

The Story Behind
by
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When I was a kid I would wash my hair with Palmolive Liquid (a green dishwashing soap, if you don't know). I suppose many of you – especially the ladies – are aghast at such a thing. But as my mother, a chemistry whiz, could tell you, there is little difference between Palmolive and Prell (a green shampoo). They have essentially the same composition; they're just marketed differently. Hand soap, dishwashing liquid, shampoo, pretty much the same thing.

Marketing is all about repackaging one thing to sell as something else for twice the profit. It's called "segmented marketing" and we do it with people all the time.

Take my afore-mentioned mother, for example. As my mom she is warm, caring, nurturing, and encouraging. I knew intellectually that she was a nurse, but as a 9-year-old I thought mothers – forgive me – required large hearts but not necessarily large brains. The key values I required were all emotional so I had my mom in a mom-package, no other attributes need apply.

That is until my first year of college when I was drowning in my Chemistry class and this cookie-baking woman who I loved for her heart not her brain looked at my textbook, nodded with comprehension and helped me make sense of it.

Christmas cards kept on the hearth had new meaning as I realized that many of them were from doctors, other nurses, and patients whom my mother had a hand in saving. She was an emergency room nurse to whom trauma and life-threatening conditions were a daily occurrence.

It just didn't compute. This was my MOM!

My Dad, meanwhile, is a charming fellow who worked at a bank, then in real estate. Imagine my surprise when snooping in a footlocker I shouldn't have been snooping in, I discovered a miniaturized camera, mini-night-sight binoculars and a teensy-weensy tape recorder. My curiosity overcame my good sense and I asked Dad about it. "Oh, those. I was in Intelligence during the Korean War." Then he grounded me for a month.

My Dad was a spy. Too cool!

Makes me wonder who else I believe is one thing and, unbeknownst to me, is also something else. Makes me wonder the same thing about you.

De-segment your market of friends and family; find out who they really are... and be amazed!