

Passion and dreams

This is the second winter that I own my sailboat. Kathi and I came back a few days ago from Annapolis after getting her ready to be winterized and hauled out of the water. Many little chores, but they had to be done.

When we came back to Akron, after a treacherous six-hour drive on the PA Turnpike, I went to bed. My mind started wandering, and I began thinking about my grandmother. She lived in Genoa, where I was born.

I used to go and stay with my grandparents for a few weeks every summer. They lived close to the beach, very popular with water polo players. It was the local sport and several were selected for the national team.

My grandmother was a small woman. Her fiery eyes were going through you. And when she was talking to you, you had better listen.

She had a strong will. She was always telling me not to forget I was a Dagnino. Keep your chin up, she told me. It was her way to tell me to go get them.

I guess she said the same thing to her children. One, my father, became the captain of big passenger jets, and the other son was the master of large luxury cruising ships.

As I was in bed, I remembered what she used to tell me. It became clearer. My life changed when I found I had a passion driving me to understand the markets. Time flies when your neck is on the line. Taking risk in a measured way. Playing the game. Trying to be the best. I saw her so clearly in front of me.

My commitment to my work has many features of her personality – enjoying it, but at the same time always trying to move ahead. It is easy when you have the passion for what you are doing. It becomes fun, not work. Time flies. And it is exciting when you are right. But life is not complete, I found out, without having a dream. Something simple. Easy to reach. When I am on my sailboat, I am in my world. Refreshing. My mind relaxes as I see what I have achieved. Not the material aspect. Being aware of what I now understand. Passion and dreams are a powerful and rewarding combination.

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