

MONEY “DOES” GROW ON TREES...

*You Just Have to Believe
- Revised -*

A

Suited Marketing

Small Business Owner’s Guide to Success

By

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This book is the first book in the series
Money “Does” Grow on Trees... You Just Have to Believe

Second book, “What” Makes Money Grow on Trees

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Special thanks to the important people in my life for giving me the strength, knowledge, support, power, inspiration, and determination to become the successful person in life I've always wanted to become.

Family & Friends: Mom, Dad, George, E.T., Desirae, Eric, Mike, Joe and everyone else in the friend & family category.

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INTRODUCTION

In this e-book I am going to share with you my thoughts and feelings as well as an insider’s viewpoint to my life. I am going to tell you about my experiences growing up and the struggles I went through to get where I am today. As you will see, even though I have always had the drive and ability to be great, I have always struggled with the lack of the belief in myself. It’s a very tough world we all live in. I have failed time-and-time again with very little success but I have never given up on myself. I know I’m going to make it one day and I will share with you everything I do on a daily basis to improve the likelihood of success.

I will share with you the foundation and building blocks I have learned over the years to climb my way to the top towards success. Afterwards you will have all the tools you need to be on your way to making a great life for you and your family. You are going to learn to be able to do and have the things you want in life. You are going to learn to be able to live your life to the fullest! And, most importantly, you are going to learn to be FREE!

I will help you build an empire just like the one I’m building! I will teach you everything I have learned over the years, as well as stuff I’m still learning and adapting to. It’s simple... I am going to help you accomplish all the goals you have set out for yourself.

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THE BEGINNING

I was five-years-old, living in a small suburban town in California. I lived in the average three-bedroom, two-bath, and middle-class home. Our house had a lot of character because the house was about 20 years old and was becoming creaky. It was a dark brown, two-story home with a light brown trim. I remember gazing at it from the street and noticing it appeared as though it were smiling at me through the squinty windows above the garage. There were two of them next to one another and centered underneath them, a basketball hoop which took shape of a pointy nose. Lastly, the garage with its open light-brown mouth and square shaped teeth in the shape of a wide smile. This was all very ironic because I didn't feel very happy.

Our backyard wasn't very large but it had all the necessary amenities for my older brother, my younger sister, and me. We had a two-story wooden playhouse in our backyard where we spent countless hours playing in, on, and around. The most significant memory I have of our playhouse is jumping off the 10-foot-high roof. It took me months to conjure up enough courage to do so but I had to prove to my older brother I was a brave soldier before I could earn his respect.

My brother is six years older than I am and he picked on me all the time while we were growing up. He was a lot stronger than me (and still is) and he always found a way to antagonize me. I remember him sitting on my chest, pinning my arms to the floor, and fiercely tapping my forehead over and over again until I would cry. He also used to beat me up with MY stuffed gorilla (obviously, I never won). There were times I had fun playing with him but others when I despised him because he was mean and much bigger than I. He went overboard many times and to this day, if anyone touches me in a way that I don't care for, I get very defensive. Although I've never been in a real fist fight, I used to have a very short fuse. I have since learned to control it.

As a family, we created fond memories in our house and, for the most part, we were just like any other middle-class American family. Unfortunately, almost all the fond memories I have are between my siblings and I. I don't recall very many good times between my mom and dad. The only interactions I remember between them were of them fighting. They would stand in the kitchen screaming at each other for hours at a time. It definitely felt like hours would pass before they finally stopped yelling and because they were both stubborn individuals, nothing would ever be resolved.

Eventually their relationship drifted apart and they split up. I was told I was going to be living with my dad, my sister was going to be living with my mom, and my brother was going to be living with his dad.

Without even being aware of it at the time, my parents' divorce was the beginning of an unstable upbringing which has always haunted me and still does to this day. I have worked very hard to become the person I am today. Although my parents have always loved my siblings and me unconditionally, I have lived in more places than most, have had to make new friends more times than most, and haven't had the foundation in my life as most. I have always longed for stability in my life, but have yet to experience it.

.....

WE MOVED OUT

When my parents first split up my dad and I lived in a small apartment a few miles away from my mom and sister, but unfortunately a few months later, we moved again because my dad got a new job. I was forced to move about two hours away from my mom and sister. To an adult, two hours might not be very far, but to a five-year-old child, living two hours away from a parent is very difficult.

At first, life didn't seem to be all that bad. My dad and I temporarily stayed with some friends of his while he placed all his responsibilities in order. Within a year's time, we had lived in at least three different homes in three different towns.

Although I would rather have had my family stay together, I do remember something very unique and exciting about each of the homes we lived in. As a five-year-old boy, I was very adventurous and curious. My dad worked long hours and because I hadn't made any friends in the neighborhood we were staying in, I would go outside by myself and explore my surroundings. This was the beginning of my adventurous and daring nature.

I specifically remember exploring a new housing development's construction site because it was next door to the house we were temporarily living in; there were tractors and other miscellaneous construction machines for me to play on. I vividly recall pretending to be a Pirate on an adventure to find buried treasure. I was on the hunt for a treasure when I stumbled upon a large cement pipe (used for sewage) – it was about the length of a football field with a diameter of about five feet. I'm sure it looked much bigger than it really was since I was only five-years-old at the time, but that's how I remember it.

I slowly approached the pipe and as I apprehensively gazed down the pitch black tunnel, I visualized a dark cave with

skeletons, cobwebs, and booby traps. I remember thinking to myself, “There has to be some sort of treasure in this amazing cave.” After about ten minutes of contemplation, I finally decided to take the plunge into the pitch black tunnel. I didn’t know what scary monster or killer bee awaited me but I was going to be courageous and take the plunge anyway.

As I stumbled down the tunnel, my legs weakened and began shaking; I breathed heavy, and began dripping with anxious perspiration. Just as I was about to turn back, I could see light at the opposite end of the tunnel. I slowly turned my body around to view behind me, and to my amazement, I was able to see just about the same amount of light as that being emitted in front of me. By comparing the two ends I figured I was about half-way through the tunnel.

Getting to the end of the tunnel was going to be an amazing accomplishment for me because I knew I was going to find a treasure and conquer all the fears I wrongfully experienced.

As I neared the end of the tunnel, my little foot kicked a light-weight and semi-solid object lying on the floor beneath me. I couldn’t see the ground so I knelt down and reached my hand into the grimy water beneath me. I began to feel around. My feet and hands were cold, wet, and muddy from the small amount of dirty water. After a few minutes of searching I found the item I had kicked. To my amazement it was a dead, dried up star fish!

To this day I have no idea how the star fish ended up on the floor of the tunnel, but at the time I didn’t care because I knew I had found the treasure I was looking for and was as happy as I could possibly be! In high spirits, I swiftly ran to the end of the tunnel without fear, without regret, and without realizing it! I not only found the treasure I was searching for, I also overcame the fears I was briefly faced with to find it.

EARTHQUAKE

A few months later my dad and I moved to another friend’s house in the bay area. I don’t remember much about this short-lived homestead except that my dad and I shared a bedroom. One late October night I was sleeping and was suddenly awakened by the shaking of my bed. I had no idea where the shaking was coming from or what was happening but very shortly thereafter it stopped. I was only half awake while the event occurred so after it stopped, I turned over and went back to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning I immediately remembered what happened the night before and my first thought was there was something under my bed. The first thing I did was look under it but to my surprise, there was nothing there. I was frightened. I had no idea what had caused such a catastrophe.

Later that evening I asked my dad what had caused the events from the evening before. Again, I was only five-years-old at the time, and my thoughts manifested visions of monsters, vampires, werewolves, and other scary creatures. However, my dad comforted me by saying, “Congratulations son. You have just experienced your first earthquake.” Until that day, I had no idea how powerful an earthquake and Mother Nature could be. Years later I asked my dad about the experience and he told me the earthquake was very low on the Richter scale; nothing even fell off the shelves.

At the time of the earthquake, I had no idea how mysteriously Mother Nature worked but years later I knew my fears were manifested from nothing.



FRIENDS WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND

Over the span of two years, my dad and I had moved a number of times. In fact, I hadn't had an opportunity to make very many friends. To this day, I have little recollection of any friends until I was the age of six. Although I had great spirits, and was very friendly, I didn't know how to make friends my age and how to socialize with them. I remember being thrown into kindergarten and not knowing a single person because I was in a new and unfamiliar place. I used to sit at a picnic table during recess with my head down, waiting for someone to come up to me to ask me to play, but no one ever did. It was very hard to be young, alone, and in an unfamiliar environment all the time, but I had no choice.

At the age of six, I met my first real friend; his name was Dan. We didn't know each other very long but the friendship was very pleasant, nonetheless. I went over to his house a few times and he came over to my house a few times. We had a great time playing G.I. Joe together but shortly after our friendship started, my dad and I had to move again. I never saw Dan again.

During the summer following my kindergarten year, my dad and I moved into a duplex with one of his friends; his name was Gary. I remember his name because we made a bet one time that there wasn't a Garbage Pail Kid named after him. Unfortunately for me, I lost the bet; the Garbage Pail Kid's name was “Geeky Gary.” I will never forget that funny picture. I may still have the card he gave since I still own a box of the funny cards.

At the time we moved in, Gary and my dad were good friends. One day they decided to become daring entrepreneurs and open a sporting goods store together. Every day after school I would go to the store to help out with chores and miscellaneous tasks. Since we were there all the time, my dad put a cot in the back of the store for me to sleep on whenever I got tired.

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