



## TARGET FIXATION

If there's one thing I've taught my son that will serve him really well in life, it's keep your eye on where you want to end up, not on what's in your way. I've seen too many guys crash when they don't. I taught him this for dirt biking and stock car racing, but I think it applies to life as well. We aim for what we're looking at. It's called target fixation. It's a physical response. You're racing around a track and the car next to you spins out and crashes and if you look at it, before you can think your own car is slamming into the metal, the wall, bursting into flames. *Keep your eye where you want to be.* If I've told my son once, I've told him a thousand times.

People were surprised when I had my son on his own dirt bike by the time he was five. He'd been riding a two-wheeler since he was three; he was ready. I explained this to my wife's family, but they still thought I was crazy. Life's dangerous, that's just a fact. It's how you take it on that makes the difference. You're never too young to learn that.

I should know. I came here from Tamaulipas by myself across the desert when I was twelve years old. My mom had six more kids to raise and my dad was dead. I was the oldest, so it was up to me to help her. My goal was really clear. I had my eye on more food for all of us. I worked in the fields, then construction. I still remember looking at the food on my shelf in that first apartment in Rio Grande, my amazement at what I'd been able to do: Feed myself until I was full. But I knew I had to do more. I joined the military when I was eighteen. Served in Vietnam. Got my green card. Got my GED. Became a citizen. Sponsored every one of my brothers and two of my sisters and paid their way. Now I work for the Border Patrol, fixing their motorcycles and jeeps so they can go out and catch people like me. Go figure.

You ask what I've kept my eye on through my life? I mean, after I was