

DROWNING IN ANXIETY



From Suicidal to Successful



By Marcus Matthews c.RTT c.HYP

RAPID TRANSFORMATIONAL THERAPIST AND LIFE COACH



Drowning in Anxiety

Although this seems like a metaphor, anxiety and the floods of emotions it brings made me feel like I was drowning in a stormy sea, just able to keep my head above water, praying for the waves to cease, so I could breathe once more.

About the Author



Marcus Matthews c.RTT c.HYP

*Founder and Director of Make Your Life Count
Hypnotherapist and Anxiety Specialist*

"I believe everyone should live a fulfilled and happy life.

By removing the toxic feelings, you attach to the stories you tell yourself every day, you are able to achieve the life you deserve"

I want to welcome you to this e-book and quickly explain why this work is so important to me.

As a former soldier and police officer I spent years trying to prove my worth, feeling like a failure, despite having many successes.

This journey led me to thoughts of suicide, drowning under the pressures I placed on myself, unable to breathe.

I quite simply did not feel good enough, I felt worthless.

This is all thanks to my journey and the life work of my mentor Marisa Peer.

When you take control and surround yourself with the right people, miracles can happen.

Faith over fear will get you through and in this e-book, I would like to share with you how that unfolded for me.

This book is dedicated to every person who never thought they would amount to anything, trapped by a system that serves the few not the many.

Most of all though I dedicate this to my wife Michelle who has been my rock and to my amazing children who are my greatest achievement.



**WHEN THE PAIN OF STAYING THE SAME
OUTGROWS THE PAIN OF CHANGING**

**YOU NEED TO CHANGE TO REACH THE FREEDOM AND
GREATNESS YOU DESERVE
#MAKEYOURLIFECOUNT**

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Chapter 1

INTRODUCTION

THE BLIND MAN – The Perception of Sight and Vision

Two men equal in years, status and wealth, walked along a path one day, carrying all the supplies they needed in backpacks.

The difference was that one of them was blind and the other had perfect vision.

As they continued to walk the blindman said *“It is not often I can walk besides someone who sees the world so well as you do”*.

Content in knowing how lucky the seeing man was, he described to the blindman the abundance around him, the green grass, the flowers, the headland and the deep blue ocean, believing that the blindman required of him to paint a picture of what he saw.

The blindman smiled and in doing so, the seeing man was content that he had given something of value to the blindman.

As the men approached the headland, the seeing man could see the cliff edge and a government sign saying

****DANGER – STEEP CLIFF – KEEP BACK****

The man with impeccable sight stopped and paused, whilst the blindman walked forward towards danger.

“STOP” shouted the man with impeccable eyesight, *“for if you continue, you will fall to your death”*.

The blindman paused and said *“You assume I don’t see the dangers before me, look below to the crystal blue ocean, the white sand, how amazing it would be to bask in the sun on this amazing beach”*

The seeing man could only see trees below brushing along the oceans edge and pointed these facts out to the blindman.

The blindman edged closer to the cliff edge. The seeing man cried out once more *“STOP, you will fall, and I cannot save you”*.

Panicked he continued *“You cannot see what danger you are in, come back to me, where it is safe”*.

With that the blindman, feeling the warmth on his face, climbed onto a tree branch at the edge of the cliff and leapt into the unknown, as the seeing man turned his head and placed it into his hands, as he witnessed, what he believed was the blindman's last steps on this earth.

Then Silence...with courage the seeing man moved towards the cliff edge, as he heard the blindman scream out with joy.

The seeing man saw the blindman, hovering, floating, suspended under a parachute canopy attached to his backpack, drifting down, floating down towards the ocean, before reaching the treeline and disappearing beneath the tree canopy.

As the blindman landed on the white sandy beach below, he was met by hundreds of people who welcomed him with open arms.

Suddenly, the blindman started to see sparks of light in his eyes, this light grew until he started to see shapes and colours, within moments of landing he had perfect vision, he was blind no more.

He had only ever dreamed of a beach of white sand and water of crystal blue; he had held this vision in his mind for so long and here it was manifested in front of him.

The blindman paused and thought of the all-seeing man at the top of the cliff. He wondered how afflicted this man was, that with his perfect vision, he was unable to see the real abundance before him

As the now truly seeing man enjoyed his new place, his new friends and the abundant life he once dreamed of, the seeing man pondered.

You see the only thing difference between these two men, was not their ability to see, but their ability to visualise with perspective and faith. To feel there is something more.

The seeing man was prepared with knowledge of other men, where the blindman was prepared with undying faith in himself and his abilities to take a chance, to realise his dream, knowing the risks, but was prepared to take action not knowing the outcome, but willing to take the chance, to have faith, that he would one day realise the life he dreamed of.

We are often blinded by the things that are familiar, sometimes we must take a chance to truly see

Chapter 1

INTRODUCTION

THE STRIKE - December 2016

MY MISSION IN LIFE IS NOT MERELY TO SURVIVE, BUT TO THRIVE

As a police officer with the British Transport Police, it has to be recognised we deal with some low level crimes and as I roll my eyes, the incident which would accelerate my own mental health struggles started over a ticket altercation at the barriers at Chester Railway Station.

2016 was a time when the rail network was a key target for terrorists, so high visibility patrols were part of that battle

Chester station, based on the edge of the beautiful city of Chester was a great posting because it was a nice area which linked North Wales and two of the Norths best cities Manchester and just 40 minutes away, home of the Beatles, Liverpool.

It was around two o'clock and I was stood near the barriers, which lead from platform 3 onto the main concourse, it was pretty busy, so I decided to take a walk around the station and let the barrier staff continue their duties. Any BTP cop knows that if you stay too long, staff will find you some work. I had a great relationship with the staff and as I left, I told them I was going for a wander and would be back shortly.

I had a route I would often take and like most railway stations they draw many homeless people, who see the footfall of passengers as a magnet to beg.

I had a good relationship with the homeless, who hung around the station and I would often make them a brew to keep them sweet, to ensure they had no excuse to beg, also they were a great source of intelligence.

As I wandered out the front of the station, I saw a local homeless guy Danny, he was a known heroin addict and his own story was marred with mental health issues.

Danny was a nice enough fella, I wouldn't trust him too much, but he had often stood up for me when dealing with other homeless people, who weren't too happy when I moved them on.

I remember one incident when a particularly foul mouthed individual, who was on the verge of arrest due to his behavior, was interrupted by Danny who said "OY, Marcus is a great cop, he looks after us don't fuck it up for us all". This individual, shocked, shut his mouth straight away, apologised, gave me his details then moved off.

This is a great reminder and a theme you will start to see through this book, that the pictures we paint in our mind and the stories and feelings we connect to them are often not true.

This man saw the uniform, not the person and assumed he knew who I was because his experience of police officers was one of pain and misery. His view was changed when one of his own changed the feeling inside him.

Now don't get me wrong this male had issues, but as a police officer I always tried to see the human, the why to the problem. I was soon to realise that the ignorance of humanity was to play a fundamental part in my own demise and that those who were there to protect me did not seem to share my view.

After updating my pocket notebook with the male's details, I walked back into the station, to another altercation. As I mentioned before, rail staff could cause an argument in an empty room.

As I approached the barriers, two members of staff were talking with a male, well, they were talking, he was shouting and clearly agitated.

As I approached, one of the staff noticed me and mentioned the male had come to the barriers with no ticket and they suspected he was evading his fare.

The male who was unsteady on his feet, his words slurred, claimed he had come through the barriers to see if his friend had arrived, a story I have heard a 100 times and as my shift was coming to the end I really didn't want an arrest, especially not for a TI (a ticket irregularity) so made my way through the barriers to diffuse the situation, something I had learnt to do often.

When single crewed, working alone, with backup 20-40 minutes away you learn to read people and empathise. I loved the challenge of calming people down, the mind games around this fascinated me.

I took the male to one side, listened to him, then advised him I was here to help. After a few minutes the male calmed, and I explained that if his story was true, we could check CCTV and he would be free to go.

Although calm, it was clear the man was in drink and he was not willing to work with me.

Police have a process called Persuade, Advise and Warn, this model allows the possible offender to have 3 chances to comply.

It was clear that I wasn't going to persuade this man, so advised him that I could see he was drunk and if he was not willing to work with me, I would have no option other than to arrest him.

This seemed to work and the males body language relaxed, so I asked him to come with me and I would quickly check CCTV, but instead of following me, the man decided to walk in the opposite direction, towards the waist height barrier separating the platform from the seating area at Costa Coffee.

Concerned the man was now going to jump the barrier, I instructed him to stop, which he did, he walked towards me, relaxed, his facial expression calm then.....Everything slowed, it was such a weird feeling, as if I had left my body, everything went white.

Had he just hit me?

It felt like minutes, whilst I tried to work out what happened thenAnother strike, proud of myself, that I was still stood on my feet, I started to come back to the room and could feel a pain in my left eye. Things then sped up and as I came to and saw another strike coming in.

They call it a hay maker, a powerful swing, his right hand was firing towards me ready for a third strike. Not a chance.

I parred his arm and grabbed him by the chest. Turning my body, I threw him to the ground. I had studied Judo and instinct kicked in; I was not getting hit again.

A perfect Uchi Mata. As the male fell to the floor, wondering what had happened, I had hold of his arm and as he tried to get up, a went into a ground pin. By this stage the guy was swearing, kicking and this was going to be a full-on fight.

“GET OFF ME YOU FUCKING DICKHEAD, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, I HAVE DONE NOTHING WRONG”.

Pretty usually language, but the realisation I was alone kicked in as the crowds got out their mobile phones, shouting *“Police Brutality”*.

I pressed my emergency button, aware my head was starting to really hurt now, but I had to keep this guy down. It’s crazy but my first thought was positional asphyxia, a condition that means people can’t breathe, with no backup and this guy trying to kick and bite me, I tried to get him in a position where there was no pressure on his chest.

As a British police officer there are no excuses, if someone dies on you or gets injured, you are not judged by the same standards as the public. I started to get paranoid, what if this guy puts a complaint in, where the fuck is my back up.

Struggling to hold the man down, a member of staff came over and held the man's hands whilst another member of staff, a big old scouser, started throwing the mobile phone journalist off the station.

I was so grateful to them and all I could hear was my backup was over 40 minutes away, but locals (Cheshire Police) were on their way.

I do not know how long I was with this man, but as any police officer will tell you the sound of sirens getting louder is amazing.

Around six Cheshire officers came running through the barriers, and as they took control of the guy, a sense of relief washed over me, followed by anger that my own force seemed to be just going through the motions.

I radioed up saying the male was secured.

A few minutes later my radio went off, it was Sean Morgan, the Crewe Sergeant, who was not happy.

“Hi Marcus, it’s Sean here, how are you mate, heard what was happening and I have been onto the Liverpool skipper to get their arses into gear and get over to you”.

Liverpool was my nearest backup and they hated coming down to Chester, I was grateful for Sean’s call and advised I would liaise with Cheshire, get the guy to custody, and then get my head sorted out. One of the Cheshire officers had already pointed out a large bump rising on my head.

Determined to book the male into custody, I went to Blacon Police station, booked him in and then an officer took me to SOCO (Scenes of Crime Officer) to get my injuries photographed before being taken to hospital.

With no sign of my BTP colleagues, the officers from Cheshire Police who had been amazing, were starting to get pissed off, not at me but that no one had turned up.

Eventually about an hour later, just as I was leaving hospital (the nurses had fast tracked me) an officer turned up, he didn’t seem to be overly concerned, more pissed off he had been told to come over to me. He had been advised to get a statement about the incident.

A new officer assault pledge had just come in, where another officer needs to take your statement.

I was cynical about this process, to be honest I was cynical about most things, because it seemed like a tick box exercise, however as we got back to the office, I made a drink and sat down.

The officers opening comment was, *“You’re alright aren’t you no issues”*, it appeared he really did not want to be there and as he started his half-arsed statement, I stopped him and said *“Don’t worry mate, let me write it, you just drink your brew and then sign it at the end”*.

“OK mate” cheers he said.

I was livid, I would never treat a colleague like this, but I wasn’t going to compromise my statement, the pain in my head was still there, I felt a little sick as the adrenaline started to wear off, but I wasn’t going to show weakness.

I finished the statement, booked off and took the hours’ drive home, contemplating the day’s events.

Once at home I eventually got a call from the duty officer, she seemed to generally care and said to rest.

I then got a call from the area Superintendent who said I could go on restricted duties the next day.

Thanks, I thought.

I advised him that I had one more shift before going into 3 rest days, I didn't feel well, I was pretty sure I had concussion and there was no way I could go in the next day.

He understood, but I asked if this would be classed as sickness, I had never been sick and I didn't want to go sick because, police processes make you feel like a criminal if you are sick and you get placed on action plans.

I was also studying for my Sergeant's exams and I knew sickness absence would go against me, but luckily the Super said it would all be ok, get better and then get back to work.

At least the day ended with the knowledge that I could take 4 days off to recover, then I could go again.

This event was not unusual and as I nursed my head with some pride, I reflected that another violent person was off the street, I was unaware of events that would unfold over the next few years.



Chapter 2

THE BROKEN MAN

MY THOUGHTS - 2 January 2017 to August 2018

The events that followed the assault, still baffle me now, although I understand one glaring truth – Everything that has been, is and will become – I created it all.

A realisation which was a long drawn out process for me, but one that I now teach to my clients within minutes.

In March 2018 I was to sit my Sergeant's exams, I had become frustrated with the lack of leadership.

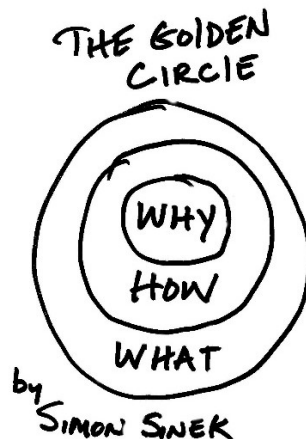
I am a super fan of a guy called Simon Sinek and his philosophy of Leaders Ask Why – if you do not know Simon, check out his TED Talk on the How Leaders Inspire Action.

Simon Sinek has a simple but powerful model for inspirational leadership -- starting with a golden circle and the question: "Why?"

His examples include Apple, Martin Luther King Jr., and the Wright brothers.

Now you may wonder WHY, a man who talks about leadership in business would help me as my mental health started to fail, so why not pause here and go listen to his TED Talk, then come back.

Google Simon Sinek – How Leaders Inspire Action



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Whilst at Chester, I was keen to get closer to home and a chance opportunity had arisen for me to apply for a position at Shrewsbury.

I found out no one else had applied for the position and was shocked to hear I had to interview, but that made sense, the local Inspector would want to know who he was getting.

Confident this was a walk in the park, after all I was hardworking, and my son had started to call me ANGLE, the nickname of Sergeant Angel, the character played by Simon Pegg in the movie *Hot Fuzz*.

I confess that I was a real police geek, I loved my job and although frustrated with process and politics, after March I would have the opportunity to get promoted to Sergeant and could really start to lead.

First though, I would have to pass my Sergeant's exams. I didn't do exams, I always panicked, but I had been studying for months and I was going to pass it, I had invested heavily in external training and the move to Shrewsbury would make that study much easier, as well as enabling me to spend more time with the family.

I had worked in Shrewsbury before with West Mercia Police, I knew the patch so after years of struggling things were starting to come together, or so I thought.

The interview did not go well, the Inspector who was an old school ex West Mids. DCI, did the interview with a member of HR.

It was the strangest interview ever, talk about character assassination, but I took this with the contempt it deserved and in hindsight I probably did come back in a challenging way, but I am a great believer that no one has the right to speak to you badly.

The interview went badly, it was not a welcoming one, but after the interview I was taken into the office and spoke to the sergeant who I knew. He had helped me with my application to join BTP.

What I hadn't realised and maybe the Inspector had, was that my mental health spiral had now tipped and the following years would lead to the single most defining moment in my life and I would blame them both for it.

I got the job; god knows how and after serving my notice at Chester moved to Shrewsbury.

This was a strange time in my life, maybe the financial pressures and family pressures were starting to show, maybe my confidence in the move

had been shaken. I do not know but I wasn't sleeping well, I was suffering with insomnia and frustrated with the leadership I had become very opinionated.

I have always and still do have a strong sense of right and wrong, standing up for what I believed was right.

In the Army and Police, they have lots of double standards, people who stand up and say this isn't right, does not go down well, this isn't something they want, even though the leadership textbooks say otherwise.

I had been suppressing my feelings and after the assault I had been offered TRiM, a trauma and risk management tool offered to officers involved in traumatic events.

I had filled the form in but heard nothing, this further fueled my thoughts that no one gave a shit. I had followed up my request for support, with no response

By this time policing was on high alert.

On 22nd May 2017, a radical Islamist suicide bomber detonated a shrapnel-laden homemade bomb as people were leaving the Manchester Arena after seeing Ariana Grande, an artist whose song "Breathe", would become my anthem, as my mental health journey started to take pace.

I had good friends in Manchester, who had attended the scene and I felt like a fraud, that I was having feelings of Anxiety and Panic, dreams of suicide, when these brave colleagues and the public had gone through real trauma, my assault was nothing compared to this.

However, I was not coping, my relationship with the Inspector had improved and although I didn't agree with his leadership style, I later found out he had had his own mental health struggles.

I approached the Inspector a few weeks after the bombings and explained that since my assault I had been feeling bad, I was honest and to my surprise he closed the door and took genuine concern.

He had been the Trim Manager for the MEN attacks and was looking after the officers who had attended. He sat me down and then went through the process and concluded I should see occupational health.

I big weight had been lifted, they say it is good to talk and although I had my own thoughts on BTP's wellbeing strategy, maybe the Inspector had my back and I could work out what was going on.

March had just gone and I had passed my Sergeant's exam and I didn't want to speak up about how I was feeling because I thought it may stop me getting promoted, but I felt like shit, my attitude wasn't me and I knew something wasn't right.

Over the next few weeks nothing, the hope that I would get help did not materialise and I lost faith in the Inspector and Sergeant, no one gives a shit.

I ploughed my pain into work, convinced that once promoted I would start afresh with a new team and I would be the leader they were not.

The Inspector was not supportive, and I failed my Sergeant's Board by 1 mark, I applied for the dog section and failed by 1 mark.

Story of my life. Work my arse off, put others first and get told "You're a great guy, but it's not quite time", it never is.

I watched as people I believed were none leaders got promoted, whilst I was kept small.

Screw them, I will prove I am good enough, I kept going, but the harder I tried the more resistance I came up against.

My anxiety was out of control and I kept pushing it down, it was like a helium balloon being pushed under water, I couldn't show weakness, if I did, I would be out, a failure again.

Jesus, why me, as the weeks and months went by, the clouds in my mind descended, I was blind, and my judgement of situations was terrible. I was not making rational decisions, I was a mess, but I was a bloody good actor, the problem was the bosses were starting to get concerned about my attitude, I had become a rebel.

I was speaking my mind, I guess in the vain hope people would see the change in me, but no one did. This is the thing with mental health decline, it happens over years and unless you know the signs they can easily be seen as misbehaviour.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Two incidents which will provide the evidence to destroy me will forever be etched in my mind.

I am not going to include these because, even now the pain of knowing colleagues unwittingly conspired against me still hurts, although I have forgiven them now and myself, because I know the truth.

But the biggest hurt was that a colleague I tutored had unwittingly started the process which would lead to me leaving the job I loved.

She was a friend and I was so proud of the officer she had become, but over the next 18 months that relationship and the relationship with everyone at work would be defined by what I can only describe as discrimination and ignorance about my mental health.

In August 2018 still worrying about money, my career, and my mental health, I had sought advice from Jamie Lewis, at the time an Inspector who had joined BTP from Greater Manchester Police.

Jamie was a no-nonsense boss, who had purpose and I believed he was a real leader, he was brilliant at seeing through my bullshit, but did it in an amazing way, providing guidance instead of criticism.

I left for holiday determined to get back on track, I would pass my Sergeant's Board in the October, money would be better, and I could leave everything behind me.

Holiday was good, I still wasn't sleeping, I was worried to death about money, I felt so much pressure, I was still irritable and snappy at times and I don't think you realise the impact this has on those you love. They were now used to it, so knew when to leave me alone.

I was not open to talk, tried that and it bit me in the arse, so I would do what all good men do, bury it and soldier on. I have a thick head and thick skin and forget going around the blocks, I will just smash through them.

I returned to work at 06:30 on the 14th August 2018, a date that will be forever etched in my mind.

Thinking about this moment, still makes my stomach tighten.

I walked into the office to see the Inspector sat at his desk, something was not right. I tried to laugh it off, "Morning Boss, thought you had retired". The Inspector was due to retire so I was confused why he was there.

"Get changed I need to speak to you, there has been a complaint and it has gone to PSD".

PSD is the Professional Standards Department, they investigate officer corruption and complaints, the police who police the police.

"Fuck, what have I done", I said to myself, my mind was spinning. I had an inclination it was the two incidents in May and June, but I had not done anything, just said some flippant comments, whilst suppressing a panic attack.

I was a good cop, and this was just a mistake, someone adding their own version of events.

There were a few officers who loved their own drama.

I sat down after getting changed, the Inspector sat slightly above me as I sat on the blue comfy chair next to the desk. It is strange how you see the mind games; he had placed himself in a position where I was physically subservient to him.

He looked serious, more than normal, I was scared, I remember sitting there hoping it was something and nothing.

With no explanation the Inspector said *"You are being moved to Birmingham, whilst you are being investigated"* The rest was a blur, I remember sinking, drowning, I couldn't breathe....I said something about, I can't afford that, what has happened.....BOSS....BOSS, the suicidal dreams are still happening then FLASH.....

I broke, a bright white light exploded in my head and years of anxiety, pain, panic exploded like a bomb being detonated.

My life flashed before me, laid bare, I had achieved it, I was officially a failure, a nobody, I would lose my wife, my family, my home, my career.

I sat there crying, tears rolling down my eyes like waterfalls in full flood.

In the vain hope the Inspector would finally see I was broken and offer some solace he just said, *"I think we need to get you to Redwoods"*.

Redwoods was a mental health hospital; however, you only go there when you have been sectioned, it is called a Section 136.

A 136 detention is only used when there is an immediate threat to life, I wasn't suicidal, I wasn't going to kill myself, I just wanted the pain to stop, I was in a place of safety, I need help, but not this.

The usual procedure is to call an ambulance so medical professionals can make the final call. The Inspector ignored this and did not even tell me I had been sectioned. I was in no state to argue, I got in the car.

As we entered Redwoods, it was awkward. The staff knew me, and you do not often see a police officer being taken in.

The staff were kind enough, they made me a drink and I remember my colleague sitting on the floor in front of me, curled up, like a wounded child.

I was the one having the breakdown, but I asked “Are you ok”, “Yes” she replied, but there was something in her eyes which didn’t seem right, it was as if she knew something and she was uneasy.

Eventually the doctors arrived and by this time so had my wife Michelle, my colleague had called her, and it was a relief to see her.

She has been my rock and I would never have got through this without her, I can say that if it wasn’t for Michelle, Harry and Alex I may well have taken my life, but they are my world and maybe I don’t tell them enough.

The Inspector had not enamoured himself with the mental health team and he left before I was released to go home and booked in to see my doctor.

In some ways I was relieved my secret was out and maybe just maybe I could work this out.

As the weeks passed, I cried a lot and after seeing my doctor, being offered talking therapy and pills, having little contact with work, it was clear I was on my own.

No one was coming to save me and from somewhere I found the strength to seek the truth.

Simon Sinek’s start with WHY mantra echoed in my mind and whilst procrastinating on Facebook I was drawn to an advert on a site called Mindvalley.

The lady on the video, a British therapist called Marisa Peer sparked my curiosity on thinking differently about how we feel.

Little would I know that in the next six months her therapy, Rapid Transformational Therapy would not only save my life, but would set me on a journey that would help me change the lives of others, as well as awakening a talent I didn’t even know I had.

As part of the healing process I did something that I thought only girls did, started a diary or at least started to try and get my thoughts on paper, I don't know why, but I now know the power of journaling.

These notes have not been amended and are copied directly.

I wanted to express to you how I felt at the time, to give you the reader a sense of where I was.

This dairy was written in stages and the conclusion I owe to Marisa Peers amazing book – *I am enough*.

Date: 20/08/2018

I am unsure how to start this process because I have more questions than answers.

This is not one thing, one person but a lifetime of being told who I am and what I can and cannot be.

By people who love me, by people who think they know me and by others whom I have no clue why they feel they have the right to treat me the way they have.

Yes, I have special people in my life.

I have friends who are true friends

I have so much compared to others, but my constant thought, which has been with me throughout my adult life, due to how I believe and how I affect others.

I feel people would be better off without me here because I am unable to be me without upsetting others.

I am passionate about living a life with purpose where effort is rewarded, and I can support others to live the life they wish. To be happy, to be driven and to celebrate life.

I believe I see the world differently; it is clear.

Live your life

Love with all your heart

Try to understand others, you may not agree, but we are all on a different journey with different challenges.

Never ever use position to gain from others or believe position makes you better than others.

Position = Responsibility not power

I am no better than anyone else and no one else is better than me.

We all have values and needs, we all need to balance our own needs with others, but I have so many mental barriers to me being able to be me without upsetting or affecting others.

Barriers

I know I cannot change others and I have no right to expect that.

I know I must be flexible and treat others according to their needs.

I am not an academic, I love to learn but find learning difficult, to tick a box or to do something without purpose.

Where this happens, I need support, I need to understand why.

*“Everybody is a genius. But **if you judge a fish** by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing that it is stupid” – Albert Einstein*

This cognitive reaction gets on people's nerves. My inability to understand that you have to do something because someone says you have to makes no sense, so many times I have asked a question to clarify my understanding only to be shouted at and told to know my place.

I understand that sometimes you have to just do it, that's fine but to continue to do something without knowing why or what value it has, does not fulfil a purpose, just gives one person power over the other.

Conversely not to give any direction has the same outcome.

I need context to develop, I need to understand what you mean.

I want to develop myself, if someone who is in authority does not want to develop me then I will develop myself, I may not know how but I will find a way.

The problem is when I do it my way and someone in authority does not like it or it does not suit their agenda again, I am in trouble.

I have started to describe myself as Marmite.

I would say I am passionate others would say I am intense.

Passionate - having, showing, or caused by strong feelings or beliefs

Intense - having or showing strong feelings or opinions; extremely earnest or serious views

For me passion drives me, remove my passion and you remove me.

For me passion says love

Intense say you are getting on my nerves.

However, dependant on which way you view a situation, you may see me as passionate and get me or see me as intense, annoying etc.

Passion is about a deep-down feeling in my gut, it is who I am, not what you do. It is why I am who I am.

So, when my passion is attacked you attack my soul, you attack me in a way that is more than a physical attack.

What this means is I will fight to keep my passion – this upsets those who do not get me.

When I upset people and not on purpose, it goes against my deep-seated passion to be an enabler of others, to help others and be kind.

If I suppress my passion, I feel worthless, without value. Putting my passion on hold to allow others to feel their worth is more than mine.

To walk away is to never understand what I have done.

The latest option is to freeze, to neither fight nor flight.

This is no man's lands; this is hoping the problem goes away. It never does. It means trying not to care.

So, what happens next...stress, anxiety, self-doubt, feeling it is better to sacrifice me to extinguish my passion, as this at least will stop me affecting others happiness.

When we feel stressed our bodies release cortisol. Cortisol impairs rational thinking & decision making. In a toxic culture we are biologically more likely to make a bad decision or do something that is ethically questionable. Healthy corporate cultures matter - *Simon Sinek*

So, do I blame the cultures in the places I have worked or in my personal relationships.

Am I unfortunate or am I the problem?

All I know is I cannot remember what normal is.

All I can say is I have had to fight for everything.

I am tired

I am scared

I need help.

I am affecting others as my passion dies.

Why not walk away?

I have left all my jobs and situations, not because of the job or place, but because of people above me acting in a way which has suppressed me.

The only time I had counselling the counsellor said "No one has the right to make you feel bad"

I still use this today, but when you have a power imbalance it does not always work when your next move could mean you lose your job and have no money to pay the mortgage etc.

However, this was the turning point to join the police.

I got my eyes lasered, to work towards doing the job I have always wanted since I was 5 years old.

That person (the counsellor) ignited my passion again, she did not know me but believed in me and gave me the strength to change my situation.

It was not easy, my move to be a cop has hit my family in more ways than any other.

Financially we are broke.

If I am lucky, I get a weekend off in six.

I put being a cop before those who have loved me most, my wife, my kids, my dog, my parents, my true friends.

I love being a cop.

I love that I can help people

I am proud to wear the uniform

I know the job is tough, like no other

I cannot leave because....

Leaving does not resolve the problem, it means you must start again, but this time I have no clue what I would do.

I cannot afford to leave both financially and emotionally

I have never been so passionate to be the best I can be in a job I love.

But this is not about the job, again it is about how I relate to people, not victims, not suspects but those in authority who suppress my dreams with policy and process, those who cannot answer my why.

So again, the cycle continues.

Now though as my passion is extinguished, I am becoming disillusioned, upset, my thoughts and feelings are not rational.

I am now affecting once more the people in my life in such a negative way, I cannot take it anymore.

What I need?

1. To be believed in by those in authority, lead me do not tell me.
2. To be positively supported, if I am not listening maybe I do not understand because what you say has no purpose or is meaningless to me.
3. Fuel my passion and you will reap the rewards and I will give back with more loyalty than anyone can give
4. I need people to believe in me
5. Support me do not tell me
6. Try to understand me

Would you ask a gay person to be more or less gay?

Would you ask a black person to be more or less black?

So please do not ask me to be more or less passionate.

You are not entitled to do that, that is my journey to find the balance.

"The greatest teacher failure is" – Yoda

I am not afraid to fail or make mistakes

I am afraid that my failure will impact others and to be reminded of such will kill my passion, my soul...me.

I am afraid that you will see my failure as a process and not as someone who is finding their way through life.

Teach me, support me do not treat me like an animal, you can't control me, so you have to break me.

Make me feel safe to fail and allow me to find my way.

Finally does this make sense.

If not, maybe there lies the problem.

Date: 21/08/2018

Michelle, I think is getting frustrated with me and I see in her body language and that of others who care.

Have I always been negative, was I once happy?

That is the frustration, I am a positive and happy person, but why do I allow negative people to bring me down.

I guess when you are immersed in negativity, when no one can give you positive feedback on negative thoughts but in fact they feed your fear, you become fearful, anxious, scared.

No one has the right to do that but what if you stand up, what if you say I do not accept that.

What if you are told "YOU CAN'T CHANGE THIS" and when you attempt to, others then go to strike you down.

????????????????????

What if you are made to feel like this because, maybe that person who oversees your welfare hasn't got the capability, capacity or will to support you.

What if your belief is that a supervisor is not your parent but a colleague, responsible for you, to guide you, support you?

What if their welfare is more important than you and they will not rock the boat or do the right thing because they may fear supporting you, they want the easy life?

What if you have the experience but because of your status you cannot have the answers?

The outcome is I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO DO THIS, instead of how can I support you to see things from my point of view.

What would you do if I came to you with this concern or issue?

I AM NOT STUPID, I AM NOT A CHILD, I AM A GROWN UP WITH SKILLS – I CAN HELP

If you do not like that, that's ok but help me develop and move into an area where my skills will help.

I am open to learn.

My furthest memory of fear and anxiety was in primary school, I do not know my age, but I would suspect five or six.

I remember sitting at my desk during a test, I think a spelling or maths test and looking at the roller board, staring, I could see everything but could feel the fear of the task brewing up.

To my right was a goldfish, with big bulging eyes, so peaceful just swimming around, I was captivated and for a fleeting second the fear stopped, I wished I were that goldfish.

Next minute I remember being shouted at for not concentrating.

I remember not really answering the questions and the feeling when I scored 0 out of 10, the shame, the fear.

I did not like that feeling.

Throughout my childhood my attitude to school was about fear.

My only reason for working for my GCSE's was to get out of school.

So, did shouting at me help?

If the teacher would have said "Are you ok, do you need some help, don't worry I am here for you"

Would I feel different?

Did the teacher react the way she did because she was in charge and I did not do what she told me?

Who failed me or her?

This has repeated in my adult life and very much so at Spring House.

So where did I excel?

Drawing, I was great at art, I never wanted to be front and centre, I didn't act in the school plays, but I loved creating the scenery and the art teacher saw my passion and fuelled it.

Helping create something.

Creating something positive gave me joy.

When I left school, I had a few options, but music had been a real positive influence in my life.

My first music teacher Mr White was authoritative, he did not inspire me.

Mr Kirk did, he was passionate and took time to make music fun.

I was failing at Physics and only when Mr Jones took over, a jolly Welsh fat man did he inspire me – why????????

It was never the subject, it was the person teaching it, the life they brought. It was not a lesson to learn and pass an exam they related their subject to life.

In the Army WO1 Crawford HALL (Welsh Guards) inspired me.

Captain Salisbury lied to me, suppressed my desire to join the Coldstream Guards.

I was told if I do X I would get my chance – he lied!!!!

By the time I got to my band The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards I had a chip on my shoulder, I had started to fight against those who would not help.

They took it personally, don't blame them, I probably was a nightmare – but on reflection I had nothing against them, I had been lied to and then shifted on, they were the receivers of a disgruntled 16/17-year-old.

So, I moved around trying to get to the foot guards, I had many friends who wished me to join them, they could not understand why I didn't get my move.

Before I joined the Army, I was a pretty confident musician, if I am honest I did fear standing up doing solos, I knew I was no Mozart, but I hoped joining the Army would help me – it didn't.

Through this time, I met my wife, I had the opportunity to move to the band she was in, at a point when I thought I might not obtain my dreams to join

the footguards at least I would be with a great bunch of people and with my now wife.

Captain Shannon was then posted to the Welsh Guards before my move could go through.

I ended up in the sister band of Michelle, she was in Tern Hill I was in Tidworth.

Hope of happiness snatched away again.

I was angry, I had become a useless musician, full of anxiety and fear, fighting against a system which I felt was out to destroy me.

The then Director Captain Murrell was amazing, promotion would never happen, but he saw I had good communication skills and gave me work which involved computers, composing, creating media and PR.

He gave me the opportunity for the first time to say how I felt.

The only thing I remember from that chat was *"I AM A CAPTAIN, I CAN'T CHANGE ANYTHING, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN"*.

I couldn't answer the question, all I knew is I was not happy, I was still passionate but like now though I seemed to be the butt of people's jokes, I now think people see my passion as not passion but that I know better.....not the truth.

My fear, frustration, and lack of being able to ask the right questions makes me question.

I left the Army and I remember after making the decision crying. I was a failure, I had dreams and those dreams were dead.

As part of my resettlement I investigated the Police, since being 5 I had always wanted to be a cop but due to my eyesight it was a no go.

So, I looked at what made me happy. This was the age of technology and I had always found computers interesting.

I joined a cable company and did well and then as I wanted to progress, I completed qualifications outside of work and again I went through the cycle of lack of support, I fought my corner and again left the organisation.

The organisation was going through a tough time, so I was not the only one.

Their work ethic moved from good service to making as much profit as possible and working their engineers to death.

I applied to work at Shropshire Council on the helpdesk, Kevin Malone (IT Director) and Neil Langford (Helpdesk Manager) were brilliant. They took a chance on me, coached me and they did this for everyone, I was happy.

The opportunity came for a Senior Tech job on a 3-year EU project, it was more money and due to my previous background, I was ideally suited to the job.

The hiring manager was the Education IT Manager Paul Nash, he had a great reputation.

Along with his now wife Val we created a great innovative team which delivered some great work.

I learnt so much, I worked with a team who were that, a team, no rank just a team.

This was not to last, after two years and the project was coming into its final phase, a senior technician vacancy on the school's team came up.

By this time, I was a dad, on good money and could not risk not having a job.

I applied and got the job; this was my first real managerial role.

My supervisor Dave was a nice guy, but the department head was the worst type of person. She was like all of those who I had come across before. Dave just did what was required, he did not rock the boat.

I went from a confident happy person to a wreck.

So much so that I had to have counselling.

The counselling was helpful and gave me the strength to manage her but after constant attack I had to get out.

I applied for a job as a Network Manager at Shrewsbury School, the pay was much higher.

My gut said I was out of my depth, but I pulled off the interview and got the job.

Once again though I was at loggerheads with my manager, who was socially inept but a genius academically. To give Mark his dues though he

taught me a lot, at the time though I do not think I realised my mental health was not in a great place.

My team were all disgruntled mainly because of Mark.

The bursar Maylin was a penny pincher.

I learnt so much, but again started to ask why am I surrounded by unhappy people????

I had moved to get more money, no job satisfaction.

I was unhappy, so decided to listen to my counsellor, had my eyes lasered joined West Mercia Police as a Special and loved every minute, made great friends and it ignited my passion to join the police.

I failed the application process 3 times with West Mercia, I was successful with North Wales Police but failed the interview – GUTTED.

Self-doubt, anxiety – why can others do it but not me?

Two weeks after finding out I was unsuccessful the interviewing Inspector called me. He said my interview was brilliant except the first question, where I froze.

He wanted to employ me, but HR said they had to go off the scores.

I failed by ½ mark, to make it worse he said if I had got the ½ mark I would have scored the highest out of everyone, but because you needed to score a 3 on each section and although my overall score was a pass I still failed – Gutted!!!

A few days later I was invited to go to BTP for an interview, I had applied for a job as a police officer at Wolverhampton, I knew the £12000 drop in salary would be hard with the travelling but another door opened.

I passed.....the dream of being a copper was about to happen but then....

No vacancy in Wolverhampton or Shrewsbury.

I took the difficult decision and took a place in Manchester.

I was going to do it though.

I went to London and after a fantastic recruitment process, the rot started again.

I found it difficult being spoken to like a kid.

I failed my first assessment and was told if I failed another I would be out of a job.

Anxiety, fear....

Here we go again.

I used my skills to fight through.

I got annoyed by some on the course who just happened to fall into the job, giving it a go.

I formed some good friendships though.

Many of those have now left, most went within the first few years, disillusioned by the way they were treated.

Life in London was tough, money was an issue. To date I have borrowed £10000 off my mum just to get on.

I love the job though.

I went to Manchester and worked with a great team; my supervisor Adam Swallow was brilliant. He is now an Inspector and he is a friend.

He saw my potential and even as a probationer he looked after me.

The same cannot be said about my tutor constable.

Like those before she did not get me, she smashed my confidence, but I had learnt to manage this, hide my feelings or so I thought.

After once again being told I was going on an action plan and if I failed I may lose my job I was crewed with now Inspector Dave CAWLEY, Dave was known as a machine, my tutor said if I acted up with Dave like I did with her he would crush me.

Dave was brilliant, he was infectious, he challenged me in so many ways but was so supportive. Many did not like him, but he had a no BS attitude but did it in a great way.

Personally, though life was rubbish, money was tight, I seemed to never see my family.

Once Adam found out he worked with the Chief Inspector and although a vacancy existed at Shrewsbury, HR would not let me move. Policy would not allow it.

I got a move to Chester where I had little support from my Sergeant, but I had the confidence to work on my own and with no supervision, I just got on with it.

Mick my sergeant at Chester was straight forward and I knew if the shit hit the fan, he would have my back and that was enough.

I had battled for this and fought, my reputation for challenging the system was not good, although I kept being told I was a nice guy and a good cop.

It was during this time I looked to taking my Sergeant's exams, my Sergeant was supportive, and I spoke with Career Development and they even said I should go for fast track, PC-Inspector in two years.

With everything going on I just needed to get home.

Emotionally I was up and down during this period, money was tight, I was away from my family, I love my job, but I needed to get nearer to home.

I FEEL OPRESSED

Oppression is the unfair or cruel use of power to control another person or group. Used to repress people to suit their own agenda or ideals.

This was the cycle of my life.

Oppression and Mental Health - <https://www.goodtherapy.org/>

Chronic oppression can have serious consequences on a person's mental health.

Statistics repeatedly indicate that racial minorities, impoverished people, and women are more likely to experience mental health challenges than members of powerful groups such as white men.

Oppression lowers self-esteem reduces life opportunities, and can even put people in danger of rape, abuse, and other forms of violence.

Members of an oppressed group that experience oppression for sustained periods of time may also begin experiencing internalized oppression. Internalized oppression is a term used in psychology and sociology to describe when a member of an oppressed group begins accepting the views of the oppressors as reality. The person experiencing internalized oppression may allow their oppressors to shape their worldview, begin to hold an oppressive view toward other members of their same group, or a combination thereof.

Examples of internalized oppression may include:

1. A woman who does not speak up in work meetings because she feels her contributions are not as important or are incorrect in comparison to those of her male counterparts.
2. A young person from an oppressed group who avoids leadership opportunities because they feel as if their leadership style does not fit in with traditional leadership models.
3. A person with an accent who avoids making friends with others, feeling as if those from other cultures would not want to be friends.
4. A female construction worker joining male co-workers in putting other women down because they are perceived as not being strong enough for construction work.
5. An immigrant parent disciplining children in an overly harsh manner so the children will “fit in” better.

Therapy can help those experiencing oppression or internalized oppression by helping the person in therapy recognise it and the ways it can affect life.

Cognitive behavioural therapy, for example, may be applied to help the person in therapy change self-defeating cognitions, attitudes, or behaviours associated with oppression.

Therapy can also often help people address some of the challenges that accompany oppression such as anger, anxiety, or depression.

This article and my journey

1. Too many times I have been told the policy will not allow this
2. When I have a strong viewpoint, I am told to keep my thoughts to myself
3. I am told not to stick your head above the parapet if you want promotion

It feels that some in authority wish to suppress me because I think differently.

For someone who just wants to help, I am scolded and made to look stupid to keep the status quo.

Why have so many left BTP and other organisations I have worked for?

Is it me or is it the culture?

So are my oppressors just victims of a culture which is not willing to change because they do not have the strength to do the right thing.

*Members of an oppressed group that experience oppression for **sustained periods** of time may also begin **experiencing internalized oppression**. Internalised oppression is a term used in psychology and sociology to describe when a **member of an oppressed group begins accepting the views of the oppressors as reality**. The person experiencing internalised oppression may allow **their oppressors to shape their worldview**, begin ***to hold an oppressive view toward other members of their same group, or a combination thereof**.*

I do not have the answer all I know is if I make a stand on my own I have so much more to lose than I already have.

Date 02/10/2018

I have now been taken off the sick and things are in place to get back to work.

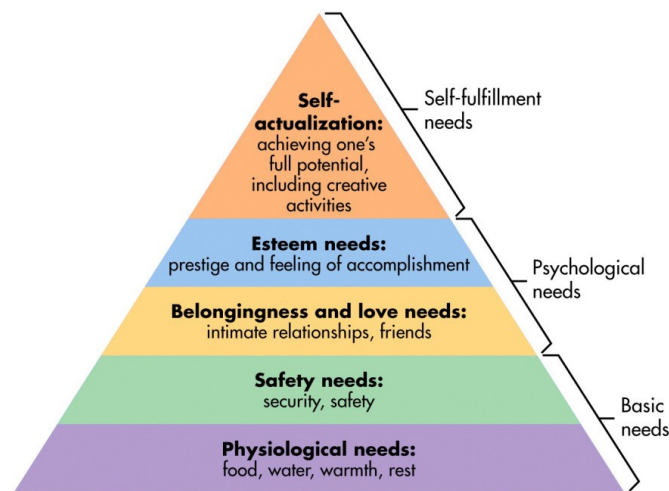
This I hope will be the conclusion on this document, I wanted to explain to everyone how I got to where I was but actually this part is not for anyone other than me, to conclude my journey in writing.

What I need now is to ensure my reputation is restored, for no other reason than I am not judged, and that judgement inhibits my career prospects.

I am me again and I know I am enough, other people's thoughts and opinions are that, so I wanted to summarise psychologically how I have got back to the real me.

A set of circumstances happened which created an environment which I have seen many times before in my life, this simply meant I believed I am the creator of my own downfall.

I will use Maslow's model to start to explain:



Self-actualisation – I had worked hard to get through my first two years, against a lot of negative experience and when I got to Shrewsbury, I was happy but concerned due to the interview what was thought of me – I NEEDED TO PROVE MY SELF TO OTHERS.

Esteem needs: I knew I could prove I was a good cop; I would show that and that I could be a Sergeant and that I had what it took

Belonginess and love needs I felt part of the team until I was unable to prove myself, everyone seemed to be telling me what I needed to do, chill out, you are intense, stop being Robocop. Do not do this, do that, listen to what you are being told and do that – I started to feel isolated.

Safety needs: I needed to prove that I was worthy of promotion to others, I needed to get a pay rise, money was tough I could see the impact on my family, I was scared I wouldn't achieve my goals. I was being told I was pissing people off. I started to question myself, my confidence went, I wasn't thinking rationally, I was thinking about others, how I made them feel, I was more concerned about everyone else's needs so I was blaming myself, it must be me making everyone unhappy

Physiological needs: I was putting weight on, didn't feel fulfilled, I wasn't sleeping, I was on a spiral to self-destruct, no one cared they just told me I was too intense, the dreams were getting more intense. I was not me and I was scared to ask for help because it would label me, I would not get promoted and I would let everyone down.

Throughout I took on several roles and this is where the conflict happened.

The Talented One – I was driven to be successful, this is my dream job and I wanted to be the best, be perfect, but I was running a race at full speed and the finishing line kept moving and I was frustrated.

The Caring One – This is a role I have always had, putting others before myself, I guess I have learnt it from my Mum. The problem is you cannot help anyone if you don't take time for yourself. I am passionate about leadership and BTP had it all wrong and I needed to prove to people I knew how to do it better.

The Rebellious – No one was listening, I was not allowed to be the caring one, so as my stress grew I became the rebellious one, criticising, not following the rules – This in fact was a cry for attention, although I did not know it, I needed help, so I did the thing which was so out of character, surely someone would question it and simply say – “Are you ok, I am worried about you” – They didn't and I lost myself. When you are told you need to change, to fit in, you try something new, I could not cope, I had lost myself.

The sick One – I do not take time off work when sick, I don't want to let others down. On 14th August, my body and mind gave up, this was my last attempt to get the attention I required. As a child if you are scared and do not want to go to school, sickness is a great way to get attention. I wasn't mentally ill, but I was in a bad place, I didn't know who I was anymore, and I knew I needed help. Even though my gut told me stay strong, I could not do it – I broke.

Throughout my life things have gone wrong when I came up against someone in authority which stopped my progression, the theory goes that only one person can play the role in your family or organisation.

The Talented One – The Inspector, been there done that and was happy to tell you, you are wrong, and he knows best – we clashed

The Caring One – The Serg', genuinely cares but I suspect he was under his own pressures and because I was now trying to help him The Inspector saw that as me getting involved when I should not. So, because my default role is the carer and I could not play my part I became

The Rebel – Not a role I am good at but I wasn't going sick, no one was interested so I would test the boundaries – I was not happy in this role but it somehow brought me attention, although not the attention I required. Through stress and anxiety, I fell into this role at a time when I did not care

about myself, so I had nothing to lose. I took risks which were in hindsight a cry for help. It was heard but was not seen as a support issue but a performance issue, not following process.....

The Sick – To be honest this role could have been taken by a few people, but this was not a role choice but an outcome

Now I know the roles and I can see them in others I can have another choice, not to play a part and just be the divergent me.

I only have to prove my talent to me, I need to care about me, I need to question if a rebellious action will have an outcome of value to me and I am not even interested in being sick.

I am enough being imperfect. I do not want to run the race unless I benefit.

If I benefit, then I can help others and play the role I am best at if I choose.



Chapter 3

BREATH AND SAY AND SAY I AM ENOUGH

2018 to 2019 – Breath and Say “I am Enough

“Some days, things just take way too much of my energy

I look up and the whole room's spinning

You take my cares away

I can so overcomplicate; people tell me to medicate

Feel my blood runnin', swear the sky's fallin'

How do I know if this shit's fabricated?

Time goes by and I cannot control my mind

Do not know what else to try, but you tell me every time

Just keep breathin' and breathin' and breathin' and breathin'

And oh, I gotta keep, keep on breathin'

Just keep breathin' and breathin' and breathin' and breathin'

And oh, I gotta keep, keep on breathin'

Sometimes it's hard to find, find my way up into the clouds

Tune it out, they can be so loud

You remind me of a time when things weren't so complicated”

**Songwriters: Ariana Grande / Ilya Salmanzadeh / Max Martin /
Savan Harish Kotecha / Peter Anders Svensson**

**Breathin lyrics © Warner Chappell Music, Inc, Universal Music
Publishing Group**

I cannot remember when I first really listened to Ariana Grande's song, but I do remember it was around the same time I found Marisa, the song came on the radio whilst I was driving.

For some reason, my ears opened, it was as if the universe was giving me a sign, the words and emotion seemed to be sucked into my mind and I remember clearly tears running down my face, not with sadness but hope.

I went from despair to hope, it was as if the negative energy which had been inside me was starting to seep out like a wound which was starting to heal.

One of the biggest changes that happened in my mind after watching Marisa's video on a platform called Mindvalley, was that I finally found my tribe.

To quote Mindvalley - Mindvalley provides the education that regular schools forgot.

Being Human is more than just what our broken education system makes it out to be. Mindvalley teaches the world the art of truly living extraordinary, fulfilling, happy lives.

We spend the prime years of our lives preparing for our careers. But we spend hardly any time preparing for things that will determine the quality of our life experience and the quality of our relationships, health, mindset, and wellbeing.

Mindvalley's purpose is about teaching you the things that actually matter most in life.

Its founder Vishen Lakhiani was a computer engineer and senior leader at a rapidly growing Silicon Valley start-up. But he faced extreme stress and was burnt out. He took up meditation as a solution and it completely changed his life. He quit the valley to study meditation, teach around the world and go into deep mastery of human development.

Mindvalley was born as a result.

Today Vishen is on a quest to remake how the world works in terms of business, politics, education, and spirituality.

I was in, this spoke to me in such a profound way that I started to consume books and podcasts.

In Vishen's book *The Code of the Extra Ordinary Mind* he talks about "The Culturescape".

It stems from the word "culture", almost like the rules or as Vishen calls them — "Brules" — bullshit rules that a group of people live by.

Culture is different across the world, but no matter where you are, there are certainly rules or ideas specific to that area. Now I am not saying all ideas are BS, but I am saying that not all of them are true, and you don't have to believe everyone.

The Culturescape is essentially the limiting beliefs, or the ideas that are bullshit, but we still hold true to this day.

The first step to unlocking this, is by first questioning those Brules that you live by now, as well as future ideas. I had been doing this for some time, hence why I had become such a rebel.

When we grow up, we are told things are the way they are, and that is the end of it.

Parents are unaware of the problems they cause by telling you, you cannot do something, simply because.

I now believe that for a child to fully understand a decision-making process, and to have the skills to identify something as true or false based on their beliefs separates the great from the average.

We are telling children, including our inner child, "don't do that" without explanation. Implanting this ideology that things are the way they are, and that is just how it is.

Therefore, starting with WHY, understanding value is so important, but the truth is many people don't have the answers to your questions and their ego won't let them be vulnerable.

The majority of people are lazy, willing to accept life as it is, stay comfortable and lazy and anyone who disrupts that is a threat, because they will be exposed.

I know this in retrospect but at the time my pain was about fitting in, the lessons I would learn from Marisa and her rules of the mind would start to give me the answers, to many of the questions I had been asking all my life.

The ideas and thoughts that are being shared today, are all perspectives and they are all up for your interpretation.

You have the ability to believe something or not believe it.

To help you understand what the Culturescape is, I have an amazingly simple example which is our measure of success.

We are born, we go to school and our success is passed on systematic testing. Many people's measure of success is about academic attainment.

Straight away we start division, based on very narrow criteria, when you cannot achieve academically you feel different, not good enough and you believe this is not available to you.

So why is academic prowess so important?

Well if you go to university, we are told that you are more likely to get a good job, get that killer pay packet, which will get you the cars, the house, the life you are told you should work for and as a bonus you may get a good pension, so when you reach 70 you can start travelling and having freedom in your life.

Sounds like a jail sentence of the mind to me and we wonder why we have a mental health crisis.

So, for those like me who did not believe they were academic, didn't like exams, how would you ever feel you could achieve, the system was stacked against you right?

Wrong, let's look at that belief, where did it come from, it came from my environment, it came from a belief from my parents, teachers, the people I looked to for safety and protection from the day I was born.

They didn't do anything wrong; they were just following the Rules.

Between the age of 0-8 your subconscious mind is working 100% of the time, you are subconsciously absorbing your environment and as you grow up you take your beliefs with you.

The simple fact is that you are blaming your circumstances on your past (depression) and predicting based on that rational the future will be the same (anxiety).

The fact is you are basing your life on the beliefs of a small child and the world tells you that this is your truth.

There is a reason why 95% of the world's wealth is held by 5% of the population and of that 5% only 1% are living in true abundance.

So, I know this may sound academic and it doesn't change the way you feel but let me tell you about the moment that changed my life forever.

As I previously mentioned I found Mindvalley and the amazing Marisa Peer. After watching the masterclass came the CTA or call to action.

Mindvalley is a business and they have a platform where you can buy their courses. Marisa's course was a bargain at \$600, so I was informed.

\$600, I cannot afford that, my lack mindset and thoughts around money would soon become one of my biggest growth areas, but more about that later.

I could not afford \$600 but wait, this lady was an author, she writes books, so off to amazon I go.

Marisa has written a number of books and I was attracted to one called 'Ultimate Confidence', it was £9.99 – I paused, I can't really afford that, I know, crazy, but that was my mindset. I took a chance and bought the book. I was not a reader and this book would go on to fuel my thirst for knowledge.

A few days passed and the brown amazon box arrived, still off work I needed to start to fill my time so there was no excuse not to read the book, I had noticed the book came with a free hypnosis download and my curiosity over this book had been peaked years earlier by a book I read by the famous Hypnotist Paul McKenna. He had a show on TV and like many people my thoughts on hypnosis was around stage hypnotism.

In the 80's people like Paul Daniels, the magician and other entertainers sparked my imagination, who doesn't like magic and I thought that hypnosis was a type of magic.

I had never been one to really study if I could skip through something I would. I passed my GCSE English by watching movies about books rather than reading the books, so I was all for hacking and that is what drew me to RTT – Rapid Transformational Therapy, it was a mind hacking system.

I opened the book and remember wanting to go straight to the hypnosis download, however the text read – "READ THE BOOK BEFORE DOING THE DOWNLOAD" – it was as if Marisa was stood in front of me like my mum, telling me to do it properly.

For once in my life I did as I was told, I am so glad I did. I could not put the book down, it was as if Marisa had been watching my life, making notes and then wrote this book for me. I consumed the content like a child shoving sticky ice cream down his throat.

Just reading the content started to make me feel better, Marisa's words made so much sense to how I was feeling about my life.

Between the book I consumed more of her content online via You Tube and every video, every turn of the page in the book gave me hope, gave me a plan and the feelings of being trapped started to lift.

Imagine a man in a jail, he is innocent, and someone has given him a tool kit to break free.

However, little was I to know the full power of my mind was about to be revealed.

I finally finished the book and I was back on social media tweeting about Marisa and her Rapid Transformational Therapy.

I had also joined Zenward, Mindvalley's yoga platform and was learning meditation and how-to breath.

I used these new breathing techniques as I listened to the hypnosis download and on day 10 of the 21 day program, the magic of hypnosis happened and it was a turning point which to this day I say saved my life.

I started to sit in a Yoga pose, legs crossed, hands in a receiving position and whilst I listened to Marisa's voice I concentrated on my breath. Meditation truly is powerful and overtime you start to feel the power of going within and just breathing, but on day 10 a miracle happened.

I am not sure how long I had been listening to the 20-minute recording but as I went within, I started to see small dots, they were bright white, as I focused on the light it grew bigger and this white light consumed my head. The light was warm, loving, peaceful.

The light grew and consumed my body, I became warm, then hot as if sunbathing on a beach, it felt amazing, my body felt as if it was floating.

Then suddenly, my body started to expand, this energy was so powerful and all consuming, it felt amazing, I felt free.

As the energy expanded it stopped, paused, then retracted, dropped to my feet and then like a rocket zoomed up through my body and all of the

tension and anxiety in my stomach, chest and throat was rocketed through my head and then nothing.

A few minutes later I heard the words “and you can do that at any time including right now”.

The recording had finished, and I put my hand to my eyes, my face was wet with tears.

I felt light, I felt free, what the fuck just happened then.

The light was the same light I had when I broke down in the Inspectors office, but this time it was a healing light.

Now you need to understand that I am an ex-soldier and serving police officer at this time and although secretly a dreamer and a kid at heart, how do explain this without people think you have finally lost it.

I did not care; I had never felt so free.

If I could harness that experience, I could take every drug dealer off the planet.

I was hooked.

I did not know what just happened but what I did know is I wanted more of it and in that moment, I made a promise to myself.

“No one will ever go through what I have”.

I had been told that I would be off work for 6 -12 months and I would need lots of therapy.

RTT works, I felt amazing.

I am enough, I am amazing, and my mind is my power, not exams not all the bullshit I had been told.

So, what to do next?

Chapter 4

THE DISCOVERY

WE ARE TRIBAL

In my diary notes previously I outlined my psychological journey.

In this chapter I am going share a truth, I am going to share the hardest thing I had to overcome.

I created everything because we are all tribal

Aren't words powerful?

Do you know your WHY - Your Purpose - WHY you are here?

Do you have a feeling that there needs to be something else to this life?

It is bigger than you, it's not actually achievable, but you want to do it anyway.

Martin Luther King said "I Have a Dream" - what is your dream?

Life is not about the end goal; it is about the experience as we transcend from one season to another.

Now it may be winter, and things may be tough, but it's just a season as you wait for the frost to thaw. The aim is to have a purpose, not for stuff but for

Peace, Love and Freedom - Not outwardly but within.

When we love ourselves, when we love the spirit of who we are, warts and all we will find flow, happiness, it is called being present because it's a gift.

God, Spirit the universe pick your creator they are just names, words.

Those same people who you believe have the answers because they have position, authority, presence, are just as scared as you are, they're just better at hiding their bullshit better than you are, that's all!

In fact they are so good, they spread that bullshit all over you every day and you let it soak in like lotion on dry skin, unaware of the damage that toxic mess is having on you.

We look to institutions to give us the answer when the answers do not lie outside of us, they lie within us.

There are so many types of PPE (Personal Protective Equipment) needed nowadays and the best PPE you already have, it lies buried in the vault of your subconscious mind, protected by the Ego and Shadows.

We are God, we are spirit, we are the universe because we are created from it.

The only difference between the physical you and the real you are the environments you create in your mind.

When you attach feelings to stories then create those stories in your mind, good or bad, they will manifest your reality, we are born that way it is what humans do.

The choice is whether you choose to continue to look for the answers from others or whether you are willing to shine a light on your own Ego, your own shadows find the answers that you already possess.

Faith is not owned by religion, you own it.

I now understand how that door can be opened and as crazy as that sounds you can have it to.....are you willing?

Are you willing to push into fear, to take action and choose to look inward, to trust with faith that you can step forward, confident, with pride and be your authentic self and say this is me?

Are you willing?

I was and now I want to help anyone who needs to find their PPE for life.

This last section was a piece I wrote on my blog and maybe you are wondering what the hell are you on about, well let me explain.

My discovery was quite simple, and I will explain.

How many times have you blamed someone else or a situation for your problems?

How many times have you said, “You make me feel.....”?

The fact is no one made you feel anything, you chose, subconsciously may I add, to make those feelings for one reason – survival.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

The subconscious mind is your automation process that runs 98% of everything in your life.

The subconscious mind is the vault for everything, which is not in your conscious mind. It stores your beliefs, your experiences, your memories, your skills. It has been recording everything since the day you were conceived.

It is also your guidance and warning system and the truth is many of us are not aware of it, after all it's subconscious.

It constantly monitors the information coming from everywhere and is where our emotions and creativity come from.

The communication between the subconscious and the conscious mind is bidirectional.

Every time when you have an idea, or an emotion, a memory, or an image from the past, this is the subconscious mind communicating to your conscious mind.

The communication in the other way is not so trivial and is achieved using the principle of autosuggestion, this is a principle outlined in the famous book *Think and Grow Rich* by Napoleon Hill.

The subconscious is there to keep you alive but the neurons which make up your mind also reside in other parts of the body and are connected by the vagus nerve which in the Polyvagal Theory, it is believed that the Conscious, Subconscious and Unconscious mind are constantly, feeding back in a loop.

To quote my mentor Marisa Peer, every habit of action is driven by a habit of thought and you cannot heal what you don't feel.

When you look at this what autosuggestion and what Marisa is saying, quite simply our mind and body are connected symbiotically, and therefore you can't think your way out of a feeling.

We are literally computers running old software, whilst trying to install and run the latest programs in our life and we wonder why we crash.

The way you react to the world and to the people around you are driven much more than you realise by the subconscious and unconscious aspects of your brain and body.

This has been known by spiritual leaders for centuries and is the reason why practices such as prayer and meditation are so effective, but many people don't know why, so dismiss it as Woo Woo, however neuroscientists are now able to map how and what we think and in turn how this impacts on our body at a cellular level.

The autonomic nervous system is well known for stimulating the fight-or-flight response or encouraging resting and digestion, all without the need to take charge of those reactions.

However, when we stay in this fight or flight mode for long periods of time the cortisol which is produced causes great strain on our bodies, it is called stress for a reason.

Positive stress can help us build up a health mind and body, but like a muscle the mind also needs to rest.

A new scientific theory, The Poly Vagal Theory allows us to look at three distinct ways of responding unconsciously to environmental cues.

At the heart of this model is the vagus nerve, a key component of the autonomic nervous system that runs from the brain to the heart, lungs, gastrointestinal tract, and other abdominal organs. Therefore, we feel not in our brain but in other key areas of our body, these are clues.

This concept was first proposed and later developed by Dr. Stephen Porges, a professor in the Department of Psychiatry at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

According to Porges, the vagus nerve has two branches but includes three distinct circuits that define the ways in which organisms can respond to their environment.

The newest circuit unique to mammals, promotes social interactions through a calming effect and the stimulation of speech and the facial muscles.

The next older circuit is the traditional fight or flight response of the sympathetic nervous system.

The oldest, activates in extremely dangerous situations, which can cause a person to freeze or faint.

In people, the newer circuit is generally the first to activate, therefore when we are in new situations we try to think, find connection.

The result when this works is a calming effect, we feel connected, our heart rate slows, and we feel safe.

Social interactions occur best when we are in this calm state, as humans we are most content when we feel accepted, have purpose, feel like we are needed.

However, if we are in an environment that is not safe or perceived as not safe, one of the older vagal circuits will take over.

When this happens, it is more difficult to connect socially because the vagal circuit that promotes social interactions is being inhibited by the older circuit.

So those calm feelings you get when you are relaxed and feel safe are now bypassed and you become on edge, until we can work out what is required of us.

Let me give you an example.

You are driving home from work and all is well, your subconscious is on autopilot, it knows this route and if you are a driver I am sure you can relate to this flow state at those times when you say “I do not remember that drive”. You are on auto pilot.

Suddenly a small child runs in front of your car - DANGER

If your life is threatened, in this case, you may think, this child might die, I might die, what if I kill this child I may go to jail, lose everything. A billion thoughts come flooding through the vault of your mind just as you press the brake. Your body has activated the fight or flight response.

If you are facing death, you may even faint or shut down. Also, you do not need to be physically threatened for the older circuits to activate. Even being in a socially awkward situation can stimulate your body's fight or flight response.

These responses are there to save you, your mind and body working together like an early warning system, gathering data from your past to assess a situation creating a story and then creating a feeling to either calm you or warn you.

Once you recognise where your reactions are coming from, you can work on changing the state of your body.

I believe therefore medically drugs are often prescribed for people who are feeling mentally imbalanced however these drugs do not get to the root cause, they only suppress the feelings we have when we find ourselves feeling unsafe.

I was not willing to spend my life coping and taking drugs, our bodies and minds are amazing and that is when I made the discovery.

Rapid Transformational Therapy – a technique invented by my mentor and world-renowned therapist Marisa Peer.

Marisa's RTT is unique in its very simplicity and it plays to the strength of the Poly Vagal Theory.

I can best explain it by looking at how we treat people with stress or more extreme types of mental health or even physical health problems, and it looks like this.

THE LABEL EFFECT

We must label everything, mainly because accountants can't accept things are as they are so let's look at PTSD as an example.

Many people will relate PTSD to a life changing event, often we call this a trauma, a time when things seem to change, in fact this trauma I would call the straw that broke the camel's back.

From the trauma we get symptoms:

Re-experiencing events is the most typical symptom of PTSD.

flashbacks

nightmares

repetitive and distressing images or sensations

physical sensations, such as pain, sweating, feeling sick or trembling

Some people have constant negative thoughts about their experience, repeatedly asking themselves questions that prevent them coming to terms with the event.

For example, they may wonder why the event happened to them and if they could have done anything to stop it, which can lead to feelings of guilt or shame.

Avoidance and emotional numbing

Many people with PTSD try to push memories of the event out of their mind, often distracting themselves with work or hobbies.

Some people attempt to deal with their feelings by trying not to feel anything at all. This is known as emotional numbing.

This can lead to the person becoming isolated and withdrawn, and they may also give up pursuing activities they used to enjoy.

Someone with PTSD may be very anxious and find it difficult to relax. They may be constantly aware of threats and easily startled.

Hyperarousal often leads to:

irritability

angry outbursts

sleeping problems (insomnia)

difficulty concentrating

other mental health problems, such as depression, anxiety or phobias, self-harming, or destructive behaviour, such as drug misuse or alcohol misuse

Physical symptoms, such as headaches, dizziness, chest pains and stomach aches

PTSD sometimes leads to work-related problems and the breakdown of relationships.

I ticked many of those boxes.

Looking at the Poly Vagal theory you can see how this might be if we find ourselves feeling unsafe, this is why the treatment for PTSD is very much about managing, coping and avoiding situations which may stimulate the vagus nerve and why drugs are often used.

Many who take drugs for mental health reasons will often stop because they feel less alive when on them.

No one is born feeling the way they do, if every habit of action is driven by a habit of thought, then when repeated it files itself away through auto suggestion into the vault of the subconscious and unconscious mind, then treating mental health the way we do is like breaking up an iceberg by starting at the top and using a tooth pick.

When I discovered Rapid Transformational Therapy it literally changed my life.

You see that trauma that significant event that you relate to your issue was the final piece of the puzzle and to fix the issue you need to go to the root, I will explain.

THE MIND GARDEN

Let us look at two people:

Poor person – They are born with bare soil, which is hard and not full of nutrients, it is hard to plant beautiful crops and flowers.

Rich person – They are born with loamy, rich soil which crumbles in your hand, easy to sow and easy to maintain.

Throughout these people's lives, the quality of the soil will not define the outcome of the weeds and flowers in their lives, but there is a better chance that the rich person will have more flowers than weeds and vice versa.

We are taught in our formative years how to sow the right seeds and how to maintain those seeds.

Yes, the quality of the soil does make things easier, but it does not define success.

Throughout life weeds and flower seeds will grow and in the main, we can cope with the odd weed.

These issues arise if we do not maintain the garden, the weeds will take over, the negative thoughts will take root, then things will often go wrong.

The trauma is when the garden becomes so overgrown, we no longer have the tools to maintain it, that is when we call in a gardener – a therapist or doctor.

The doctor may prescribe drugs, weed killer if you like, but this will often only kill what we see, the physical attributes, by suppressing the emotional thoughts.

The therapist may cut the weeds back and help you sow new flowers, but underneath the weeds are still there and a good therapist will help you understand how to cut the weeds down when they grow back, to manage the garden.

RTT however goes further. The thoughts you have come from the seeds planted by others at a time when you needed direction and you followed the advice of those closest to you.

You followed what they said to keep you alive and as the mind loves the familiar and hates the unfamiliar you weed your own garden not based on your beliefs, but those of others.

With RTT, the garden is inspected at a microscopic level, looking to when the seed was sown and how over time it germinated.

Like many things in life you can use a trowel to dig the garden or you can use a JCB.

You can use a local gardener, or you can use the best horticultural masters.

All do a job; some just do it better and faster.

Once I discovered the secret, there was no going back.

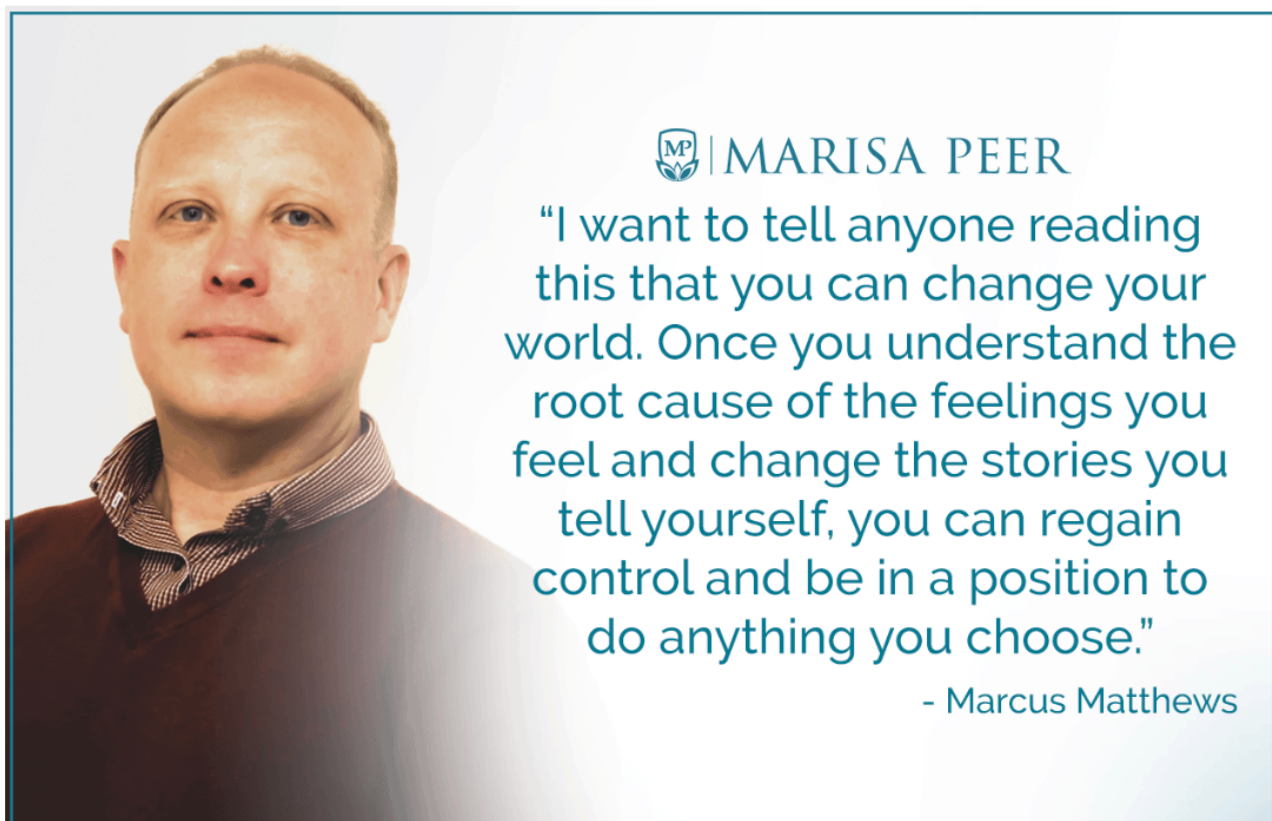
The realisation, the discovery was simple we are tribal, we follow what we are told is our truth, to stay alive based on what we knew at the time.

Through autosuggestion the more we believe that truth, the more it will manifest in our lives.

Breaking away from the tribe's thoughts is difficult and this is why. As we find out new truths and we start to challenge the tribe, if the tribe is not open, they will banish us, not purposefully but subconsciously because they will see us as a virus or a threat.

This is why I talked at the being of this chapter about PPE, you see when something, a thought a process becomes viral we have two options, be consumed by it or fight against it, but without the right PPE (Personal Protective Equipment) in this case the understanding of where our thoughts and feelings stem from, we can't make the correct decisions to protect ourselves.

Therefore, in the next chapter I will explain why our parents and those who love us often created our pain.



Chapter 5

YOUR PARENTS

HOW YOUR PARENTS TOOK AWAY YOUR DREAMS

How did we form our limiting beliefs?

I have thought long and hard about what is really preventing people from living the most amazing lives (myself included) and whilst speaking to my clients and listening to amazing coaches as part of my own development it is clear that our parents have messed us up.

OK that sounds harsh, but what is true, is that we are all a product of our environment and at the centre of that environment is the single truth, which science has proven that from 0-8 we are like sponges, taking in information subconsciously.

I remember seeing this in my son who would frustrate me through his day dreaming, however he was in his subconscious, that place my wife and I called Alex world and in reality we wanted to be in Alex world too.

So, when did it change, how did we become these self-limiting factual automated humans who choose to survive not thrive - When did we choose to accept our fate?

Think of your body as a computer and the mind as the hard disk.

As we grow, our environment creates our reality and our parents are the architects and programmers, crafting us so we can survive in the world.

However, for all the parents out there, remember the manual you got, how to be a successful parent and program your child. (No, I didn't get one either).

So how do we learn and grow and more importantly how to we find our place in the tribe.

The rules of the mind are simple.

1. Your mind's job is to keep you alive
2. Make connection and avoid rejection

So, no matter the environment good or bad we are a product of it and our subconscious mind is programmed from an early age to work in that environment.

Why is it that those with money seem to always attract money, it is part of their environment?

Why is it that those who have been subject to violence or sexual abuse continue the cycle?

Why do I always attract bad men?

Why can't I give up smoking?

Why am I fat?

Why am I depressed?

From 0-8 is when our reality is created in our subconscious, after that point we then start to have conscious thoughts and start to make choices, so we can change our environment through opportunity, hard work etc but our subconscious and unconscious mind are still running those programs in the background and they are still influencing our reality.

This is why so many people are suffering with mental ill health, consciously they know what they want but subconsciously, without knowing it their mind is keeping them safe.

We live in the subconscious 95% of the time, if you are lucky, we use conscious thought 5% of the time, but in reality, most people are consciously aware less than 1% of the time.

In the battle of progression, the subconscious wins, our environmental thoughts drag us back to safety.

I remember when I was going to join the Army and I did well in the assessment and was told I should do A Levels and go for officer training.

MY DADS ADVICE

I considered it and when I spoke to my dad, an amazing person who has worked hard all his life and came from a poor working-class northern background he said this:

1. No, you need to get a trade
2. You won't fit in with those types, you won't be accepted
3. Besides we can't afford to send you to college and university

So, at the time, my dad, my hero gave me this advice and enforced my limited beliefs based on his own environment.

I will translate my dad's subconscious when offering these wise words which he believed would protect me.

1. I was told I would amount to nothing and I would have to work in the mill, I got a trade and that has served me well. The thought of being an officer was not available to me and I don't know how to advise you. In fact, I will probably lose connection with you - that scares me.

2. I never got on with those university people, all suits and no idea how to speak to people. They look down their nose at you, I am scared that you are working class and they won't accept you. They loved school I hated it; they are not part of our tribe.

3. This isn't available to you. I feel stressed because I don't have the money to support your dream and I am scared if you fail that I will have failed you. I can help you with what I know, and the tribe can protect you.

My dad and many other parents and people who love us do what they do to protect us, keep us safe according to the limited beliefs they got from their parents, so they program us to survive in the world that they know. Not consciously but subconsciously.

Our who class system works this way and it is only when you understand the way to break this cycle is to upgrade the programs you run in your mind we connect to the tribe.

We cannot dialogue with the subconscious without the help of techniques like RTT. I love my work, upgrading people from the impossible to I'm possible.

We think nothing of upgrading to the latest Tablet, Computer or Smartphone as it gets slow, outdated and stops us creating, but we never upgrade our mind.

The beauty is that as we create negative environments we can equally, effortlessly create positive ones, with the right tools and techniques.

How amazing is that!!!!!!

We don't need pills, potions or any of that stuff we just need to upgrade our software so we can start running the latest apps to create the life we want.

kids with dreams become
adults with vision



Chapter 6

VICTIM TO HERO JOURNEY

WHICH ARE YOU ON?

Are you sure your quest is serving you?

Sometimes we don't know that our quest is more about proving others are wrong, rather than understanding our personal quest to live our passion.

Let me explain by saying this.

If you are fighting to be heard and it is getting you frustrated or angry or you always telling your boss, someone you work with, maybe a parent, teacher or friend, because you are passionately sure you are right. STOP!!!!!!!

You are on your quest and you believe you are being heroic in trying to change the world, by saying "I AM RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG" well sorry you're a victim not a hero and the hero wants to save the day but your quest will end faster than it's begun.

You see the mind YOUR MIND is different to everyone else and yes you may find people with the same quest as you, but you may also find people trying to achieve the same quest in a different way, or you may find you think you are on a quest but in fact you are lost in trying to prove yourself to others about a quest which is not even yours.

OK that may be confusing, but I came to the realisation that I was on my quest to prove people wrong, not to serve my quest because I was chasing the quest of others rather than forging my own path.

It is only when you get this realisation that you start to change your thoughts.

Many people's quest is formed by society:

1. Do well at school
2. Get that great job
3. Buy a car

- 4. Buy a house
- 5. Have a family
- etc.....

On each of those steps we are on a quest but is it our quest or the quest of our forebears, a product of our environment.

Now I am not saying that is not a noble quest but when we start to procrastinate....

- 1. My quest is failing because I am rubbish at exams
- 2. My quest is failing because I can't get that job, or promotion
- 3. I can't afford my dream car or home because I don't have the money

My Quest items aren't available to me

when you realise what a quest is, you start to forget about stuff and start to realise that your quest is not about what you have or want but about what you are and what you serve.

Service is about something bigger than you, a higher power, your goal which you will never reach but it drives you.

I have two vision boards - the first has stuff, I spent most of my life proving I was good to others so I could get that promotion for stuff.

However, stuff doesn't serve your quest, stuff just makes the quest comfortable, stuff are trophies on the quest that mark defining points on your quest.

But failure is also a defining point on the quest, so is pain, so is hurt and they all have the same value. They are lessons, 1 tells you are on track, the other tells you to stop and think.

So, when I started my vision board, I realised that I like stuff but all that stuff....

Promotion

The House

The Car

Were all being gathered for an eternal race for Peace of Mind, Freedom, Abundance.

All of those things exist for free, WHY, because we create them from within, not from stuff.

JUST STOP

When we stop trying to prove to others and we start to look for PEACE, FREEDOM and ABUNDANCE from within we then have the power to manifest.

The reason for this is because the mind shifts from victim to hero, you are no longer on a quest to prove yourself, you are on the quest to serve something within.

I struggled with the Law of Attraction for a long time, but I believe we start to manifest when we stop looking, we stop blaming, we stop being a victim blaming others and we look within and really feel.

When we feel that gut reaction and we listen to that, we can do the most powerful thing and that is to STOP.

STOP being a victim

STOP Procrastinating

STOP blaming others

This is hard because our culture isn't built like that, we no longer connect, we take.

This is why when you listen to all the great thought leaders, they pretty much all journal, meditate and connect with themselves before they connect with others.

Being aware of where we are in the present and not where we have been or where we are going is so important.

If you STOP, BREATHE and be PRESENT you will find peace. It's called the present because it's a gift.

So, the next time someone does you wrong - STOP, SMILE and recognise this is the universe telling you your quest is on the wrong track.

You may not like that, but with practice, using positive words and thoughts to yourself you start to find true freedom and peace.

Once you practice this, especially in meditation the universe starts to deliver.

“The people making you feel guilty for going your own way and choosing your own life are simply saying,

‘Look at me. I’m better than you because my chains are bigger.’

It takes courage to break those chains and define your own life.

So, dare to live your precious days on Earth to their fullest, true to yourself, with open heart and thoughtful mind, and with the courage to change what doesn’t work and accept the consequences.

You may find that you can fly further than you ever imagined.”

“Your time is limited, so don’t waste it living someone else’s life.

Don’t be trapped by dogma—which is living with the results of other people’s thinking.

Don’t let the noise of others’ opinions drown out your own inner voice and most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition.

They somehow already know what you truly want to become.

Everything else is secondary.” - Vishen Lakhiani

So, if you want true abundance on you quest, first look within and grow your Mindset, Soul set and Heart set.

You never need to share these because they are yours and for me that is a Hero's Quest.

Chapter 7

RESOURCES

Simple, Quick, Effective, Permanent Results

"I believe everyone should live a fulfilled and happy life".

By removing the feelings you attach to the stories you tell yourself everyday.

In 1 session and no more than 3 I help you achieve what many therapists and coaches fail to do in a lifetime.

<http://makeyourlifecount.co.uk>



If you enjoyed this e-book and would like to find out how I can help you then I have created a list of resources, you can find online.

You can also book a FREE call to work with me direct and I would love to give you the freedom you crave and help you start your journey to abundance.

Book a Call: <http://booking.makeyourlifecount.co.uk>

FB Group: <http://facebook.com/groups/findingyourpower>

Online Training: <http://makeyourlifecount.thinkific.com>

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PERFECT RELAXATION

Over 70% of adults have experienced stress which affects their mental and physical health in the last 12 months.

Many self medicate with cigarettes, alcohol or other bad habits.

Dramatically reduce stress and feel more relaxed with this:

Perfect Relaxation Audio Hypnosis Download

I will guide you into a hypnosis session which will rewire your mind to become free from stress, worry and agitation.

Helping you feel a greater sense of calmness, relaxation and wellbeing



To start you off on your own journey to greatness I would love to give you this **FREE** gift worth \$9.99.



When we relax, we have clarity of mind and only then can we make those crucial decisions in moving our lives forward.

The only thing stopping you now is what you do next. By taking those small steps forward you can build the life you dream of, so start today and Make Your Life Count.

USE CODE RELAX20 at checkout to get this course for FREE