

For My Friend

I first met Caleb Guilliams about 5 years ago. At our first encounter, he was a new teller in the financial institution where I do my family banking. I first spoke with him socially one afternoon shortly after he was hired when I found him sitting at a desk in the lobby of that bank. I thought, what a great move for my bank to use this bright young man to greet their customers, just like the old days of Walmart. I was eventually to learn differently. I said hello and he stood, greeted me and introduced himself as the new assistant to the gentleman who occupied the northwest corner office in the bank. The gentleman currently using that office was the financial adviser who had helped my wife and I manage our savings, IRA, and several small annuities. Caleb was going to be his right hand man and, so it seemed, an excellent choice for an assistant, in my opinion, at that time.

During that first conversation I learned Caleb was planning a career in finance. He was enrolled in the local college, and he was a most likeable and pleasant young man. His energy lifted my spirits that day, and I immediately admired him as a focused and well-disciplined individual. He spoke easily and freely to this old man who was close to 50 years his senior. Before leaving the institution that day, I implied that I would not be surprised if he wouldn't someday be sitting at the desk in that corner office where I had sat and discussed investment strategies with my adviser.

Over the next several years, I'd periodically notice Caleb, the consummate student wearing a back pack, coming and going to and from the bank. It was not long before he was indeed sitting in that first floor office, with corner windows facing both north and west. Occasionally, it was most pleasant to sit with him and hear what he was doing in school, to share his excitement as he discovered career objectives to match his noble character, and to watch him mature while leveraging his friendly personality, his compassionate heart, and his brilliant refreshing mind. All this transpired leading to the formation of a goal expressed in his personal mission statement. How many twenty year-olds do you know with a mission statement? I've paraphrased his here as printed in the epilogue of his book, ***The AND Asset***.

"What (Caleb) lives for is to see and reach (his) highest potential. It's (his) personal mission to help as many people as possible see and reach their highest potential."

I stand in testament, based on witnessing this young man in his formative professional, years that Caleb's mission is to do exactly that. I predict that your first impression, if you're ever lucky enough to meet him, may be something like, "Is this guy for real?" I unhesitatingly attest that he is as genuine as the smile on his face with the moral integrity befitting someone born of humble means who is home educated and instilled with an admirable work ethic.

For example, as Caleb progressed in his education and certifications, he was eventually able to help me learn about and decide to invest a portion of my IRA in a substantial annuity. While considering that decision one day, I called the bank to enquire if Caleb was at his office that afternoon and could I pop in for a visit. I knew that as he was finishing his college degree, he was sometimes away attending classes. The receptionist at the bank told me she was sorry but, this week, Caleb was away at Bible Camp. He would be back next week, and she would leave a message.

It was a beautiful summer day. When I hung up the phone, I turned to my wife and said, "Honey..., our financial advisor is not available this week. He's at Bible Camp..." We looked at each other for a

moment then shared a pleasant chuckle. Early the next week, he called to thoroughly apologize for his absence and to ask what he could do to help me.

I'm a 66 year old retired physician. I wish I had met someone like this young man 35 years ago. I have read Caleb's recently published book, *The **AND** Asset*. The thoughts and principles so clearly and simply stated there make sense to me. Particularly they make sense because, I have had the privilege of having visited with Caleb while he was studying, learning, and forming the ideas which he has recently shared in this publication. Five years ago I would have never predicted, at my age now, I would be making a major investment in a permanent life insurance policy, but I did exactly that with Caleb's assistance and the insight he helped me realize.

The decision to make this investment has brought me several benefits which each bring to me a peace of mind in their own way. The first reward, which may only be piquant to a retired primary care physician, is that in order to purchase a large life insurance policy, one must undergo a thorough physical examination, review of past medical records, and submit to an extensive laboratory testing regimen. YEAH, I PASSED!!! There's an American insurance company which has the audacity to believe I'll be alive long enough to pay off this policy. Let me tell you, it's gratifying for one like me who has been told by the underwriter that he has at least ten more years to live.

The second benefit is, even if I'm hit by lightning or if I'm struck by a texting motorist while riding my bike, my wife and children are guaranteed a comfortable financial remembrance. Did I mention that it will be tax free?

The third advantage is that I'll be paying my annual premium with IRA income which means I'll pay my federal and state income tax obligation on each annual distribution. But..., I'll be paying those taxes under the currently lowest income tax rate in the last 50 years. Consequently, I'll be shrinking my IRA which will result in smaller annual mandatory distributions during a future time when tax tables may very likely not be as favorable as they are now.

Fourth, I'm divesting a fair portion of my savings from the spectral aura of volatile equity based mutual funds with the attendant management and distribution fees. A significant portion of my portfolio will be in a more conservative and safer investment vehicle, the life insurance plan, without those unfathomable fee structures.

And finally, the investment in my life insurance plan will earn a solid interest rate and a growing cash value will be available to me under clearly written conditions if I need it before I die. Again, did I say tax free?

If you are reading this, by now you probably think I'm an admiring fan of Caleb Guilliams. Be assured I am not related to him or anyone in his family. He's just a kid I ran into at the bank. But what a kid he is. I've known him over the last five years. I consider him a friend and I am grateful for the valuable service he's provided me and I'm grateful for his friendship. I've written this about him freely without regret. I've done so incited by the admiration I hold for him, and I've written it with a notion of sincere gratitude. My hope is that I've not embarrassed him. I also hope that what I've written may in some small way be helpful to others.

Joe Boero MD,
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