E R T R I E D W O X P L A I N I T T O M E
and talked until they were blue in the face. IT WAS HOPELESS. I MUST REALLY SUCK μ ,
thought. I felt I was an idiot, because no matter what I did, I just G L G O I T W

For the first time in my life, I truly felt stupid and hopeless.

That made it to the front of the refrigerator door ³ holding court for many weeks as a reminder of
my failure.

Every morning I saw as I had breakfast, mocking me, haunting me, taunting me.

I had nightmares being chased by integral signs in my dreams. I was holding on way too tight.

What I heard and felt **Z D suck**

The F was the failure

I failed in more ways than just earning the F on that test. My inability to process failure would remain my greatest legacy . . . there was no way out but forward.

sigh

It would be decades before I would truly understand.

There was no plan B.

There was no exit strategy.

This was the unthinkable.

Being dismissed from the program Z D V Q · W H Y H Q a d c o s s r e v e d , y e a r i c e l i t w d without warning.

There was no petition. There was no appeal. One day, my career in music was just over.

In time, the tears came. The anger swept over me like a tidal wave. All I could think about were the tens of thousands of hours I had spent practicing since I was 5 years old, the sacrifices, the awards

GLGQ · W KH NQ R a z n i t ? ! ! @ R S Q . D Z D U G V

What I failed to understand was W K D W H I I R U W V D U H Q R W R X W F R P H V , W G L mattered were the results. Could I play? Obviously, but not well enough.

Then the realization and panic hit.

I had quite literally begged them, pleaded with them to let me be a music major ³ to the chagrin of my father.

My dad would be

n the days that followed, the voice of failure would come in waves, as a constant reminder at every turn that as the semester ended, others were moving forward, passing their juries with flying colors, earning their next step in the process.

For me, the world stopped spinning and came to a grinding halt.

, O D Q G H G L Q P \ D F D G H P L F F I R X Q W I H O P W R K V u R a h t f e r F e H t o W U \ L Q J W I
College of Liberal Arts and Sciences (LAS) and became a Music History Major with a Communication
Minor. I would still salvage my college career at the University of Illinois. With taking summer school,
I could still squeak by and graduate in the originally planned 4 years.

My diploma would look different. The path would be different, but I would still graduate with a
E D F K H O R U · V h e G o v e r n o r U n i v e r s i t y o f I l l i n o i s --- E X W W K L Q J V G L G Q · W J R D

In my mind, even with my diploma in my hand,

I was angry. I was hurt. I was shocked. I was alone. 7 K L V I D L O X U H G L G Q · W K D S S H Q W I

This is where I probably owe a few folks an apology. I was the lead foot who woke everyone up on Sunday mornings ~~D W 6 W Church Choir Campaign~~ (*chuckle*). I just loved the power of the pipe organ. The energy, the sheer force, the POWER that I could summon at the mere touch of a button was nothing short of magical. It was incredible!!!! The earth moved under my feet . . . literally and figuratively. How could I possibly walk away from that which filled my soul?!!!!

Yet walk away I did from that holy instant, that defining moment.

I made the wrong choice.

Music became painful for me. What once was my safe place, my saving grace, my sanctuary, my church, became a place I could no longer go.

, FRXOGQ · W SURFHVV P \ ORYH RI PXVLF

Being a music major is different than other majors in college.

0XVLF LVQ · W ZKDW \RX

And I heard was I sucked. I heard I was ~~Q good~~ enough. I internalized this message and took the lesson to my very core.

~~7 KLV ZDVQ · W~~ ~~My~~ ~~fridge~~ ~~to~~ ~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~refrigerator~~ ~~door~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~found~~ ~~wanting~~ ~~yet~~ ~~again~~.

Goodbye dream of Notre Dame and Holy Name Cathedral. I had already said goodbye to the Marching Illini as Dr. Hamilton said I could be an organist, or I could be in the marching band. I could not do both. I chose classical organ.

A few semesters later, classical RUJDQ GLGQ · W FKRRVH PH

I walked away from the band as well. Music was simply too painful. All of my friends got their shot, many went on (and have since become!) amazing band directors and musicians and stayed in the business of music. I walked away, nearly running at breakneck speed from what had once consumed my heart and soul.

Herein lies an important aspect of this book. shadows. There was no making excuses.

There was no hiding in the

The universe had way more to teach me . . . the question was whether I was ready to learn.

his chapter is the most difficult for me to write, representing the greatest loss and failure of all . . . the loss of the loves of my life.

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times . . .

The beginning phrase of this iconic book encapsulated my college career. Charles Dickens was a genius in describing the best and worst existing in the same moment.

I was the sickest I had ever been, yet life offered the sweetest happiness I had ever known. At one point, I had truly had it all and let it slip through my fingers like grains of sand through an hour glass.

Life shifted to open a new social world to me now that I had put my musical career behind me. I became a little sister at a fraternity, then eventually became a sorority girl myself. Who knew? It was never in the plan.

I met some of the most amazing people who became my college family. I remain friends with most of them to this day, more than three decades later. My advice? Choose your friends wisely during this important time in your life as they will

He was only supposed to be my date to parties like the others; someone to watch over me as a brotherhood thing while my fiancé attended his senior year. Then the unthinkable happened.

At first, he was simply a date, a flirty older brother. We always had a great time together. Then he became my ball room dance partner and the chemistry became unmistakable.

We kept things platonic. We tried very hard not to act on what we ~~thought~~ felt. We kept coming up against what was expected of us, despite what chemistry told us was below the surface : H G L G Q · W V O H together. We never crossed that line. We stayed in the shadows as more than friends . . . no one knew how much more we both wanted . . . except us.

We may have fooled our friends, but we both knew there was something way more than either of us ever expected D Q G Z H Z H U H Q itW : S U G I S O C H W A K I B W H P W S know how to navigate these uncharted waters DW V X F K D \ R X Q J D J H : H G L G Q · W Z D Q W W

After college, the other guy and I started dating. This is where karma reared its ugly head. When we could get together, the chemistry was definitely there. There was no doubt. In his words, we had epic times together; the memories still make me smile in ways most will never understand. Our feelings were intense. We could be in the same room and never say a word, yet there was an unmistakable connection. He could hold my hand and just smile, and I would quite literally melt. I would lose myself in his eyes in ways I never thought possible. He would serenade me, and I was in another world (Yes this man had amazing pipes!). He was so thoughtful and careful with me, and such a romantic as I had never known.

Our feelings scared the both of us I suspect as I know they scared me. I had never felt this way, not to the depth of my core. I knew this was more than just a fling. T K L V Z D V Q · W V L P S O \ O X V W together, remember?) There was so much more that would take me years to unravel and understand.

I had it all ³ at one time. And I let him and us slip through my fingers as I was not strong enough to

after my second divorce to make complete sense of it all. , G L G Q · W U H D O L J H W K D W , J D
back then and for more than 30 years it has remained in his hands. I wondered if he even knew. I
stayed away. I remained in the shadows.

The problem is that we never broke up officially. The feelings never stopped, at least for me. We
simply walked away. I walked away. Sound familiar?

Just like my music that I put in a box and buried in the back of my closet for more than 30 years, this
box found a companion to keep company with on that shelf. I found another box for him and placed
that box right next to my failed music dreams.

Failure #2? Yes, most definitely.

I lost the J U H D W H V W O R Y H R I D to the D O C which is G L O C K W H Y H O R E S N Q R Z
of my life.

Time simply passed.

had I been able to see them as gifts, instead of permanent failures. I chose to see failure as punishment for crimes committed by me.

Life happens for us, not to us. Perhaps life would still help me set things right.

ailure is what many fear and what many run from ³ as far and as fast as their legs can carry them. The solution is to fight our instinct to run away. Instead, we need to turn into the wind. Yes, you read that correctly, turn the wind.

This action is counterintuitive. Firefighters and first responders are those specifically trained to run a burning building or

back to the safety of the kayak launch as well. OR I could simply and purposefully turn the wave, and take the shortest path forward, which is a straight line. Purposeful. Intentional. Difficult. Painful. Reaction is a choice. Choosing to do nothing is a choice. Choosing the bumpy path is a choice.

Choosing the straight path through the conflict quickly is a choice. There are no short cuts. We must do the work. The more we avoid, the more we go around, the more we delay, the longer the process will take.

The universe will give you the lesson over and over again like groundhog day. How many of the same days do you want to live through? Be strong. Choose wisely. Remember,

Consider this question. Is failure a predator to fear or a dance partner to follow? The choice is ours. We all react to failure differently. The initial response is similar³ that moment of fight or flight is the holy instant of how we respond. Do we slay the dragon as something to protect ourselves against at all costs as I did? Do we panic? Do we take flight as fast as our legs will carry us? Do we simply take it all in, calmly, coolly, as a matter of course?

Our natural response is to avoid fear at all costs. We would not put ourselves intentionally in a position to be hurt. This is why so many people stay single, LVQ - W LW " /RYH FDQ EH WKH PRV of your life or the most painful nightmare to endure. Why? Like failure, love is a feeling. And is nothing more than an acronym: also vidence ppearing eal. We choose to react to feelings. We choose to believe even in the absence of evidence.

Read this statement again slowly. Listen deeply.

Pain is not necessarily a bad thing, particularly from a medical standpoint. Those who cannot feel pain suffer from a condition known as congenital insensitivity to pain (CIP). This condition (also known as congenital analgesia), is a rare conditions in which a person cannot feel (and has never felt) physical pain. Pain is intended as a warning sign, a beacon of hope to perhaps stop before things really hit the fan, to stop doing something that is wr RQJ RU KXUWIXO RU WR JHW KHOS IURP LW DORQH +LQW /LIH LVQQWtrayXoSaRmnyGhMeyu, EH RDX VFDQR WHYH (Even line dancing is a group event!).

Couple dancing by definition is with a partner. The universe uses balance here³ the yin and yang, the ebb and flow, black and white, the negative and the positive. Nature has had these answers from the creation of the universe. Mother Nature knows.

We can learn its lessons. We can heed its warning. We can be in gratitude with its blessings.

With women, the dance metaphor is a bit tricky as in the traditional male / female partnership, women can follow. IF you have a weak leader as your partner, you may look awful on the dance floor. If WKH\ JLYH \RX WKH ZURQJ FXH LI WKH\ VWHS RQ \RXU IHH can be your greatest asset or your most challenging liability. Our partner can make us look amazing, sometimes even better than our talent skill may suggest or as if you have never danced a step.

The secret is to be in concert with your partner. They cannot lead if you will not follow. This is leadership by definition, where it quite literally takes two to tango. The converse is also true. If you will not follow, they cannot lead. Failure is a teacher who stays until the lesson is learned (like ground

hog day!). Once learned, the student moves on to the next lesson. If not, the lesson repeats and repeats and repeats.

The question to ask yourself is how long do you want to spend on this same lesson?

The faster you learn, the faster you move on. . Facing failure head on is the fastest path forward.

Like dancing, failure takes practice. Remember my first F? The first F in high school was amazingly GLIILFXOW , GLGQ·W NQRZ ZKDW , GLGQ·W NQRZ ZKDW , KDG WR perhaps true grit, and downright stubbornness, I was able to master what I needed to gain my desired outcome.

I was on the right track to understanding failure EXW WKHQ , WRRN WKH FRZDUG·V failures³ the day the music died and losing the loves of my life³ I was a coward. The pain was just WRR PXFK WR IDFH DORQH , GLGQ·W KDYH WKH ULJKW SHF both into a box, slammed the lid shut, and ran like a bat out of h*ll. I thought I could hide forever and simply SUHWHQG WKHVH ER[HV GLGQ·W H[LVW

Remember, <RX FDQ UXQ EXW \RX FDQ·W KLGH , I ZH the strength, the universe finds a way to bring your life full circle.

The messenger for me was music. It seemed only fitting that the messenger would come back using music since this was the gift I tried so hard to keep in that box. As I healed other areas of my life, the universe offered an opportunity for reflection. I once more said yes.

The chapter on love remains in progress. To break a curse, is to trust love. Ultimately, we must trust ourselves. We must forgive ourselves for the sins of our past. It is hard to trust love again when you FRXOGQ·W WKH WLDG·W WSL·P·H. S·D·G·Q·I·N·D·D intended as the ultimate partnership to ensure that one goes through life leaning against another so that neither falls down. I GRQ·W ZDQW WKH; IPZDQ·W FWR·K·H·O·R·D·Y·G Z·I·F·W·K·D·W·M·D·L·I·N·T·H·D·Y·K·R·X·W of my collegiate youth.

I now recognize failure as the ultimate gift and teacher. Do I like it? Honestly? Not always. Even when ZH NQRZ WKDW SDLQ LV QHFHVVDU\ ZH GRQ·W KDYH WR OL LI \RX FDQ·W EHDW ¶HP k (Thank You Elizabeth!) ¶H·D·D·F·R·I·S·T·W·K·S·V·X·F stop resisting. The harder the lesson, often the more painful the process, but the sweeter the pain. Life is quite the paradox, LVQ·W LW "

That which we avoid the hardest is that which we need the most.

What will you choose?

he body knows. The heart knows. The body has always known the right answer. But , G L G Q · W know how to find these answers.

, Z D V Q · W D V N L Q J W K H U L J K W T X H V W L R O n e p a r t s o f m y l i f e , W O R R N L simply stop looking altogether.

I have spent thousands and thousands of dollars trying to figure out the reasons for my health challenges. From the Mayo Clinic to the psychology couch to functional medicine, each promised that they had the answer, only to come up empty time and time again.

Just like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz with her infamous ruby slippers, her journey taught her that she already had the answers she sought. She already had the power. There was nothing she needed. She was already whole, complete, healthy, and she had all the answers she would ever need. Her body knew. Her heart knew. Her friends knew. She told everyone she met ³ she was going home.

Who she had not yet convinced was herself. She lacked confidence. She lacked trust and faith in herself. She lacked the ability to see herself as the world saw her. She was and had always been good enough just as she was. She lacked for nothing.

, K D Y H D O Z D \ V E H H Q J R R G H Q R X J K , Z D V D O Z D \ V K H D O W K V believe. From the first F to being dismissed from the classical organ program at the University of Illinois, from losing the loves of my life, I doubted the one person I should have been able to trust without question . . . me.

Others loved me just as I was! , G L G Q · W E H O l e H e b o d y a p p e a r e d P l e a s e F D K e V mind, listen to the heart, and the body follows.

I have been traveling my own yellow brick road, my own personal journey of self-discovery, only in P \ V G L G , G L V F R Y H U W K D W , G L G Q · W h i c h j u s t c o u l d W K t h U V W R O love me. I was always complete, whole, and amazing ³ just as I am.

, G L G Q · W Q H H G R W K H o u m m a k e m y s e l f D K B S P H K , D S I S G Q · W Q H H G W R O find happiness, to find love, to find inner peace and joy, to find contentment, to find fulfillment and success. I had always had all of these things all along ³ my own ruby slippers.

When you get your mind right, the body will follow. When you get your mind right, the heart will follow. If you follow your heart, you will never be lost.

I have always had the ruby slippers ³ both literally and figuratively. I have always had the power. I

KDYH DOZD\ V KDG WKH DQVZHUV , VLPSO\ GLGQ·W DVN WK

As a college professor, I use an exercise with my leadership students to have them write their obituary. If they were to die tomorrow, what would their obituary say on their behalf? The point of this exercise is in goal setting, putting the student in control as the captain of their ship where life happens for us, not to us. I ZH GRQ · W OLNH ZKDW LV to ZH K D Y H rewrite the ending as our new future.

For those who have trouble with writing their obituary and the finality of the death conundrum, the alternative exercise is the ability to write their acceptance speech for receiving a humanitarian award.

I recall completing this exercise in my undergraduate years, then again at the master's level in graduate school, and then a final time at the doctorate level. During my undergraduate years, I was disappointed as I K D G O L W W O H W R Z U L W H D V , K D G Q R W G R Q H D Q \ W K L Q J T X in what I wanted my legacy to be as opposed to what it was staring back at me in black and white on the page. The purpose of the exercise is to realize that we have the control to rewrite the ending and find a new way forward instead of settling. By rewriting the ending, we can rewrite and predict a new future.

Many of my students find power in this exercise. We can take our control back in our lives to write our new story, to write our legacy that we to leave behind.

I have copies of my 10 year plans of all these amazing things I wanted to accomplish on my bucket O L V W , G L G Q · W J H W P X F K . R I G L L V G O · L W K W R X O G L O G W G V G D W B Y F R D W happily ever after ending³ (at least not yet, but I still believe in love and remain a hopeful romantic!). The future of my legacy remains a path for which I have control.

Had it not been for Dr. Hamilton and dismissing me from the program, I would not have had the career that I have had thus far. I would not have been a professor (now 20+ years!). I would not have completed my master's and doctorate degrees. I would not have become a military wife of 23 years and traveled the world, moving 38 times. I would not have created a 25 time award winning publishing company with now 3 imprints, nor might I have published 45 books (and counting!) or helped mentor more than 77 doctoral graduates and earn more awards on the wall than I can count.

I have been very blessed in a career I never envisioned because I was forced in a new direction more in line with my talents and my gifts that I could be of contribution to the world.

My legacy also includes the teachings of Napoleon Hill and the inspiration he left behind as a result of the powerful insights from his li I H · V M R a p d e O n Hill believed that what you think, you become. Control your thoughts, you control your destiny. In his various writings, *Law of Success* (1928), and *Think and Grow Rich* (1937), he offered 17 principles that when followed can lead to great success and personal achievement. These merit repeating again here.

1 D S R O H R Q + L O O · V

1. Definiteness of Purpose
2. Mastermind Alliance
3. Applied Faith
4. Going the Extra Mile
5. Pleasing Personality
6. Personal Initiative
7. Positive Mental Attitude
8. Enthusiasm
9. Self-Discipline
10. Accurate Thinking
11. Controlled Attention
12. Teamwork
13. Adversity and Defeat
14. Creative Vision
15. Health
16. Budgeting Time and Money
17. Habits

peaking from the heart is when we have faith in who we are and speak from our core of what we believe, with no excuses and no qualifications, just what we believe from a place of love and kindness--the good, the bad, and perhaps even the ugly. No judgment, no agenda, no anger; it is

iming is everything L Vi Q MW more than in 2020 having had our world turned upside down
D Q G L Q V L G H R X W < H W W K H S R L Q W L V W K D W Z H · U H V W

The dance metaphor is an important one to find perspective. When do we need to stay on the dance floor? When do we need to take a step back and go up to the balcony to see the big picture? When do we need to take others with us to the balcony?

My wish for you is to keep showing up. Keep loving those around you, particularly more in those moments that we discover we are human and failed to meet the expectations of others. We simply have to keep getting back up one more time than we got knocked down.

Remember Own it. Be accountable for it. Love yourself a bit more because of it. Smile. Breathe. Know y612the. . B g7es ri.

Dr. Cheryl A. Lentz affectionately known as **Doc Go** her students, is a university professor on faculty with Embry-Riddle University, Grand Canyon University (GCU), Capella University, and Walden University. Dr. Cheryl serves as a dissertation mentor / chair and committee member. She is also a dissertation coach, offering expertise as a professional editor for graduate thesis and doctoral dissertations, as well as faculty journal publications and books.

Awards include Walden Faculty of the Year, DBA Program, 2016, UOP community service award, USO Bronze Mission Award 2020, and 25 writing awards.

Dr. Cheryl is also an active member of Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority.

Known as the Academic Entrepreneur, Dr. Cheryl is a unique and dynamic speaker who intensely connects with her audience, having one foot in academia and one foot in the business and entrepreneurial space. Her goal is to offer the audience pearls of wisdom today they can use tomorrow in their personal and professional lives. It is not enough to know; the expectation is for participants to take action and do. Join Dr. Cheryl on her journey to connect these dots to provide inspiration, knowledge, and counsel to move forward effectively.

Known globally for her writings on leadership and failure, as well as critical and refractive thinking she has been published more than 45 times. As an accomplished university professor, speaker, and consultant, she is an international best-selling author, and top quoted publishing professional on ABC, CBS, NBC, and Fox. She takes