

## Chapter 1

### I Am Worthy

*“You are worthy of all you desire because you make the decision, take action, and believe in yourself.”*

*Jeanie Cisco-Meth*

You receive twenty-one chromosomes from your mother and twenty-one from your father. You come from these half cells. Nowhere but in the animal kingdom does this happen. Two half cells and a purpose created you, your family, and your friends. You have a purpose, a reason for living and being in this time, in this place. Have you found it yet? Do you know why you're here? If not, that's all right, because as you start to create your life, you will understand your purpose. You have a purpose.

Did you know that over 50 percent of pregnancies end in miscarriage and others in abortion? The sperm and egg that came together to create you were one in a million for the sperm and at least one in one hundred thousand for the egg. You are special just because of that, not to mention that you are the only one of your kind. In the entire world, throughout time, you are the only you. Even if you have an identical twin, you are still different. You are not identical in every way. You are unique.

Take a moment and look at yourself. You are no longer two half cells. You are a multisystemed, amazing being. You can do so much. Your brain is the most valuable computer ever made. There is nothing else like it. The electrical energy contained within you can power a city for over a week. The chemicals that make up your cells cannot be reproduced exactly. The value of *you* is priceless. While you are alive and thinking, there is no limit to what you can invent that will prosper this world.

You may wonder why this is important to know. You are worth the most when you are alive and thinking and living as you were created to. You add value to this planet. Could you imagine what our world would be like if Thomas Edison or Albert Einstein had played small and not done their parts? Think of all the people who have contributed to our comfort, entertainment, joy, livelihood, and wonder where we would be if they had not lived in their purposes. Still riding horses to visit Grandma? You are needed, so keep up the good work.

I mentioned purpose before and I want to expand on this. You have all the same parts that famous and notable people have. You just need to keep developing them. You can do anything someone else can do. In most cases, you can go further because you stand on the shoulders of giants. You can do things others have not been able to do because your knowledge starts where their knowledge ended. You can pick up what they learned and move on from there. You don't have to start from the beginning, so you can go further.

Imagine you have to run a marathon. Some people could do it right away. Some, like me, would need to train first, and some would never want to do it. But what if someone else would run the first twenty-six miles, and all you had to do was walk the last two tenths? Could you do it then? What if I told you that one million dollars would be waiting for you when you finished? Would you do it then? I bet you would find a way to make it happen.

That is what happens when you find your purpose in life. You will be focused like a laser, and a laser can cut through steel. Most people are like light bulbs that give off light but don't really go anywhere. When you are like a laser, you lead the way for others. Remember when I told you that if one person could do it, then you could also? You can be the example for others as well. You have done things no one else has. Make a list right now of at least one hundred things you have done, with no repetition. Go! (wb)

The first ten to fifteen were probably easy to list. Then it got more difficult. You might have gotten stuck and listed funny things. Then it got really deep and you listed the meaningful things, the things that make a difference in your life and in the lives of others. How does it feel to know that you have done all those things? For me, it felt like someone turned a high-powered laser on inside of me. It lit me up and got me going in a direction that has changed lives. Not only mine, but others as well. That is what you are meant to do, to find your purpose and make it happen.

I'm not saying it will be easy, because it won't. What I'm saying is that it is important. You were chosen to be here. A chosen one for this time. You must stop playing small and start making things happen.

Think of someone you admire. Now think what it would be like if that person had played small and not done the things you find amazing. What if that person had stepped back and said, "Oh, I can't do that. I'm not \_\_\_\_\_ enough." Your world would be different, and so would everyone else's. You also need to step up and find your path so you can make the world a better place. I don't know what you will do, but I know it will be great. I can feel it. I believe in you and your unlimited power. As Zig Ziglar used to say, "I'll see you at the top."

I want you to think for a moment about someone you would help if you could. Some people will immediately say, "I can't do that. Look at this long list of problems I have."

In my speaking engagements, I do an exercise with an orange to show people that no matter what kind of problems they have, they are still special.

It's the problems that make you stronger and better equipped to help others. You have skills from dealing with your scares that others might not have. You need to share your skills and strengths and stop hiding them out of fear. You might save a life, and it might be the life of someone you love.

One of my teachers shared this story with me:

*One day when I was a freshman in high school, I saw a kid from my class walking home from school. His name was Kyle. It looked like he was carrying all of his books. I thought, "Why would anyone bring home all his books on a Friday? He must really be a nerd."*

*I had quite a weekend planned (parties and a football game with my friends tomorrow afternoon), so I shrugged my shoulders and went on.*

*As I was walking, I saw a bunch of kids running toward him. They ran at him, knocking all his books out of his arms, and tripping him so he landed in the dirt. His glasses went flying and landed in the grass about ten feet from him.*

*He looked up and I saw this terrible sadness in his eyes. My heart went out to him. So I jogged over to him as he crawled around looking for his glasses, and I saw a tear in his eye. As I handed him his glasses, I said, "Those guys are jerks. They really should get lives."*

*He looked at me and said, "Hey, thanks!" There was a big smile on his face. It was one of those smiles that showed real gratitude. I helped him pick up his books and asked him where he lived. As it turned out, he lived near me, so I asked him why I had never seen him before.*

*He said he had gone to private school before now. I would have never hung out with a private school kid before. We talked all the way home, and I carried some of his books. He turned out to be a pretty cool kid. I asked him if he wanted to play a little football with my friends.*

*He said yes. We hung out all weekend and the more I got to know Kyle, the more I liked him, and my friends thought the same of him. Monday morning came, and there was Kyle with the huge stack of books again. I stopped him and said, "Boy, you are gonna really build some serious muscles with this pile of books every day!"*

*He just laughed and handed me half the books. Over the next four years, Kyle and I became best friends. When we were seniors, we began to think about college. Kyle decided on Georgetown, and I was going to Duke. I knew we would always be friends, that the miles would never be a problem. He was going to be a doctor and I was going for business on a football scholarship.*

*Kyle was valedictorian of our class. I teased him all the time about being a nerd.*

*He had to prepare a speech for graduation. I was so glad it wasn't me having to get up there and speak. On graduation day, I saw Kyle. He looked great. He was one of those guys who really found himself during high school. He filled out and actually looked good in glasses. He had more dates than I had, and all the girls loved him.*

*Boy, sometimes I was jealous! Today was one of those days.*

*But I could see that he was nervous about his speech. So I smacked him on the back and said, "Hey, big guy, you'll be great!"*

*He looked at me with one of those looks (the really grateful one) and smiled. "Thanks," he said.*

*When it was time for his speech, he cleared his throat and began. "Graduation is a time to thank those who helped you make it through those tough years. Your parents, your teachers, your siblings, maybe a coach...but mostly your friends...I am here to tell all of you that being a friend to someone is the best gift you can give them. I am going to tell you a story."*

*I looked at my friend in disbelief as he told of the first day we met. He had planned to kill himself over the weekend. He talked of how he had cleaned out his locker so his mom wouldn't have to do it later, and he was carrying his stuff home. He looked hard at me and gave me a little smile. "Thankfully, I was saved. My friend saved me from doing the unspeakable."*

*I heard the gasp go through the crowd as this handsome, popular boy told us all about his weakest moment. His mom and dad looked at me and smiled that same grateful smile. Not until that moment did I realize its depth.*

Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture, you can change a person's life. There is no coincidence. God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. You *do* make a difference. You impact others just by being in their lives. You may not know the effect you have at the moment, but you still have the impact. This next story happened to me in the early 1990s while I worked as a waitress in Salt Lake City, Utah.

I was a single parent to my beautiful daughter, Erin. Money was tight and we were on state assistance. I worked three jobs and attended the University of Utah. I knew that if I didn't go to school, our lives would be harder, and I had to go while she was young so she wouldn't remember the sacrifices. I am proud to say she never went to bed hungry. She always had food,

shelter, and plenty of love.

Times were hard, and I didn't always know what was next. One evening while I was waitressing at Two Guys From Italy across from the Salt Palace where the Utah Jazz basketball team played, I had the privilege of waiting on Mark Eaton when he and his wife came for dinner after a game. People talked to him all evening. At the time, I didn't know he was a player for the Jazz. I just saw how nice he was to everyone who stopped by his table to speak with him. He never turned anyone away.

At closing time, my manager wanted to go home. I told him I would stay and let the couple finish eating because they hadn't had any time alone. I didn't mind; Erin was sleeping at Grandma's so it didn't matter what time I picked her up. Jose, the busboy, said he would stay as well. For the next few hours, it was just the four of us. I let Mark and his wife know the kitchen would be closing, but they could stay as long as they liked. I would keep their drinks full and serve them any dessert they wanted.

It was past two o'clock when they finally got up to leave. After Mark paid the bill, he gave Jose and me a one-hundred-dollar bill each. I was shocked. I had never seen that kind of money before, at least not in one bill! I didn't think I deserved it, but then Mark said, "You gave me a lovely, uninterrupted dinner with my wife. We don't get that very often and it means a great deal to me. Thank you."

As I drove home that evening, I thought about all the things I could buy: food, clothes, parts to fix my car. I had received a blessing, and to this day Mark Eaton is one of my heroes, and he doesn't even know it.

When you touch other people with positive energy, they are empowered to do things they did not believe possible. When I do an experiential training, I cut up a pen to show how we can take what we are handed and make a better "us" with it. You decide how others impact you. You decide who has power over you, and with that decision, you empower others.

I don't remember where the following story came from.

*Many years ago, Al Capone virtually owned Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. He was notorious for enmeshing the windy city in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder.*

*Capone had a lawyer nicknamed "Easy Eddie." Eddie was Capone's lawyer for a good reason. He was good! In fact, Eddie's skill at legal maneuvering kept Big Al out of jail for a long time.*

*To show his appreciation, Capone paid him well. Not only was the money big, but Eddie also got special dividends. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced-in mansion with live-in help and all the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire Chicago city block. Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocities that went on around him.*

*Eddie did have one soft spot, however. He had a son whom he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object. And despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach his son right from wrong. He wanted his son to be a better man than he was. Yet with all his wealth and influence, there were two things he couldn't give his son: he couldn't pass on a good name or a good example.*

*One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. He wanted to rectify the wrongs he had done. He told the authorities the truth about Al "Scarface" Capone, cleaned up his tarnished name, and offered his son some semblance of integrity. To do this, he would have to testify against the mob, and he knew that the cost would be great. So he testified.*

*Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago street. But in his eyes, he had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer, at the greatest price he could ever pay. Police removed from his pockets a rosary, a crucifix, a religious medallion, and a poem clipped from a magazine.*

*The poem read:*

The clock of life is wound but once,  
And no man has the power to tell  
Just when the hands will stop  
At late or early hour.  
Now is the only time you own.  
Live, love, toil with a will.  
Place no faith in time.  
For the clock may soon be still.

## STORY NUMBER TWO:

*World War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare. He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington in the South Pacific.*

*One day his entire squadron was sent on a mission. After he was airborne, he realized that someone had forgotten to top off his fuel tank. He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship. His flight leader told him to return to the carrier. Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet.*

*As he returned to the mother ship, he saw something that turned his blood cold: a squadron of Japanese aircraft speeding its way toward the American fleet. The American fighters were gone on a sortie, and the fleet was all but defenseless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet. Nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing to do. He had to somehow divert them from the fleet.*

*Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing-mounted fifty calibers blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch wove in and out of the now-broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was finally spent.*

*Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dove at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible and rendering them unfit to fly. Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction. Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier.*

*Upon arrival, he reported in and related the event surrounding his return. The film from the gun-camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring attempt to protect his fleet. He had, in fact, destroyed five enemy aircraft. This took place on February 20, 1942, and, for that action, Butch became the navy's first ace of WWII and the first naval aviator to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.*

*A year later, Butch was killed in aerial combat at the age of twenty-nine. His hometown would not allow the memory of this WWII hero to fade, and today, O'Hare Airport in Chicago is named in tribute of the courage of this great man.*

*The next time you find yourself at O'Hare International, give some thought to visiting Butch's memorial display of his statue and his Medal of Honor. It's located between terminals one and two.*

So what do these two stories have to do with each other?

Butch O'Hare was "Easy Eddie's" son.

Butch O'Hare decided to become a great man, like his father did at the end of his life. There are examples all around us of positive and negative influences. You decide which ones to listen to and believe in. Walt Disney said, "If I can believe it, I can achieve it."

You have to decide that you are valuable. You must believe that you are worthy of all that is given you, that you can do whatever you desire. It all starts with belief in yourself. Whether you think you can, or you can't, you're right. It's time to stop listening to all the negatives and tune into all the positives that come your way.

Find gratitude in the many gifts you have been given. Make a list of a minimum of one hundred things you are grateful for, without repeating any items. Do it now. (wb)

How do you feel? Pretty good, yes? When you place yourself in a feeling of gratitude, the world is a better place.

I challenge you to do this for the next forty days. (wb) Start each day with a grateful and glad heart. Your life will be fuller and richer. Opportunities will come to you that you hadn't noticed before. Use the words "please" and "thank you," as they show respect for others and for yourself. Start acting on the things you know will lead you to where you want to go. You'll be amazed at how your life will change.





