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STANDING TALL - Acquiring the 13 Riches of Life Effortlessly

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STANDING TALL

*Acquiring The 13 Riches
of Life Effortlessly*

*“If you’re lucky to be one of the few
to find someone who will tolerate you...”*

Barenaked Ladies

I’m one of the lucky few. The Fabulous Davene, my bride, makes Job, the guy in the Bible, look impatient. Without you, this book would never have been written.

While the list of things you bring us daily is virtually endless, the priceless gift that overwhelms me was your belief in me and circling the wagons when we lost it all and were flat broke. And I wish all of you, kind enough to read this tale, the same kind of unshakeable belief and support I came to know.

STANDING TALL

*Acquiring The 13 Riches
of Life Effortlessly*

Chapter One

A Fable?

There's an old saying, "facts should never get in the way of a good yarn."

Did the Red Sea really part? Did Buddha really find enlightenment under the Bodhi tree? Did the great fish really swallow Jonah?

Have these stories survived because they are priceless metaphorical fables to those with insight, or did they really happen? Most people are skeptical cynics. Any hint of suspicion makes them dubious, and, so, they reject the entire message.

I mention this, because, as this tale of Seven Ancient Verities and a Map was being told to me by Doc—likeable as he was—my skepticism quickly bordered on disbelief. Have you ever wanted something to be true, but, try as you may, you have a really hard time believing it? I was told that the Seven Ancient Verities and a Map to the 13 Riches of Life that I am about to share with you had been passed from person to person, handwritten by the passer of them, for over 4,000 years.

To me, the passing of these Verities from one person to another for centuries, well, that was unimaginable. Just wait... it gets even more taxing on the old belief meter. Allegedly, those who embrace the Verities and work through them as instructed can then understand the attached Map to the 13 Riches of Life... each then acquires great wealth in all areas of their life. My blogging peers knew nothing about it—there were no written records of the Map to the 13 Riches of Life anywhere. My research turned up virtually nothing... just a few obscure hints that seemed to suggest that the Verities existed and that "the wealth thing"—whatever that meant—was true. I noticed, oddly, that I was conflicted. Hope versus cynicism.

In today's world of quick fixes, instant gratification, and promises of pixie-dust self-help solutions for all that ails us for attending a weekend seminar and the unmet promises that invariably follow, skepticism is at an all-time high. I can't blame you if you're skeptical. I was, even when Verities were passed to me.

Mired in debt and desperation, I hawked what I could to get a plane ticket, and I headed to Kauai, Hawaii. I wanted to meet with a guy who left a

comment on a blog I had written, which I will go into in more detail later. I did not know about the Ancient Verities until we met at his home. Within a year, my debt and desperation was replaced with peace and prosperity. Today, I live on Kauai, a far cry from a one-bedroom apartment in Seabrook, New Hampshire. Occasionally, I have a hard time believing that I get paid for what I love to do... but it is true. And the 13 Riches? Yes, they keep pouring in. Those are the facts.

I'm a little ahead of myself, so let me go back to the very beginning.

Here's how it happened...



Free gift!

Chapter Two

The Lanai

“Why won’t you tell me?” Doc asked.

Toni was silent.

“Why?” Doc asked again, controlling his voice, so as not to shout. “Why? Why won’t you tell me how you became so wealthy?” This time, he was unsuccessful. Doc was shouting into the phone.

Toni remained calm and explained, for the second time, why she was not yet willing to share what she had done to become so successful financially.

“Look, I’m not saying ‘no’. Just not yet. The value of this relationship, this friendship is something I’m not willing to risk, and, right now, that’s exactly what it feels like.”

“Why does it feel like a risk to you? I’m the one at-risk, Toni. My pay has been cut by 25 percent, and another 25 percent is going to vanish ninety days from now. I’m suddenly raising both kids on my own, and...”

“Doc. Stop!” she raised her voice a tad, to interrupt Doc’s rant.

He kept rambling about his troubles, but he had heard her order to stop, and his voice trailed off about two-thirds of the way through the list of negative circumstances.

“Keep asking and keep working your business,” Toni said in a soft and encouraging way. “Just know that, one day, you will be able to stand tall and wealthy in all areas of life, a fearless victor, no longer a fearful victim.”

I asked Doc if that was how he remembered the conversation, or if he

had just generalized the conversation. He sat silently for a while. A long while. I began to feel anxious and was unsure if I should speak. It's hard to say, that first time, how long the silence was, but I came to understand that Doc was someone who thought before he spoke.

The anxiousness passed. Became uncomfortable. Have you ever been in a situation in which you don't know if you should speak, change the subject, or ask the same question again? I caved and repeated the question. Almost.

He raised his hand slightly as I began to speak and looked out from the lanai. He pointed and asked, "Does the ocean look bigger to you... bigger than other times you've look at it?"

I nodded. He smiled and kept looking out at the sea. I was somewhat relieved to have a break from the piercing eye contact that he made with me from the moment I had arrived. It was not so much piercing as deep. When he looked at me, he was looking into my eyes, never shifting his.

"Did you know that is the largest coffee plantation in the United States? Right here on Kauai, right there," his voice rose with childlike enthusiasm. "I guess all colors are wonderful, but there is something about that green of those coffee fields running into that massive blue ocean that just does something inside of me..."

"I'm not sure I am getting what you are really saying, but it feels like you are telling me something, Doc. Are you?" I asked.

"Did you know coffee is actually in the Gardenia family?" Doc said.

I opened my mouth to speak, but he wasn't done.

"It's intoxicating to drive through those coffee fields when they are flowering. It's a theory I have about why people get tired here around 8:00 at night. And, yes, I'm sharing something with you, Mark."

"And that is?"

"Most people, when you ask them about the great moments in their lives, share them well enough, but, if you listen closely, you can tell they were not fully present while that great moment was happening," Doc said. "Just be here with this moment, in the moment. And, yes, that is word-for-word between me and Toni."

Chapter Three

20 Hours Earlier

The pilot announced that we were coming into Kauai from the south side, and, if we looked out the windows on the left side of the plane, we would see the “Garden Isle”.

I noticed the excitement within me was building, and I found myself standing up in the aisle and looking out the windows. I had done a reasonable amount of flying over the past three years, and I must admit that the attitudes of the passengers on this flight were far different than those I had been witness to on past flights. The cheerfulness and chatter on the flight from Seattle had annoyed me. Hey, I was preoccupied: I wanted to be ready for my big interview with a subject who had traditionally avoided the media.

My best guess, now, is that I just could not figure out why he said “yes” to me. Rumor had it he was “out there” and basically reclusive. I guess the happiness, anticipation, and excitement the passengers were experiencing felt like interruptions, messing with my concentration. Now, I know better. I know it was self-centered fear. I missed a lot of wonderful energy, because I simply was thinking about the future—the interview—and not being in the moment.

It was my first trip to Hawaii, and, while I’d done some research online, nothing could prepare me for the view out the window. Ocean, mountains, and the jungle... I got a short break from myself and my fears, and I allowed myself to enjoy my mounting excitement.

It didn’t last long. We touched down, and I got my rental car and headed to the Sheraton on the south side of the island. I checked in and was pleasantly surprised to have been upgraded to an oceanfront room. There was a fruit basket in the room from Doc, and his wife with a note that made me smile:

“Enjoy the view and fruit. Relax, it’s all good. Our home is only about 20 minutes away. There’s a map in the envelope. Call if you have any problems finding us.”

Chapter Four

One Week Earlier

Did this recluse tell you why he invited you to Kauai?” my close friend, Joanne, asked with a dismissive look, as she knocked back a little more wine. Ouch.

“Sort of,” I mumbled. I had a pretty good idea of what was coming next. It did.

“What the hell does that friggin’ mean?” Joanne was earthy. She was cynical. She was judgmental and harsh. “Is he paying your way there?”

“No,” I said, breaking eye contact. She wasn’t off-target in her concern. My bank account status? Miserable.

Joanne was a close friend. When I shared with her that I had been invited to Kauai, I asked her to dig deep on this guy Doc, to get past the normal stuff found on page one of Google. She was good at that, and I wanted her to dig deeper, so I’d be prepared. When I first put it out there, she yawned. Intentionally. Loudly. She used a lot of exaggerated body language to express herself. Above all, for some reason, I’ve never understood, Joanne was protective of me.

“What do you mean, ‘sort of’? I mean, you’re a freelance writer, and your articles sell for how much? On average, what the frig do you get for an article?”

She knew it was \$300 to \$800. I said nothing, just looked down at my shoe tops.

“So, this clown, who you say never gives interviews about succeeding, asked you to come over at your own expense? I’m not getting it. If it’s a great article, if there is something so special in the article, and someone buys it, you still lose money? You’re broke, idiot.”

My mind began racing, debating. I thought, *She’ll rip me up one side and down the other if I share what Doc said may happen.* Sharing hopes or dreams with Joanne, I had learned, was not a good idea when she was in her protective mode.

Chapter Five

Several Months Earlier

Six months earlier.

At the time preceding my visit to Doc, my blog about working from home with sales companies and online businesses averaged 15 to 30 comments each week. The overall theme of my blog is that, while some people do well with network marketing companies, direct sales companies, and online businesses, the overall track record of successes vs. failures is a poor one.

In one blog post, I shared some figures from the DSA (Direct Selling Association), and some additional statistics that I had compiled. In the post, I used the statistics to illustrate that while people *can* succeed, very few people actually *do* succeed. Most people who blog for a living or try to build a following to make their freelance articles become more marketable know that writing in such a way that encourages and invites comments about things people are passionate about is the smart play.

This particular blog post had considerably more comments than the rest of my posts. Most of the comments were from people who were in some kind of home-based business, and each of them explained why their deal was different, better, or the one that works. A good chunk of the other comments gave me a ringing endorsement for exposing the odds and how dismal the chances of success are. Others were angry skeptics and believers in the American Dream, slugging it out.

As I was reading through the comments that day, I came across one that really intrigued me. It read:

.....

*I appreciate the post. Your information about the success rate is accurate, but not true. While there will always be good, bad, and indifferent companies people can partner with, along with the normal cast of hustlers and con artists out there, the truth is that people have decided, unconsciously, to fail or succeed, **before** they even pull out their credit card to join. Their internal blueprint has predetermined the outcome. This includes, of course, the original choice of what to join. Keep up the good work, and dig a little deeper if you want to be great. Information and truth are not the same thing.*

.....

My attention was piqued. I wanted to know who the commenter was. The commenter turned out to be a guy named Doc, who allegedly made some noise and big bucks working for himself in home-based businesses. I started snooping around and found countless videos on YouTube, two blogs, and two decent websites. He was very active online. His YouTube channel, which features tips about working from home, had over 500,000 views. I figured he was just another slick peddler, making comments like that on lots of blogs to get people curious and draw them to his site, so he would be able to sell them his “secrets”. Pretty common practice.

I was just about to bounce off his website, when I noticed something odd. I didn’t see a “product” page promoting anything for sale, *tt*, which is damn unusual for a blog of any kind. I became curious, figuring that I had missed some kind of links to buy books, or CDs, or some other product. I jumped from page to page, but I found nothing of the kind. I looked further, poring over several months worth of Doc’s posts to find a sales pitch somewhere within his blog. Still, I found nothing.

Instead what I found in going back through his posts was a wealth of videos, in which Doc was teaching something very specific. It wasn’t general stuff, rehashing simple ideas, nor did it have your typical motivational fare, just plain-language content. It was confrontational and in-your-face—it really challenged what was normally taught about earning income. The two hallmarks of his videos were common sense and personal responsibility.

Then, I noticed something else even more interesting. There had not been anything new for a couple of years. I hopped over to a site that rated and ranked network marketing home-based business blogs. I saw the usual list of characters at the top, and knowing who most of them were, I knew that they all spent money advertising their blogs. Scrolling down, I saw that Doc’s blog ranked 18th worldwide, and was accompanied by this blurb:

.....
This blog contains more VALUABLE content than any other Network Marketing blog on the Internet. More free skills that anyone will ever need and they run free courses. Life-changing courses..
.....

Now, I was getting curious. Free? Everything?

I headed over to <http://masterkeyexperience.com>, another site of Doc's that was linked to the lazy networker site. As I made my way to his other site, I was certain that that would be where I found products and courses for sale. I thought, *AHA! There is a course offered there! I get it: he gives them some stuff, lets them try it out and get a taste of what he is offering, and, then, he leads them to this site, where he sells to them.*

Feeling hot on the trail, I clicked on the page about the course and found out it's only offered once a year. The description of the course says that it is six months of daily work that helps people learn to help themselves. The text below the videos asserts that virtually all self-help books and seminars with big promises are a waste of time, that slogans won't make you successful, and that only hard mental labor can bring success and abundance. It was refreshingly blunt in pointing out that change is a challenge, and most people won't do the work.

Next, I read something that still blows me away. The site said that all of the people accepted for MasterKeyExperience program come into it on a scholarship. The scholarship is pre-paid for them by the previous members. It costs the people scholarshiped just one dollar. During the course the new members decide what it is worth to them, if anything and can "pay-it-forward" for the following year... or not. Huh?!

I thought, *Who is this guy?*

As I look deeper into both sites, I see videos of Doc and his wife living in Kauai, living his dream, and, they are apparently doing so, despite having websites with nothing for sale. I wondered, *How is this guy earning a living?*

We've all seen thousands of sites claiming to have "life-changing" information (for sale, of course), with testimonials attesting to the magic of the program. Instead, what I found on Doc's site said just the opposite. It said, that "no one can change anyone's life" and that "The wisdom and knowledge needed to change and be successful unilaterally is already within each of us." The site described how people make changes within and create different outcomes, creating new realities for themselves. And—get this—it said that the new reality did not come about through massive action and that massive action is, in fact, a total waste of time.

What happened next stunned me. The site said, "Don't take my word for it; read some of the stories for yourself." I clicked a link, expecting to see the normal five to ten testimonials of raving fans. What I found, instead, was links to hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of blogs. Doc suggest-

ed, in a short video, to pick a few of these blogs, go back to “Week One” on any of the blogs, and follow the journey of some of the bloggers over the course of 26 weeks.

I read about challenges, struggles, victories, and defeats that each of them faced. I read about how overwhelmed Doc’s students became with all the work they had to do to maintain their scholarship, and, as the blog entries progressed through their journeys, I read how they began to adapt and feel confident. I read about change, pride, effort, and the ups and downs they experienced. I was hit with the realization that what I was actually reading were accounts of the human spirit being challenged and, then, meeting the challenge.

Around 700 people who had gone through the MasterKeyExperience had made an entry once a week for 26 weeks or more. There were over 20,000 posts raving about this course. People from all over the world, posting weekly from dozens of countries on five different continents, were working hard and affecting change in their lives. For not the first time that day, I thought, *Who the hell is this guy?*

What would get that many people to write weekly, sharing intimate details of their struggles? The taglines on the site were #MasterKeyExperience and #NothingLikeIt.

What would get so many people to write weekly? What could this “experience” be triggering to cause all of those people to open their hearts and souls and vulnerabilities to the world? A thorough check of all the big self-helpers and motivational speakers online showed that there is nothing on the planet that had this type of universal endorsement in such copious numbers. Clearly, as the tagline said, there was “nothing like it” that I’d ever seen online. Again, I returned to my mind’s common refrain for the day, *And it’s a buck? Who the hell is this guy?*

I got to thinking...*over 20,000 endorsements? Can this be right? I’m reading 26-week story after 26-week story of how people are making changes in their lives, their relationships, and doing better in business.* Equally fascinating was that blogs weren’t hailing Doc as a guru or that there is some “secret” or “magic”... they all seemed to be getting improvement through their own efforts and feeling great about it. At this point, my curiosity was overwhelming.

As I read the journeys of the many bloggers and read about the changes they were implementing in their lives, my own financial struggles and failures in relationships caused my curiosity to burn still stronger. My

mind racing at warp-speed, I knew I had to find a way to get an interview. I knew it would be a great interview, but, in truth, I also wanted to know how it was that people were making changes, because I needed to make some myself.

My research only turned up a single interview with the inimitable Doc. One! Not encouraging. I found videos of him interviewing lots of people from the lanai at his home, but only one interview with the man, himself. Undeterred, I reached out and asked him for a live, face-to-face interview.

My email requesting for an interview led to a series of email exchanges over the next six months.

Dear Doc,

Thank you for your recent comment on my blog post about the potential success and failure rate for people working home-based businesses. I was particularly intrigued by your statement that a person's success or failure is determined before they even pull out their credit card to join.

I'd love to learn more about how and why you feel that way. Of even greater interest to my 10,000 readers would be how you went from bankrupt to beachfront, as you claim on the videos. People want to know what you did to get what you got. Of this, I am most certain. That would be one question for sure, "What did you do to get what you got?"

I also believe the exposure will help more people learn about your Master Key Experience course. Saying 'yes' to an interview will inform and help our thousands of readers; of this, I am also certain.

Sincerely,
Mark

I received the following response fairly quickly, about 2 days:

Aloha Mark,

Appreciate you reaching out. I don't leave Kauai, so an interview would have to be here. While I like your writing style and have followed your blog for a while and commend you on choosing professionalism over sensationalism, there are two things standing in our way of getting together.

One: Asking what we did to get what we got is the wrong question. It's a question people who've decided to fail tend to ask. It won't help your readers.

Two: I don't do interviews. If you can't figure out the right question, that would make you the wrong person to get together with for what I have in mind.

Fix point one first.

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,

Doc

Five Months Earlier

Dear Doc,

It feels like you want me to figure something out and, yet, on your sites, I get the clear impression you think games about serious things are bullshit.

Are you saying that if we can work things out that we'll get together and it will be more than an interview?

Sincerely,
Mark

He replied:

Aloha Mark,

Yes.

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,
Doc

Four Months Earlier

Dear Doc,

In your first email, you said you liked my style. Are we talking about a book or something like that?

Sincerely,
Mark

He replied:

Aloha Mark,

LMAO. What would “something like that” in describing a book be?

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,

Doc

Three months earlier

Dear Doc,

I guess “sort of a book thing” is dumb. Have I lost points for style?

Sincerely,
Mark

He replied:

Aloha Mark,

Yes, you’ve lost points for style, but gained points for humor and humility.

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,
Doc

Two Months Earlier

Dear Doc,

I guess the only thing standing in the way of getting together for an interview that isn't an interview and to do something, "sort of a book thing" is all on me. I'm avoiding what question to ask, instead of "What did you do to get what you got?"

Would you be willing to help me figure that out?

Sincerely,

Mark

His return

Aloha Mark,

Yes.

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,

Doc

One Month Earlier

Dear Doc,

Your last email was difficult to understand, very wordy. 😊

I'm not sure what the next step is, but, after spending some time on your site, I believe I know what my readers need to know to be more successful.

It's the be-do-have part, right?

It's not "What did you do to get what you got?" That's the wrong question.

One has to 'be' a different person, so they can do different things which will let them have different things, seems to be the essence of what you are sharing.

So, I'm going to ask you, "How do we 'be' a different person, yet retain who we really are?"

Sincerely,
Mark

He replied:

Aloha Mark,

Impressed.

So I've got this message, and I need someone of your writing style to frame this message in a story. See, if you want to become famous, this isn't going to work. The message needs to be the star, not the writer, nor me. We're after a galaxy of people who become heroes in their own lives, not a star.

If you understand the message, it will make you wealthy in all areas of your life, not just financially. For many reasons, you need to write it with a pen-name. More on this when we chat on my lanai. I'm not leaving the island, as you know.

In or out?

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,
Doc

Twenty-Nine Days Earlier

Dear Doc,

In.

Sincerely,

Mark

He replied:

Aloha Mark,

See you in a month.

Keep giving to keep growing,

Believe,

Doc

And so began my own journey, as well as this book that you are currently reading.

Chapter Six

One Week Earlier

That day when my cynical, harsh, self-appointed protector Joanne stopped by my tiny apartment with her research, I could feel her glaring at me. Uncomfortably, I diverted my gaze to my shoe tops. She had repeated, mega-loudly, “So this clown, who you say never gives interviews about succeeding, asks you to come over at your own expense? I’m not getting it. If it’s a great article, if there is something so special in it, and someone buys it, you still lose money?”

“It may be something like, ah, sort of a book,” I said, surprising Joanne—and even myself—with the firmness in my voice.

“*Really?*” She leaned forward, eyes soft.

I was shocked. Joanne mistrusted just about everybody, and she didn’t like most people. I had expected her to yell at me for being a cock-eyed optimist, as she had done so many times before.

“What did you find out about this guy?” I asked.

“I’ll tell you this first; he is not a popular guy with a lot of the people selling tools, leads, live events, and so forth in the home-based business market. The more I dug around about this guy, the more unpopular your guy, Doc, seems to be with that crowd. And, apparently, the self-helpers who know about him really don’t like him, either.” Joanne paused. Then she smiled and said, “I like him.”

“Why?” I allowed myself to feel the sparkle of optimistic excitement. Like I said, Joanne didn’t like anyone.

“I researched the guys and gals and companies he isn’t popular with. Not being liked by them is a compliment for people who have authentic ethics,” Joanne said. “You know, that crowd of pied-pipers who sell secrets and motivational drivel... from my perspective, not being liked by them says something good.”

She had about five or six groups of papers stapled together inside a folder. Going to Kauai became a no-brainer for me. The self-doubt and

second-guessing the financial outlay vanished. She opened the folder and gave me a quick breakdown of what each set covered about Doc, and, then, she zipped them into my computer travel case. I grinned, relief and excitement rushing through me. To top it off, she gave me one of her rare, reassuring smiles. It wasn't until I started looking at them on the plane that I found the \$500 she had stapled to the back of one of her reports.

Chapter Seven

Back to the Lanai

For reasons you'll understand shortly, the names of the characters and some of the circumstances have been changed. Some have been changed to meet the objective of sharing this with you in print, to develop a galaxy of wealthy stars and avoid making Doc a be-all-end-all super star guru. Why am I telling you this now, rather than at the beginning? To help push readers, like you, into a deeper understanding of where riches really are born; within. You'll find that by placing principles over personalities in your own life, you become the star, the hero of your own life.

One thing Doc had emailed wasn't completely clear to me, and I want to clear that up first. One of the emails stated I'd get wealthy in all areas of life, if I understood and applied the message. I *did* become wealthy in all areas of my life. When I first read that email, I assumed that such a feat would be complex. It was not. I thought it would take a long time. It did not. What Doc did not mention was that the challenge was not about just being able to understand the message. It was to understand completely enough to act on it instantly.

Doc and I sat on his lanai, looking out over the coffee fields at the magnificent, vast ocean. The person who had taught Doc the information that he was about to introduce to me had declined sharing with Doc what he had asked her for: her fast-track to big income.

"So... Toni denied sharing this message with you, because she felt it would threaten the relationship?" I asked.

"Risk. She felt it would put the relationship at risk," he clarified in an authoritative manner. It seemed like the distinction was important to Doc, but, at the time, I must admit that I did not understand the difference.

"Right, risk. And this wasn't the first time you had asked her to share this secret about success with you and not the first time she declined, right?"

He looked me dead in the eye, and I felt something I'd never felt. There was this feeling of compassion oozing around me. Doc offered a slight smile, one that was knowing, yet sad. It lasted only a few seconds, but it was one of those times in life when a few moments in time can feel in-

terminable. His head turned back towards the ocean, and I knew we'd be entering into another period of very long silence...and very loud silence for me.

After what seemed like ten minutes, Doc finally broke the silence, "What are you feeling?" His voice was soft, but, somehow, it rang loudly in my ears. Maybe it just startled me after so much silence.

"I'm feeling curious about the sadness I saw in that smile—in your eyes, I guess—just before you turned towards the ocean," I said.

He pointed out that curious isn't a *feeling*. "What are you feeling? Can you describe it?"

I didn't know if Doc's wanting to know how I felt was manipulative, insightful, or what... but I broke eye contact and silently looked out over the lush scenery.

"I'm not sure what I am feeling, Doc," I finally responded, "but I know I am curious about why you looked sort of sad when you smiled after I asked you about Toni declining to share her secrets of success with you."

"There are no secrets to success," Doc said. "It makes me a little sad to know so many people believe that there are secrets or some mystery to all the riches in life." I was beginning to notice a pattern. If his hand touched the side of his face, there was more coming. In this case, the floodgates were about to open... "That's why you're here though, right? We're going to fix all that and create amazing wealth with your 'sort of like a book' thing, yes?"

Shocked. Stunned. Was Doc saying I was going to write a book? Was something I had been hoping for suddenly dropping into my lap? Is this what it feels like when hope begins to move towards reality? Saying that my mind started racing would be an understatement.

I didn't know how to describe the matrix of thoughts and emotions swirling within me, so I retreated to the topic of the secrets of success. "Before we change the world, can you tell me why you believe there are no secrets to success? Isn't that what you were asking Toni for, Doc?"

"I guess it would be fair to say that who I was then would be grouped in with millions of people who believed there were secrets to success, that wealth was exclusively about money," Doc said. "I'm guessing here, Mark, but your blogs seem to indicate you do your research thoroughly."

I'm sure you know I'm not that popular with a few folks." I nodded. He chuckled.

"Does that bother you?" I asked. He laughed softly as I added, "Some of these people are ripping on you pretty hard."

"Small minds talk about people. Average minds talk about events. Great minds talk about ideas," he winked. "Let's talk about some ideas, Mark."

Post Script

An Invitation

Legend has it that, for centuries, an 8th Verity should be added, the “S” Verity. The idea has been that the “S” verity would stand for Sharing Ideas. Over the centuries, sustained successes have had something in common. That commonality? A group of supportive people who will keep us on track with both purpose and plan. In his book, *Think and Grow Rich*, Napoleon Hill popularized it with the term *Mastermind Alliance*.

“No one makes it without a Mastermind Alliance, that’s just the way it is.” Napoleon Hill

Others’ successes and positive ideas are priceless encouragements. So, we’d like to extend invitations to you to share your story. Please visit us—Doc and me—at <http://markjbooks.com>, and let us know about your experiences, strengths, and hopes as you traverse The Map.

There, you will discover groups who are working through *Standing Tall*. It really is easier to stay on track with plan and purpose when others are supporting you. The friendships and rich flow of ideas people experience is priceless when it is shared.

“What cannot be achieved in one lifetime will happen when one lifetime is joined to another.” —Harold Kushner

The Master Key Experience

Once a year, we offer a six-month Mastermind, The Master Key Experience, with people from around the world. While most declare that it is the most challenging thing they have ever undertaken, they also state, that it is, without a doubt, the best thing that they have ever done for themselves. Since you have purchased this book, you automatically receive a pay-it-forward scholarship to the course. That simply means that the previous sessions’ members have “paid” for future members. If you’d like to be informed about the course and claim your scholarship, you’ll discover everything you need at <http://markjbooks.com>.

We’d love to hear from you and how working The Map has impacted both yourself and the people in your world.