

THE MAGIC STORY

The secret of being
what you have it
within you to be.

plus a Very Important Key



THE MAGIC STORY

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TESTIMONIALS

“The first time I read The Magic Story I was fascinated by the two entities in a person. I had felt for a long time that there was a stronger person inside of me just waiting to be expressed. After reading The Magic Story, it gave me a new insight to see how I was holding myself back from expressing my creativity, my Better Self. Since two things cannot hold the same space at the same time, it makes sense to me now, how I can either express my confidence or my insecurity, and people respond to whichever expression I choose. “ ~ Steven Bloucher, Independent Manufacturers Representative, Bakersfield, CA ~



“For years my mother had told me that it was very important to be careful about the friends I spent my time with and shared my goals with. I have always enjoyed being surrounded by lots of friends. In fact, the more the merrier. I had a sad awakening when I wanted to share my goals with my friends. Some said my goals were too impossible and it hurt when others told me that I didn’t have what it took. I accepted their judgments and continued to work at a job I didn’t like for many years. I read The Magic Story and decided to follow the advice given at the end of the story. I quit sharing my goals and quit listening to other people tell me what I couldn’t do. Now I have my dream job at the company I have always wanted to work for. I have pared down my circle of friends and have more fun sharing goals with this more select group now. I wake up each day happy to go to work, and I believe I am a better employee because of it. “ ~ Melissa Katz, Marketing Creative Assistant, Scottsdale, AZ. ~



“When I first read The Magic Story, I thought it was ‘cute’, and I put it back on my bookshelf and forgot about it. Then during a very difficult time of my life financially and personally, I was cleaning my bookshelves and found it. I read it again and this time was perfect timing. When I picked it up this second time, I was financially bad off, not being able to pay my rent, sadly alone, unhealthy and single. Today, my debts are either current, paid off or forgiven. I am newly married,

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and my husband, successful in his own business, and I are writing a business plan to help me produce some of my fun product ideas. Reading The Magic Story and How the Magic Story was found gave me the kick-start I needed to see my life and my problems in a different light.” ~ Johana Anniburt, Emerging Entrepreneur, Aberdeen, WA ~



*"I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends,
the old and the new."
~ Ralph Waldo Emerson ~*

As you will read in the chapter, *A Very Important Key*, Gratitude can make a difference in your perceptions, your circumstances, and all throughout your life. Every day holds opportunities for Gratitude. It adds to my joy to place my gratitude's in writing for the people who make such a wonderful difference in my life. First of all I am the grateful for the original author(s) of *The Magic Story and How The Magic Story Was Found*. I am grateful for all the people who will read it, embody it and see changes in their lives, and share their stories with me. I am grateful for the testimonials from Steven Bloucher, Melissa Katz and Johana Anniburt and their permission to include their words and contact information in this book. Their experiences may empower another person. As each one of us makes a change, our ripple effect will affect others. One person at a time can stimulate big changes. I am grateful for the quotes from Margaret Laurence, George Bernard Shaw, Brendan Francis Behan, John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Their works and words continue to inspire me. I am grateful for my Grandfather, Everett Sumner Burbank for being a positive influence in my life and always believing in me. I am grateful for my best friend Whitney Challed for being a wonderful mirror and an ever ready source of laughter. I am grateful for my devoted companion Lancelot, who reminds me that love will heal any wound. Thank you to Amazon.com and Google™ for promoting my books and writings. I am very grateful for my partners who join with me in introducing my books and workshops to a larger audience, and I appreciate the opportunity of introducing them to my network of friends and clients. My deepest gratitude to my Source for ever present guidance, gifts, support and protection. Thank you to my new friends and new fun adventures.



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FOREWORD

My lifelong desire is to see people live the life of their dreams and empower others in the process. I have been on a quest for the answers to life for as long as I can remember. With each book I read, I discover I find a new perception to the same timeless message. Each authors' unique delivery offers a new look and potential understanding of the age old information.

A friend introduced me to *The Magic Story*, and *How The Magic Story was Found* in 1972. This friends' life was changed after reading and embracing the message it offered. I have read and re-read this story many times over the years, and each time it has a new profound effect on me.

It appears from references in the story, that *The Magic Story* was written between 1842 - 1900 AD. The original author(s) have never been authenticated. So it cannot be verified if this is an actual life experience or examples of success principles in story form. From the language and examples in the story it appears to be of British origin. In reproducing *The Magic Story*, only a few of the original authors peculiarities have been changed. A few words have been updated or translated to meet today's understanding, as well additional information, including current testimonials have been added to help clarify *The Magic Story*. In the most important respects *The Magic Story* remains unchanged.

The references to "man" in *The Magic story* are representative of the times in which this original document was thought to have been written. To attempt to correct them to be "politically correct" for these times might interfere with the message. As the the reader you can place yourself in the references in each lesson, or chose to accept that "man" actually refers to anyone reading this story.

Don't let the simplicity and short number of pages in this book fool you. Within these pages is a powerful message than can change not only how you look at the circumstances in your life currently, but also how you view yourself.

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Numerous people consistently seek the answers to their questions about life. Their shelves and walls are full of books and attendance certificates. Yet their lives are still the same. The best person to interpret the message of The Magic story to you - is YOU. Journal pages with questions, offer you questions that reflect on the message given in The Magic Story.

The Magic Story may be the answer or inspiration you are seeking. You may find the Magic within one reading, or you may need to read it a few times before it reveals itself to your understanding. Either way it will be the right time for you.

“When the pupil is ready, the teacher will appear.”

~ Chinese proverb ~

Wishing you a life filled with Magic and Miracles.

Sumner M. Davenport



How
The Magic Story
Was Found

(original story)

My name is Mr. Currier. It is my pleasure to tell you how I came in ownership of The Magic Story. I was sitting alone in the cafe and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still I was comfortable.

The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted - Sturtevant. Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, nevertheless, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the animated gesture.

I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two.

I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill. Meanwhile I noticed the brightness of his usual lackluster eyes, and the healthful, hopeful glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked. "No," he replied, calmly, "but I have found my mascot." "Brindle, bull or terrier?" I inquired. "Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips, "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man, and the change has taken place in the last few hours.

You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it.

Thank you. I haven't any money with me tonight, but I, well, this is my treat." He called the waiter to him, and, with an inimitable flourish, signed his name on the backs of the two checks, and waved him away.

After that he was silent for a moment while he looked into my eyes, smiling at the astonishment which I was unable to conceal. "Do you know an artist who possess more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter for the dailies for - how many? - seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until tonight? No. Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. Tomorrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success."

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; tonight I wouldn't change places with a millionaire. That sounds foolish, but it is true. The millionaire has spent his enthusiasm; mine is all at hand."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering if he had been drinking absinthe.

"Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell it to the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was seriously meditating suicide. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that I had submitted. I had to choose quickly between death by suicide and death slowly by starvation. Then I found the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once, and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those old drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

"Can the story do for others what it has done for you? For example, would it be of assistance to me?" I asked.

"Help you? Why not? Listen and I will tell it to you, although, really, you should read it. Still I will tell it as best I can. It is like this: you see, - - " The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted on the telephone, and with a word of apology, the artist left the table.

Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear. Within the recollection of the frequenters of that cafe, Sturtevant had never before been called out by telephone. That, of itself, was substantial proof of a change in his circumstances.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which, by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still in the same field of employment?" "Yes,"

I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being homeless, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is all remarkable, when all is said. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck, thinking of the morgue and all that, looking for you, in fact, with the idea you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and, really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man out of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced a universally accepted truth, recalled to my mind the conversation with Sturtevant in the cafe that stormy night, nearly a month before. "It must be a remarkable story," I said, incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?" "He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody who has heard the story

has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips, friends of mine, - you don't know them. One's a real estate agent; the other's a broker's clerk. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones."

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and posted on the elevated stations throughout New York. It certainly would do a lot of good, and it's as simple as A, B, C: like living on a farm. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap." If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach.

There was a "night owl" wagon in the neighborhood, where I had frequently "stood up" the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accosted him. "I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think, will do for the present." He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me. "Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders" he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you, and 'stand for' you, just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, isn't Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?" I nodded.

I couldn't have spoken if I had tried. "Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came in here one night, about a month ago, and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place in Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant - near Twenty-third Street. Come and see me." He was out of the wagon and the sliding door had been banged shut before I could stop him; so I ate my ham and eggs in silence, and resolved that I would hear that story before I slept. In fact, I began to regard it with superstition. If it had made so many fortunes, surely it should be capable of making mine. The certainty that the wonderful story - I began to regard it as magic - was in the air, possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding downtown in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were treading along behind me, yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story.

When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the cafe in University Place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there. He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned to me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the story, however. There were half a dozen around the table, and I was the furthest removed from Sturtevant. But I kept my eyes upon him, and bided my time, determined that, when he rose to depart, I would go with him.

A silence, suggestive of respectful awe, had fallen upon the party when I took my seat. Everyone had seemed to be thinking, and the attention of all was fixed upon Sturtevant. The cause was apparent. He had been telling the story. I had entered the cafe just too late to hear it. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspapermen.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked the doctor; "you should have come a little sooner, Sturtevant has been telling us a story; it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that story again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why yes. I believe that Currier has, somehow, failed to hear the magic story, although, as a matter of fact, I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. It was here, in this cafe, too; at this very table.

Do you remember what a wild night that was, Currier? Wasn't I called to the telephone or something like that?

To be sure! I remember, now; interrupted just at the point when I was beginning the story. After that I told it to three or four fellows, and it 'braced them up,' as it had me. It seems incredible that a mere story can have such a tonic effect upon the success of so many persons who are engaged in such widely different occupations, but that is what it has done. It is a kind of never-failing remedy, like a cough mixture that is warranted to cure everything, from a cold in the head to galloping consumption. There was Parsons, for example. He is a broker, you know, and had been on the wrong side of the market for a month. He had utterly lost his grip, and was on the verge of failure. I happened to meet him at the time he was feeling the bluest, and before we parted, something brought me around to the subject of the story, and I related it to him. It had the same effect on him as it had on me, and has had on everybody who has heard it, as far as I know.

I think you will all agree with me, that it is not the story itself that performs the surgical operation on the minds of those who are familiar with it; it is the way it is told, in print, I mean. The author has, somehow, produced a psychological effect which is indescribable. The reader is hypnotized. He receives a mental and moral tonic.

Perhaps, doctor, you can give some scientific explanation of the influence exerted by the story. It is a sort of elixir manufactured out of words, eh?"

From that the company entered upon a general discussion of theories.

Now and then slight references were made to the story itself, and they were just sufficient to tantalize me, the only one present who had not heard it.

At length, I left my chair, and passing around the table, seized Sturtevant by one arm, and succeeded in drawing him away from the party. "If you have any consideration for an old friend who is rapidly being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely. Sturtevant stared at me in wild surprise. "All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments, I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for three cents and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely, as if I had come in contact with some strong personality.

There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over. I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without realizing that I was the same man, who, in only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here, you remember? " We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office. The sender had already been delayed an hour, and there was no help for it; he must go at once. "Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand.

"Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook bound in rawhide. It was manufactured, I have no doubt, by the author of the magic story. Wait for me in my room until I return."

I found the book without difficulty. It was a quaint, homemade affair, covered, as Sturtevant had said, with rawhide, and bound with leather thongs. The pages formed an odd combination of yellow paper, vellum and homemade parchment. I found the story, curiously printed on the homemade parchment pages. It was "set" by the printer, with a quaint and strange appearance. Evidently, under the supervision of the writer.

The phraseology was an unusual combination of seventeenth and eighteenth century mannerisms, and the punctuation could have originated in no other brain than that of its author.

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The Magic Story

(original author unauthenticated)

Inasmuch as I have evolved from my experience the one great secret of success for all worldly undertakings, I deem it wise, now that the number of my days is nearly counted, to give to the generations that are to follow me the benefit of whatsoever knowledge I possess. I do not apologize for the manner of my expression, nor for the lack of literary merit, the latter being insomuch, its own apology. Tools much heavier than the pen have been my portion, and moreover, the weight of years has somewhat slowed my hand as well as my thinking; nevertheless, the facts I can tell, and what I deem the meat within the nut. What does it matter, in what manner the shell be broken, so that the meat be obtained and rendered useful? I doubt not that I shall use, in the telling, expressions that have clung to my memory since childhood; for, when men attain the number of my years, happenings of youth are like to be clearer to their perceptions than are events of recent date; nor doth it matter much how a thought is expressed, if it be wholesome and helpful, and understanding is found.

Much have I wearied my brain in line with the question, how best to describe this recipe for success that I have discovered, and it seems advisable to give it as it came to me; that is, if I relate somewhat of the story of my life, the directions for agglomerating the substances, and supplying the seasoning for the accomplishment of the dish, will plainly be perceived. Happen they may; and that men may be born generations after I am dust, who will live to bless me for the words I write.

My father, then, was a seafaring man who, early in life, forsook his vocation, and settled on a plantation in the colony of Virginia, where, some years thereafter, I was born, which event took place in the year 1642; and that was over a hundred years ago. Better for my father had it been, had he hearkened to the wise advice of my mother, that he remain in the calling of his education; but he would not have it so, and the good vessel he captained was bartered for the land I spoke of.

Here begins the first lesson to be acquired:



Man should not be blinded to whatsoever merit exists in the opportunity which he has in hand; remembering that a thousand promises for the future should weigh as no importance against the possession of a single piece of silver.

When I was 10 years of age, my mother's soul took flight, and two years thereafter my worthy father followed her. I, being their only begotten, was left alone; howbeit, there were friends who, for a time,

cared for me; that is to say, they offered me a home beneath their roof - a thing which I took advantage of for the space of five months. From my father's estate there came to me nothing; but, in the wisdom that came with increasing years, I convinced myself that his friend, under whose roof I lingered for some time, had defrauded him, and therefore me.

Of the time from the age of twelve and a half until I was twenty-three, I will make no recital here, since that time hath nothing to do with this tale; but some time after, having in my possession the sum of sixteen guineas, ten, which I had saved from the fruits of my labor, I took ship to Boston town, where I began to work first as a repairman of wooden casks and barrels, and thereafter as a ship's carpenter, although always after the craft was docked; for the sea was not amongst my desires.

Fortune will sometimes smile upon an intended victim because of pure perversity of temper. Such was one of my experiences. I prospered, and at twenty-seven, owned the yard wherein, less than four years earlier, I had worked for hire. Fortune, howbeit, is a jade who must be coerced; she will not be coddled.

Here begins the second lesson to be acquired:



Fortune is ever elusive, and can only be retained by force. Deal with her tenderly and she will forsake you for a stronger man. (In that, I think, she is not unlike other women of my knowledge)

About this time, Disaster (which is one of the heralds of broken spirits and lost resolve), paid me

a visit. Fire ravaged my yards, leaving me nothing in its blackened paths but debts, which I had not the coin wherewith to overcome this loss. I labored with my acquaintances, seeking assistance for a new start, but the fire that had burned my competence, seemed also to have consumed their sympathies. So it happened, within a short time, that not only had I lost all, but I was hopelessly indebted to others; and for that they cast me into prison.

It is possible that I might have rallied from my losses but for this last indignity, which broke down my spirits so that I became utterly despondent. Upward of a year I was detained within the jail; and, when I did come forth, it was not the same hopeful, happy man, content with his lot, and with confidence in the world and its people, who had entered there.

Life has many pathways, and of them by far the greater number lead downward. Some are precipitous, others are less abrupt; but ultimately, no matter at what inclination the angle may be fixed, they arrive at the same destination - failure.

And here begins the third lesson:



Failure exists only in the grave. Man, being alive, has not yet failed; always he may turn about and ascend by the same path he descended by; and there may be one that is less abrupt (albeit longer of achievement) and more adaptable to his condition.

When I came forth from prison, I was penniless. In all the world I possessed nothing beyond the poor garments which covered me, and a walking stick which the jailer had permitted me to retain, since it was worthless. Being a skilled workman, however, I speedily found employment at good wages; but, having eaten of the fruit of worldly advantage, dissatisfaction possessed me. I became morose

and sullen; so to cheer my spirits, and for the sake of forgetting the losses I had sustained, I passed my evenings at the tavern. Not that I over drank of liquor, except on occasion (for I have ever been somewhat temperate in my diet and drink), but that I could laugh and sing, and parry wit and banter with my ne'er-do-well companions; and here might be included the fourth lesson:



Seek comrades among the industrious, for those who are idle will sap your energies from you.

It was my pleasure at that time to relate, upon slight provocation, the tale of my disasters, and to rail against the men whom I deemed to have wronged me, because they had seen fit not to come to my aid. Moreover, I found childish delight in filching from my employer, each day, a few moments of the time for which he paid me. Such a thing is less honest than downright theft.

This habit continued and grew upon me until the day dawned which found me not only without employment, but also without character, which meant that I could not hope to find work with any other employer in Boston town. It was then that I regarded myself a failure. I can liken my condition at that time for nothing more similar than that of a man who, descending the steep side of a mountain, then loses his foothold. The farther he slides, the faster he goes. I have also heard this condition described by the word Ishmaelite, which I understand to be a man whose hand is against everybody, and who thinks that the hands of every other man are against him; and here begins the fifth lesson:



The Ishmaelite and the leper are the same, since both are abominations in the sight of man - albeit they differ much, in that the former may be restored to perfect health. The former is entirely the result of imagination; the latter has poison in his blood.

I will not discourse at length upon the gradual degeneration of my energies. It is not advantageous ever to dwell much upon misfortunes (which saying is also worthy of remembrance).

It is enough if I add that the day came where I possessed nothing to purchase food and clothing, and I found myself like unto a pauper, save at infrequent times when I could earn a few pence or mayhap, a shilling. Steady employment I could not secure, so I became emaciated in body, and a skeleton in spirit.

My condition, then, was deplorable; not so much for the body, be it said, as for the mental part of me, which was sick unto death. In my imagination I deemed myself ostracized by the whole world, for I had sunk very low indeed; and here begins the sixth and final lesson to be acquired, (which cannot be told in one sentence, nor in one paragraph, but must need be adopted from the remainder of this tale).



Well do I remember my awakening, for it came in the night, when, in truth, I did awake from sleep. My bed was a pile of shavings in the rear of the barrel repair shop where once I had worked for hire; my roof was the pyramid of casks, underneath which I had established myself. The night was cold, and I was chilled, albeit, paradoxically, I had been dreaming of light and warmth and of the depletion of good things.

You will say, when I relate the effect the vision had on me, that my mind was affected. So be it, for it is the hope that the minds of others might be likewise influenced which disposes me to undertake the labor of this writing. It was the dream which converted me to the belief - nay, to the knowledge - that I was possessed of two entities: and it was my own better self that afforded me the assistance for which I had pleaded in vain from my acquaintances. I have heard this condition described by the word "double." Nevertheless, that word does not comprehend my meaning. A double, can be nothing more than a double, neither half being possessed of individuality. But I will not philosophize, since philosophy is only a suit of garments for the decoration of a dummy figure.

Moreover, it was not the dream itself which affected me; it was the impression made by it, and the influence that it exerted over me, which gave me my freedom. In a word, then, I encouraged my other identity.

In my vision, I was toiling through a tempest of snow and wind, whereupon I peered into a window and saw that other being. He was rosy with health; before him, on the hearth, blazed a fire of logs; there was a conscious power and force in his demeanor; he was physically and mentally muscular. I rapped timidly upon the door, and he bade me enter. There was not an unkindly smile of ridicule in his eyes as he motioned me to a chair by the fire; but he uttered no word of welcome; and, when I had warmed myself, I went forth again into the tempest, burdened with the shame which the contrast between us had forced upon me. It was then that I awoke; and here comes the strange part of my tale, for, when I did awake, I was not alone. There was a Presence with me; intangible to others, I discovered later, but real to me.

The Presence was in my likeness, yet it was strikingly unlike. The brow, not more lofty than my own, yet seemed more round and full; the eyes, clear, direct, and filled with purpose, glowed with enthusiasm and resolution; the lips, chin, the whole contour of face and figure was dominant and determined. He was calm, steadfast, and self-reliant; I was cowering, filled with nervous trembling,

and fearsome of intangible shadows. When the **Presence** turned away, I followed, and throughout the day I never lost sight of it, save when it disappeared for a time beyond some doorway where I dared not enter; at such places, I awaited its return with trepidation and awe, for I could not help wondering at the reckless boldness of the Presence (so like myself, and yet so unlike) in daring to enter where my own feet feared to tread.

It seemed also as if purposely, I was led to the place and to the men where, and before whom I most dreaded to appear; to offices where once I had transacted business; to men with whom I had financial dealings. Throughout the day I pursued the Presence, and at evening saw it disappear beyond the portals of a hostelry famous for its cheer and good living. I sought the pyramid of casks and shavings.

Not again in my dreams that night did I encounter the Better Self (for that is what I have named it), albeit, when, perchance, I awakened from slumber, it was near to me, ever wearing that calm smile of

kindly ridicule which could not be mistaken for pity, nor for condolence in any form. The contempt of it stung me sorely.

The second day was not unlike the first, being a repetition of its forerunner, and I was again doomed to wait outside during the visits which the Presence paid to places where I fain would have gone had I possessed the requisite courage. It is fear which leaves a man's soul from his body and renders it a thing to be despised. Many a time I composed words in my mind to address it but enunciation rattled in my throat, unintelligible; and the day closed like its predecessor. This happened many days, one following another, until I ceased to count them; even though I discovered that constant association with the Presence was producing an effect on me; and one night when I awoke among the casks and discerned that he was present, I made bold to speak, albeit with marked timidity.

"*Who are you?*" I ventured to ask; and I was startled into an upright posture by the sound of my own voice; and the question seemed to give pleasure to my companion, so that I fancied there was less of contempt in his smile when he responded.

"I am that I am," was the reply. "I am he who you have been; I am he who you may be again; wherefore do you hesitate? I am he who you were, and whom you have cast out for other company. I am the man made in the image of God, who once possessed your body. Once we dwelt within it together, not in harmony, for that can never be, nor yet in unity, for that is impossible, but as tenants in common who rarely fought for full possession. Then, you were a puny thing, but you became selfish and exacting until I could no longer abide with you, therefore I stepped out. There is a plus-entity and minus-entity in every human body that is born into the world. Whichever one of these is favored by the flesh becomes dominant; then is the other inclined to abandon its habitation, temporarily or for all time. I am the plus-entity of yourself; you are the minus-entity. I own all things; you possess naught. That body which we both inhabited is mine, but it is unclean, and I will not dwell within it. Cleanse it, and I will take possession."

"Why do you pursue me?" I next asked of the Presence.

"You have pursued me, not I you. You can exist without me for a time, but your path leads downward, and the end is death. Now that you approach the end, you debate if it be not prudent that you should cleanse your house and invite me to enter. Step aside, from the brain and the will; cleanse them of your presence; only on that condition will I ever occupy them again."

"The brain has lost its power," I faltered. "The will is a weak thing, now; can you repair them?"

"Listen!" said the Presence, and he towered over me while I cowered abjectly at his feet.

"To the plus-entity of a person, all things are possible. The world belongs to him, it is his estate. He fears nothing, dreads nothing, stops at nothing; he asks no privileges, but demands them; he dominates, and cannot cringe; his requests are orders; opposition flees at his approach; he levels mountains, fills in valleys, and travels on an even plane where stumbling is unknown."

Thereafter, I slept again, and, when I awoke, I seemed to be in a different world. The sun was shining and I was conscious that birds twittered above my head. My body, yesterday trembling and uncertain, had become vigorous and filled with energy. I gazed upon the pyramid of casks in amazement that I had so long made use of it for a dwelling place, and I was wonderingly conscious that I had passed my last night beneath its shelter.

The events of the night recurred to me, and I looked about me for the Presence. It was not visible, but in a short time, I discovered, cowering in a far corner of my resting place, a puny abject shuddering figure, distorted face, deformed of shape, disheveled and unkempt of appearance. It tottered as it walked, for it approached me piteously; but I laughed aloud, mercilessly. Perchance I knew then that it was the minus-entity, and that the plus-entity was within me; even though I did not then realize it. Moreover, I was in haste to get away; I had no time for philosophy. There was much for me to do - much; strange it was that I had not thought of that yesterday. But yesterday was gone - today was with me - it had just begun.

As had once been my daily habit, I turned my steps in the direction of the tavern, where formerly I had partaken of my meals. I nodded cheerily as I entered, and smiled in recognition of returned salutations. Men who had ignored me for months bowed graciously when I passed them on the thoroughfare. I went to the washroom, and from there to the breakfast table; afterwards, when I passed the taproom, I paused a moment and said to the landlord:

"I will occupy the same room that I formerly used, if perchance, you have it at disposal. If not, another will do as well, until I can obtain it."

Then I went out and hurried with all haste to the cask repair shop. There was a huge open wagon in the yard, and men were loading it with casks for shipment. I asked no questions, but, seizing barrels, began hurling them to the men who worked atop of the load. When this was finished, I entered the shop. There was a vacant bench; I recognized its disuse by the litter on its top. It was the same at which I had once worked. Stripping off my coat, I soon cleared it of impedimenta. In a moment more I was seated, with my foot on the vice-lever, shaving sticks and poles.

It was an hour later when the master workman entered the room, and he paused in surprise at sight of me; already there was a goodly pile of neatly shaven rods beside me, for in those days I was an excellent workman; there was none better, but, alas! now, age hath deprived me of my skill. I replied to his unasked question with the brief, but comprehensive sentence: "I have returned to work, sir." He nodded his head and passed on, viewing the work of other men, although occasionally he glanced suspiciously in my direction.

Here ends the sixth and last lesson to be acquired, although there is more to be said, since from that moment I was a successful man, and before long possessed another shipyard, and had acquired a full competence of worldly goods.

I pray you who read, heed well the following earnest advisements since upon them depend the word "success" and all that it implies:



Whatsoever you desire of good is yours. You have but to stretch forth your hand and take it.



Learn that the consciousness of dominant power within you is the possession of all things attainable.



Have no fear of any sort or shape, for fear is an adjunct of the minus-entity. If you have skill, apply it; the world must profit by it, and therefore, you.



Make a daily and nightly companion of your plus-entity. If you heed its advice, you cannot go wrong.



Remember, philosophy is an argument; the world, which is your property, is an accumulation of facts.



Go therefore, and do that which is within you to do; take no heed of gestures which would beckon you away from your purpose and your dreams; **ask no one permission to give your best and be rewarded thusly.**



The minus-entity requests favors; the plus-entity grants them. Fortune waits upon every footstep you take; seize her, bind her, hold her, for she is yours; she belongs to you.

Start out now, with these earnest advisements in your mind.

Stretch out your hand, and grasp the plus, which, maybe, you have never made use of, except in great emergencies. Life is the most serious emergency. Your plus-entity is beside you now; cleanse your brain, and strengthen your will. It will take possession. It waits upon you.

Start tonight; start now upon this new journey.

Be always on your guard. Whichever entity controls you, the other hovers at your side; beware lest the evil enter, even for a moment.

My task is done. I have written the recipe for "success." If followed, it cannot fail. Wherein I may not be entirely comprehended, the plus-entity of whosoever reads will supply the deficiency; and upon that Better Self of mine, I place the burden of imparting to generations that are to come, the secret of this all-pervading good - the secret of being what you have it within you to be.

THE END

Or, is it your new beginning.....



Your notes

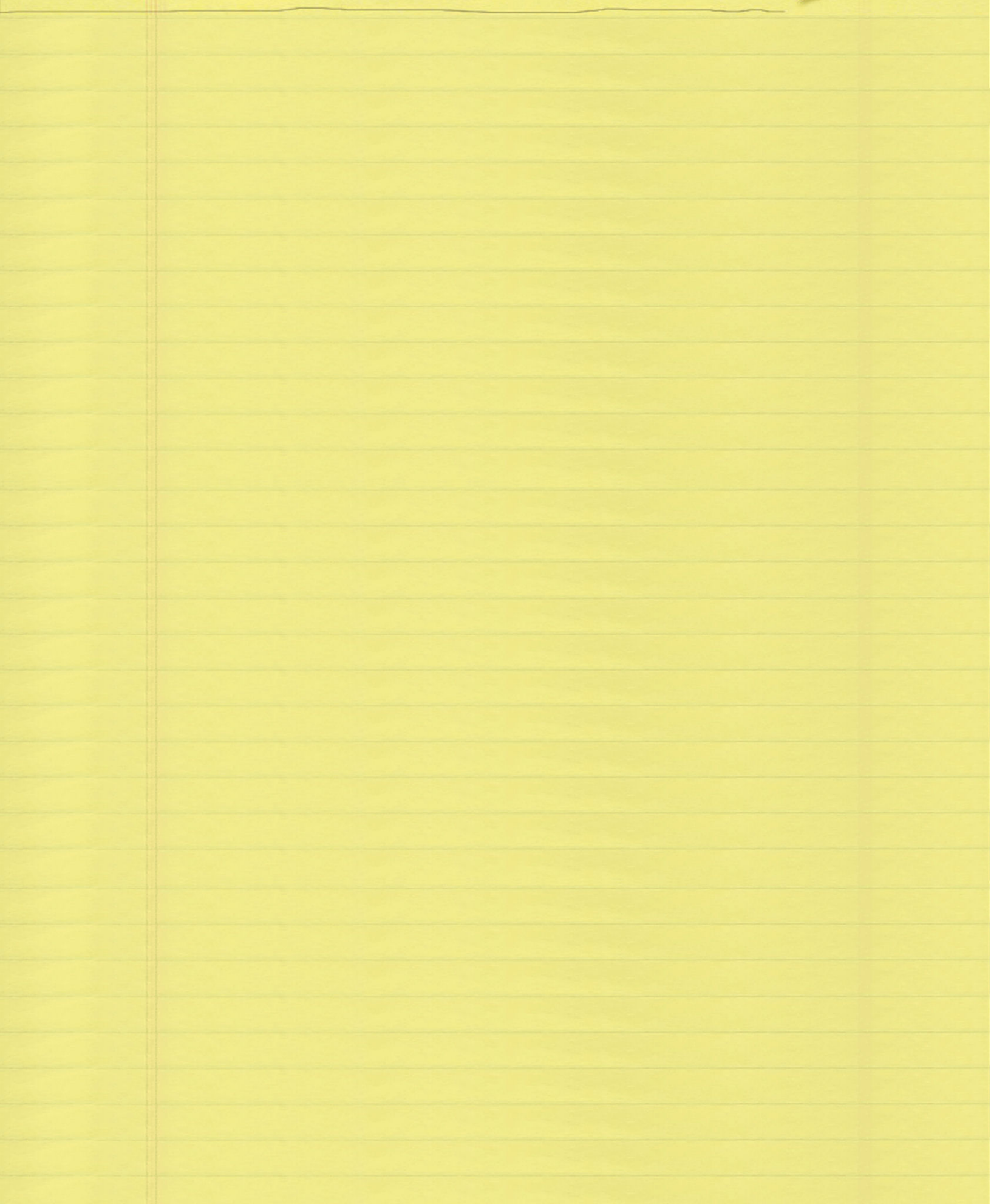
So many books can be found gathering dust on shelves, or at the bottom of a forgotten stack. This is an opportunity for you to clarify your perceptions of The Magic Story's message in your life.

The questions are listed here for you ponder. If you print out this e-book, you may find it helpful to write the answers on these pages after the questions, or in a journal for further reflection and personal understanding.

What is your initial impression of the Magic Story?

What is your relationship with your *plus-entity*?







First lesson:

What is your interpretation of this lesson?

How is this first lesson being played out in your life now?

Second lesson:

Have you ever had a reversal of fortune in your life?

What were the action steps you took to bring yourself back to your plus-energy?





Third lesson:

How have you found your own answers in the events in your life?



Fourth lesson:

Do you spend time with people who have similar goals and aspirations to yours?

How do you know?


How many mentors do you have?

Why did you select each of your mentors?



How often do you communicate and LISTEN to your mentors?

What are the important lessons you learn with your mentors?



Fifth lesson:

List the thoughts that you think and verbalize most often.

Next to each one, indicate whether this thought is taking you closer to - or farther away from - your goals and desires.



Sixth lesson:

List what you deeply desire:



List the action steps that you take each day that take you closer to your goals and desires:

Do you believe that you **CAN** have and **are worthy** of all that you desire?



Why or why not?

If you have any feelings of lack of worthiness, what are you doing to heal this?



List *your* unique qualities:





How often do you take time to meditate or take time to **listen** to your inner self for answers and guidance?

What do you hear?

What **FACTS** do you know that can take you **closer** to that which you desire?



How committed are you to your goals and desires?



List the actions you perform consistently that prove your commitment:



If you had all the money necessary, all the time required, all the support you needed and everything was in your favor – what would you be doing with your life?



Be grateful.

Each life challenge or experience can be labeled as a problem or a struggle, or you can address it and approach it as an adventure. When you approach life as an adventure it is much easier to find reasons to be grateful. When you are living from your Minus-entity as The Magic Story describes, you may find it difficult to be grateful. Yet one of the keys to moving from your minus-entity to your plus-entity is through Gratitude.

Express gratitude early and often.

Some people say “I’ll be grateful when (fill in the blank) happens, or I get (fill in the blank), or when this (fill in the blank) does what I want.....”

If we hold Gratitude hostage until we get what we want we may never truly express Gratitude. You will be so focused on what you don’t have, that even when you get something you said you would be grateful for, you fly by Gratitude to your next wanting.

Start now .

Before going any farther in this book, or doing anything else, write down what you are grateful for, right now in your day and your life.



Start Here:

And continue ...



And continue ...

*“As we express our gratitude, we must never forget
that the highest appreciation is not to utter words,
but to live by them.”*

~ John Fitzgerald Kennedy~



And now take this a step farther and next to each item write **WHY** you are grateful for that.

*"We count our miseries carefully,
and accept our blessings without much thought."*

- Chinese Proverb ~

I have met countless people who can describe in detail why something is unpleasant for them, why something isn't working or what is going wrong in their life, and yet their gratitude is only a single word or short phrase. Does being able to explain in detail the reason **why** you have gratitude for something make a difference in the energy behind it?

I met people who had similar items on their gratitude list and different responses to my question: *"you are grateful for this because.....?"*

One woman I met with had written "I am thankful for my health" on her gratitude list. When I asked her "You are grateful for your health **because.....**", her answer was *"Well! Because I just am, and I am insulted to be asked why!."* It reminded me of when my parents would tell me to do something and when I asked *why* I heard: *"because I said so"*. This answer didn't help me to understand.

In contrast, I met with Nancy who also had written on her list "I am thankful for my health". When I asked *"she was grateful because...."* what she told me was: *"I am thankful I have my health, because that means I can take care of my kids. I brought these beautiful children in the world and they depend on me. When I have my health I can enjoy them and take care of them. And that make me feel such a deep feeling for love and life, that I call that a grateful feeling."*

In order to feel the depth gratitude Nancy believes that she must be willing to know *why* she feels gratitude. Anything less, to her, is simply lip service.

I find that every time I do this exercise I find new feelings around each incident I list in Gratitude. Several other people shared with me how doing this exercise made a difference in their feelings of gratitude.



Recommended Reading

There are many teachers and tools to assist you in living the life of your dreams. We all learn from different teachers and different delivery of the message. The following short list of books, and the next few pages of book excerpts, may assist you in finding your answers:

It Works with Simple Keys - R.H. Jarrett & Sumner M. Davenport

How To Bring Your Ideals & Desires into Reality - Brown Landone, Sumner M. Davenport

The G Spot, The Ecstasy of Life Through Gratitude - Sumner M. Davenport

The Miracle of Mindfulness - Thich Nhat Hahn

Think and Grow Rich - Napoleon Hill

Practicing The Power of Now - Eckhart Tolle

The Greatest Salesman in the World - Og Mandino

Power vs. Force: The Hidden Determination of Human Behavior – David R. Hawkins

These and many other recommendations can be ordered through our websites:

www.selfinvestmentpublishing.com

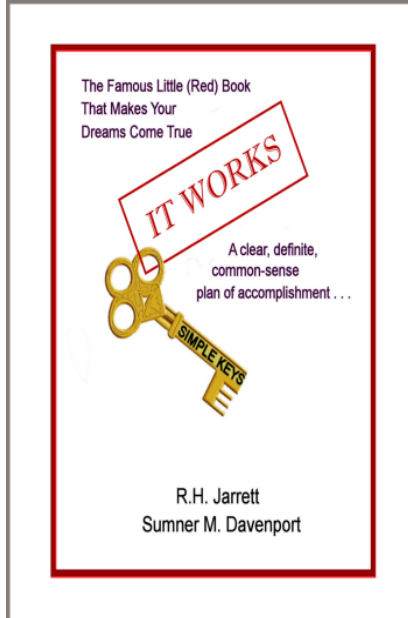
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Self Investment Publishing Books

Book Excerpts



IT WORKS WITH SIMPLE KEYS

R.H. Jarrett, Sumner M. Davenport

Page 20:

Your objective mind and personal will are so wishy-washy that you usually only WISH for things and the wonderful, capable power within you does not function. Your Wish simply washes away in your next breath.

Most wishes are simply just meaningless words. Jimmy, the fast food restaurant cashier gave no thought to actually having the red Hummer. Erik, the salesman, was not thinking of any other job or even thinking at all. President Alexander knew he had hay fever and was expecting it. David's business was quite likely successful and

the single mother no doubt had fun with her friends, that day, but they had no fixed ideas of what they really *desired* for their children to accomplish and were actually helping to bring about the same unhappy conditions which existed.

If you are really serious about changing your present condition, here is a *concise, definite, result-full plan, with rules, explanations and suggestions.*

Page 25-26:

For years countless people have been telling themselves, "they can't have", "can't afford", "can't be" and "shouldn't do". They have adopted the belief that other people can, and they can't. Their daily conversation is filled with more frustration of what they don't have, than talk of their dreams and desires.

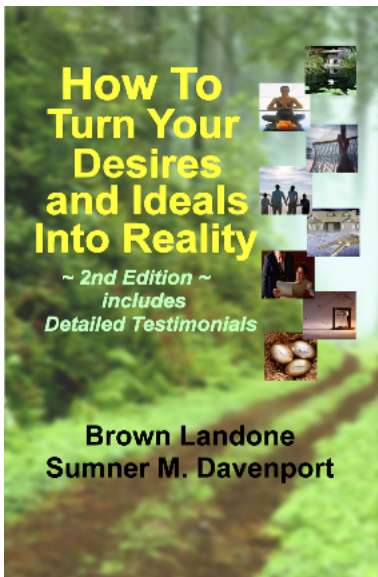
Over the years many people have adopted the belief that "only dishonest people are rich", "no one in my family has ever achieved their dreams, so I can't either"; "I can't because I don't have the money, the education or the connections"; "my family is fat, so I will always be fat"; "it's a sin to *desire* material things"; "It would be wrong to make more money than my parents, or my spouse", and more....

*"People are always blaming their circumstances for where they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they desire. And if they can't find them, they make them."
~ George Bernard Shaw ~*

Over the years many people have also developed feelings of unworthiness. These feelings come from a variety of experiences and choices. (More on worthiness in Simple Key **WHY NOT YOU?**)

*"Know that although in the eternal scheme of things you are small, you are also unique and irreplaceable, as are all your fellow humans everywhere in the world."
~ Margaret Laurence*





HOW TO TURN YOUR DESIRES AND IDEALS INTO REALITY

~ 2nd Edition ~

Includes Detailed Testimonials

Brown Landone
Sumner M. Davenport

Chapter 1: (excerpt):

What Desires Can You Make Come True?

Every desire is the heart of some *Ideal*. Your desires always come true. Your wishes seldom do; they die by consuming themselves in forever wishing wishes. A desire with a body or an *Ideal* with a heart always becomes a reality! Every desire is the heart center of some *Ideal* that is either revealed to consciousness and understood or hidden in the ultra-consciousness and misunderstood. The *Ideal* is the active body of the desire. Do not expect your desire to come true unless you give it a body. Construct an *Ideal* that gives substance to each desire. Make the *Ideal* active; endow it with the process of attainment. Then, it will become a reality! It will come true!

But an "idea" is not an "*Ideal*"! That is where your trouble often lies! Only a few - a very, very few - of your ideas ever come true. And very, very few of your thoughts and plans ever materialize if they are made up of ideas instead of *Ideals*. **An *Ideal* always manifests itself in action and becomes a reality.** Unless it does so, it is not an *Ideal*.

Change your ideas into *Ideals* and they will become realities.....

"If you greatly desire something, have the guts to stake everything on obtaining it." ~ Brendan Francis ~

Page 24:

TESTIMONIAL: I FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE DIFFERENCE

*"For years I have taken classes and read books about identifying what you desire and how to have it. It seemed like it didn't matter what I did or did not do, my results were always the same and disappointing. When I read through this book the first time, I felt something inside, like a deeper awareness of the answer I was seeking. Then I read it a second time and began to see the difference between my ideas and my *Ideals*....."*

Chapter 6: **The Only Three Activities Necessary Excerpts:**

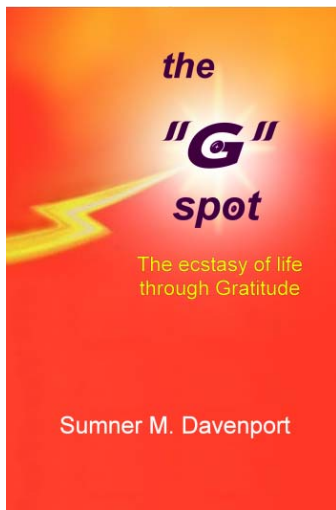
First, there is the *Ideal* of Something Desired; Second, the Process that Leads to Attaining It; and Third, the Act of Making the Reality Yours....

These are the three basic activities of attaining that which you desire; they are the only ones which have been and can be successfully used in attaining any quality or degree of development within yourself or in obtaining any thing, condition or position in society or the world about you. These three activities are simply stated because they are true, not because I write them. Basic truths are always simple; and, if not enveloped in a mass of superfluous words or intertwined with a web of entangled thoughts, they are always easily understood. When simply stated and easily understood, it is easy to apply them.

If you permit your *Ideal* to be lost in a jungle of many words and your process to be misdirected by a multitude of varying thoughts and feelings, each pointing in a different direction, why, then, of course, your *Ideal* will not and cannot become a reality. Unless you can clearly and definitely state your *Ideal*, it is not sufficiently concrete to make any process of attaining it successful. Unless you can definitely and simply state what you are to do and how you are to do it, your plan of the process of attaining or obtaining that which you want will be confused and your effort will be partly wasted and probably unsuccessful.

Self Investment books available at :
Amazon.com and Amazon kindle and www.selfinvestmentpublishing.com





The "G" Spot The ecstasy of life through Gratitude

TESTIMONIAL: *"What a wonderful intimate journey into my own understanding and knowingness." ~ Brenda Clark, Phoenix, AZ ~*

Not your typical book about gratitude.

This book is for the cynic, the hopeless, the happy and the already grateful.

Do you have an opinion, a belief in gratitude or a passionate knowing?

Were you taught how to be grateful, or was it a lesson you learned through experience?

People fake many things in life and some even fake gratitude.

Are you enjoying the deep ecstasy of gratitude in your life?

Books Excerpts:

Introduction (excerpt):

Not your typical book about gratitude. This book is for the cynic, the hopeless, the happy and the already grateful. I have been each of these.

When I started this book it was at a time when I had lost my passion for life. Several events in my life had left me feeling gutted. I could express gratitude to a person for a kindness, I could express gratitude for certain events that showed up; however, deep inside, I did not feel grateful to be alive another day. I was functioning, and some people had no clue of the turmoil inside. I sought answers. I wanted stories of how *genuine gratitude* fuels a passion for life.

I sought out selected people to explain genuine gratitude. I was amazed in both sides of the equation. Some people simply sent me a list of quotes they found on the internet. That was the extent of their ability to explain Gratitude. Others gave me their gratitude lists, but still couldn't explain the passion. Some gave me platitudes. For someone experiencing difficulties in life, platitudes were not fuel enough. I continued my search.

I questioned hundreds of people, even strangers, about their genuine feelings of Gratitude and what was the difference between writing a laundry list and feeling the depth of passion of genuine gratitude. It was an eye opening experience for each of us in a different way.

Some people even admitted to faking gratitude.

The message in this book invites you on a self discovery journey sometimes through other perspectives and opinions. In some areas it pushes the envelope. Isn't that how we learn? When we venture outside our comfort zone we learn the most about ourselves and our lives. Question this book's message as you question your current opinions and premature cognitive commitments.

"This is what learning is. You suddenly understand something you've understood all your life, but in a new way." ~ Doris Lessing ~

For those that questioned their opinions, I witnessed one of two things, either they were unsure of their commitment or they were even more deeply assured of their commitment. (Cont...)

MOM (excerpt)

“You can tell a person, not by what they say they are gratitude for, but how they respect what they claim to be grateful for.”

*~ My Mom, Mrs. Donna Priscott~ Original Quote
Contributed by Veronica Davina*

My mother was of my greatest examples on how to live life with honesty and integrity. This quote was one of her favorite sayings. Long after her passing, I remember every time she said it to me. She wanted me to learn that people don't just see what I say, they learn who I am by how my actions match my words. If I expressed gratitude for something then I needed to show respect for it and protect it just as I would anything else that was important to me. My parents were married for over 50 years. My Mom said a gratitude prayer every day for her marriage and relationship with my Dad. Every day she worked to make sure he knew how much she meant that. She never looked at another man and she always made sure our home was a happy place for Dad to come home to after a long day at work. She was grateful for her two kids, and she spent time teaching us how to be our best, learn our best and present our best.

When I gained over 60 pounds excess weight in college, and the doctors prescribed medicine for high blood pressure, she didn't ask me why. She asked me if I was grateful for my healthy body. And if I was, then why was I carrying the extra weight that was having a negative effect on my health? When my bother experimented with drugs in High School ...

(Con't ...)

*TESTIMONIAL: "Congruency of gratitude and actions -- the section with 'Mom's' words were an eye opener."
~ Janis Murphy, Lexington, MO ~*

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Sumner M. Davenport

Author, Speaker
Results Coach
Bounce-back Expert

A real life example of an impassioned visionary, Sumner Davenport began her career at age nine when she opened her first lemonade stand and a backyard carnival. Throughout her childhood she was inspired by the successful business people she saw. She used this early education as a foundation when she started her first of many unique and interesting entrepreneurial ventures at age 19. Sumner is a woman with an unquenchable thirst for knowing the answers to life. Her inquisitiveness began as a child.

Her deepest passion is to see people empowering others while living the life of their dreams. She encourages others to question their premature cognitive commitments and discover and embrace their own truth.

Sumner is the recipient of several awards and acknowledgements. She credits her best education to The University of Hard Knocks, with crash courses in taking risks and advanced learning from bouncing back. For several years Sumner has been an activist for Self Investment rather than self-improvement. Throughout the twists, turns and painful bumps in her life, she has rebuilt her self-esteem by reminding herself that who she is, is not who other people judge her to be, nor their acceptance of her.

People are attracted to Sumner for her ability to find the adventure in each life experience and her willingness to share the secrets to her own success.

As a published author, She is sought after as a speaker on several personal and business topics. She has co-authored several books to include some of her examples of how to triumph over life challenges and she is quoted often. One of Sumner's quotes was voted to be included in the Top 10 Healthy Thoughts of 2007.

She can be reached through her website: www.sumnerdavenport.com



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Same message - Many messengers

The world is filled with an abundance of opportunity which the dreamers of the past never knew. Look around you to see the dreams they have made come true by their creative energy and commitment.

Some people seem to *attract* success, power, wealth, accomplishments with what appears to be very little effort; others *conquer* their life with great difficulty; still others fail altogether to reach their ambitions, desires and ideals. Why?



The cause cannot be physical, or else the most physically perfect people would be the most successful. The difference, therefore, must be something else.

Everywhere you turn today, you see the headlines: "[How to get what you want in life](#)", "[How to succeed at anything](#)", "[How to live the life of your dreams](#)" "[How to use the Law of Attraction](#)", "[The Secret](#)" and on and on. Many teachers are speaking up every day.



Numerous books and workshops are telling the same message: including Think and Grow Rich, Secrets of the Millionaire Mind, The Simple Keys, Creating True Prosperity, Science of Mind, The Power of Intentions, Creating True Prosperity, The Law of Attraction, The Universal laws of Success, How to Turn Your Desires and Ideals into Reality, The Secret, Synchronicity ... and more.

Some people will tell you it's all about how you think. Did you really think yourself fat, or poor, or unhappy? If that's true, why would someone do that to themselves? Is there more to it than just your thoughts?

When your creative tools are fully understood, the effects will seem to be almost miraculous. It is not magic, it is not religion, although it is spiritual. *Definition of spiritual: that relationship you have with your inner spirit, your deep desires, your core values and truth.*

The message is not new. It will continue to be repeated.

Our research shows it was first written about in **360AD**, by Epictetus, then again in **1892**, by Thomas J. Hudson, PhD, and **again** in **1905** by Wallace D. Wattles and Annie Besant, and **again** in **1912** by Charles F. Haanel, and **again** in **1926** by RHJ, and **again** in **1931** by Emmet Fox, and **again** in **1937** and **1945** by

Napoleon Hill, and **again** in **1957** by Earl Nightingale, and **again in 1964** by Maxwell Maltz, and **again** from **1968 - 1972** by Og Mandino, and **again**, and **again** by numerous other authors over the years.

With this information readily available - why do so many people still believe that they don't have the answers????



Who is right?

Who really has the answer for you?

What if they are ALL right?

The truth is that each of these teachers and many more - are **ALL right**. Each one is presenting their interpretation of the same message. Every person is presenting from their experience and expertise in science, metaphysics and the school of life. The difference is in how **YOU** hear it or see it.

Each one of these teachers are saying the same thing, perhaps with a few different words, maybe with a different tool and with a different delivery – however, the message is the same. This provides you many opportunities to find YOUR answers.

If you already have everything you desire, then continue what you are now doing. On the other hand, if you are still meeting with disappointments and frustrations then perhaps a new messenger or method of delivery (book, tape, workshop) may be offering you answers and techniques that could bring you new results.

*"The definition of Insanity is doing the same things
and expecting different results."
~ Albert Einstein ~*

The world is filled with an abundance of opportunity which the dreamers of the past never knew. Isn't it your turn – today?!

Find links to speakers, books and workshops at this link:

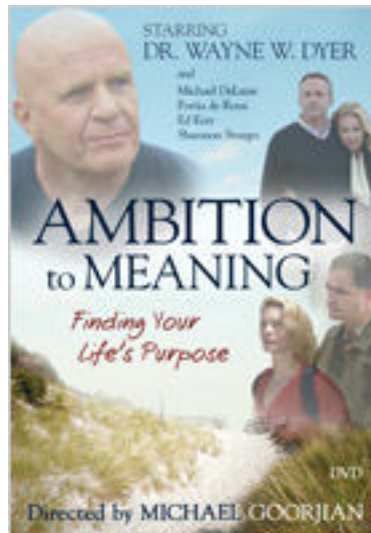
www.selfinvestment.com/same-message.htm

Find your answers today!



Additional Resources

Dr. Wayne Dyer's Newest Film: AMBITION to MEANING, Finding Your Life's Purpose.



This movie delivers a compelling portrait of three modern lives in need of new direction and new meaning. In his first-ever movie, Wayne Dyer explores the spiritual journey in the second half of life when we long to find the purpose that is our unique contribution to the world. Filmed on coastal California's spectacular Monterey Peninsula, Ambition to Meaning captures every person's mid-life longing for a more purposeful, soul-directed life.

Wayne W. Dyer, Ph.D., is an internationally renowned author and speaker in the field of self-development. He's the author of over 30 books, has created many audio programs and videos, and has appeared on thousands of television and radio shows.

Dyer holds a doctorate in educational counseling from Wayne State University and was an associate professor at St. John's University in New York.

Dr. Wayne Dyer is affectionately called the "father of motivation" by his fans. Despite his childhood spent in orphanages and foster homes, Dr. Dyer has overcome many obstacles to make his dreams come true. Today he spends much of his time showing others how to do the same.

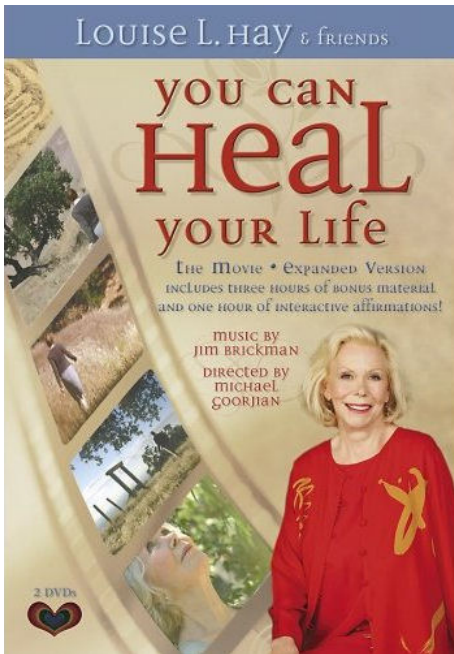
You can find a link to more information to order this DVD and many of Dr. Wayne Dyer's books at:
<http://www.2009isMineNOW.com/ambition-to-meaning.htm>



About Louise L. Hay

Louise L. Hay is a metaphysical lecturer and teacher and the bestselling author of numerous books.

More than 30 years ago when Louise saw how people let illness and hurtful circumstances control their lives. She vowed to help them see that the root of their pain stemmed from their own negative thoughts. So, she sat down and wrote a little blue pamphlet where she described how our mental patterns and beliefs can actually contribute to illness in our body. Louise had a simple message that she wanted to share: “The body, like everything else in life, is a mirror of our inner thoughts and beliefs. Every cell within your body responds to every single thought you think and every word you speak.”



Little did she know that this tiny blue book, which she incorporated into her second book *You Can Heal Your Life*, published in 1984, has been translated into 29 different languages, is available in more than 35 countries, and to date has sold more than 35 million copies around the world.

Louise has touched hundreds of thousands of lives with her groundbreaking wisdom and her generous heart. Now, you can see this firsthand in ***You Can Heal Your Life: The Movie***, which presents some of the most fascinating and memorable moments of Louise’s life. 90 minute DVD, plus 4 hours of additional interviews and an Interactive Affirmations Tool!

A number of luminaries in the fields of self-help and health and spirituality and new thought—including Doreen Virtue, Gregg Braden, Wayne W. Dyer, Gay Hendricks, Esther and Jerry Hicks, Leon Nacson, Dr. Christiane Northrup, Dr. Candace B. Pert, Cheryl

Richardson, Dr. Mona Lisa Schulz, and many others share their personal stories

In this film, you learn about Louise’s early days and the events that lead her to where she is today. You see, through personal interviews, how Louise teaches us to look within and heal ourselves. And you glimpse back to the time when Louise launched her successful book publishing company from a small bedroom in her home when she self-published her “little blue book.”

You also discover many things that you may not know about Louise—how she opened doors for women in the publishing business and the inspirational speaking circuit and how she broke barriers by reaching out to the men and women afflicted with AIDS during a time when much of the world left them behind.



You can find a link to more information to order this book and or DVD, **plus another free gift**. When you sign up to receive her free e-news, you will receive special offers, tips, news, the latest events, and an immediate link - **Receiving Prosperity** audio download. It is something you will find is worth the few minutes to listen to. It may change the way you view prosperity or it may simply remind you of something you already know.

These links are at: <http://www.2009isMineNOW.com/heal-your-life.htm>



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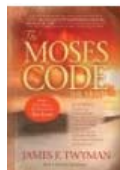


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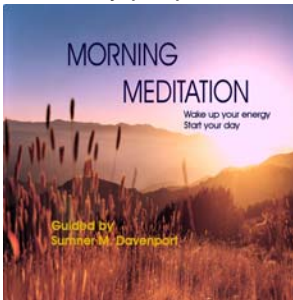


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QUOTE REFERENCES

Margaret Laurence (1926-1987)

A well published author whose early novels were influenced by her experience as a minority in Africa. She wrote *The Stone Angel*, the book for which she is best known. Published in 1964, the novel is of the literary form that looks at the entire life of a person.

George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

Shaw wrote more than sixty plays and is known to have written more than 250,000 letters. He is the only person to have been awarded both a Nobel Prize in Literature in 1925 and an Oscar 1939 for *Pygmalion*. He was a strong advocate for socialism and women's rights.

Brendan Francis Behan (1923 - 1964)

An Irish poet, short story writer, novelist and playwright who wrote in both English and Irish. He was one of the most successful Irish dramatists of the 20th century.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy 1917-1963

American 35th US President (1961-63). He is the only president to have won a Pulitzer Prize.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803 –1882)

An American essayist, philosopher, poet, and leader of the Transcendentalist movement in the early 19th century.