

FOREWORD BY:  
TOM "BIG AL" SCHREITER

**EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK**

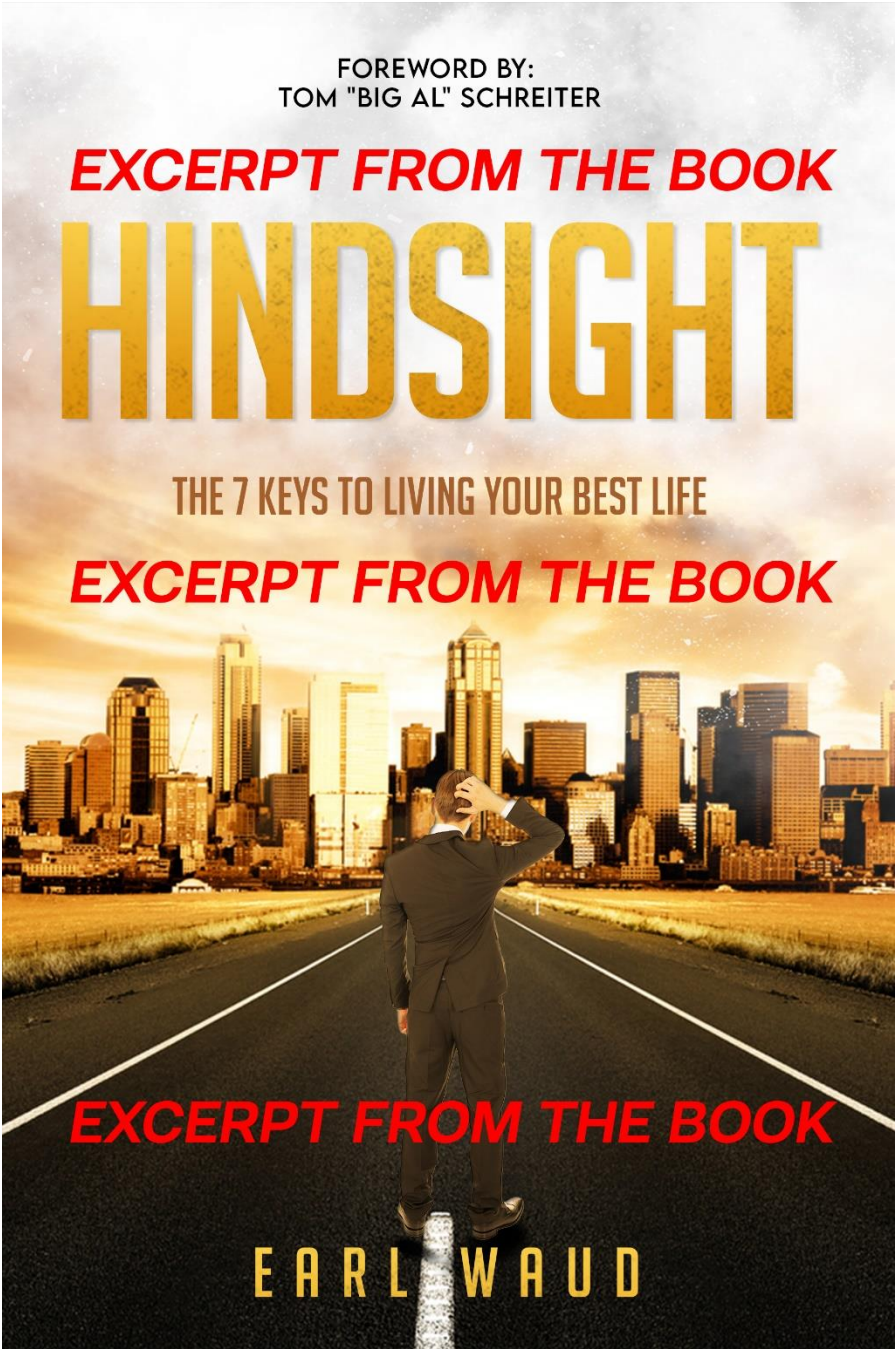
# HINDSIGHT

THE 7 KEYS TO LIVING YOUR BEST LIFE

**EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK**

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EARL WAUD



## Early Praise for Hindsight

*"I just finished your manuscript, and WOW!!! I loved every word of it! Reading it brought comparisons to the storytelling and insights that I felt when reading "Tuesdays with Morrie", and had a spiritual aspect that reminded me of "The Secret" and the concept of Laws of Attraction. The book was both inspiring and actionable in ways that immediately led me to self-reflect and begin to prioritize what improvements I need to make in my own life. Congratulations and well done, my friend. I believe you have a real winner with this book!"*

**- Brad D. Smith, President of Marshall University, Former CEO of Intuit & Co-Founder of The Wing 2 Wing Foundation.**

*"Great book filled with insights and inspirations that has the potential of impacting the lives of many."*

**- Dr. Greg S. Reid, Award-Winning Author of more than 28 best sellers, Keynote Speaker, Film Producer, and Founder of Secret Knock.**

*"Hindsight held my attention hostage from page 1. Not only was it wildly insightful, it forced me to re-live my own memories and experiences I've had over the past few decades. I can't say enough about this book. It's a must read for those looking for insight and clarity in their life."*

**- Jordan Stanley Payne, Real Estate Entrepreneur, Educator, and co-founder of The Kingdom Real Estate.**

*"All I have to say is "WOW". Earl, thank you for allowing me to read your "Hindsight" manuscript. As I read through it; it took me on an amazing journey of how important events are in the shaping our lives and the impact that they have on the people around us. Bravo Earl, Job well done."*

**- Troy Fullwood, CEO of The Campanile Group, Founder of The Genuis Foundation.**

*“An insightful, imaginative and inspiring read that becomes a powerful motivator in reaching one's personal development and improvement goals. This unique memory-jogger is packed with powerful and proven methods to attain that which we all seek; self-perfection. I have known Earl for nearly 25 years and he has never failed to inspire me with his dedication and commitment to personal excellence. This fine work is an example of that which we can all learn from and benefit.”*

**- Chuck Mellon, Author, Lecturer & Investor.**

*“I congratulate you on a wonderfully written narrative of life as it should be focused. It was a privilege to be given the chance to read it, and I am grateful (see what I did there) for the introspection that it has caused me to have. The principles shared in your book are what is missing in many fundamental aspects of our society – personal responsibility and accountability, a desire to learn and act, a belief in oneself and one's own ability, and more. Your book provides those who read it with a chance to reset their psyche as it relates to what drives true success in their lives. It reminds us that we have an opportunity to do so regardless of our current circumstance or standing in life...rich or poor, young or old, married or single, etc. It plays at a level higher than the mundane things of daily life and reaches more profound depths of heart and mind. It would be difficult for anyone to read this and not be sent into their own 'hind-sights' of life-shaping experiences, which may have not been drawn on as frequently as they should be. The thing I love most about the book is the underlying theme that our life has purpose beyond just ourselves. It reminds us that we are intended to use our life experiences and learnings to bless, help, and nurture others. This is where true happiness and peace is found, beyond the gates of self-centered living and personal gratification. Thanks for sharing your depiction of this in such a wonderful read!”*

**- Kris Katseanes, Vice President of Ticket Sales and Service FC Dallas, and Family Friend.**

*"I am grateful that Hindsight entered my life in such an unexpected way and at a time that I did not even know I needed it. I've decided to take clear actions on what is next in my life, instead of floating down the river of life without any control. Most importantly, I will be at peace with the fact that I am responsible for every possible outcome and act accordingly. I will continue my learning journey and share with others what matters and when it matters. "We always win!" my friend, well done, and today you touched my heart and my life! THANK YOU!"*

**- Mert Cubukcuoglu, Founder of InvestorTech.**

*"Wrapped inside a storied collection of significant life moments, Hindsight captures the essence of what it means to live a truly fulfilled life through understanding that everything happens in our lives happens for us, not to us. Earl wonderfully captures your attention with powerful and relatable stories that mold into a blueprint for mapping out the secret to life; staying curious and always looking for growth and meaning from life's journey. A tremendous book to have on your shelf for the casual reader who loves a good story all the way through the person who finds themselves seeking meaning and guidance. Thank you for writing this book, Earl - you are leaving a legacy that will impact the world."*

**- Joey Martin, Co-founder and Managing Partner of Keeper Home Solutions, No Limit Holdings and life-long friend of Earl Waud.**

Excerpt from the book

# HINDSIGHT

The 7 Keys to Living Your Best Life

**Earl Waud**

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Edited by Madison Waud

Earl Waud

[earl@thehindsightbook.com](mailto:earl@thehindsightbook.com)

## **Dedication**

I would like to dedicate this book to the hundreds of mentors that I've studied with and learned from for more than fifty years. These Hindsights are as much yours as they are mine. Thank you all for inspiring me to be a better person. I love you all very much.

## Acknowledgement

Thank you to our Heavenly Father. Thank you for painting the full idea of this book into my mind while I was in an anesthesia induced dream. I love Thee very much.

Thank you to my gorgeous wife, Patti. Thank you for loving me for thirty years and counting. Thank you for inspiring me to be a better person for all these years so I can be a good husband. I love you very much.

Thank you to my beautiful daughters Alexis, Daniella, and Madison. Thank you for making me so proud. Thank you for inspiring me to be a better person so I can be a good dad. I love you very much.

Thank you to my amazing grandsons Dillon, Liam, Chaz, and Brayden. Thank you for reminding me how to have a child-like curiosity. Thank you for inspiring me to be a better person so I can be a good grandpa. I love you very much.

Thank you to my loyal dogs, past and present, Todd, Tigger, Samson, Finley, and Lucy. Thank you for always being excited to see me. Thank you for inspiring me to be a better person so I can be a better human for you. I love you very much.



## **A Free Gift for You**

I have created a special PDF of the 7 Hindsight that include daily actions and benefits, plus some other special bonuses.

I believe that they will help you to live your best life.

To get access to these free gifts, go to:

[www.thehindsightbook.com/bookbonus](http://www.thehindsightbook.com/bookbonus)

## **Please Post a Review**

If you enjoyed this book, please consider posting an honest review for it on your favorite book seller's website.

## Foreword

I was wrong. Happens. Happens a lot. I was wrong about Earl. Prejudging can be so wrong. I looked forward to Mexican food dinners with Earl every time I visited San Diego. It was fun learning technical stuff from a programmer who could see the big picture. But Earl isn't only about the techie stuff. He is more.

Earl is like the Renaissance Man, Leonardo Da Vinci. Scientist, writer, painter, gifted storyteller, personal development addict, dreamer... and goal achiever. It is easy to know our place in humanity. There are dreamers. There are visionaries that can see the future. And then there are the engineers who make it happen. Earl can do all of these. That doesn't seem fair.

In this book, Earl shares his life's lessons that shortcut our learning time to a happy life. We all love shortcuts. His heartfelt lessons and stories show us how to better design our lives. And the result? Of course, our lives will be better, but the true effect is in how our enhanced lives will lift others too. The legacy of Earl's sharing will be felt for generations.

**- Tom "Big Al" Schreiter, Author, Speaker, Trainer, Brain Science Decision Expert, Tom has written 40+ books, and spoken in over 100 countries around the world**

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## Prologue

Hello.

This is so exciting. I almost can't believe it's true. But it is. **You** are holding this book. **You** are reading these words. They told me it would happen, but I was so skeptical... at least until I held the first stone! So let me be the first to admit it. I was wrong, and they were right.

I wrote this book for **you**. Not you like the pool of the human population that reads books, but **YOU, you** specifically. **You**, the person looking at this page; the person reading these words. They told me I had to write this book because **you** needed to read it. That seemed so crazy the first time I heard it, but as they explained it, repeatedly I might add, it slowly made sense. I slowly began to believe it was possible. And now... today... right now... **you** are reading **YOUR** book, and I KNOW what they said is true.

This book... This is the sign **you've** been looking for.

## The Surgery

The doctor was talking.

“Don’t worry, Earl, this is a routine and completely safe procedure. We do these several times a day. The entire process will only take about an hour, and you will be asleep the entire time.”

I was a little nervous, but overall, not too worried. I wanted to get it over with so I could get out of this hospital gown. The doctor said, “Okay, let’s go over this one more time before we get started. First, what is your name?”

“Earl.”

“Good. Why are you here today?”

“I’m here for shoulder surgery.”

“Right again. Which shoulder?”

“My left one.”

“Good. We are planning to work on the right shoulder.”

He laughed a little at that. Then he said, “Can you tell me what it is we will do during the surgery?”

I said, “Aren’t you supposed to know?”

The doctor laughed again.

## *HINDSIGHT*

“We need to make sure we are on the same page before we start, so please tell me what we're doing today?”

“You are going to perform arthroscopic surgery on my left shoulder. You will make five small incisions, and within those incisions you will repair my torn tissue, clean up a couple of bone spurs and check to see how everything else looks in there.”

“Perfect. We are in agreement. Let's get started.”

The doctor told me to relax and then signaled the anesthesiologist who injected something into my IV. The doctor said, “That will take effect quickly. I want you to count backward for me from 100.”

I said, “Okay, 100... 99... 98... 97... 9...”

Everything became really foggy. I slurred out, “What number comes before 97...”

Somebody said, “96...”



## The Bureau of Hindsight

...96.

*What just happened?*

*Where am I?*

This is definitely not the hospital. I am standing in a dense fog on the sidewalk of a long city street. Tall buildings line both sides of the street, but I can't see them well because of the thick white fog. It is obscuring most of the buildings across the street, as well as the buildings to the left and right of me. Only the building directly in front of me is somewhat visible, as the fog thins slightly.

The building looks old. Not that it is run-down or in any way dilapidated. By old, I mean the style of the architecture. It is very ornate and has an old-school craftsmanship quality to it. As the fog thins more, I can make out the intricate sign that spans across two-thirds of the front of the building. The giant letters read "The Bureau of Hindsight." Below the sign is just the street address: "2020 Memory Lane."

I'm feeling confused and beginning to feel uneasy. *What's going on?* My shoulder isn't hurting, but I don't remember the surgery or anything after counting backward. *How did I get here? Where is here? Did something go wrong during the surgery? Oh, man! Did I*

*die?* My mind races, considering that possibility. After a few moments of panic, I discount the idea that I'm dead as a possibility. I don't feel dead and this doesn't feel like heaven... or the other place. I feel like me. I'm just not sure what happened or where I am. At least I am fully dressed and not standing here in the hospital gown I was wearing before with the "too much personal space" hanging out. I check and find I don't have my wallet, my phone, my car keys or anything else I usually carry. I decide to go into the building to find out where "this" is and see if I can use their phone to call someone to come and get me. I walk to the front of the building and push on the large revolving door curving my way inside.

Wow. It is beautiful inside. It kind of reminds me of the inside of Grand Central Station. There are giant columns along the walls, with ornate scroll-work and intricate light fixtures. The ceiling is at least five or maybe six stories high and painted with amazing works of art. But the entire place is almost empty. It looks like the only people here right now are myself and the person all the way across the lobby, standing behind the large reception desk. My feeling of uneasiness is really starting to grow. I start to walk toward the reception desk.

As I walk forward, I have the oddest sensation, like a warm breeze blowing over me, but there was no change in temperature, and actually no breeze either. Instead, I experience a flash of vivid memories. Three distinct moments from my past. The first was just as I crossed the finish line of my first full marathon. The second was when my youngest daughter, as a newborn baby, smiled at me for the first time. She had just been handed to my wife, and I said: "Smile if you know how beautiful you are." She did! The third memory was of when I had just finished speaking at a conference. I was wrapping up the question-and-answer segment when I got a text message. The message was an image of my

daughter holding my first published book. I had sent the final rewrite drafts to the publisher a few weeks earlier. I had no idea it had gone to print, and it completely surprised me seeing the image of the book in my daughter's hands.

Each memory seemed so real and fresh, like the event had just happened. All the emotions I felt at the time of those events also rushed into me. I felt great triumph crossing the finish line of my first marathon. I felt pure joy at the first smile from my daughter. That was followed by such a sense of accomplishment at seeing my first book in physical form. These emotions and the memories that triggered them were so strong and real, but all of it only lasted for a second or two. For a few heartbeats.

After the memories faded, all the uneasiness, confusion, and doubt I was experiencing melted away, and I just felt grateful. I suddenly felt certain I was in the right place, and that I needed to be here because it was for something big, something important. I continued across the lobby.

As I near the reception desk, I say, "Hello. I was wondering..."

The woman behind the desk had already looked up from the computer she had been focused on before my approach and immediately, but politely, interrupted me.

"Mr. Waud. Wonderful. You're here, and right on time. They've asked me to send you up as soon as you arrived. Please, use any of the elevators just down the hall to your right and go up to the twentieth floor."

I was surprised by the unexpected use of my name, and kind of froze. I'd like to think I recovered my composure quickly, but the look on my face and my long pause must have said otherwise. The receptionist smiled slightly at my mental confusion, and as a way of explanation, said, "Mr. Waud, you're at the Bureau of Hindsight.

You are here for an appointment that was set up on your behalf and a minute ago you were on time...”

I opened my mouth to speak, but before I could, she continued...

“Now, you are a minute late. So, please, take the elevators up to the twentieth floor without any further delay.”

I closed my mouth. I looked at her for a few seconds, and just before she was about to say more, I spoke, “Thank you.”

Turning toward the elevators, I thought to myself, *now, I have even more questions. Maybe I'll get some answers upstairs.*

The elevators were much like you would find in any large office building or high-end hotel. I pushed the single call button to summon an elevator, and one opened its doors immediately. I got in and pushed the button for the twentieth floor. I noted it was the top floor of the building as I did so. The doors shut, and the elevator ascended. I looked up at the digital floor indicator as it slowly counted up the numbers of each floor that the elevator car passed. As I watched, I thought about being asked to count backward as my surgery started.

The elevator doors opened to another reception area. This time, a man sat behind the desk. He spoke immediately.

“Oh good, Mr. Waud, you're here. Everyone else is already inside and waiting for you, so please go in straight away.”

He gestured to the large double wooden conference room doors and nodded as if to seek my agreement. *How do they know who I am? And why are they waiting for me?* My curiosity had become stronger than my confusion, and so I immediately did as he asked and went on into the conference room.

It was your typical office conference room. There was a large oval table with chairs placed around it. The tabletop was wood with the natural grain visible through the rich dark stain. The chairs were nice modern office chairs, the kind with mesh seats and backs. There was room for twelve people to sit at the table, but right now there were only three people seated on one side. The wall behind them, along the long side of the table, was filled with floor to ceiling windows. The windows were tinted but also had sun shades which were lowered about halfway. I could just make out the shapes of other office buildings beyond the windows.

My brief inspection of the room was interrupted by the man sitting at the end of the table nearest me. He said,

“Hello Earl. We are so glad you are here. Please sit down. We have so little time and so much to discuss.”

With his arm and hand, he pointed to the seat across the table from him, and again said, “Please.”

It seemed the right thing to do, so I walked toward the chair across from him to sit down. There was a row of small polished stones of various colors and sizes on the table in front of me.

“What are these?” I asked as I sat down.

“Those are your Hindsight stones. They will help you remember a few things. We’ll talk more about that shortly. First, let’s have introductions. We all know who you are, but you are probably wondering who we are, and what we are all doing here.”

I nodded in agreement, “Hindsight stones? What do you mean, they’ll help me remember things?”

I looked up from the stones, “Yes, I’m pretty confused and would like to know what’s going on. Where am I? Why am I here, and how do you all know me?”

The man across from me smiled and nodded. He said, "Yes. Yes. I will answer all of your questions. Please allow me, or rather allow us..."

He tilted his head toward the others seated to his right and continued,

"...to quickly explain everything and then if you still have questions, you can ask them then. It will be much quicker this way, and we really don't have a lot of time for our work today. Will that be okay?"

I replied, "Sure."

The man seated across the table from me began to explain. "My name is Trevor, and I am the Hindsight Advisor assigned to you. To my immediate right is Vincent. He is one of our best Stone Technicians. And to his right is Samantha. Sam is another Hindsight Advisor. You are at the Bureau of Hindsight. We are an organization whose mission is to help people when they need it the most. Today we are all working together to help someone special, and we need your help to do that."

I looked at the three people seated across the table from me. It appeared that Trevor was the oldest of the three. He was probably in his late fifties or early sixties. He was dressed in a very nice-looking three-piece suit, and had short black hair with a bit of gray on the sides. He had a pleasant and reassuring smile and demeanor. Vincent was much younger. I'd guess him to be in his mid-thirties. He was dressed more casually, had wavy blond hair and wore a pair of metal rimmed glasses. Samantha looked to be somewhere in between the other's ages. I'd guess her to be in her early forties. She had shoulder length straight black hair, and no glasses. I decided that I'd never met any of them before.

As I thought about what Trevor just said, I wanted to ask questions, and he sensed it. He raised his hand palm forward in a gesture that communicated that he wanted me to hold off asking my questions. He continued,

“The Bureau of Hindsight employs many methods when helping people. Ultimately, we help everyone at one time or another in their life, occasionally several times. Usually it is handled subtly, and those helped don’t know we were even involved. For example, sometimes people need to hear someone say the right thing at the right time. We make sure that they hear it. Other people need to have a specific experience to have an ‘aha’ moment. We engineer that experience. There are others who just need to read a book at the right time. We make sure they get that book even if it means that we have somebody write it. Sometimes it simply takes a flash of a memory to remind a person of something they already know. The kind of flash you experienced in the lobby earlier. Everybody learns what they need differently. On rare occasions, a much more direct approach is required, which is why you are actually HERE today!”

“Wait. Wait. Wait.” I interrupted. “Are you telling me you had something to do with the memories I had in the lobby a few minutes ago? The memories about my daughter... my first marathon... and my first book being published?”

Trevor smiled and said, “Yes. As hard as it may be to believe this, we have tools that help people remember events from their past. One such tool works remotely, without the need for direct contact with the person remembering. It is how we triggered your memories to help ease your fear and confusion. It is one of several non-invasive methods we use. Our goal was to help you stay calm and confident about being here today despite the extraordinary circumstance you were facing. It is usually quite effective.”

I shook my head, “No. No way. This must be some kind of crazy joke. Are there hidden cameras in here somewhere? Who are you really? Why are you doing this?” I stood up to leave.

Trevor quickly said, “Please, Earl. Let me finish explaining. It will make more sense and you’ll understand everything more clearly when I’m done. Please sit back down and let me continue. We really need your help.”

My mind was reeling. I paused for a few seconds to consider my options. This was such a weird situation, and I still had so many questions. I decided to hear him out. “Okay,” I said, and sat back down.

Trevor thanked me then continued. “The Bureau of Hindsight has been around for a long time, and we have some of the brightest minds working as part of our team. Like Vincent here.”

Vincent smiled and may have blushed a bit. Trevor went on, “We have developed a unique and powerful set of tools that we use to help people help themselves. However, sometimes our tools are not enough. Sometimes we need more than a special tool to get the job done. Occasionally we need to use one or more people outside of the Bureau to provide that perfect insight at the opportune moment when a person needs an idea, a boost to their self-image, inspiration, a plan, or whatever it is they need. Everyone needs help in their own unique way.”

Trevor paused to gauge my acceptance of his explanation. Satisfied that I was at least hearing him out, he continued.

“Today you are the person we need to use to deliver the insights required to help someone in their hour of need.”

I interrupted...

“So let me see if I am getting this straight. You... the bureau...”



I made air quotes with my fingers as I said, 'the bureau.'

"...help people at a critical time of their life, by using magic tools..."

Again, I made air quotes as I said the word 'tools.'

"...and sometimes you get others to influence the people you are helping so you can get them to do what you want."

My opposition to Trevor's explanation grew as I responded.

"I understand your disbelief, Earl."

Trevor consoled. "It is a fantastic concept that anyone hearing it for the first time would consider impossible, but I assure you we are who we say we are, and you're here because you are vital to delivering a message that is needed to help someone who is at a dangerous crossroad in their life."

"This is what the Bureau does. We help people at critical times in their life. We've helped you a few times, and we have been there to help several of the mentors from whom you've studied and learned many of your key life lessons."

"Really? You've helped me before? And you've helped my mentors? Like who?"

"Excellent question."

Before he answered, Trevor looked down at a tablet in front of him and quickly tapped the screen several times. I hadn't noticed the tablet before this moment. Then he said, "Perfect. Here are some examples you should be familiar with... Let's start with this one..."

"We enlisted the help of a young girl-scout selling cookies for the first time as she planned to visit the homes in her neighborhood. The young girl never knew that we needed her help, and that

we used her to transform someone through her interaction. All we did was let her remember a brief but happy conversation she had with the young man as their paths crossed, and she decided to ask him if he wanted to buy some of her cookies. She did the rest all on her own.

“She knocked on his door and give her best pitch, describing the cookies available and how the money goes to supporting her troop, and then she humbly asked for the sale. The delivery was perfect. So much so, it nearly brought tears to the eyes of the man who answered the door. You see, on this particular day, the young man did not have enough money to purchase even one box of cookies. Through his embarrassment, he made up a lie about having bought several boxes of girl scout cookies already and that he didn’t need any more at this time. The little girl accepted his lie as truth and sincerely thanked him for supporting the Girl Scouts, even if he didn’t buy the cookies from her.

“This event struck an emotional nerve in the young man and he reached a level of desperation for a change in his financial situation unlike any he had before experienced. The pain and embarrassment of not having the means to buy a single box of cookies and lying about it to the little girl-scout was more than he could bear. In a moment of clarity brought on by his pain and anger with his situation, he made a decision that forever changed his life. He decided in that moment he would never again be so financially destitute.

“A life can be completely changed in an instant when a true decision is made, and this single decision allowed him to be ready when the doors of opportunity opened to him in the form of meeting his future mentor. You probably already know that this young man was Jim Rohn. Jim Rohn went on to touch and influence millions of lives.”

I think my mouth was open as I looked at Trevor. I was trying to decide if I believed that what he just shared could possibly be the other side of the story I knew by heart from hearing Jim Rohn tell of that day in so many of his trainings. I knew Jim's story to be true, but I was trying to come to grips with the idea that the Bureau of Hindsight had a hand in making it happen. All I could say was, "Really?"

Trevor smiled and said, "Yes. Let me share another story with you."

He continued, "This one was an interesting cause-and-effect situation that required the Bureau to deliver a small nudge to influence a huge outcome. We barely had to do anything to make it all work out, which is often the case when someone is already on the right path, and just needs a little encouragement or self-confidence. The influence occurred while a young girl and her friends were together looking at magazines one evening. In one magazine, they found an article about an extravagant and expensive vacation destination.

"Our influence came in the form of a memory for one of the girls there, reminding her of a vacation she took with her family. That's all we had to do. She shared the story of her family vacation with her girlfriends, which led to the forming of an idea for the girls to take a trip together to the extravagant destination they saw in the magazine. The next morning at breakfast, the young girl, using her most charming persona, asked her father, Fred, for the money she would require for the trip. That request set the stage for our plan, and once the stage was set, we just needed the main player to show up.

"There was a salesman for the Brian Tracy seminar company who had booked a sales call at Janney Montgomery Scott, a

prestigious brokerage firm on wall street, which also happened to be where Fred worked. The trainer was the top salesman in the Brian Tracy company, and he had negotiated with Fred for several months to schedule a sales presentation for all the brokers at the firm. On the day of the presentation, an emergency came up that demanded his attention, and made him unable to go and deliver the presentation. When he called the office to arrange for someone else to go and make the presentation in his place, his call was so last minute that all the experienced salespeople that worked for the seminar company were already booked or otherwise unavailable. Which left only one person who could make the sales call that day.

“The ‘Kid.’ A 19-year-old novice sales woman named Niurka, who, as of yet, had not pitched to a major account. Still, the young sales woman was motivated and had been preparing for such an opportunity. Niurka’s mindset was positive and enthusiastic, and she planned to make the most of her first real shot since joining the company.

“She showed up and explained to Fred that she was there to deliver the presentation. Fred hesitantly agreed to let her present to his team of more than 150 brokers. Niurka gave the presentation her all. She delivered the content with passion and enthusiasm. As she presented the benefits of the seminar to the brokers in the room, Fred began to make mental correlations between her and his daughter.

“His daughter, who that very morning asked him for a lot of money for a girl’s trip. His daughter who had been asking him for money a lot lately. For this trip, for a car, for a new wardrobe. His daughter who was not employed and didn’t seem to have any real intention to become so. He contrasted his daughter with what he was seeing. Niurka, a young woman about the same age as his

daughter. A young woman working hard. Working with passion. Honestly, not doing a very good job of presenting, but still she was impressing him with her determination and courage. She finished presenting and tried to close the sale with the brokers by simply saying, "How many of you want to go to the seminar?" No one responded, so she asked again, "How many of you want to go to the seminar?"

"Fred was mesmerized by the combination of how badly she was closing the room, and her faith and determination to be successful. With the contrast between her and his daughter in his mind, he quickly made a decision. He decided he would help Niurka close the sale to his brokers, and he did just that. He got all of them to sign up for the seminar. Then he wrote a testimonial letter of recommendation for her and called up every other Janney Montgomery Scott brokerage to get her into every single office. This huge win became the cornerstone of Niurka's confidence and encouraged her to continue to develop and grow into an influential success trainer and mentor who has impacted and improved the lives of millions of people all over the world."

"Again, I was amazed to hear how this story came to be. I had heard Niurka tell the story from her perspective on the stage of the Success Symposium in Los Angeles back in 2005. Her presentation at that event was the stand out presentation of a full day of big time leadership mentors delivering their best content. Her thirty plus minutes on stage that day left a lifetime impression on me and the other thirty-seven thousand people in the audience. Once again, all I could say was, "Really?"

And again, Trevor smiles, "Yes." Then he says, "I've got one more story to share with you if you'll let me."

"Sure, please do."

Trevor begins the third story. “Many years ago, a young magazine reporter was sent to interview an extraordinarily wealthy businessman. The interview proceeded along well and after about three hours, the businessman had a notion that the young reporter might be just the person he was looking for to carry out a major new project he was planning.”

I thought the beginning of this story seemed familiar.

Trevor continues, “The wealthy businessman asked the reporter if he would like to continue the interview at his home over the weekend. The reporter agreed. For the next three days, the reporter and the businessman talked. The discussions far exceed the expectations of the reporter’s need for the article he was sent to gather data for. The businessman was revealing a lifetime of lessons he had learned, lessons which had led to his success and his vast fortune. On the evening of the third day, the businessman had concluded that this reporter was in fact, the ideal man to handle what was to become one of his most important projects.

“That project being to interview the top leaders and businessmen of the time and collect their personal and professional life lessons like he had just shared his own with the reporter. The goal was to capture and preserve this vast treasure of knowledge. The businessman knew that the valuable information on success that each of the key people possessed would be lost when their time on earth came to a close. He wanted someone to capture the information before it was too late, and to distill it down into a written resource that others could use and follow to achieve success in their own lives.”

I knew this story and had heard and read it many times. But I let Trevor continue uninterrupted.

“The businessman wanted to be certain that the reporter was the man he had been searching for. This is where the Bureau

comes into the story. As the weekend had progressed, the businessman was sharing the secrets of his unequalled success. We highlighted key times in his life where a decision was made that led to a victory, and each of the highlights were focused on times he made the decision swiftly. With this emphasis on making decisions fast, the businessman concluded that if the reporter could make a major life decision quickly, that he was surely the man for the job.

“He prepared for the test by stealthily getting out his stopwatch and, unbeknown to the reporter, prepared to time how long it took him to make a big decision. With the influence from the Bureau of Hindsight, the businessman was prepared to give the reporter exactly 60 seconds to deliver an answer and no more. If he responded in the affirmative in 60 seconds or less, he will have passed the final test.”

I smiled. I knew the outcome of the test, but I was enjoying hearing Trevor tell the story from a new perspective. He sensed that I knew the story and smiled as he continued.

“The businessman asked the reporter: ‘Would you dedicate the rest of your life to in an idea for which you would probably receive no material compensation for at least 20 years?’ and then started his stopwatch. The reporter sat quietly, thinking about the question that had just been asked of him by one of the richest men in the world. Tick tick tick... the stopwatch was counting the seconds. The rest of his life. Tick tick tick... No material compensation. Tick tick tick. His mind reeling, the reporter asked himself ‘How?’ ‘What?’ ‘Why?’ This is when the Bureau impressed upon him ‘decide swiftly!’ The reporter’s mind cleared. He looked into the eyes of the businessman and said with confidence and conviction, ‘YES.’ The businessman pressed the button on the stopwatch and looked

down at it. It had taken the reporter only 25 seconds to decide. He had passed the test.

“The businessman, Andrew Carnegie, had just decided that Napoleon Hill was going to get the project to create one of the first guides for success. Carnegie provided introductions to more than 100 of the top people in industry, business, and finance. Hill interviewed them, collected, and distilled their lessons for success from which he created the multi volume *Law of Success* series, which was later further distilled down into the best-selling book *Think and Grow Rich*.”

I laughed and said, “I know it well. I’ve read that book several times.” I pause. “This all sounds incredible. It does match stories I know from my mentors. I am starting to consider the possibility that what you are saying is true, but honestly, I’m still far from convinced. These stories may be just that, elaborate tales mixed with just enough known facts to make them believable to me.”

Trevor said, “I’m sorry... I’m doing a poor job of explaining this and convincing you that we need your help.”

I blurted out, “You sure are!” A little more forcefully than I intended.

Vincent laughed and said, “I told you he would need a demonstration.”

Trevor smiled and said, “You’re right, as usual. Let’s go ahead and give it a try.”

Vincent became noticeably excited. He said, “I like this part. Earl, I made these Hindsight stones for you. The first one will show you the same memories you experienced earlier in the lobby. The only way to really understand that the Hindsight stones are real and are the helpful tools we say they are is to experience one. We



hope doing so will convince you that all of this, the Bureau, the stones, and our need of your help is true. Are you willing to try it?"

I didn't respond right away, so Vincent continued.

"You have nothing to fear. Everyone says the experience, although intense, is actually very pleasant. It will only last a few seconds and when it's done, you can decide if you believe us or not."

I thought about it and then said, "Okay. Let's get this over with. What do I have to do?"

Vincent said, "Just pick up that first stone." He pointed to one of the stones in front of me.

## **My First Hindsight Stone**

Vincent told me it will take a few seconds to work. They positioned the stone as the leftmost one in the row on the table. It was smaller than all the rest, roughly the size of a small olive. As far as I could tell, it was perfectly round. It was a deep blue color, maybe it was a sapphire, but I wasn't sure. Nervously, I picked up the stone. As I picked it up, the weight of it surprised me. The stone was much heavier than I would have guessed. It felt like it weighed about the same as a baseball. Its weight really felt odd for its size. But the oddness of its weight was nothing compared to the weird sensation of holding it. If you have ever touched one of these plasma globes at a novelty store in the mall, the kind where small beams of electricity leap up to meet your fingertips where you touch the glass, then you can imagine what it felt like. Holding the stone caused that same kind of buzz or vibration where it touched my skin.

Vincent said, "It works best if you close your eyes, take a deep breath, and relax."

I did as he recommended. Almost immediately after I closed my eyes, the memories flooded in. Just as Vincent had explained, the memories were the same ones I had experienced earlier in the lobby. However, this time, they were much more intense, more

vivid, and sharp. Like seeing them in 4K high definition with digital Dolby surround sound. Beyond the clarity, this time the memories were much more detailed. It was as if all of my senses were fully engaged, just like I was back there in the moment. I could see details I knew were correct, but I had long since forgotten about.

I remember the exact race clock time - 7 hours, 6 minutes, and 23 seconds, that displayed as I crossed the finish line. I remember thinking about how it took me a long time to reach the starting line when the race began and wondering if I finished in less than 7 hours with that factored in. I learned later that my official time was 7 hours and 56 seconds. I remember I was wearing new running clothes from *Road Runner Sports*. I had on a red short-sleeve shirt, black running pants, a *Road Runner* hat, and my *New Balance* running shoes. I was also wearing a new *Garmin GPS* watch I purchased specifically for the race. I remembered the *Reebok* and *Coke Zero* signs on the fence leading up to the finish. I remember the big 'Tylenol-8-hour' ad on the finish line banner and I remember thinking I will need some of that as soon as possible.

I could hear everything as though I was living it again. The sound of my own labored breathing, the clapping of the remaining crowd along the fence leading to the finish line, the encouragements from the race workers shouting 'you are almost there' and 'you've got this' and the one I remembered most from the actual day... 'you are a finisher.' I could smell things like the ripeness seven continuous hours of exercise can bring to your body, and the sports drink I had spilled trying to drink while in motion. I could feel everything. The ache in my entire body, but especially in the muscles of my legs. I felt the pain in my toes. I could even feel the perspiration trickling down my neck.

I was about ten yards from the finish line and I felt the burst of emotion from knowing I would make it. The surge of energy to

push as hard as I could for the final few steps. I didn't think I had any reserves, but I found a tiny bit of boost and upped my pace a fraction. No one else could have even discerned the difference in speed, but I knew I was moving faster. I was a finisher, and I was about to cross the finish line of my first full marathon. 26.2 miles. I could see the race worker just beyond the finish, handing out the finisher medals to the few racers left crossing ahead of me, and I knew I would get my medal in just a few more steps.

I saw the photographer a few yards beyond the finish line too, and knew he would take my picture as I crossed the finish threshold. I raised my arms in the Rocky pose as I stomped on the timing mat of the finish line and I whispered to myself, "I did it." I tried to say it louder, but my emotions broke and it came out more like a sob. The tears came as I repeated, "I did it," several times. I continued forward, to the worker handing out the medals, and managed to say, "I did it. I'm a finisher"

She said, "I know. Great job," as she handed me my medal. As I placed the medal around my neck, the memory faded, but I felt the emotions for a little longer. Then, as the emotions faded too, I had a renewed sense of confidence and certainty in myself. I know I am a finisher. I know that when I decide to accomplish something, no matter how big that something might be, that I can and will see it to the end. I am a finisher. Remembering that gave me a strong feeling of gratitude.

There was barely enough time for that last thought to cross my mind when the next memory started. My wife Patti and I are sitting in the hospital room where the newborn incubators are operated. We are near the end of the room in an area separated from the incubators by a floor to ceiling curtain. It is mostly quiet, except for the sound of the machines used for the incubators. One of the nurses brings in Madison, our miracle baby, born seven weeks

premature, and hands her to Patti so she can hold her and go through the steps of breastfeeding. The exercise is intended to jump-start the breastfeeding process for both mom and daughter.

Madison is still less than a week old and having entered the world seven weeks early, assured that neither mom nor daughter are ready for breastfeeding. Before they start on that task, Patti is just holding Madison and gently rocking her in the rocking chair. It is a quiet and calm moment that both Patti and I are drinking in. Madison seems so tiny and fragile, but at the same time, she looks so beautiful. So much so that I softly say, "Smile if you know how beautiful you are." Immediately in response, Madison gives the cutest little smile, and Patti and I burst into laughter. We are both exhausted and everything has been so serious for the past few days that the timing of Madison's smile response is just the levity we need and we enjoy it completely.

We continue to laugh for several minutes. When our composure returns, and the room falls mostly quiet again, I feel such joy and happiness about our new baby girl. What I had forgotten over time from those emotional moments that I now remember so clearly is how grateful I felt. Grateful that Madison is healthy despite the premature delivery. Grateful that Patti is healthy and past the very challenging pregnancy she had just endured. Grateful that we could all be together and share such a wonderful laugh that I knew would be remembered and shared for the rest of our lives.

As the memory of that first smile and the happiness and gratitude it created subsides, the next memory comes into focus. I am standing with my co-speaker peers just outside the conference hall doors. We are answering the questions asked by a few remaining audience members who had just attended our presentation. I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket. It was on silent for the

presentation. I waited until we had satisfied the questioners, answering what seemed like an unusually large number of questions. I excused myself from my friends and pulled out my cell phone. The notification was for a text message from my wife, Patti.

Happily, I opened up the message app to see what she had to say. Instead of a text message, I was greeted with a photo of my daughter. She was holding copies of a book in one hand and pointing to them with the other. She had a big smile. I didn't realize what books she was holding until a few seconds later. It was the first printed copies of MY new book. It had been published and the publisher and sent me the hard copies I was promised. I had sent the final draft off to them a few weeks earlier, but did not know that it was published and that it had already gone to print.

It had taken me six months of writing and editing nearly every single day to complete the drafts and I had such a feeling of relief when I submitted the final draft that I had mentally disconnected from the work and didn't really give the book much more thought after getting confirmation from the publisher that they received the last draft. I was completely surprised. My friends asked what was happening when I started laughing so loud. I could barely stop smiling long enough to share the exciting news. One of my friends had written the foreword for the book, and he was nearly as excited by the news as I was. We executed a big swing hand shake that turned into a bro hug, and then we both laughed about it.

Once again, the emotions of the moment flooded into my mind and body and I felt the same sense of accomplishment that I did on the day I received the text message. I was proud of what I had done, thinking that just six months earlier, I was completely unsure that I could successfully write a book. And now, I could see the physical proof that I not only could write a book, but that I did it. Once again, I was a finisher. I am a confident, grateful, finisher

of big goals. It felt fantastic to remember that. To know that with certainty.

The stone induced memory replay ended and the third memory faded from my mind.

I opened my eyes. I wiped away tears as I placed the stone back on the table. All three of them were staring at me and smiling, eager to hear my response to holding my first hindsight stone.

Samantha was the first to speak.

“What are your Hindsight?” She asked excitedly.

Trevor spoke next, saying to Sam, “Give the man a minute to process what just happened before you hit him with questions.” Then saying to me, “We know the experience can be overwhelming. Take as much time as you need to process it.”

He smiled again.

After about a minute, I whispered, “I’m convinced. You’re telling the truth. Oh my gosh, you’re telling the truth!”

I paused again to collect my thoughts some more, and then speaking fast, said, “I want to do it again. I want to go back and see my mom and my dad. I want to go back and see my wedding day again. Oh, and I want to see my brother again. And how about the lunches I used to have with my daughter Alexis when we worked together? I want to see...”

Vincent interrupted my excited stream of requests, laughing and said, “We get pretty much that same reaction and the same requests every time someone experiences their first Hindsight stone.”

Trevor said, “Unfortunately, our system doesn’t work that way. We only review the memories that are needed to elicit specific ideas and feelings as required to help those in need.”

I said, “Then I NEED to see these memories again.”

Trevor smiled and said, “Earl, you’re not the one in need today.”

I looked at him, confused.

Samantha said, “You’re here today because we need your help. Or more accurately, there is someone in particular who needs your help. You are here today so you can help us help someone else.”

I paused in mid-thought and then said, “What? I’m here to help someone else? Who am I here to help?”

Samantha tells me **your name** and tells me **you’re** the one in need and that today is all about **you**. Then she tells me she is the advisor assigned to **your** case and that I am at the bureau today because we are working on **your** case, not mine.

All this does is raise more questions in my mind, which I immediately start asking... “Then why are you showing me these memories? Why do you need MY help? What do you want me to do?”

Samantha answered, “We want you to write a book.”

Then she told me that specifically, the Bureau wants me to write a book for **you**. Samantha continued, “We want you to write a book of your Hindsight so **they** can use it as a reminder.”

“A reminder?”

She said it will be a reminder for **you** of lessons **you** already know but are not remembering right now. And it is very important



that **you** remember and keep the lessons in the forefront of **your** mind to be successful. I asked Samantha, “What do you mean by a book of Hindsight?”

She said, “That is an excellent question. You’ve heard the phrase ‘hindsight is 20/20,’ right? It means that when you look back on an event, you can see clearly the obvious significance and truth that you didn’t see at the time the event was occurring. We want you to write about your Hindsight.”

“If you can make people remember, why not just have them remember on their own?”

Samantha said everyone learns in their own unique way. In this case we need a book, because it is how the person we are helping learns.

I then ask Samantha, “Why do you want ME to write this book?”

She responds, “It turns out you have learned all the lessons needed for the book. You already know what they need. All you have to do is remember the lessons, write them out in book form, and get the book published.”

She told me that once I publish the book, **you** will find it and read it, and it will be just the thing **you** need to help **you** on **your** path to success. It is sort of like a ‘if you build it, they will come’ kind of thing. If I write it, **you** will read it.

I say to Trevor, “But I write technical books.”

He smiles and then says, “We know. We’ve been trying to get you to write this book for a couple of years, and you keep writing technical books instead. We couldn’t wait any longer and that’s why we brought you here this time, to make sure you understand exactly what we need you to do.”

I ask Vincent, “Tell me again what a hindsight is?”

Vincent says, “A Hindsight is a lesson you glean from reviewing the memories of past events. Does that make sense?”

“I think so?”

He could tell by the tone of my reply and the look on my face that I didn’t really understand. He said, “Maybe you will understand better if we walk through the memories you just experienced as you were holding the Hindsight stone.

“Start by sharing with us the feelings and emotions that the memories evoked.”

“Okay. The first memory was of finishing my first full marathon. I remembered crossing the finish line and feeling an overwhelming sense of success and accomplishment. But most of all, I felt grateful for having made it to the finish. There were many times in the race where I thought I couldn’t go any farther. My mind would start thinking up reasons why it was okay to just quit, but for every negative thought, another positive thought would come to cancel out the quitter thought. For example, the thought of why I ran the race in the first place, or when I practiced on a rainy day, or when my best friend said he wanted to do the race with me. I was so grateful that I didn’t quit. That I didn’t let the challenge beat me. That I was a finisher! In the instant that I crossed the finish line, I knew I could do anything if I believed in myself and didn’t quit. Even in my exhaustion and pain, I was so grateful for that lesson.”

All three of them smiled. Vincent said, “That is wonderful. That is the basis of a real Hindsight. Tell us about the next memory.”

Encouraged by the praise, I continued, “The second memory was of my daughter Madison’s first smile. Let me give you some back story... Madison was born premature by seven weeks. My

wife, Patti, had a very rough pregnancy that included blood clots that required blood thinner injections, gestational diabetes that required insulin injections, and ultimately preeclampsia that threatened the life of both her and Madison. The doctors were unsure if either could survive a full-term pregnancy. Fortunately for us, Madison came early. Seven weeks early, in fact. Normally this would be a terrible thing, and it was a scary situation for us. Miraculously, it worked out wonderfully. The premature birth saved the lives of both Madison and Patti. It turns out that the challenges of the pregnancy caused Madison to develop at a faster rate than is typical. So, when she was born, there were very few side effects of her premature birth.

“Patti was holding our new miracle baby, and we were both looking at her. I thought she was so beautiful and said, ‘Smile if you know how beautiful you are.’ Right on cue, she smiled, and Patti and I laughed out loud for several minutes. That laughter provided a release to all the fear and worry that I was holding onto over the whole situation. It allowed me to step back and appreciate just how blessed we were. I was awash with gratitude that Madison was just fine despite being born so many weeks early, that Patti was already fully recovered from her challenges, with no more diabetes, blood clots, or preeclampsia. All of her challenges faded away within just a few days of giving birth. My heart was filled with gratitude and all my fear and stress melted away.”

Samantha said, “That is a beautiful memory. Thank you for sharing it. And it builds on your Hindsight. I think you are almost there... please tell us about your third memory.”

“The third memory was of when I learned that my first book had been published. To make a long story short, I was surprised by how quickly it went from ‘submitting the final draft’ to being ‘in

print and available for sale.' The surprise quickly morphed into gratitude."

I smiled, seeing the connection between the three memories, and then continued, "I was so grateful for the opportunity to write a book and have it published, for having the physical evidence that when I decide to do something big, that I will see it through to completion. That I am a finisher. I was so grateful for the confidence and certainty that the publishing of my book created within me, and to the feeling that I was able to create something of value to benefit others."

I looked at Samantha and said, "I understand. My Hindsight from these memories is gratitude."

She smiled and said, "Exactly. Now think about the gratitude you felt in the moments you have remembered. Tell us, what did feeling gratitude do for you?"

I closed my eyes and remembered each of the events I had just relived. I said, "The gratitude I felt at the finish of the marathon gave me confidence and certainty. It eased the physical pain I was experiencing, or at least took my focus off of the pain which accomplished the same thing. It validated and locked-in my new and improved sense of self-worth and belief in myself. The gratitude I felt when my daughter smiled at me the first time took away my feelings of fear and worry. It allowed me to release the stress I was experiencing. It amplified my feeling of love for my daughter and my wife. For everything."

I was surprised by the realization that gratitude was an amplifier for the feeling of love. I smiled at my audience, and they smiled back. I continued, "The gratitude I felt when my book was published strengthened my confidence. It allowed me to enjoy a sense of pride of accomplishment, it made me feel happy."

I take a deep breath and look at the three people sitting across the table from me and then down at the hindsight stones.

Just then, the receptionist from outside the conference room brings in a tray with some Earl Grey tea sweetened with Stevia sweetener, and says, "Just the way you like it."

"How do you know that?"

"This is the Bureau of Hindsight... we know everything." He smiles as he turns to leave the room.

I stare at him as he walks out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Trevor begins talking, saying *your name* ... "needs your help... they are about to face their toughest challenge yet... You know you've wanted to write another book. Well, now is the time. We need you to write your book for them so that they can have a guide to gain the Hindsight they need to be successful in their challenge."

"We have been working with a lot of very special people to prepare you for writing this particular book. We have helped them in their time of need by sending them special "agents," just like you, so they could provide you with all the Hindsight you need to write this book."

"Let's talk a bit about what you are going to do with the rest of your time here, and what you need to include in your book."

I nodded and said, "Sounds good."

He continued, "You are going to experience all seven of your Hindsight stones like you have just done with the first one. Each stone will allow you to review the memories that helped you define the lessons you have learned and benefited from throughout

your life. After each stone, you can share the highlights of the memories with us to help you clarify the Hindsight they represent. This will give you all the data you need to write the book. Do you understand so far?"

Again, I nodded, affirming my understanding.

Trevor continued. "Then comes the fun part. After you leave the Bureau, it will be time for you to write. Your new book should include the experiences you remember from each stone you use today, including the first one you just held. The memories of each stone should be followed by your definition of the Hindsight associated with its memories. Then you can share the benefits that you gained by living that Hindsight. You'll round that out with some general examples of how you've lived the Hindsight." He pauses for a moment, then asks, "Do you have any questions about what should go into the book?"

I shake my head. "I don't think so, at least not right now."

Trevor says, "Perfect."

## Hindsight 1: I Am Grateful

Vincent says, “Let’s continue. What does it mean to you to be grateful?”

I repeat the question aloud, giving myself more time to think of an answer.

“What does being grateful mean to me?”

One by one, I look at the three people seated across from me and I ponder how to answer the question. Still stalling, I say, “That’s a big question.” After a few more seconds, I answer, “Okay. For me, being grateful begins anew each day. Every day as I wake up, even before I open my eyes, I give thanks for another day of life.”

After a brief pause, I continue, “I remember someone at a New Year’s Eve party answering the question ‘What is the new year going to bring for you?’ by saying ‘365 new opportunities.’ I thought his answer could have been amended to ‘365 new opportunities to be grateful.’

“It doesn’t matter if you are living your best life, or struggling through your worst, you need to be grateful for another day that you woke up. Being grateful means being thankful for the good and the bad things in life. It’s easy to be thankful for good fortune and

circumstances. It is harder to be thankful when things are not going your way. But you still have to be grateful. In fact, it is even more important to be grateful when things are going badly. Count your blessings. There are lessons you can learn in those situations, and you must be grateful for the opportunity to learn those lessons. It is times like those that you have the biggest opportunity for growth. It's a chance to gain some new knowledge or insight that can move you towards the good again. That usually only comes if you are grateful for everything. Being grateful during the tough times will move you to the good times more quickly. And when you get really good at this, you will realize that all the times are good times."

I pause again to collect my thoughts on gratitude and then continue, "Being grateful means appreciating the people in your life. Realizing how important the connections with them are to your wellbeing. You should even be grateful for the people with whom your relationship is not so good. Know that some people come into your life only for a season, and it is usually to teach you a lesson. Be grateful for those lessons and the people who teach them to you.

"Show the people in your life that you are grateful for them. Let them know you appreciate them. Tell them you love them. You really never know if you will have another chance to tell someone you love them. Never pass up an opportunity to say I love you.

"Be grateful for who **you** are. There is no one else who can be a better **you**, than **you**. Be grateful for the person **you** see when **you** look in the mirror. Love that person. God doesn't make mistakes. **You** are who **you** should be at this moment. Don't waste time comparing **yourself** to others. Such comparisons only damage **your** self-image. No one is perfect, and everyone can become better. The only person **you** should try to be better than is the



person who **you** were yesterday. Be grateful that life has conspired to give **you** all the experiences that have led up to today, and made **you** into **you**. Then be grateful for the opportunity to be a better **you** tomorrow.

“Being grateful means really appreciating all that you have, even when pursuing other things, you want. There are no guarantees that you will always have what you have now. Being grateful means that you really know this and appreciate what you have right now.

“Of course, you should be ever grateful for what you have, but you also need to be grateful for the things that are yet to come. Express gratitude for what you know you want, and for what you don’t yet know that you want, well before it shows up in your life. Being grateful for the things you want attunes you to the vibrational frequency you need to manifest your desires. A mentor of mine, the late Zig Ziglar, used to say, ‘The more you express gratitude for what you have, the more you will have to express gratitude for.’”

Samantha says, “I like that quote.” Then she asks, “So, what are some benefits you’ve experienced by being grateful?”

I look at her as I consider the question, and then respond, “Being grateful in the morning puts me in a good mood for the whole day. I am happier and more optimistic. The expectation of my day going right lets me feel more confident. On the other end of the day, when I am grateful at night, I’m calmer and at peace. I sleep better, and it confirms that my day was successful.”

Samantha smiles and nods. Then she tells me, “Those are all excellent benefits, and I’m sure you could share a lot more. However, since we don’t have a lot of time here today, I’d like to suggest an alternative. Would that be okay?”

I nod in agreement, and she continues, “When you are actually writing the book, for each Hindsight you write about, include a much more detailed list of the benefits that you have experienced, or that you know can be experienced by having gratitude. Providing such a list will be a benefit of its own, both to you and to your book’s readers. Are you okay with doing that?”

Again, I nod in agreement, “Yes. I like that idea and I’ll do exactly that. I’ll include a list of benefits for each Hindsight. Thanks for suggesting it.”

Samantha asks me another question, “I know you’ve already mentioned some, but what are some ways you’d recommend to practice gratitude?”

I share with her, and the others at the table, ways I’ve found to be grateful. “As I mentioned earlier, I start every day being grateful. Grateful to my Heavenly Father for another day, and for all of my blessings.

“Let gratitude be your first thought upon waking up every morning. Let gratitude be your last thought before falling asleep each night. These book ends of gratefulness will have a powerful, transformative effect on your life. If you do nothing else, this simple practice will bring forth many of the benefits I list in this book.”

“What are some things you, or anyone for that matter, can be grateful for?” Samantha asks.

“That is an excellent question. Foremost, be grateful for each and every day. We woke up today. So, we’ve already got a check mark in the wins column. Be grateful for your health. Even if you are not in perfect health, be grateful for what part of you is healthy and practice gratitude for the health that will return to your body

in the future. Express gratitude for that health as though you already have it.

“Be grateful for each of your relationships. Each one is precious and can be fleeting. Don’t take your relationships for granted. Really feel gratitude for having people in your life. Also, be grateful for past relationships, and for those yet to be. Even though my parents and brother died many years ago, I am still grateful for them. I am so grateful for the time I had with them. I am grateful for my wife, my daughters, and my grandchildren. I am grateful for the grandchildren still to come, and for their children, and on and on. I am grateful for my friendships. Present, past, and future. These relationships have touched my life in one way or another and helped to shape my life. They all have contributed to who I am today, and I am grateful for their contributions.

“I am grateful for timing. There are some things in my life that I wish would happen sooner, and some things that I wish wouldn’t happen so soon. When I get that feeling, I remember to be grateful that everything happens when it should. For example, I met the woman who became my wife at the exact right moment, a time when we were both ready for each other to come into our lives.

“An example where I initially felt something happened too soon was when I had to say goodbye to a beloved pet. It was way too soon for me, but looking back, I am grateful for the timing. We had nearly fifteen years of loyal friendship and love from our Tigger dog, and it was the right time for her. It was time to ease her pain.

“I am grateful for my wins and my lessons. I was grateful that I had landed a great job after being laid off. But I am also grateful for being laid off. I learned a lot of lessons from that single event. There have been others like it. I was once in a four-car pileup on

the freeway. I am grateful for that. It is easy to be grateful for it, because I walked away from that crash with only minor bumps and bruises. And no one else was seriously injured in that accident either. Our cars could be replaced but the really important things, the people in the cars cannot. Several families could have had a much worse day that day, and I'm very grateful that everyone was okay. That accident reminded me how precious life is and how no one is guaranteed a tomorrow.

"I am grateful for the bounty that life has provided, and all that is yet to come. I've worked hard and had a lot of good fortune in my life. It's easy to forget to be grateful for such abundance and take it for granted. I strive to not let that happen. I try to remember to be grateful for all blessings that life has graciously doled out upon me. I am blessed and highly favored.

"I am also grateful for the endless opportunities in life. There are boundless opportunities around us every single day. Our brains usually filter out most of these opportunities, but when you are grateful for opportunity, you tune into the possibilities and more opportunities become visible to you.

"While I was freaked out earlier when I arrived here at the Bureau, a feeling that continued until I held the Hindsight stone, I am actually grateful to be here now. I know that this is a unique opportunity and I expect some amazing things happening because I'm here."

Everyone smiled. Samantha said, "Earl, you are so right."

I smiled again and continued, "Be grateful for the hundreds of little things that happen every day. Things most people don't even usually notice. You should be grateful for warm sunshine on a cool day or a cool breeze on a hot one. You should be grateful for the rainy days as well. Be grateful for the change in seasons. Be

grateful for a friendly smile or cheerful hello offered by anyone you encounter, stranger or friend. Be grateful for a familiar song that comes on the radio or the sound of a bird chirping in your backyard in the morning. Be grateful for the person who lets you merge on to the freeway or lets you go ahead of them in a line. Be grateful for someone saying 'bless you' when you sneeze. Be grateful for the green lights when you are running late, and the perfect parking spot when you arrive at your destination. Be grateful for an inspiring quote you hear in a talk or movie. Be grateful for an interesting story in a book your reading. Be grateful when you see a cute dog or cat. Be grateful when you see a butterfly flitting around from one place to another. Be grateful for a delicious meal or tasty treat. Be grateful for your grandparents, or your parents, or your siblings, or your children. Be grateful for your neighbors and coworkers. Be grateful that you have a job or that you own your own business. Be grateful for your customers and every transaction, no matter how small. Be grateful for a cool drink of water, or a nice sip of Earl Grey tea."

"Gratitude is the key to unlocking **your** best life. Gratitude is a must, and there are so many things to be grateful for that **you** could spend every minute of every day being grateful. Now that would be an amazing way to be."

All three of my new friends smiled and nodded in agreement at that statement.

## The Benefits of Having Gratitude

*“The Universe provides abundantly when you’re in a state of gratefulness” -Wayne Dyer*

Gratitude gives you peace of mind, spirit, and body.

Gratitude opens the door to more and better relationships.

Gratitude strengthens your physical health.

Gratitude makes you happier.

Gratitude enhances empathy and reduces aggression.

Gratitude allows you to sleep better.

Gratitude expands your energy levels.

Gratitude increases self-esteem.

Gratitude upgrades your countenance.

Gratitude fosters mental strength.

Gratitude creates hope.

Gratitude opens the door for receiving.

Gratitude makes you feel good.

Gratitude brings a sense of calmness.

Gratitude vanquishes complaining.

Gratitude keeps you humble.

Gratitude fosters a positive mental attitude.

Gratitude supports creativity.

Gratitude is the intellectual, emotional, and spiritual reset button.

Gratitude connects you with the Divine.

Gratitude raises your vibration instantly and effortlessly.

Gratitude creates space for incredible quantum leaps and manifestations.

Gratitude puts a smile on your face.

Gratitude gives you confidence.

Gratitude increases optimism.

Gratitude makes you less materialistic.

Gratitude improves your mental health.

Gratitude makes you less self-centered.

Gratitude extends your life expectancy.

Gratitude strengthens resiliency.

Gratitude increases your success.

Gratitude is the key to living your best life.

## My Second Hindsight Stone

Trevor said, “You’ve really done a great job of sharing your first Hindsight, gratitude, but as you may have already surmised, there are several more Hindsights you need to remember in order to have all the data you need to complete your next book.”

I glance down at the seven Hindsight stones aligned in a row in front of me and reply, “Yes, and I guess I need six more to complete the set,” and smile at my new friends. They each smile back. I ask, “So what’s next? Do I just pick up another stone and start remembering events from my past?”

Trevor chuckles, “Yep. You will pick up each of the stones and relive the corresponding memories. After each stone, we will ask you to share the highlights of the memories and identify the Hindsight they clarify for you. Are you ready for the next stone?”

I think for a moment, “Can you tell me what the Hindsight is for each stone before I pick it up? You know, so I can watch for clues as I remember.”

This time, Vincent answers my question. “We have tried the process both ways many times, and have learned that allowing you to divine the Hindsight yourself, as you experience the memories, provides a much deeper impression of the Hindsight. It will



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