



ON YOUR TERMS

DISCOVERING A MORE JOYFUL
AND PURPOSE-FILLED LIFE THROUGH
VALUE CONSCIOUS NEGOTIATING

NICK SEGAL WITH LAURA SEGAL

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BY
NICK SEGAL
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FIRST EDITION

READY FOR SUCCESS?

Creating success is one of the greatest and most rewarding adventures in life.

Many self-help books explore personal growth as a way to make us feel better about ourselves. But then what? How do we more fully engage our expanded self into the adventure of success creation?

There are many books that help you clarify what you want, which is also great. But if they don't teach you how to negotiate the outcomes you want, it becomes difficult to walk into a room and come away with what you're aiming for.

Then there are books that will teach you how to negotiate for yourself. This is great if you have the foundational belief that you are worthy to receive what you are negotiating for. But if you don't feel worthy, odds are you will again fall short in your quest for success.

What makes *On Your Terms* unique is the fact that, finally, there is a working manual that explores the three essential ingredients of success. It gently guides you in:

1. More fully claiming your personal value, then
2. Identifying the success you want to create, and then
3. Empowering yourself to effectively negotiate those outcomes.

Resourcing his own personal wealth of experiences—in business and in life—Nick Segal presents an entertaining and self-revealing exploration of his personal success adventure that will inspire anyone willing to do the work to more fully realize their own heartfelt dreams of success.

Segal's approach is a simple and proven methodology; a "paint by numbers" series of action steps designed to enhance personal confidence and develop practical new skills for creating happiness and success.

His personable, encouraging and often humorous style will naturally lift you into the realization that success is not only possible, but very much attainable. And attainable on your terms.

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INTRODUCTION

In 2009, I took a risk that most would have called crazy. With the global economy in crisis, fortunes being crushed and a complete distrust of any financial institution, I looked at the landscape and decided I was going to bet on me. Thoroughly disillusioned by the conduct and corruption I saw all around me, I cashed in my pension plan, paid the taxes and decided to go into business for myself. With 20 years in business as a broker, owner and salesperson selling residential real estate in Los Angeles, I set my sights on creating a new company; a company that would play at a higher level of integrity and caring. A small group of us came together, filled with excitement and enthusiasm. We steeled up our nerve and the result was the formation of a company called Partners Trust Real Estate Brokerage & Acquisitions. We opened our doors in September of 2009 with the tagline, “Proudly serving our community since...last Thursday.”

Was I concerned that the perception of real estate agents was at an all-time low, blamed for playing a key role in the entire global meltdown centered on mortgage defaults and negligent lending practices? I certainly was. How about the fact that when we opened for business, the number of real estate transactions was at a 10-year low and the vast majority of sales were either distress sales or foreclosures? Oh yes...there were many sleepless nights considering how we were going to overcome that reality. Was I served with a \$4,000,000 baseless claim lawsuit from my previous employer within 36 hours of our launch, designed just to slow us down? Of course I was! And yet, none of those, or a myriad of other concerns, stopped me. All I knew was that my heart was aligned with the venture and I was completely committed to make it work, no matter what the world was

doing around me.

For some context, I wasn't always that poised and clear. In fact, getting to that point of clarity was an adventure in and of itself. I lost both my parents by the time I was fourteen; my mother to suicide and my father to colon cancer a year later. Puberty came late for me and so while all the boys around me looked like furry animals, I more resembled a hairless cat. Candidly, I'm not sure which experience was more painful as an adolescent boy; the associated sadness and confusion of the loss of my parents or the searing embarrassment of my perceived deformity. I chose the acting profession out of college as a form of masochism, so that I could become fully engaged with rejection, and then transitioned into a career as a real estate agent just to make sure I viscerally understood the experience of "No."

So to have that glint in my eye back in 2009 and to see it culminate the way it did is quite astounding. Eight years later, I can proudly say that risk paid off. And while it was a tumultuous ride with tremendous triumphs and crushing defeats, the statistics speak for themselves. During our eight-year run, we amassed eleven billion dollars in sales and attracted over 250 associates across seven offices throughout some of the best locations in Los Angeles. And to punctuate our success, we just recently negotiated the sale of Partners Trust for many millions of dollars. But that only begins to tell the story. Not only did my risk achieve a great monetary reward, it also showed me something about myself and gave me the opportunity to discover the framework and information relayed in this book. That was completely unexpected and, quite possibly, an even greater win.

Having claimed all of those experiences as my "wealth," I've forged a career and a life that make me very proud. I've helped create two highly-regarded real estate companies in Los Angeles and negotiated their sale. I even made a living as an actor. During that segment of my life, I had the pleasure to spar with Muhammed Ali on a movie set while filming the movie *Breakin' 2; Electric Boogaloo* and appeared in an '80s cult classic called *Chopping Mall* ("where shopping costs an arm and a leg"). I've had the pleasure of creating educational programs within my companies, presenting them to hundreds of individuals who have used those tools and techniques to advance their careers and success. I paint. I write. I have a beautiful, loving wife, two precious children and dear friends with whom I share great love and support. And my greatest daily experience of my living abundance and joy is that I laugh, each and every day.

I consider these benchmark life events to be facets of my success. And what makes them that much sweeter is the knowledge that with each demonstration, I had the courage to take risks beyond my own fears, doubts and the opinions of others. While that hasn't always been easy, in looking back at my life to date, it's always been worth it. And that knowledge and experience has become a foundation of greater trust and faith in myself that I can continue questing, continue risking and going for my next level of success.

But let's be clear. There are still moments during the course of any given week when I deal with a fear or doubt that tries to sneak in to stop me from risking in one form or another. And when that happens, I quickly feel it in my body. My neck begins to tense up and my breathing gets shallow. My mind becomes preoccupied, playing the "what if..." game and oddly enough, every outcome ends negatively. Funny how that works, isn't it?

Having dialogued for many hours with my "fear-based" brain, I've come to appreciate the artistry of my mind and when I allow it, how it can prey upon my energy and focus on moving forward. And when my mind gets going in that crippling direction, it usually comes at me in one of three baseline strategies to try and keep me from risking. In no particular order, my risk-adverse mind likes to question my belief in myself. We'll call it, my "I'm not worthy" mind to realize and/or be successful. My sabotaging mind also likes to compare me to others as well as get me concerned about what others might think of me. And then of course, my mind can be great at questioning my abilities to negotiate the outcomes I want. Thankfully, because I've been negotiating professionally for thirty years, I'm far less susceptible to that aspect of my fear-based mind, but I'm not immune. If nothing else, there's still a little kid inside of me who doesn't like the thought of rejection.

Now that I more fully recognize how these three "voices" have affected me in the past, it is clear to see how many people are gripped by the same fears that deter them from going for more of what they really want in life. That awareness really bothers me because I believe we are all capable of living successful lives. We are meant to experience joy and experience it more abundantly!

But just because we're meant to experience joy and abundance doesn't mean it's going to be handed to us. We need to earn it, to show up and go for what we want. One of the keys to getting there is being able to redirect our mind and awareness beyond the limiting fear of asking for what we want and our doubts that

we're not worth having what we want. Speaking from experience, the actual process isn't hard. Directing the mind simply takes consistency and focus, in alignment with understanding what you want and why you want it. There will be an investment of your time, both physically and mentally. There can also be financial investment, as in potentially all the money in your bank account. Working the day job to pay the bills and then sacrificing sleep to dedicate the time to pursue your dream into reality. Oh, and there will be more than a few moments when you're lying in bed, mentally challenging yourself as you ask yourself, "What in the hell am I doing?" You'll overcome those too.

When you're clear enough about what you want, *why* you want it and allow it to excite and drive you through the damning, negative thoughts of your mind, you can achieve it and experience a level of joy, abundance and gratitude that casts a magical glow on your life. And the quintessential beauty of this reality is that it is available to us all.

You don't need to be born with any sort of advantage. It can help, but candidly, it can hinder as well. Beyond where a person comes from or what their education is, success can be achieved by anyone willing to stay engaged with a clear vision of what success means to them and their ability to sustain a belief in him- or herself until the mission is accomplished. My road to success certainly didn't start with any form of convention or advantage.

This book depicts my road map that guided me to realize the success that I enjoy today. We begin with concepts and actions designed to enhance your awareness of your strengths and gifts. That's your VALUE. From there, we take the steps that will define your clear understanding of what you want and why it's worth going for in your life. You'll be more CONSCIOUS. And once that foundation has been created, you'll be shown nine proven negotiation techniques that will better empower you in NEGOTIATING skills to realize *your* success.

And so I ask you...

"Are you willing to take that first courageous step towards your success?"

If so, I invite you to explore *you* through the pages of this book, more fully discover the beauty and wonder that is *you* and discover how you may more fully experience your many forms of success.

PART I

THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

You are about to embark on a journey that can support you in achieving profound success. The degree to which you participate will have a direct impact on the value you realize. Some of the concepts that will be introduced will not be new to you; others will. Regardless, consider that you have a fresh start to receive the information and use it to your full advantage. Lean in and check it all out to see what works for and what doesn't. By "leaning in," I mean engaging in each activity to see how it resonates inside of you. Whether you fully believe me or not, stay "in the game" to explore each aspect of this manual that has been designed to support your success.

I strongly encourage you to start by embracing yourself where you are right now. Whatever mindset you currently have toward your life and ideas about success is absolutely fine. Wherever you are in your process, whatever stories you've told yourself and any apprehensions you've had in the past or currently about your ability to create success is a perfect springboard from which to launch.

Why is that? Because I've never met a successful person who didn't have misgivings about achieving their dreams. The only difference between those who ultimately create their success and those who don't is that the achievers have the mindset and clear focus to work through their apprehensions and doubts.

In this first section, let's explore degrees of awareness and how strengthening your ability to hone your focus specifically serves your pursuit of the success you want to realize.

MY STORY

My parents divorced when I was one year old, so I grew up living with my mother and older sister, Gretchen, on Long Island, New York. The bond my mother and I formed was steadfast and unshakable. I felt her pure love and support, and it was most reassuring and comforting. While childhood had its ups and downs, overall I was a happy kid. I admit I was a tad spoiled based on the loving my mother showered upon me and I enjoyed my early years of making friends in the neighborhood, playing sports, and learning in school.

We had it pretty good. We lived on a picturesque property in an old carriage house my parents had bought together. My mother was a talented artist; a painter and photographer. Her creativity extended into cooking as well and she had a gift for her native French cuisine. When it came to money, my best recollection was that it was always tight. We relied heavily on the alimony from my father, who lived in Connecticut with his new wife.

As my sister and I grew, my mother wanted a new outlet for expressing herself. So she set out to test her entrepreneurial spirit by building an art gallery where she could showcase works of her artist friends. She also made space in the gallery for

a restaurant, where she created spectacularly delicious, simple yet elegant, “café” style sandwiches and salads.

My mother threw herself into this endeavor, using all the resources she had to get it off the ground. She renovated an old two-story Victorian style home on the edge of town to give it her stylistic look and feel. Using vivid colors of canary yellow and royal blue, she transformed that dilapidated old house into Calliope Gallery. My mother was very excited and committed to making her vision a reality. I’d just turned thirteen when the gallery officially opened.

Entering the eighth grade and consumed by my own world, I wasn’t aware that business wasn’t really taking off. Throughout the fall and winter, Calliope Gallery’s performance faltered, and with it, my mother’s enthusiasm. Toward spring, I could see her becoming more dejected. She was losing weight and didn’t really engage with us at the dinner table much anymore. Being an adolescent, suddenly fascinated with girls and bewildered by the prospects of puberty, I didn’t see that my mother’s decline was accelerating or that she had an inclination towards depression.

One afternoon, I came home from school to a very quiet house. My mother’s car was in the garage. I climbed the stairs and saw that her bedroom door was closed. Knowing that she occasionally got migraines, I figured I wouldn’t disturb her and proceeded to my room. Lost in my own world, I suddenly realized that it was getting dark and I was getting hungry. I also noticed that I hadn’t heard any sounds around the house.

I went to my mother’s room and placed my ear to the door. Not hearing anything, I cracked the door to peer in. The fading daylight coming through a French window revealed my mother lying on the bed, fully clothed. I also heard her breathing, deep and heavy...almost as if she were snoring, but more measured and pronounced.

I walked over to the side of her bed, and gently called her.

“Mama?” No response. The heavy, slow breathing continued. I put my hand on her shoulder and called her name again. Still nothing. I was getting concerned. My contact hadn’t broken the pattern of her breathing and she seemed lifeless. I shook her with more force with no result. Noticing a glass of water by her bed, I dipped my fingers into it and flicked some drops on her face. Still nothing.

Now I was scared. I started calling her name and grabbed her by the shoulders to elevate her body. As I lifted her torso, my mother’s head fell to the side. Connecting her head to the pillow some three feet away was a thick strand of saliva faintly

glistening in the waning daylight. I will remember that image for the rest of my life. As my mother continued breathing with that deep, vacant sound, I laid her back down and started to cry with no idea what to do.

What ensued was surreal. I heard the sound of crunching gravel from our driveway. Gretchen, as if on cue, had arrived home. Next, I remember the ambulance roaring up to the front of the house, with paramedics rushing past me as I pointed them toward my mother.

This became the beginning of the end. The primary source of my loving, protection and caring had just tried to kill herself on that otherwise innocuous day in the spring of 1974.

That evening, my father came from Connecticut to collect Gretchen and me, and bring us to his home. It was late when we finally embarked on the two-hour drive to his place. There was a makeshift bed for us and we fell asleep without a clue as to the condition of our mother. My last memory of her was watching the paramedics carrying her, slumped and lifeless in a wheelchair, down the narrow staircase of our home.

We found out the next morning that my mother's attempt to take her life had failed. While relieved, I was also very scared, sad and disconnected. I didn't have any understanding of what was going on or how to even create a story to tell myself to make it any better.

A few days later, two state troopers showed up. After speaking privately with my father and his wife, they came and somberly told us that our mother was dead. She had convinced the hospital to let her go home to wash her hair. While there, she had slit her wrists.

I didn't know what to say or do. My 13-year-old mind didn't understand how she could be dead when I'd been told just days before that she wasn't. My sister started crying and I just looked up at these two serious and scary men and said, "Thank you for telling me." I was numb.

“Dealing with the loss of my closest ally was beyond anything I could think or feel.”

So here we were, no longer living in the home where we'd grown up, suddenly thrust into life in Connecticut with a new family that included a stepmother, my older step-sister Vicky and my younger half-brother Harry. Mother, gone. Friends, gone. Dealing with the loss of my closest ally was beyond anything I could think or feel.

As the days passed, I called old friends from Long Island to tell them what

had happened and why I wasn't there anymore. In those moments, I started producing my story of "I'm fine," with an internal dialogue of "Just survive this, Nick." That story included a kid who was working through things on his own. The story reassured people there was no need for concern. I wouldn't cry or feel sorry for myself. That's how I was going to deal with pain. I wouldn't touch it or have anything to do with it. "I'm fine" became my rallying cry.

My story and underlying fortitude were quickly tested again. Five weeks after the passing of my mother, we moved to California. My father was a screenwriter and his work was starting to take off. We needed to be in Los Angeles. Gone were the friendships I'd started to form, and now I'd be 3,000 miles away from the friends with whom I'd grown up.

Landing in Woodland Hills at the western end of L.A.'s San Fernando Valley, I was still trying to make heads or tails of my life while working to fit in with my new family. Through it all, I held fast to my "I'm fine" story. New friends, new school, new job at a summer camp to earn some money—after a few months, I felt like I was beginning to formulate some semblance of "normal" in my life.

My relationship with both my father and stepmother, however, was very strained. They didn't agree with my mother's demonstrations of loving and classified me as "spoiled"—which they decided needed correcting. Though I dreaded even walking into the house at the end of the day, I maintained my stoic disposition, trying my best to survive my life.

During my ninth grade year, my father and stepmother took what was supposed to be a one-week trip to New York for business. While there, my father was diagnosed with colon cancer. It was quite advanced by the time they found it and the doctors felt it needed to be dealt with immediately. One week away turned into eight.

Never having encountered cancer, I didn't know what to expect. We all carried on with our self-consuming lives as best we could. I was still fourteen and dealing with the challenges of being a freshman in a new school. I was completely clueless about the ravaging effects cancer could have, until my father returned home.

My father had left L.A. fit and seemingly healthy, weighing about 165 pounds. The man we saw gingerly step out of the car was a fraction of that person, reduced to less than 100 pounds, literally skin and bones. He'd grown a beard to better hide his frail appearance and looking at this bearded, gaunt person barely able to stand on his own, we all started to cry. We couldn't help it. I remember my father asking

us in a faint voice, dulled by a massive dose of pain medication, why we were crying. No one responded.

Six months later, a total of fourteen months after losing our mother, my sister and I found ourselves orphaned. As an adolescent, my feelings of loss were truly devastating. For so many of us, the loving and nurturing that we receive from our parents forms the bedrock of our sense of safety. For me, the loss of both of my parents within such a short time at that vulnerable age created tremendous sadness, separation, confusion and hurt inside.

Staring at my father's closed casket during the memorial service, I had no words to say and I wouldn't allow myself to feel emotion. Not because I was scared of what I would find, but because I didn't know where to start. In the absence of any external guidance, I formulated a plan to "double down" on my survival strategy. My "I'm fine" mantra became my armor, and as I left for boarding school in the fall of 1976 for my sophomore year of high school, I vowed that I'd never let anyone see me vulnerable or hurt.

These events are indelibly etched in the core of my being. But the story I created about them has taken many twists and turns. For years, I carried that "survival" flag. I'd recount my past and the loss of my parents like I was presenting the day's weather report. To me, my casual demeanor demonstrated my strength and stood as proof of my ability to endure anything that could possibly be thrown at me. The story I created was that "I was tough." If I could overcome that type of loss, I'd be impervious to any future pain caused by any situation or person.

As new challenges showed up, I'd see them all through the perception of a survivor who couldn't be touched. And that "survival" lens affected both my judgment and my expression. Most profoundly, I let it affect the way I saw myself. Having lost the most precious love I'd ever experienced, I came to the conclusion that perhaps I wasn't worthy of love. No need for me to consider anything beyond the evidence that my mother and father both left. That was proof enough of my theory. "I'm not worthy of that kind of love" became my understanding about me.

As I've grown and developed, I've had the opportunity to take a closer look at my beliefs about these events in my life. The combination of time, coupled with my desire to feel and express myself more fully and vulnerably, has opened doors of compassionate awareness. I've learned that my journey of healing is a process—one that has evolved to the degree that I've been open to it and capable of working with

it. And I've invested the time and energy to explore my pain and grief so that I could learn and grow from it and actually use it for my advancement.

Throughout that journey of healing, I've learned how to better distinguish the events from that time in my life as separate from my stories about those events. This distinction has had a profound effect on me. Because of it, there's a thread that connects the choices, focuses and intentions that I've created for myself from the age of fourteen to the present. I've continued to choose a path that could best assist me in moving toward greater clarity and growth.

Directly after these losses in my life, understandably, it took some time to restore my confidence and to even begin to consider the possibility of living an expanded and bountiful life. The compelling conclusion I've come to about the loss of my parents is this: I may have lost their physical presence but that doesn't mean I lost the love they shared with me while we were together. The loving they blessed me with can live on, in and through me, every time I choose to claim it. And the same is also available to anyone who has experienced loss.

We all have our unique path by which we live our lives. My experiences are not unique or even special. They're simply mine. And you have yours. This book is presented to you from the place of a heartfelt desire to offer anyone a vehicle through which they can step forward and realize greater abundance and success, however they'd like to experience that. And lest we forget...fun is available too!

PERCEPTION IS NOT REALITY

My perception of my lovability as a boy, based on my limited perception of reality, demonstrates the power of a mind that doesn't serve our greater opportunity. It's so easy to see when we know what to look for and blinding when we don't. Telling myself the story that I'm unlovable because my mother killed herself can make perfect sense. But if we expand the awareness beyond my viewpoint to encompass all of the players, including my mother's, we can start to realize a more authentic reality. My mother was in unbearable pain and suffering to the point where she chose not to take it anymore. And as sad as that reality was for her, understanding her anguish gave me greater perspective to realize that her self-pain didn't mean I'm not lovable. Hopefully, this clarification can act as a springboard for you to reconsider certain events in your life from a more authentic perspective. And in so doing, you can evolve your understanding of your abilities and strengths.

We all have events in our lives that shape our perceptions and beliefs. Right now, whether you know it or not, you have an entire belief system influencing your capacity for success. Where you grew up, what you were told, your failures, your triumphs, and the examples set by your primary caregivers and role models all play

into the mindset and *heartset* of how you think and feel about your abilities and the success you associate with them.

We move through life and notice patterns; consistencies that repeatedly show up. As much as we “try” to change, we seem to keep coming back to the same place and wonder why we’re not creating traction or growth. But what if these beliefs and perceptions are influencing how we think and act? Maybe we need to see how they are affecting our choices and our actions, either for our benefit or detriment. Gaining greater clarity around your beliefs and perceptions is the first step in creating more success and abundance in every aspect of your life. So how do you get clearer?

What does the word “success” mean to you? Do you relate to success as a number in your bank account? Is success defined by what you own in the world? Does it mean your job or title? Perhaps you measure success by the prosperity of your family or your company. Does your definition of success rely on comparing yourself to others? Maybe it means fulfilling your mother’s dreams for you or modeling your father’s accomplishments. As you consider success, do you think of qualities like joy, loving or laughter as being a component of your success?

Take a moment right now to gauge your current relationship to success. What stories do you tell yourself and others about your success? Does your success story have a negative, positive, or neutral tone?

For anyone who struggles with the idea of success or achievement, the “battle” often stems from a core false belief that he or she is unworthy of success. Accentuated by the stories we tell ourselves over time, living in the perception of unworthiness can be excruciating. I know it all too well. For me, the pain of unworthiness often showed up as a numbing dull ache in the pit of my stomach. If you’ve ever experienced anything like that, know that I’ve been there and I have tremendous compassion for this kind of experience.

None of us are exempt from fears and doubts when we consider our abilities and dreams. I believe that’s part of the great challenge and opportunity of being human: to come into a greater awareness of our abilities, our value, and our recognition of our true nature. As you read this next statement, notice how it resonates inside of you.

Until you recognize your value and claim your worthiness to achieve success, you’ll either sabotage or deflect your opportunities to receive it.

Imagine that a close friend comes to you and presents an opportunity to apply for a new job at his company working in a field that you love. If you look at this from

the perception of an “I never get these types of jobs” mindset, guess how you’ll probably approach this conversation? Influenced by your perceptions, beliefs and story, it probably won’t take you long to push the opportunity away, either by your thoughts or actions. This is the beginning of the “sabotage and/or deflect” cycle that keeps us in our current reality. Conversely, if you receive this opportunity with a positive belief about your ability to receive success, odds are far greater that you will create a positive result that serves your greater advancement.

Recognizing your value and claiming your worthiness is an essential ingredient in creating success. People who realize success know what they offer has value. That gives them confidence to ask for what they want in return. Their focus of value moves them towards greater success. That’s why it’s so important that you realize where you’re placing your focus because that focus has tremendous power. It will either promote greater success or diffuse and repel opportunities to realize it.

However you feel right now, whatever you’re thinking, is perfectly fine. My intention in asking you about your perceptions of success has nothing to do with “right or wrong.” We judge ourselves enough as it is. I’m simply checking your perception as a reference point from which to begin. As you gain greater awareness about the way you relate to your current reality of success, you’ll be better positioned to see how the choices you make affect your future reality.

In these pages, we’re operating with the understanding that you are inherently worthy, and that recognizing and claiming your goodness sets the course toward your dreams and desires. If you have any doubts at this point, perhaps all it takes is a slight repositioning of some of your perceptions related to your success and those stories you’ve been telling yourself, so that you can create better endings that serve your greater success. It all starts with recognizing your value.

I encourage you to read the information in this section and see how it resonates with you. You don’t need to act on it; simply read and observe yourself. The process guides you in considering your perceptions of success, money, your past, the stories you tell yourself and why you tell them. It showcases how your desired result can be accelerated through discernment of choice and focus in relation to the way you

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regard your current reality. And it awakens the awareness of how success can be realized and how “momentum” plays into the equation. Finally, the process helps you look at your attachment to outcomes and why that may actually undermine all your good works toward the results you’re looking for.

I recommend that you get a journal where you can write down any awarenesses that show up along the way. We are going to cover a tremendous amount of territory in the exploration and negotiation of your success. And with it, you will be given the opportunity to participate in written exercises designed to clarify and support your successful growth. Having a centralized place to capture thoughts and ideas that may become the foundation for your abundant and joyful outcomes will support your journey. Your journal can also serve as a vehicle to track your progression of growth as you move closer and closer to the life you desire to create.

Ease into these awarenesses with an open mind and heart. And have fun with yourself. We take ourselves seriously enough. If you think you see silliness in any of your current perspectives, smile and even laugh at it, knowing we’re all doing the best we can.