

My love language is writing LinkedIn posts so refreshing you'll want to shower under them.

Your love language is reading and commenting on posts I write. Got it?

Let's give it a try.

Two friends of mine split up because they were speaking different languages.

He was speaking the language of romance.

He wrote her a letter proposing marriage.

She was speaking the language of more messy nights on the Pinot with her mates.

Her Dear John letter crossed in the post with his proposal (true story).

Twenty years of therapy later...

You may laugh, but if you're having problems getting younger employees back to the office, you may have a language issue.

Their love language isn't beers after work, table tennis and bean bags.

2010 called. It wants its office perks back.

Today's graduate employee speaks a different language.

Their love languages are things like purpose and community.

They don't like to drink. They like to eat.

They particularly like to eat food that has been properly produced.

With more than a nod to health and the environment.

But more than anything, they like to do it together.

In their world lunchtime in the office isn't just about food.

It's about time spent with friends

Talking about things that matter.

Lifting each other up and making sense of the world around them

You may call this wishful thinking.

We've got a different name for it.

We call it the way things should be.

So do our clients.

And so can you.

You bring the employees

We'll bring the food

Together we'll bring them back to the office.

DM to start that conversation.