

deserve. Yet, for many of us, those dreams have become so shrouded2

in the frustrations and routines

of daily life that we no longer even make an effort to accomplish3

them. For far too many, the dream

has dissipated4

—and with it, so has the will to shape our destinies. Many have lost that sense of certainty that creates the winner's edge. My life's quest has been to restore the dream and to make it

real, to get each of us to remember and use the unlimited power that lies sleeping within us all.

I'll never forget the day it really hit me that I was truly living my dream. I was flying my jet helicopter from a business meeting in Los Angeles, traveling to Orange County on the way to one of

my seminars. As I flew over the city of Glendale, I suddenly recognized a large building, and I stopped

the helicopter and hovered above it. As I looked down, I realized this was the building that I'd worked

in as a janitor5

a mere twelve years ago!

In those days, I had been concerned whether my 1960 Volkswagen would hang together for the

30-minute trip to work, my life had been focused on how I was going to survive; I had felt fearful and

alone. But that day, as I hovered there in the sky, I thought, "What a difference a decade can make!" I

did have dreams back then, but at the time, it seemed they'd never be realized. Today, though, I've

come to believe that all my past failure and frustration were actually laying the foundation for the

understandings that have created the new level of living I now enjoy. As I continued my flight south

along the coastal route, I spotted dolphins playing with the surfers in the waves below. It's a sight that

my wife, Becky, and I treasure as one of life's special gifts. Finally, I reached Irvine. Looking below, I

was a little disturbed when I saw that the off ramp to my seminar was jammed with bumper-tobumper traffic for more than a mile. 1 thought to myself, "Boy, I hope whatever else is going on



tonight gets started soon so that the people coming to my seminar arrive on time."

But as I descended to the helipad, I began to see a new picture: thousands of people being held

back by security where I was just about to land. Suddenly I began to grasp the reality. The traffic jam

had been caused by people going to my event! Although we had expected approximately 2,000

attendees, I was facing a crowd of 7,000—in an auditorium that would hold only 5,000! When I walked

into the arena from the landing pad, I was surrounded by hundreds of people who wanted to give me a

hug or tell me how my work had positively impacted their lives.

The stories they shared with me were incredible. One mother introduced me to her son who had

been labeled "hyperactive" and "learning disabled." Utilizing the principles of state management

taught in this book, she was not only able to get him off the drug Ritalin, but they had also since been

transferred to California where her son had been retested and evaluated at the level of genius! You

should have seen his face as she shared with me his new label. A gentleman talked about how he had

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