



emPOWERMENT

*Creating Lives, Families and Organizations that ROCK!*

By Michael Shenker

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Michael Shenker, founder and President of Dare 2 Be Great Coaching Systems has served as a business adviser, business coach, and has been involved with personal and organizational development since 1980. Prior to that he was a sales and marketing consultant. He has consulted with over a hundred companies from start ups to turn arounds to Fortune 500 Companies.



His unique training methods invoke "inspiration" rather than motivation and help management and employees alike gain a new perspective of how to be successful, make good business decisions, how to treat their clients, and how to create work environments that produce an unprecedented ROI.

He has written numerous articles, lectured throughout the U.S. on the Law of Attraction, The Secret, team working, the power of the mind, and recently wrote the book, "EMPOWERMENT: Creating Lives, Families and Organizations That ROCK!"

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## Universal Truths

Next to my family, business is my life. One of the things I learned a long time ago is that if you want to be successful in life you have to first be successful in business and to be successful in business you have to go after what you want and not quit until you get it. No one is going to do it for you and no one is going to help you along the way. Life is difficult, full of obstacles and only the strong survive. I am a survivor. I started my company ten years ago with no money and today I have over 200 employees and three regional offices around the country. The *American Dream* come true.

One of my secrets for success is I enjoy going to the book store near my office and browsing through their inventory of biographies and WWII books because the strategies of war apply very easily to the strategies of business. And let's face it, business *is* war. I also like to enjoy a cup of hot green tea while I sit and read.

My wife recently tried to get me to read one of those hot New Age best sellers that she gave me as a gift. After picking it up several times I finally had to admit that I wasn't enjoying it. Not so much because it wasn't well written but because the content was so contrary to my way of thinking. So I decided to exchange it for something more to my liking. When I went up to the book store clerk, a friendly young man in his late twenties with longish hair and wire rimmed glasses, looked at me like I was making the biggest mistake of my life. He asked me why I was so eager to exchange it and I explained that it just wasn't my cup of tea.

"Well, I guess you're just not ready," he said in a very matter of fact manner. "That's too bad too, it really is an excellent book and not because of all the hype." He started to reach for the book. "What do you mean, I'm not ready?" as I recoiled. Who does this young punk think he 's talking to? Does he

supply more than 200 people a place to go to work each day? I don't think so. "Ready for what?" I asked inquisitively, wanting to know what he meant. "Evolve. That's what it's about. As a species we've reached a place in our evolution where we have to either evolve or become extinct. It's pretty heavy." He began to write on a slip of paper.

"Really? I didn't get that from what I read." To be honest I didn't read that much, maybe half a chapter. "Maybe I didn't give it enough of a chance." He stopped writing and looked at me. "Look, there's a guy that we sometimes refer people to when it comes to books like this. He's somewhat of an authority and if he likes you he might offer to help translate the information so that it makes more sense."

Intrigued by this criterion, yet not really sure why I had agreed, I took him up on his offer and he gave me a name and number and I immediately give Myron Cain a call. When we spoke he sounded a little gruff, like I was interrupting something. I told him about the book my wife gave me and he agreed to meet me at his home the following Saturday morning. He made a big deal about my being there at precisely 8:00 a.m.. Not before, not after; or not to come at all. He said that punctuality was a sign of character and if I couldn't control my time, he wanted nothing to do with me.

Saturday morning I was standing on his front porch wondering if I was doing the right thing. I knocked on his door at precisely 8:00 a.m. and was greeted by what appeared to be a little old man who stood about five feet tall with a full head of shiny white hair. After I introduced myself, he politely ushered me into his living room. Although the room was not spacious it had a comfortable feel to it, and a big overstuffed couch which seemed to envelope me as I sat down. Myron moved with the ease and manner of a person half his age as he quickly straightened up the room picking up piles of magazines and books that lay scattered about. "I wasn't sure you were going to show," he said and then followed it with what could only be described as a pirate's laugh. He then disappeared into the adjoining kitchen.

Without asking, he brought out a pot of hot green tea which wound up

being the only libation we would have throughout the time I would spend with him. Once he poured us each a cup, he said, “I have zero tolerance for anyone who refuses to have an open mind to new ideas. Would that describe you?” he accusingly asked.

“No, it does not,” I quipped, resenting the implication. “The fact that I am here with you today demonstrates my willingness to learn something new. However, I’ll admit that this has not always been the case. For a long time I guess I let my success in business substantiate my perspective of the world, but for some reason that doesn’t seem to work quite as well anymore.

“You know Robert, I have done some checking up on you and I know that you own a very successful software development company here in town. I also know that you are highly respected amongst your peers, which is why I’m taking the time to meet with you today. Now what seems to be the problem with understanding the book?”

“Yes, I’m very proud of what I’ve been able to accomplish with my company. But to answer your question, the words are plain enough, yet it seems like my perspective of reality is contrary to what the book is saying and I’m having trouble making sense of it all.”

Myron gazed into my eyes as if to see if I was on the level and I got a weird sensation in the pit of my stomach. What in the hell was I doing here? For all I knew this guy was a serial killer who spiked the tea and was going to chop me up into little pieces! Yet, at the same time, I somehow sensed that this little man possessed a great deal of wisdom and that I would be passing up a valuable opportunity if I didn’t give him a fair chance.

Myron drank his tea, sat back in his chair contentedly with his eyes closed as he seemed to relish the moment. No one spoke as the silence became heavy when he suddenly opened his eyes and quietly asked, “Robert, do you know anything about Universal Truths?”

Although I had a few good guesses based upon seeing all of the Star Wars movies at least twice, I decided to plead the fifth. “No, not really.”

“The Universe in which we live, works on an entirely different set of

rules and principles than those practiced by most folks. That’s why the world is so screwed up, or what I call *unempowered*. In fact, most people live their lives in total ignorance of these laws and by doing so, lead very unfulfilling, frustrating lives. If you want to understand the book and the way life actually works, you’ve got to understand and live by the Universal Laws which will transform you into an *empowered* being.”

Even though I was considered highly successful in the eyes of society I had to admit that something was definitely missing in my life and Myron’s words resonated deeply within me. I started to say, “Well if I may, let me play devil’s advocate...”

Myron bolted from his chair like a gazelle with its tail on fire and brought his face about one inch from mine, “If you want to play devil’s advocate, you can march your ass right out of here and not waste my time.” He straightened himself up and looked down at me, “But if you want to understand the book, you’ve got to listen with the mind of a student, like your life depended on it, OK?”

As someone who’s used to giving orders, I found Myron’s tone quite objectionable to say the least, even inappropriate. Who does he think he’s talking to? Yet at the same time I was able to sense something beyond the attitude and actions and I heard myself saying, “OK I didn’t mean to upset you.” I cautiously took another sip of tea, sat back and listened.

“What I’m going to share with you Robert, are truths that have been handed down through the ages and are sacred. In order to grasp their meaning, you must open your mind, have no expectations, listen to what I’m going to tell you and follow directions. Like you, I ran a successful company back on the East Coast until we were bought out by a large conglomerate. Since we are both businessmen, I’m going to put the information I’m going to share with you in a business context. That way you will be able to relate to it in a very real world sense, OK?”

“I’d like that very much,” I said as I was beginning to think that maybe he wasn’t so crazy after all. He sat back in his chair and proceeded, “The

business world you live in Robert is unfriendly and competitive, wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes! Every time I turn around I'm either fighting a new competitor, dealing with shrinking margins or having to pull a rabbit out of a hat in order to maintain my stock value. I'm constantly fighting to keep my head above water. So yes, it's pretty unfriendly out there."

"Well Robert, what if I were to tell you that your unfriendly, competitive universe is just an illusion? An illusion that results in the lowest form of existence because it feeds on itself and continues to produce more of what you don't want ...more competition, continued shrinking margins, lower stock valuation, etcetera." He takes another sip of tea and continues.

"The truth is that the world is a friendly place with an abundant supply of everything you want and need and it is not necessary to fight or compete in order to share in its abundance. As opposed to *competing* for a *limited supply*, you can choose to *create* from an *unlimited supply* and by doing so, cease to be a victim of your circumstances," he said while rising from the chair and walking across the room to the massive book shelf that lined his walls.

Myron removed a small, worn-looking, leather bound edition from the shelf, looked fondly at it and began flipping through the pages. "Many years ago, a man who had been an abject failure most of his life, developed an understanding of this perspective and wrote a wonderful little book. Up until it's writing, Wallace Wattles had spent most of his years searching for the answers that would turn his life around. Finally, in 1903, Wallace "got it" and wrote the 1903 classic, *The Science of Getting Rich*, a brilliant treatise on manifesting wealth which served as the prime motivating force behind the powerfully enlightening movie, *The Secret*. In one of the chapters, Wattles discusses the distinction between competition and creativity: "He read aloud from the book: "There is a thinking stuff (energy) from which all things are made, and which, in its original state, permeates, penetrates, and fills the inner spaces of the Universe.

A thought in this substance produces the thing that is imaged by the thought.

Man can form things in his thought, and by impressing his thought upon formless substance can cause the thing he thinks about to be created. In order to do this, man must pass from the competitive to the creative mind; otherwise he cannot be in harmony with the Formless Intelligence, which is always creative and never competitive in spirit."

Closing the book he approached me and said, "Robert, I would like to loan you this book and between now and next Saturday I want you to read this passage over and over until you are crystal clear about its meaning." "Next Saturday? You want me to come back?" "If you are really sincere about learning, then yes. What we've discussed today is just the tip of the iceberg; the beginning of what could become a whole new you. I'll see you next Saturday at 8 o'clock."

He then gave me the book, abruptly turned, walked towards the door, opened it and bid me goodbye. His brisk dismissal reminded me of my long-gone college days when one of my professors decided to end the class abruptly. I stood and replied to my surprise, "Thank you Myron, I'll see you promptly at 8:00 a.m. next Saturday."

As I walked away I couldn't help but feel like a wuss. Here I am, a successful businessman, and I'm taking orders from this odd little old man as if he were my boss.

For some strange reason, I didn't seem to mind.



## Creativity Vs. Competition

Opening the door at precisely 8 a.m., Myron broke out into his pirate laugh and cheerfully welcomed me in, “Ah, good morning lad. Anticipating your promptness, I have already prepared some tea for us.” He looked up at me slyly as I entered, “How have you and Mr. Wattles been getting along?”

I sighed, “Myron, why in the hell do I need to know all this just to read this book?”

“Do you want a little cheese with that wine?” He closed the door and motioned for me to take a seat as we both took our respective places on the sofa and chair. “The truth of the matter Robert, is that what you understand to be reality is hogwash. You don’t know what you don’t know. In order to understand a book on reality in its true state, you have to know what the hell reality is. If I’d known you were looking for something easy, I would have sent you packing the first time I’d laid eyes on you. What we’re going to be doing over the next few weeks is simple but not necessarily easy. Remember, you called me. If you want to walk around with your head in the sand for the rest of your life fighting one problem after the other in your competitive world, it’s no skin off my nose. Just walk out that door and we’ll call it quits.”

Here was my opportunity to make life easy and leave. After all, I had a successful company, a good marriage and my kids liked me. But something *was* missing and a little voice inside was telling me that if I stuck it out with Myron I just might find out what it is.

With all the face saving energy I could muster, “You’re right Myron; I’m here to understand reality so let’s go to work. But tell me, why is “truth” or *objective* reality such a mystique? I mean, shouldn’t reality be obvious? Right off the bat you hit me with a concept that is so totally contrary to everything

I’ve learned in school and in life.”

“Robert, there’s an old adage that when the student is ready the teacher will appear. Up until now you weren’t ready to know reality. Besides, in order to know the truth, you first have to know the lie because everything is relative. Can you write with white chalk on a white board? No. Can you distinguish the summer without winter? How about day without night? The fact that you don’t like what I’m telling you is irrelevant to me and just demonstrates the necessity for you to listen with the mind of a student with no expectations.”

“But Myron, how can you prove what this Wattles character is saying? You know, I’ve read his words over and over and what I got out of it was simply that creation begins with a thought and if you continue that thought you can create what you’re thinking.”

“Bravo, you’ve got it!” “I’ve got it? I’ve got what? I’ve had high hopes and expectations as to what success was going to bring me for the last ten years; like more time with my family and the opportunity to pursue my hobbies and travel but when my dreams met reality, reality usually won out and I just kept on working harder each year.”

“Robert, let’s take it one step at a time. I think you’ll find that you yourself are the proof of what Wattles is saying. Let’s take a look at what primarily occupies your thoughts each day. Like most people, you think about what you need or what you don’t have; is that right?”

Although I didn’t care for the way he worded the question I had to agree, “I suppose.”

He leaned closer as if speaking about something that was only meant to be heard by me, “One of the tendencies of the unempowered is to link their dreams and desires with fears, doubts and insecurities about their abilities to achieve their dreams. Every time they think of something they want, they subconsciously begin having corresponding feelings of doubt and insecurity about their ability to get it. Since feelings trump thoughts, their mind cuts them off in their tracks and nothing manifests other than more insecurity.

Based upon what Wattles purports and science has proven, your thoughts and your focus always provide you with exactly what you focus on. As you told me the first time we met, you’re constantly dealing with maintaining market share, your competitors, shrinking margins and increasing the value of your stock. Since your mind is designed to bring you whatever it thinks you want and is totally ignorant of your intentions due to its extremely literal and simplistic interpretation, it can only bring you more competition, shrinking market share, etcetera. Once you understand how the mind works and are respectful of its power, everything will begin to change.”

“OK, I think I’m starting to get this. I see what you’re saying. So if I want to get ‘X’, then ‘X’ had better be what I focus on irrespective of my current reality,” I smiled, nodding my head in agreement and feeling a little more confident.

“Exactly,” he smiled back, like a teacher whose student was showing signs of progress.

“And what about the residual doubt and fear that I experience about my ability to get ‘X’?”

“Here, my friend is where faith comes in. Now this may seem a little odd because this is a scientific process, so why do we need faith? The answer is that in the initial stages of working with this new technology, irrespective of Wattles or science, you don’t know it works. The only way to compensate for this is through faith. Over time, you will see that this process works like gang busters and you won’t have the necessity to have ‘blind’ faith. You will, however, develop ‘true’ faith as you begin to successfully manifest what you want,” he sat back with confidence and sipped his tea.

“I have to admit, this is pretty interesting stuff,” I was now getting energized as it began to make some sense for the first time when another thought occurred to me. “But what about the real world problems and challenges that need handling every day? Should I just ignore them and focus on getting ‘X’?”

“Quite the contrary, as Ramdas says “Being-Here-Now” is the name of

the game. Do all that you can do each moment to deal with the challenges of the day to the best of your ability while at the same time maintaining a positive, confident vision of what you want in the future."

"Well, I can see that this isn't going to be a walk in the park, but whatever it takes to master this technique, I can make it happen."

"That's what I like to hear. You know, people who embark upon this type of work are called *warriors*, in that they are constantly dealing with the conflict of perceived reality - what they have, for actual reality - what they want." "So is that it? Is that all there is to it?"

"Close but not quite. Being-here-now in dealing with the challenges of the day and being vigilant of your thoughts of the future is a good start, but that's just the first of many aspects to this process. For example Robert, what do you want, what is your vision for the future?"

"You know, the usual; continued success, the ability to spend more time with my family... to be happy."

"That's what everybody wants, but what is your definition of success, and how much more time with your family do you want and what would you do if you had it and what exactly makes you happy? Remember the mind is simplistic and literal and you don't want it to have to guess for you. What you want needs to be spelled out in great detail using as many of your senses as possible." "Then I guess I don't have a specific, detailed vision for the future."

"And that's what next week assignment is all about. In preparation for that, I want you to write down what your life looks like in detail in a perfect world. This is a no holds barred description of your perfect life including where you live, who you are living with, what kind of house you live in, what kind of car you drive, what color it is, how much discretionary time do you have and how do you spend it, etcetera, etcetera. Keep it as short and concise as possible with as much detail as you can." "Anything I want no matter what?"

"Anything, providing

1) it's physically possible and 2) it's what you really want and not what

somebody else wants for you and *please* Robert, GO BIG, and have fun with it. Don't write down what you think you're capable of having, write down what you want as if anything were possible and you couldn't fail and I'll see you next week.”

As I left Myron's house my head was swirling. I'm amazed I have been able to accomplish as much as I have. I can't imagine what I'm going to be able to accomplish using these tools, but I guess that's what this week's assignment is all about.



## The Quest for a Worthy Ideal

The week seemed to fly by and before I knew it I was walking up to Myron's front door. I took a deep breath and knocked. The door opened a few moments later and there stood the strange little man who I have started to become so fond of.

“Good morning Robert. Have you come with a vision, or are you still flying blind?” He let out one of those great pirate laughs and then motioned for me to come in as we both made ourselves comfortable in our respective seats.

“I've been working very diligently on my vision and am looking forward to discussing it with you,” I said with some degree of pride.

“So, you've decided what you want and what your vision is, but are you passionate about it?” He reached over to the teapot sitting next to him and began to pour the tea into two cups, passing one to me.

“Yes and yes,” I chimed in like a kid winning a spelling bee. “What's weird is how much work it took to get clear on what I really wanted. Even though I have projections and goals for my company, I realized that on a personal level I was pretty much reacting to life as opposed to it responding to me.”

“Excellent observation,” Myron said as he took a sip of tea and pondered for a moment as if deciding whether or not the flavor suited him. “Over the years I have had the privilege of speaking to many business leaders and inevitably many of them acknowledged the same situation and consequently agreed that they were unsatisfied and unfulfilled even though they were financially successful,” he raised a knowing eyebrow at me. Wanting Myron to hurry up and review my vision for the future I eagerly responded, “Should I go ahead and show you what I've come up with?”

He let out another one of his pirate laughs and smiled, “Sure, on one

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