



Around here, a lot of us grew up watching the Braves. And if you watched them long enough, you remember Chipper Jones.

He was not the loudest name in baseball. During an era when the sport was chasing home run records and chasing headlines, Chipper just went to work. Nineteen seasons, all in Atlanta. A .303 lifetime average. A batting title. First ballot Hall of Famer. He was a switch hitter who could hurt you from either side of the plate, and he showed up and did it year after year without anyone needing to make a big deal about it.

That kind of consistency is rare. And the older I get, the more I respect it.

Because when something really goes wrong in your life, you are not looking for the flashiest option. You are not looking for the biggest billboard or the loudest commercial. You want someone who shows up, does the work, and is still there in the ninth inning when things get hard.

That is what I try to be for the people who call our office. Not the most theatrical option in the room. Just the one you can count on when it matters.

If you or someone you know needs that, I am here.

Take care,

Mason