

ONE LIFE

7 Steps to Finding Purpose and
Happiness in a Chaotic World.



A book of life lessons that you can apply to create
AN AMAZING LIFE and live it without limits.

ANDY BROWN

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After a torrid childhood, at 15 years old Andy was in self-destruct. Narrowly avoiding prison, he realised he had one chance left to make a go of his life.

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Now living in Spain with his wife Jules, he helps others find their own purpose and happiness through his ONE LIFE Coaching and Transformational Escapes.

Find out more at www.onelifers.com



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Don't forget to download the accompanying workbook at:
www.onelifers.com/resources

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DEDICATION

To my beautiful wife Jules, my soulmate, best friend and co-pilot on our crazy journeys as we chase our dreams.

**“THE PURPOSE OF OUR LIVES IS TO
BE HAPPY.”**

DALAI LAMA

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Prologue

As I crested the hill at over 100 mph and saw the police barriers spread across the road, it was decision time. “Should I stay or should I go now?” 15 years old and riding a stolen motorcycle. “If I go, there will be trouble, and if I stay it will be double.”

Decision made. I spotted a line through the roadblock, wound the throttle into the red line and went for it. Screaming through the roadblock, I didn’t care if I lived or died. It felt like my last chance to escape a torrid life.

As the pursuing patrol car filled my mirrors, my fate was about to be decided.

Introduction

This isn't a book about how to become the next millionaire. There are no secrets in these pages to amassing great wealth, big houses and fast cars. Honestly, I've never found a book that delivers on those promises, otherwise it would be a case of shelling out \$4.99 on a paperback, start reading and get rich. And then everything would be rosy, right? Not exactly.

Becoming wealthy does not solve all of your problems. Granted, it helps with a lot of them when you have bills to pay and mouths to feed, but to answer all of your prayers? Meh, I'm yet to be sold on that one. I always ask the question to my mentees; "How much is enough?" How much would you want to have in your bank to make you truly happy? Do you have a figure in your head and if so, where did that number come from?

Forget the bank balance just now and come on a journey with me. I want you to think back to a time in your life when, at a given moment, you were completely happy and fulfilled. A moment when you didn't have a care in the world and everything felt just perfect. Here's one of mine:

It's a beautiful spring morning with a light wind blowing offshore. Through the palms I can see glassy lines of waves march in toward me and peeling off along the beach as they break. I run across the sand, hit the water and start paddling for the line-up. I duck dive under a set of waves and it feels incredible, the water is warm and clear. I soak up the ions from the spray of the breaking waves as they detonate on the sand. Another 5-foot wave comes through, I paddle in and jump to my feet and we dance together as I carve lines up and down the marble smooth face before kicking out and paddling back to the line-up. I feel more than alive, everything is in flow, this is a perfect day.

How much did that moment cost me? Nothing. In faded boardies I was riding an old, dinged up surfboard and I was having the best Monday ever on the Gold Coast of Australia. The only downside was that some bastard kept nicking my flip-flops off the roof of my car - another story for another day!

Here's the thing; I wasn't driving a Lamborghini dressed in a \$5,000 suit, or posing in a corporate jet whilst drinking a \$500 bottle of Cristal for the sake of Instagram. Don't get me wrong, that might be your thing and that's absolutely fine, the point is that what I was experiencing on the water was my perfect day and we all have to define what that looks like before we start to work on creating our best life ever.

Now you do it. Stop reading and think really hard about a time where you were completely happy. Use my example above and think back to a time when you were complete at one and in flow with your life. Hang on to that image as we'll come back to it later.

A few years ago Jules and I bought a run-down house which we worked on together, pouring love into every decision to make it our own. We were earning way over 6 figures a year, a BMW and Porsche on the driveway and shares in an aircraft parked at the

airport. But that was just stuff. They were nice things that made our lives a little more comfortable. We didn't stand out in terms of wealth, you'd have passed us in the street or looked at our home and not thought any more.

Where we did and still do stand out is how happy we are in our lives. Our friends don't ask us, "How did you make your money?" Instead they ask us, "Why are you two so damn happy?" And that's what this book is about. It's about creating a life that you will love living every day. It's about making changes and replacing things you don't want with things you do want. It comes down to a simple question: Do you want to have real purpose and be happier in your life? If the answer is yes, then you have chosen the right book my friend. Shall we get going?

THE RICHEST POOR GUY IN THE WORLD

I'm not a millionaire but I am a success. Wait, how does that work? You're supposed to have loads of money to be successful, right? My mother-in-law often asks me, "Andy, when are you going to make your first million?" The truth be known, I've made more than a million pounds in my life, the fact that my bank balance isn't larger than 7-figures right now doesn't mean a thing.

Really? Well I have an amazing life. I have a partner who loves me as much as I love her. I get to do what I want every day. I paddle board, surf, cycle and play tennis when I'm not working at what I love doing. I get to travel to exciting places to host our Escapes and Retreats, and I have a home to come back to that's full of love. All in all, I'm happier than a pig in the mucky stuff. For me, that defines success.

Sure, you can measure success in bank balances, but once you discover what success REALLY means to you, your perspective will change forever. Some people forever chase a sunset they'll never reach, while those who discover that their perfect day can be right here every day are some of the richest people in the world.

To avoid any risk of hypocrisy based on my introduction, let me qualify the plane bit for you. The shares in that aircraft cost me less than an average, second hand family saloon car. But G-WINS gave us so much pleasure that it's almost priceless. Because it's not about being seen as owning a plane, it's about creating experiences that will last a lifetime, and boy did we do that! Read on to hear our exploits, adventures and how adept I became at upsetting French Air Traffic Controllers.

What I have learned in my life is that chasing money doesn't bring you happiness. It's the other way around.

YOU CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS

Personally, I'll never inherit a penny and I'm happy about that. I've had to make my own way from the outset and it's been tough, but it has also shaped who I am today. I see other people who are literally waiting for their inheritance or even dipping into it before their parents have shuffled off this mortal coil. What kind of economics is that?

Is that success? I was at a dinner party soon after my mother had lost her 8 year battle with cancer, when a couple at the table said, "It would be nice if our parents could pop off now so we can get that house at the beach." They weren't joking. I got up and walked out.

I've been around some very wealthy people and I can honestly say that I could count on one hand those who seemed genuinely happy. The others looked successful but most of them were as miserable as sin and were always complaining about other people and how things weren't right in the world. Yep, it must be a stone cold drag having 20 million quid to your name. So let me ask you; would you rather have a ton of money in the bank and be unhappy every day, or enough wealth to be secure into your later years so you can embrace every day now as if it were your last?

The goal of life isn't to end up the richest person in the graveyard. It's about being clear on the life you really want to lead and putting a plan in place to make it happen. *ONE LIFE* is about disrupting all the things that hold you back from creating a hugely fulfilled and happy life. It's about being successful today, tomorrow and every day. I designed *ONE LIFE* so you can identify where you are now and where you want to go to be happy.

Some will be further along than others and that's absolutely fine. The most important thing is to get started and keep moving forward. You need to identify where you are now, and don't feel overwhelmed if it seems like there's a long way to go to achieving your Perfect Day. This whole process is about making gradual changes in order to enjoy the journey. I'm still on my journey and always will be, because part of what makes me fulfilled is helping other people become happy in their lives. The more people I can help do that, the happier I will be. I freakin' love my life!

THE EARLY DAYS

Of course it wasn't always like this for me, not by a long shot. Had you asked me at 15 if I'd end up where I am today, I'd have laughed. Escape and survival were top of my list back then. I'm not talking about a military exercise, I'm talking about the childhood I was living which was torrid but there was no path for me to follow. All I had was a vision of becoming a pilot and I was convinced that nothing would get in my way. Not the fact that I had very little education or money, nope, they were just details to be dealt with. In fact they weren't even on my radar as potential roadblocks. During my darkest and most self-destructive days, I held the unwavering belief that one day I'd be sitting in the left hand seat of a plane as a qualified pilot. One day I would finally be in control. One day I would be truly happy.

Apparently I was an unplanned child, but due to the fact that my mother stood her ground, I arrived in this world and suddenly there was another mouth to feed. How inconsiderate of me. As I grew out of infancy and my internal wiring came together, patterns started to appear. I was the youngest of all the family, including the cousins who we spent a lot of time with, and I was tormented endlessly. Combine that with my lack of connection with my father and things weren't exactly rosy.

I remember one evening during tea, looking at my mother talking to my sister, and my father talking to my brother, and once again feeling utterly excluded. It was like I wasn't even in the same room. Even at that age I had the presence to question my mother about it, "Why do you always exclude me?" It wasn't asked in a tantrum way, it was simply a question based on an observation. I was promised that I was never excluded, it was all in my mind, and we were all loved equally, but even then I knew I was the outsider, I was on my own.

Perhaps it's because I'm a Pisces that I've always loved the water. Surfing, diving, swimming, boating, I just can't get enough of it. If I'm not in the air, you'll find me in or on the water. My happiest recollections of my infant days are playing in the sea. Occasionally we'd go to Spain for two weeks where I was more than happy to be left to my own devices, spending hours splashing around in the shore break. But as with all good holidays, the time soon came to head home, which for me meant back to unhappiness.

When I was about 8 or 9, a family friend who we called Uncle Brian, unknowingly laid the foundations for the rest of my life. Brian was a pilot who owned his own plane, and for some reason took me under his wing (so to speak). To this day I still don't know why and I wish I could have found him to ask him, but maybe he was just a kind man who saw the sadness and loneliness in me. On several occasions he flew his plane down to our nearest airport from where he took me flying. Sometimes just on a jolly for an hour or so in the local area, but now and then he'd fly me back to his home and I'd spend the weekend with his lovely family. To have another male actually taking interest and interacting with me on a level basis was simply amazing. No judging, no questions, just being.

Boosted up on 3 cushions, I'd sit up front with him in the plane as we flew around the skies. It was just the best of days. On one trip we were flying from Tees-side to Carlisle airport where he kept his plane. As we climbed up and out over the clouds I was in awe of the vista. Azure skies above, a blanket of white cloud below, this was when I knew I was going to be a pilot. You know when you stare at a brightly lit object and then close your eyes and you can still see it? The picture I saw at that moment is forever etched into my mind (see the picture at the end of the book). When I returned from those trips with Brian, I would announce to my family that I, like Brian was one day going to be a pilot, which was met with scoffs and "don't be ridiculous" retorts. But I never lost the belief, through all the nay saying and put downs, I held firm. One day I'd be in that left hand seat as Pilot in Command of an aircraft.

As I got older, the arguments and fights at home got worse and I'd runaway for days on end, staying in a friend's caravan. Consequently, from the age of 14 my school days were a disaster. It's strange when I think back now that it could have gone one of two ways on that front. School could have been a solace, somewhere to focus my attention, a place where I could achieve and be proud of myself. In fact it went the other way. I couldn't concentrate, I didn't want to be there and I rebelled by bunking off time and time again. I guess I was looking for escape but I didn't know what that looked like. All I knew was that it didn't look like school. Academically I wasn't that bad and up until that point I

was skirting around the upper classes. But as things got worse, each term I was shunted down the classes until I reached the very bottom.

The top of my descent into destruction began when we moved house and I met another lad who lived down the road. He too had a free spirit and like me was fairly misguided which often ended us in trouble. At this point in time I'd spend as much time outside the house as I could, which seemed to suit the rest of the family just fine. It can be a dangerous combo when two lads get together and go looking for mischief and belonging. Interestingly enough, most of the boys were smoking and glue sniffing, but I never once partook in any of that. The odd thing is that in those days I was easily led, but thankfully I stood firm on that every single time.

The slippery slope got steeper, the arguments got louder and one thing I do reflect on is that nobody ever sat me down and asked me, "What's wrong?" Should they have? I don't know. I do remember one teacher telling me that I was a waste of time and I'd amount to nothing, which didn't really help my confidence. At the time we lived in the Esk Valley in North Yorkshire which was a training area for the RAF who would appear from nowhere and thunder low overhead in their fast jets. It was absolutely thrilling to me. "One day" I used to think. The likelihood of that happening became less as the months rolled on.

All the young guys where we lived were mad about motorbikes and couldn't wait to hit their 16th birthday to get their first 50cc. Not me of course, I couldn't wait that long. I was the youngest of the group and as a bit of a hustler, I'd been saving my school lunch money for months. When my friend down the road got his wheels, I was only 15 and I felt left behind again. So I used the money I'd saved to buy a 250cc Yamaha which I kept tucked away in a forest about a mile up the road. I'd seen the bike advertised in a town 2 hours away by bus, so one day I bunked off school, jumped on the number 15 and later that day came back on the number 250. I now had my own wheels.

Having regularly been a passenger on the back of other motorbikes, I already had leathers and a helmet, so me leaving the house every night in my bike gear didn't raise an eyebrow. Under age, no insurance and no training, what could possibly go wrong? I would find out 4 weeks later.

Seems I was a bit handy on the mechanic side of things, helping friends upgrade their bikes, fitting bigger air filters and noisier exhausts. So when a guy I met asked if I could do something with his 350, I jumped at the chance. He rode it down to me where I put it in the back of our garage and got to work on the upgrades. At that time in my life I believe I was at my lowest ebb. More fights with my father and brother, every move I made seemed to be the wrong one. I needed an escape and the bike work helped channel my energy.

I'd also discovered surfing by then, so when I wasn't working on bikes, I'd be out trying to score the biggest waves I could. Bearing in mind we lived on the east coast of England, the conditions weren't always ideal, but when a big swell arrived, myself and a couple of others were on it and charging in the freezing cold water. I guess it was about trying to

find something I was good at, something that would make me feel worth being alive for. But I was still miserably unhappy. I'd lock myself in my room at night and read Surfer or Pilot magazines, pouring over the pages of far off places, but everything seemed so unachievable and I was losing my belief that things could get any better.

RUNNING FOR MY LIFE

All the boys were going to Scarborough road bike races, about an hour's ride away. The back seat rides were all taken so there was no place for me. The idea of taking my own bike shouldn't have even registered, I should just stay at home and miss out for once. But the draw to be part of the crowd was too much. My bike was still stashed away in the woods, but on that Sunday morning, the newly upgraded Yamaha which was ready for a road test by its owner was staring me in the face. It was too much, I had to go with the boys so I grabbed my leathers and helmet and fired the beast up. In a 4-bike convoy we made it to Scarborough and enjoyed a day of adrenaline fuelled racing, which kind of fires you up for the ride home, and don't the police know it!

So it was on the way back that my life was about to come crashing down. The A171 Scarborough to Whitby road is almost like a race track itself. Get rid of the public traffic and it would be an epic road race setup. Sweeping bends, big dips, long straights, tight hairpins, it's the business. It was a beautiful afternoon, blue skies and light winds, perfect to be out on a bike and we were giving it the beans on the way back. It was like I'd been set free, the shackles had been removed and for the first time in as long as I could remember I was loving life. I didn't want the feeling to end.

The other guys were on bigger bikes so they were faster and further up the road than me, but I was chasing hard. Flat out, chin on the fuel tank I was willing the speedo to go even higher. But as I topped the hill and took the slight left hander at 105mph, I spotted the police roadblock. They'd set it up beautifully in a spot you couldn't see until you were almost on it, ideal for catching the boys and girls going too fast after the races. It was alongside a lay-by and the barriers were staggered across half of the road so they could wave other traffic through as they pulled in the bikes. It was kind of a chicane setup with a way through for cars.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!!!" Why now I thought. I'd finally felt free for a short while in my life and yet again it was all going to shit. My heart sank, I had tears in my eyes and I was scared out of my mind, but it was decision time. "Should I stay or should I go now?" for some reason the song by The Clash popped into my head. 15 years old riding a stolen motorcycle, what could possibly go wrong? "If I go, there will be trouble, and if I stay it will be double." Decision made. I spotted the line through the roadblock, clicked down two gears, wound the throttle up to the max and I was running for my life! At that moment I really couldn't care if I was killed on the road, it felt like a way out and nobody was going to stop me. This was my last chance.

It was about 300 metres before the roadblock when I decided to go for it. At that moment the PC who was pulling in bikes hadn't spotted me and was walking back to the lay-by to check out my friends, so the gap was there. As the speed wound up I just cleared the barriers on the way through and managed to keep the front wheel on the

ground. My friends told me later that the police were gob-smacked in disbelief. They'd stood looking at each other for a few seconds before running for their Vauxhall Cavalier SRI 'jam sandwich'.

It was a pretty straight run past the Flask Inn, but then there were some tricky corners. The road bends to the right, climbs a small hill, rises over a crest through a left hander and then down into a dip for another right bend out of a compression. It's tight at speed as you can't cut the corner, so you're unsighted most of the way through. This lost me a lot of time as the oncoming traffic was busy and I couldn't use the other side of the road to straighten out the corners.

My heart was nearly pounding out of my chest and the adrenaline was off the scale as I was totally focussed on getting away. To where though? I didn't yet know, but a plan was forming. It wasn't long until I saw the patrol car in my mirrors making rapid progress towards me. Shit! Think! I was quick through the bends, but the straight line speed was lacking. I knew these roads so I decided to take the left turn towards Ruswarp which I thought would give me some advantage. It didn't. The police car caught up with me on one of the straights. I saw it in my peripheral vision as it pulled alongside about 70mph. We were on another straight so I sat bolt upright and hit the brakes as hard as I could without losing control. The bike fishtailed a little but stayed steady as it slowed. They weren't expecting that and shot straight past me before hitting the brakes.

I got the bike turned around and started heading back towards the main road. Oddly enough, there were no other police cars involved. I was expecting another roadblock to have been set up, but there was nothing. As terrified as I was, I was starting to think ahead. Where next? When I was younger I'd spent long summers with a friend's family down in Robin Hood's Bay, so I also knew the roads down there like the back of my hand. The only problem was that they are populated. But I saw no option and had a plan of how to make my exit, if I ever made it that far alive.

As I approached the A171 again I could see there was no traffic coming in either direction so I took to the other side of the road and made a high speed arcing left turn on the main road almost scraping the foot pegs as I leaned the bike over as far as I dared. I'd gained some ground as the police had taken longer to turn their car around. It was only another 500 metres before I needed to turn right across the main road and drop down towards the bay. Again, I got lucky as there was no oncoming traffic, so I leaned in and took it as quick as I could. I knew what was coming up; Sledgates hairpin. Downhill, super tight left hander, it was going to be tricky as it's a blind bend and the only way to take it with any speed is to cut across the wrong side of the road to try and hit the apex. I couldn't do it. I knew if a car was coming we'd have a head on collision. I wasn't bothered about me, I just didn't want to hurt or kill anyone else. Paradoxical thinking based on what had happened so far.

I took the corner at what seemed like a crawl, then straightened up for the next downhill right hander. I must have been absolutely worn out but the adrenaline was keeping me going. The cops were catching again. I don't know what they did to those SRI's back in the day but they were much quicker than me. Now it was getting tricky, we were

approaching houses and the road was very narrow. It was time to back off the speed as it was just too dangerous for others, but the police couldn't get past as there were parked cars on one side of the road.

Here was the plan; I'd make it down into Fylingthorpe, turn left up Church Lane and then at the top, cut up Bedlington's Lane which is too narrow for cars. I knew all this because my friend lived right where I was heading. By this time the police were behind me and I could hear the sirens through my crash helmet. Everyone was stopping to stare and I wished I could just disappear to somewhere safe. I was running out of energy and concentration.

I made the 90 degree left turn and hit the gas. My pursuers must have been unsuspected as they dropped back a little. Near the top of the road on the left hand side, I spotted 3 riders on horses. They were stopped at a junction of a small lane waiting to join the road I was on. I'd been around horses a fair bit in my younger days so I knew how flighty they could be to noise and motion. It was too late to stop without locking up the bike, so I pulled the clutch in, killed the revs and dived over the other side of the road to coast as quietly past them as I could. They jumped back a little with the motion, but they were fine. Once I was safely clear, I picked up the throttle again.

But I knew what was coming behind me; blues and twos. And they didn't back off one bit, full chat, screaming past the horses which scattered them and their riders everywhere. I was watching it all unfold in my mirrors and as such, I mistimed the corner at the top of the hill and it was too late. As I looked forward I was almost on the grass, heading straight towards a big old chunky lamppost. I panicked and fully locked up the front end which went from underneath as it caught the grass verge and pitched me face down onto the road for a slide into a dry stone wall.

The next thing that happened was a decision made by someone else that also went towards shaping my future. Crashes come in many shapes and sizes, I've been in a few to know. With this one, when I came to a stop up against the wall, I don't recall any pain, just a feeling that I couldn't breathe. It seemed almost quiet, even peaceful, but I knew I wasn't dead, of which I had mixed feelings.

And then the weirdest thing happened. Big black boots began raining down and into me while I was lying in the road. My police pursuers, obviously still full of adrenaline, decided that instead of helping me up, the better option would be to start kicking the crap out of me. I didn't know what was going on, I was simply overwhelmed with what had just happened and it was all very odd and confusing.

At this point I still had my helmet on which I couldn't see out of as I'd slid down the road face first and the visor was badly scraped, so I was disoriented as I couldn't see outside of the helmet. I guess it would be like being blindfolded and then beaten up. Eventually the police hauled me to my feet, realised I couldn't stand on my own, so they handcuffed me behind my back and threw me face down into the rear foot-well of the patrol car.

Hearing lots of muffled swearing, off we went to A&E, sirens loud and proud again. When we got to the hospital, they pulled me backwards out of the car by the handcuffs and I thought my arms were going to dislocate. Now I felt pain. They dragged me into the reception area and as I still had my helmet on I remember muffled, raised voices from the staff as they sat me down. Someone gently unfastened the straps of my helmet and lifted it off. Surprise! Instead of some gnarly, frothing biker, here was a 15 year old kid, bloodied and looking very sorry for himself. I remember the nurse going for the policeman and screaming in his face about how badly I'd been treated. The PC himself was ashen and I almost felt sorry for him as he muttered "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't know." Their violent actions would end up keeping me out of naughty boy's prison, but only just. You can imagine the reception I got from my father when they called him to tell him what had happened. At that moment, I wished the crash hadn't been as survivable.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

4th July 1985, I was convicted of taking without consent, reckless driving plus several other offences and handed a 3 year suspended sentence. The judge told me that had it not been for the actions of the police after the crash, I'd have been looking at 4 concrete walls instead. It turned out that one of the guys on the horses saw what happened to me after the crash and made a statement about us going past, the crash and the kicking I took thereafter.

As I walked out of court, the sun shining on my face, the air fresh and clean, I realised this was probably my last chance to create a life of freedom before I self-destructed. That moment of clarity was like a laser beam and something I will never forget. Everything around me felt sharper and more in focus. I knew that if I didn't get out of this place, I was either going to die or end up in jail for a long time. I needed a plan.

THE BEGINNING OF MY BEST LIFE

During the months after the crash I found some work with a small windsurfing company where I met my friend Dave who is also another surfer. We clicked and have been buddies ever since. Our downtime was spent surfing the waves up and down the north east coast. It was a release, but I knew that I had to get out of the dark place I was in, I had to move on. Having failed school, I had no education to speak of (I'd left school at 15) and next to no money. I think they call that ground zero, but I still had the vision, the one sitting next to Brian in his plane as we flew through the endless blue sky. I was still going to be a pilot and it was time to go and make it happen.

THE NATIONAL EXPRESS TO A NEW LIFE

On a cold and dark night around 10pm I told my sister that I was leaving for good. Through all the torment, we'd never really got along, but she was genuinely concerned with my announcement. "Where are you going?" she asked "You can't just leave." Watch me. My parents had temporarily separated and my mum had gone to Mallorca to spend time with her brother. Father had decided to go after her, so this was the perfect time for my great escape. Surfboard under one arm, bag over my shoulder and £40 in my pocket, my sister dropped me at Middlesbrough bus station just before midnight. I was

booked on the midnight National Express to a new life.

As the bus pulled away, I looked out the window at what I was leaving behind and I remember having that vision of sitting next to Brian in his plane locked in my mind. I focussed on nothing else whilst I was awake on that long bus journey.

Recently I flew my own plane to Ireland and one of my passengers who was sitting next to me took a photo from the right hand seat (see the picture at the end of the book). I swear it is almost the exact vision I had in my head all the way on that bus journey and through the months ahead. We'll talk about the power of visualisation soon, but this was an incredible moment for me when I saw it as I was now the pilot.

ANOTHER CONSCIOUS DECISION THAT SAVED MY LIFE

When I arrived in the small hours to a very sketchy London Victoria Bus Station, I had to find the next coach going to Newquay. No internet or mobiles in those days, it was down to pure resilience and resourcefulness. Whilst wandering around the bus terminal I was approached by two guys who seemed to take a shine to me and asked what I was up to. Now I wasn't that naive, but they were fairly compelling in their pitch as they told me that they too were heading to Cornwall to catch some waves, but the bus didn't leave for a couple of hours, so did I want to grab some breakfast with them while we all waited together? They knew a great little cafe just around the corner. Not bad huh?

I talk a lot about trusting my gut instinct and this was one of those times when I held fast. My head was telling me, "Yeah, great, some company with fellow surfers" (they didn't actually look very surfy), but my gut said no, this is wrong. I excused myself and headed for the safety of the ticket office as they slunk back into the darkness. Those knife edge decisions I've made along the way actually scare me, because it could so easily have gone the other way had I said yes and gone with them.

ONE LIFE Lesson: ALWAYS trust your gut instinct, it's there for a reason. If something doesn't feel right, 99 times out of 100, it ISN'T right.

DOWN TO MY LAST PENNY

By the time I reached Cornwall, the little money I had was burning up. I jumped off the bus, grabbed my board and bag and walked to Headland Road which overlooks Fistral Beach. Let's just say the B&B I found wasn't the Ritz but it was fine for purpose. After getting some well deserved waves, the next course of action was finding work. If I was to learn to fly, I was going to need some mullah. Eating was also fairly high on the priority list. It took me a few days, but I finally managed to find some under-age work in a tatty pub in town where they were more worried about how fast I could pull a pint than how old I was. My first pay day was a week away and I was out of cash. So I had to sell the only thing I had, my beloved surfboard. I was gutted as I only got about £20 for it, but that was enough to see me through. Now it was time to get serious. As I couldn't surf, I had more spare hours on my hands, so it was time to get a proper job.

Looking through the situations vacant section in the local paper, there was a job for a typist. That'll do, I thought, how hard can it be? My mother used to be a PA to a RAF Station Commander and she could type like a demon. I'd seen her battering away at one of those huge typewriters, fingers flying across the keys in a blur, the sound like machine gun fire. On the day of my interview, I was ushered into an office with some rather dubious looks at me, and the question was asked, "How many words per minute can you type?" Good question.

I replied, "I don't know, yet."

As kindly as they could, they explained that in order to get a job as a typist, I really needed to be able to type. Good point. I guess to soften the blow and get rid of me, they told me that if I went away and learned to type, I could come back and try again as there was always work to be had. So that's what I did. I found a night school and on my time off from the pub, I learned to type. Letter by letter, word by word, sheet by sheet. It wasn't perfect, but I passed the assessment and even received a certificate. My first ever exam taken, pleased as punch I went back to the company with the job vacancy, sat their test and got the job. I was on my way with a real job and those wings seemed a step closer.

ONE LIFE Lesson: Do whatever you have to do. Hustle, sell things that don't serve your higher purpose and don't think any job is beneath you. Those typing skills have served me for the rest of my life, and now I'm even using them to write a book.

GETTING MY WINGS

Fast forward to 20th March, 1992 (Jersey) the day I was certified 'to act as pilot in command (P1) of Group A type of aircraft.' It had taken longer than I wanted, but I'd finally made it. I'd actually started my training on 16th March 1991, but as I was way behind the curve with my lack of education, I'd struggled with the written exams, recalling those horrendous days at school when I used to think, "This maths and physics stuff is stupid, when am I ever going to need this?" Ouch.

Funnily enough, during my flight training I was always great with my navigation. It must have been all that travelling around in my earlier years as I could read a map as well as the next guy and I always found my waypoints during my nav-ex's (navigation exercises) over France.

Granted I upset French Air Traffic Control on a few occasions and still do to be honest, but hey, they love it I reckon. I remember a solo nav-ex flight where I had to land at another French airport called Saint-Brieuc. Finding my way there was fine, but when I taxied in to park the aircraft, I got it totally wrong and the man in the control tower went ballistic. I had to go up there to get my log book stamped and he just went off on one, which was fine as I couldn't understand a word. Perhaps it was lunchtime?

To this day I still get it wrong now and again. Recently we flew into Tours Val de Loire Airport as part of a cheeky wine tasting escape. After landing and clearing the runway, the nice man in the tower said “Golf November Sierra, parking is at your discretion.” Perfect, that meant I could really impress Jules (and the people inside the terminal who were watching us) by taxiing right up to the front door. As I shut down the engine, one of the ground agents was almost jumping up and down, shouting very loudly and pointing behind us. Rear visibility is almost nil in our aircraft so I couldn’t see what all the commotion was about, so I asked Jules to unfasten her seatbelt, open the cabin door on her side and lean out to take a look.

“There’s another plane right behind us,” she shouted over the noise.

I shouted back, “Is it a big one?”

“Put it this way, it has two very big jet engines which are still running and the pilots look a bit miffed.”

She waved at them, gave her biggest smile, climbed back in our plane and shut the door. Bugger, I’d parked on the stand allocated to a Ryanair Boeing 737 which had just landed behind us. Oops. I fired up our plane and skulked down the taxiway to the cheap seats at the far end of the airfield.

So back to 1992 and there it was, the momentous day of getting my wings. I’d realised the dream, the vision I’d had on that bus to Cornwall and the one I’d held on to all the way through the hustle and various jobs it took to get where I was. And you know what, it wasn’t what I expected, not even close. I thought I’d be elated, giving two fingers up to all those people who said I couldn’t do it, but I felt kind of flat. Of course I was excited that I could now hire a plane and go places, but deep down there was something missing.

Was it because I’d reached my ‘destination’? I wasn’t sure. I’d been so laser focused on getting those wings that nothing else mattered other than getting to the end. Had I been so relentless trying to prove a point that I’d missed the real reason I wanted to fly? If so, what was it? I thought about progressing through to become a commercial pilot and began studying for my ATPL (Airline Transport Pilot Licence), but deep down, did I really want to fly airliners for a big corporation? It didn’t feel right somehow. The girls and boys I’d gone through flight training with were getting jobs on the airlines, but something was holding me back. It was time for some more soul searching. As I flew around the skies exercising this amazing new privilege, I continued exploring what I wanted to do next.

At the time I was making good money working in the advertising agencies, so I wasn’t under any pressure in that department. I kept adding more ratings to my pilot’s licence, but I knew there was something else calling me. One of my greatest beliefs is that you must surround yourself with the right people, those ahead of you and the ones who inspire you. That was never more prevalent than when I was learning to fly. Although

I felt intimidated by the experienced pilots and aircraft owners at the Aero Club, I pushed through my comfort zone to ask them questions and spend time with them. Each and every one of them gave me their time and encouraged me all the way and most of them were also very successful business owners, which got me thinking; what does it take to run your own business and build wealth like they had?

I'd had side hustles for as long as I could remember, the usual stuff like washing cars and mowing lawns. I even painted someone's house when I was 14, not very successfully, but as we always say, "You don't have to get it perfect, you just have to get it going." But all of these had been part time gigs and I had yet to start a real business, so it got me wondering; just how hard could it be? Did you need a degree or a MBA? I simply didn't know. So I had a theory; if I applied the same process and discipline that I'd put in to getting my wings, what's the difference? Surely it was all about starting with the end in mind and working backwards to create a plan? Only one way to find out, test the theory.

As mentioned I was doing very nicely working in the agencies and I didn't want to give up all those benefits, especially not in my early 20's, so I decided to go softly, softly. I set myself up as a freelance designer and secured my first client. It was a Ski Chalet company in France who needed their glossy brochures designed and printed. Not a bad one to start with so I bought the cheapest second hand desk I could find, invested in an Apple Mac and placed it on the landing at the top of the stairs. My first office and I was in business. I worked into the nights to put the brochure together and finally sent it off to print having been quoted over £2,500. Scary stuff if this went wrong as I had no financial room for manoeuvre, fortunately it went swimmingly, the client was super happy and little old me got paid. My first real project was done and dusted and I was in business!

I began to take on more work in my spare time and I could have jumped ship into creating a full on agency, but I never wanted to employ anyone. Having been a studio manager, I knew how consuming staff leadership could be and I still wanted my freedom without all of those worries, so I set up a virtual agency where I employed the best contractors from around the world. This allowed me to scale the business and gave me more free time to do the things I loved.

And that's how Great Circle was born, my brand and marketing business which is still serving us well after more than 20 years. Having your own systemised, online business can create incredible freedom in your life, it really is just the best thing in the world.

So that's my purpose in life, now let's dive into Step 1 and help you find yours.

**“I INTEND TO LIVE LIFE,
NOT JUST EXIST.”**

GEORGE TAKEI

Step 1: Where Do You Want to Go?

If you don't know where you're going, any road will get you there. – Lewis Carroll

Chapter 1: Finding Your Purpose

If you're going to change something, you need to know what that thing is. Sounds obvious, right? But often we stumble through life feeling generally unhappy without identifying what is actually bringing us down. We wake up feeling flat, we go through our morning routine on autopilot and then head to our dreary job for another day of going through the motions. Rinse and repeat, another day from your life has gone.

If someone stopped you in the street and said, "I can change 5 things in your life in the next 60 seconds, but you have to tell me what they are right now," could you do it? Try it right now, you have 60 seconds to list 5 things in your life you'd change that would make you happy and fulfilled. Go!

Maybe the answers are something like this:

- I want more money
- I want a better car
- I want a bigger house
- I don't want to work in my job anymore
- I want to be fitter and healthier

It may sound a bit Genie in the Bottle, but it gets you considering at a high level about what you THINK might make you happy. Money, cars and a bigger house are nice, but is that really what it's all about? When it comes to finding your purpose, you have to go much deeper. You can't just reel it off in 60 seconds. Remember what I said earlier about the wealthy people I've met who are as miserable as sin? If I asked them what their true purpose was in life, I doubt they'd be able to tell me, yet it's sitting right under their nose. Because when you find it, that real deep down thing that you're on this planet for, everything will change. I thought mine was about learning to fly so that I could show the doubters I was capable. I was wrong. My true purpose is to help other people find happiness and fulfilment in their life. Why is that my true purpose? Because it makes me happy.

And THAT is our ultimate goal in life; to be happy.

We were not created to live a life of unhappiness, what's the point in that? Do you think that whoever or whatever created the universe thought, "I know, I'll create a load of miserable human beings that will spend most of their lives with a face like a smacked arse." Of course not. Happiness isn't some cruel trick that's given to us once and then taken away like a petulant child no longer allowed his sweets. Happiness is there for us all to have, but here's the catch, we have to make it happen for ourselves. And we do this by finding our purpose and changing things in our lives that don't make us happy.

Is it that easy? Not always, but it's more than possible. Most human beings only use a fraction of their possibility and resourcefulness. But they'd rather not bother trying to make change and instead live in a place of unhappiness (normally with their heads buried in Facebook or TikTok). Why, when it doesn't have to be that way? Once I discovered that I could change things I don't want for things I do want, a massive weight lifted off my shoulders. It was like that perfect day when I was surfing, it finally felt like freedom. No longer did I struggle to find snippets of happiness in between the chaos, my world became a better and happier place. I'd stopped raging against the machine of unhappiness which I'd believed couldn't be changed.

When I summarise my childhood, I use the term torrid. But what does that actually mean? What were the specific things that were causing me pain? At the time, I didn't really know, I just felt that life was shitty. My father once said to me, "All you do is run away from stuff." He wasn't completely wrong. He can call it running away if he likes, but I call it changing something for the better. I left home as soon as I could because it didn't serve me and almost caused me to self-destruct. Leaving home was a move towards finding my purpose, but it took me nearly two decades to work it out. By then I'd healed, but nobody should have to wait that long whilst they muddle through life being unhappy.

That's exactly what this book is about; helping you find happiness more quickly by identifying the things that need to change in your life. When I ask people what they want in life, I get the answer "I just want to be happy." We all do, it's what we're here for. But we need to be clear on what that looks like for each of us, because my purpose will be different to yours. Like any journey, we have to be clear on the destination so that we can change things we don't want for things we do want.

For example, say you're stuck in a dreary day job, struggling to pay the bills as you knock your pan in for someone else. But your image of happiness might be to live in a house by the sea whilst the dollars roll in through passive income so that you have all the time in the world to do the things you love doing. The problem here is that the two (where you are now to where you want to be) seem impossibly far apart. So you dismiss the happiness vision as just a pipe dream, and because you think there's so much that would need to happen to achieve it, you never get started. But instead of dismissing that vision as an unachievable goal, what you need to do is this; you need to begin by changing the things that you don't want in your life. You have to chunk them down into bite size pieces, and the very first piece is creating a vision of what that looks like.

Chapter 2: What Does Your Perfect Day Look like?

If everything in your life was exactly where you wanted it to be, what would that picture look like? Imagine the image from a drone hovering 50 feet above you. It's looking down on you and your surroundings, your house, who you're with and what you're doing right at that moment. It's taking in the car you're about to drive, what you're wearing, how you look from a health perspective and how happy you are. Stop for a minute and imagine what that picture looks like if you're living your perfect day.

Now, trying to describe what your perfect day looks like can be a challenge. We can talk

about a big house and how rich we are, but if we want to drill further into details, into what would really make us happy, it takes a bit of work. If the drone image example feels a bit woo woo, stick with me because this part is really important, and if you're struggling to visualise that image of your perfect day, ask yourself this instead: **What don't I want in my life?**

Here's the thing; it's easier to list the things you don't want because these are affecting you right now, they are tangible. So once you've defined what they are, you can then start replacing them with things that you do want which goes towards building the image of your perfect day.

Here are some examples of what people don't want in their lives:

- The measly income
- The daily monotony
- The boss
- The crappy car
- The constant worry about paying bills
- The toxic relationship

Taking this into account, when humans make a decision to take action, they generally do it for one of two reasons:

1. To move away from pain, or
2. To move towards pleasure

People are more motivated to move away from pain than they are towards pleasure. So if we look at our pain points first, these are our driving factor to make change.

Here's an example:

I really hated my job. The boss was a complete idiot, the work was mundane and the holiday allocation was a joke. I hated Monday mornings with a passion. I'd have a great weekend surfing, cycling or flying and then by Sunday night I'd have my head in my hands thinking about what I was going back to the next day. What I could have done is gone to the pub every weekday night with the other guys, drown our sorrows, have a good laugh and bitch about the boss. What I actually did was go home, knuckle down and learn how to start my own business so I could ditch the day job and work for myself. That decision moved me away from the pain of my job and consequently towards the pleasure of being my own boss and having time to do the things I loved doing whenever I wanted.

So if we're more motivated to move away from pain, why do we settle for a life that isn't what we want? Why do we drift, day in, day out, and end up in the same place we were a year ago? It's because we don't have a clear destination to aim for. We may have a vague idea of what we want, but very few people have absolute clarity. And you can't reach a destination if you don't know what it looks like. If I took off in my plane without a planned destination, I'd end up flying around in circles until I ran out of fuel,

and that's not good for anyone. In order to be successful, we have to start with the end in mind. We have to be clear on what our new life looks like. Things may change along the way, but if we don't have something to aim for to begin with, we can head off in any one of 360 directions.

Chapter 3: The Power of Visualisation

Just after I divorced I was living in a tiny studio apartment, I was more or less broke and using a borrowed car from work where I'd managed to beg for my old job back. I'd been ousted from my own business by my so-called friends and business partners and I was £40,000 in debt which I owed to a private lender. Everything I'd worked so hard for had been taken away in the blink of an eye. I was so lost I didn't know what to do with myself. I simply couldn't see a way forward out of this hole I'd created. Day after day I numbly went through the motions, one foot in front of the other, back on the treadmill. I'd get home after the monotonous slog of the day and look at the tiny four walls that surrounded me. Was this it? Was I not meant to have the life I'd envisaged? The wind had been well and truly taken out my sails.

Up until then, the only books I'd ever read were technical or fiction. I'd never read any books about self improvement or success, they just hadn't been my thing. But a friend who knew how dramatically my life had changed, asked me if I'd read a book called 'The Secret' which I'd never even heard of, so I thought it must be another fiction novel she was going to lend me to help get through the long evenings. So when I received a copy of it with the words "Keep an open mind" written on the inside front cover, I was a bit surprised. What the heck was this? As it's not the biggest book in the world and I had lots of time on my hands, I thought why not? After all I didn't really have a lot else to do.

I think there are two camps about manifestation. Some people embrace it wholly, others just roll their eyes and call it a load of old tripe. I was probably in camp 2 after I read 'The Secret' the first time, it definitely wasn't my normal choice of reading. So being very process driven as I am, I set out to prove this whole manifestation thing wrong. It was kind of niggling away at me so I had to get it boxed off and move on. The thing about manifestation is you have to give it 100% focus. You also have to back it up with total commitment and action taking to make it work. So I decided on an audacious, unmissable goal to focus on. I didn't want any doubt about proving this wrong, so I picked a vision of a red BMW with all the extras and beautiful black leather interior. Shallow? Yes, but it was a clear goal (and of course I am a bloke). Every night I'd lie in bed before I went to sleep and visualise that car parked outside my bedroom window of the ground floor studio I was living in.

At the time I was back working as a brand manager in a car dealership, so being pretty clued up on vehicles, I made the visualisation as clear as possible. I couldn't possibly afford a car with a spec that I'd envisaged as they'd be retailing for around £25,000 and that was more than a king's ransom for me at the time. I'd given myself 4 weeks for this thing to happen, so every night I tuned in before I went to sleep and created a vision of the car.

About 3 weeks later I was called into my boss's office; "Captain, can I have a word

please?” Oh here we go, more bad news I imagined. Ash was my manager and he'd always had my back. “Look, I know you've been looking for some wheels and we've just had a double trade-in which has your name written all over it. It's a 325 SE, hardly any miles and it's like new.”

Okay, my interest was well and truly piqued and I had a tingling on the back of my neck. My first thought was that it's going to be too expensive, something like that was never going to be cheap. But the million dollar question from me was, “What colour is it Ash?” Raised eyebrow from the boss “It's a red one Captain, you okay with that?” HmMMM.

“All well and good” I said, “but how much is it going for?”

Ash gave me the news, “As I said, it's a double trade-in, she's putting this and a Range Rover against the new XJ, so I could let you have the BMW at cost, so what we can do is let you have it for £9,000, zero deposit and rock bottom finance, how does that sound?”

I was completely gob-smacked. I hadn't seen the car yet, but Ash knew his stuff so there'd be no surprises. I drove it away 3 days later, Ash telling me, “It just needs some bigger alloys on it and it'll be top drawer.” Bigger wheels weren't even on my radar, this was mind blowing. That night I parked it right outside my bedroom window, exactly as I'd envisaged it.

Every bit of this is honest truth, Jules will testify to it as she saw it all unfold. So whether you think manifestation is mumbo jumbo or not, this was just the start of my journey into visualisation. The next step was manifesting a way to clear my £40,000 debt which happened about a month later. From there it was getting my business back, and after that, shares in an amazing aircraft. All done within 12 months of me first picking up ‘The Secret’.

But this book isn't all about manifestation. We're going to do some serious visualisation which you'll use as your focus, but we're not concentrating on ‘The Secret’ or anything like that. The examples above are to prove how strong visualisation can be. Remember when I talked about the image I had in my head from Brian's plane? That is another perfect example of laser focussing and doing everything in your power to reach your destination.

Chapter 4: The Most Expensive Thing in the World

What do you think that is? Gold, Diamonds, Crypto? Nope, it's Time. Because you simply can't buy it. In fact time goes up in value with every second that ticks by. How many wealthy people lying on their deathbeds would trade everything they had for more time? Almost everyone I would wager. So when we're talking about being successful, Money vs Time isn't even a competition. The point here is that you can invest in courses and books that will help you change your life, but if you don't do anything with them, it's all for nothing. Improving your life is not about the investment, it's about the implementation.

Giving up your spare time to work on yourself is the one of the best investments you can make. I also know it's hard to put in extra hours when you're tired and demotivated, but the clock keeps ticking whether you do the work or not. Time is selfish, it's not going to wait for you.

This time next year do you want to be living your Perfect Day, or will you be living the same year twice?

Sadly I know so many people who want to change their life but don't put in the effort. Each year I have the same conversation with them as they remain stuck, unhappy and unfulfilled. They'd rather get a quick dopamine fix from YouTube and Insta than work on creating their best life. Only you know how badly you want to create a successful life. I can give you all the tools you need, but you need to work with me. Are you ready?

Chapter 5: Visualise Your Perfect Day

"If something doesn't change soon, you're on track for a stroke or heart attack." The sobering words from Jules' Doctor. A shadow of her former self, she was at breaking point after years of being crushed by her job. Those words were her final warning. Jules had been so afraid to give up her salary that she'd stuck with a job that was literally draining the life out of her. With tears in my eyes I took her hands and told her, "It's taken all of my life to find you and if we don't do something now, I'm going to lose you forever." That was all we needed. Hugging each other like there was no tomorrow, she agreed to hand in her resignation. So we needed a plan.

It was June 2021 and COVID was taking over the world. We were living in Jersey and our lease was up at the end of the year. Uncertainty ruled the world. We'd always loved our holidays in Spain and often discussed what it would be like to live in this beautiful country, but it always seemed like a bit of a pipe dream. Jules is the cautious one in our relationship, whereas I'm a "Screw it, let's do it!" kind of guy, so nobody was more surprised than me when she said "Let's go, let's move to Spain."

"When?" I asked.

She replied, "As soon as I've worked my notice." That was in 3 months' time.

Our entire life was in Jersey, our home, cars, family, businesses, aeroplane, the lot, it was all there. So to up sticks and move to another country was no small task, and we had a 90 day timeline. With Brexit approaching and COVID closing international borders, the challenges were going to be plentiful. It would be all too easy to sit tight and 'play it safe' so we needed something to focus on, something that would be our driving factor every one of those 90 days.

When you're going to make a big shift in your life, there are 3 essentials you need to make it happen: **Vision**, **Motivation** and **Resourcefulness**. So we took time to really think about what our new life in Spain would look like and then we created our vision boards. This is such an exciting exercise as you're creating a picture of your future. What could be better? We had one board in the living room and one in the bedroom.

They were wallpaper on our iPhones and desktop images on our laptops. They were everywhere. People thought we were mad, they were wrong.

Jules was still under pressure as she worked her notice, working from home, she'd be on those hideous zoom call meetings whilst staring at our vision boards on the wall. Knowing what our new life looked like kept her going. She'd come off those calls, stand up and shout our favourite line: "WE'RE FUCKING WELL HAVING THIS!" I love it when she talks dirty.

Vision boards are a snapshot of what your new life can look like and chances are things aren't going to look exactly the same when you get there. But here's the thing about our vision boards; they are SCARILY close to the life we lead now here in Spain. Some of the details are different, but we're always shocked when we see how close our vision was then to what our reality is now.

So love 'em or hate 'em, I'd urge you to create your own vision boards. You may think they're a bit woo woo and fluffy, but what have you got to lose? If you really want to make a change in your life, why not do it? There are plenty of free online tools to create your vision boards;

FREE utilities for your Mood Board:

Canva's drag and drop editor for mood boards:

www.canva.com/create/mood-boards/

Royalty Free Image sources:

www.pexels.com

www.unsplash.com

When you're creating your vision boards, work with everyone who's going on the journey with you and explore it together. Have fun, be creative and dream big! Once you've created your vision boards, print them out and display them everywhere that will be front of mind. Save them as your desktop and your home screen on your phone.

SIDE NOTE: MY JOURNEY ISN'T YOUR JOURNEY

Look, our journey to pack up our life and move to another country in 90 days was a bit 'extreme' and I know it's not for everyone. Your journey might be as simple as finding more time to spend with your loved ones, or having more time to do the things in life that you love. There is no right or wrong here. Actually, let me caveat that; the only wrong thing is to do nothing, to stay stuck where you are now if you're unhappy.

By leaving home at 16 and learning to fly, I realised that I could achieve anything I wanted by making changes in my life. I chose quite radical changes because it's just the way I'm wired. Flying planes, racing cars, living in different countries, all of that stuff was me simply trying to find my purpose. So all of our journeys will be different. My job in writing this book, my coaching and my Spanish Discovery Retreats is to help good people like you identify your purpose and start making changes to create your own happiness and fulfilment. Right then, shall we crack on?

Chapter 6: Who's Going with You?

Later in the book we're going to discuss the closest people in your life and the influence they have on you and your decisions. But for now, let's think about who is going with you on this journey as they need to be fully onboard as well. I know so many people who are married or who have partners and who's idea of a successful life is different from each other. Personally, Jules and I have spent time working together on our Perfect Day and it's massively exciting and great fun. We've worked on our vision boards together and built up that picture of what it looks like. We talk about it all the time which inspires us to work even harder to achieve our goals.

Jules took some time to come around to visualisation, but one thing she has seen is how it worked for me, from getting that red BMW to creating a hugely successful business and becoming an aircraft co-owner. These are things I never would have imagined when I was at rock bottom. I cannot stress how important it is for you to be on the same page as your partner or spouse. If you're both pulling in different directions, then it'll be very difficult to achieve your Perfect Day. Life is about compromises, so we have to fine tune our visions in order to come together as one.

That's not to say that we can't have different interests. For example Jules isn't bothered about coming racing with me on track days or going scuba diving to explore shipwrecks. And she's mad about her Orchids which are beautiful, but I'm not interested in growing them. When you're aligned with the person closest to you, it's one of the best feelings in the world, and if you're creating things together, you're twice as powerful. I've flown with a lot of different pilots and we've always reached our destination, but when I fly with my friend Mike, we are completely aligned and have so much fun along the way and when we get to our destinations. We're in tune which makes things so much easier.

Our actual Vision Boards as we planned our new life in Spain:



Step 1 Key Takeaways

- The goal of this book is about creating a life that you will love living every day. It's about making changes and replacing things you don't want with things you do want
- Our ultimate goal in life is to be happy
- We were not created to live a life of unhappiness
- To avoid overwhelm, we have to chunk our journey down into bite size pieces
- People are more motivated to move away from pain than they are towards pleasure
- We drift through life because we don't have a clear destination to aim for
- When you're going to make a big shift in your life, there are 3 essentials you need to make it happen:
 - Vision
 - Motivation
 - Resourcefulness
- Create your vision boards to give you direction and motivation
- Make sure your vision is aligned with those going on the journey with you

**“WHEN I WAS 5 YEARS OLD,
MY MOTHER TOLD ME THAT
HAPPINESS WAS THE KEY TO LIFE.
WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL, THEY
ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED TO BE
WHEN I GREW UP. I WROTE DOWN
‘HAPPY’. THEY TOLD ME I DIDN’T
UNDERSTAND THE ASSIGNMENT,
AND I TOLD THEM THEY DIDN’T
UNDERSTAND LIFE.”**

JOHN LENNON

Step 2: Where You Are Now Doesn't Matter

*Keep your face always toward the sunshine – and shadows will fall behind you.
– Walt Whitman.*

Chapter 12: How Did You Get Here?

Where you are in your life right now is a result of the decisions you've made along the way. These may have been conscious and well thought out, maybe they were reactive decisions that you regret, or perhaps they were subconscious (gut feeling) decisions. All of those decisions no longer matter. They've been made and the consequences, good or bad are what you're living right now.

I've made some very bad decisions in my life, who hasn't? I've also made some good ones;

- **Bad decision:** Deciding to run the gauntlet through that police roadblock
- **Good decision:** Deciding to give manifestation and visualisation a go

These and many more conscious decisions have shaped where I am today. And you know what? I've learned from every single one of them. Now that can't be a bad thing, can it? And don't forget, a mistake is not a mistake if we learn from it. So what about you? Where are you now in your life and which decisions have you made that have brought you here? More importantly, which decisions are you going to make in the future that will help create your success?

You made a decision to pick up this book and read it. There's a reason for that; you're looking to change something in your life. Congratulations for taking action, don't stop. You can also make the decision to not finish this book, to go back to what you were doing before because it's more comfortable. These are conscious decisions that you do have control of and the ones that will shape your future.

Chapter 13: The Man Who Fell to Earth

Easter 1994; the boss and I had words. I was supposed to go flying with him that weekend, but instead I'd made the decision to go and see my sister in Yorkshire. He wasn't best pleased as I was supposed to be his co-pilot on a mission. At the time I was working for an aviation company based at Fairoaks airport near London. Tom the owner was a young, headstrong chap of Irish descent and we got on like a house on fire. He'd done extremely well with the business and he owned a Beech Duchess twin engined aircraft which stood outside the converted hangar where we worked. We had some good flights to France and various other interesting sorties around the skies of the South East of England and I loved flying out of Fairoaks as it's right under the flight path of Heathrow Airport, so it's a busy old place that keeps you on your toes.

A few weeks prior to Easter, Tom told me that he was thinking of buying a jet and did I want to fly up to Lincolnshire with him to take a look? Duh! So we saddled up one afternoon and flew the Duchess up to an ex-RAF base called Binbrook. The base had

recently been decommissioned by the RAF and it, along with some other interesting artefacts, had been acquired by a local businessman who was also a pilot. We arrived overhead the airfield and flew a couple of low passes to make sure the runway was free from any debris. All good, we made our approach, touched down and taxied to one of the huge hangars to meet our host.

This whole experience has to be one of the most surreal in my flying days. The new owner of the base was a down to earth, almost farmer-like Lincolnshire man, a proper bloke through and through. He welcomed us to the airfield and proceeded to pull open the huge hangar doors, at which point our mouths dropped wide open. In his new collection he had 2 ex-RAF Jet Provosts, another random looking aircraft I couldn't even identify, and a massive Bristol Bloodhound surface-to-air missile. "Well you never know when you might need one" he said with a wry grin. Bloody hell! You could not make this up. "Yep, I got a job lot with the airfield" he said. Of course you did. As it was getting late, we had a walk around the jet in question, a Jet Provost T3A, then went for dinner in the local town with a plan to test fly the aircraft the next day. Next morning we were up bright and early like kids on Christmas Day and were taken back to the airfield.

The T3A is a basic jet trainer previously used by the RAF as an entry into fast jets, it has two seats side by side and no room for other passengers. So while the boss went flying first, I sat it out in a dispersal hut. The base was previously home to Lightning pilots who would be on standby to intercept potential Soviet threats heading towards the UK. The whole place reeked of flying history and adrenaline. Some of these pilots were only around 18 years old, a huge responsibility at that age as The English Electric Lightning was an incredibly powerful aeroplane which reportedly could climb at 50,000 feet per minute! Pilots describe it as 'being like strapped to a rocket.' With such power, the aircraft scoffed fuel at an impressive rate, so range was very limited. Those young pilots were acutely aware that should they be scrambled to intercept a Russian Aircraft at some distance over the North Sea, it could well be a one way mission as they might not have enough fuel to return home. Sobering.

Tom arrived back in the Jet Provost with a world class grin on his face, and now it was my turn to fly. The jet itself was manufactured in 1964 and was fairly basic. Although it's powered by a single jet engine, it's actually quite easy to operate, even more so than a complex piston twin engine craft like the Duchess. Flying it was an absolute dream, so smooth and with all that power (very little in comparison to today's jets), it was sublime. I asked if we could fly some aerobatics but the owner told me it wasn't on the cards as he wasn't aerobatic rated. Knowing what I know now, it's just as well. Flight over, we returned to base where Tom and the owner struck a deal.

We flew back to Fair Oaks that afternoon with a plan hatched for the boss to go back for some basic training and position the jet to North Weald where it would be based. Various things conspired against that, so Tom's training was cut short and the jet was flown down to North Weald by another pilot.

I was itching to get up in the beast again and Tom had planned for some serious flying

over the Easter Weekend. I was chomping! But after getting a call from my sister who was ill, I made the decision to bin the flying and go to see her instead. The boss wasn't happy, but he said fine, no skin off his nose, he'd take his brother Des instead.

After a peaceful weekend in Yorkshire I was a bit reluctant to drive back to the hustle of Surrey, but work was calling and I was looking forward to hearing how the flying went, especially as Des was a bit of a nervous flyer. Once home I switched on the TV, and with a quick double take I was looking at the boss and his brother being interviewed live at a press conference. What the hell was this? Des was looking very worse for wear, all beaten up and wearing a huge neck brace. Blimey, had he been mugged? Apparently not, but he probably wished he had been.

On the day in question, Des had taken my place in the right hand seat of the T3A. There was plenty of flying activity happening at North Weald with lots of other warbirds taking to the skies. Tom and Des taxied out for the first flight of the day which would include some basic handling and navigation before heading back to base. As Des had never been in any type of aircraft like this before, Tom briefed him on getting out the aircraft in case of emergency. During its service days, the jet had live ejector seats which were now decommissioned as it was on the civilian register.

Ejector seats are complex beasts, but imagine a chair mounted on vertical rails with rockets attached to the bottom of it. When it all goes wrong in the cockpit and the aircraft is doomed, the pilot pulls two handles which are located either between his legs or above his head. The rockets fire, the canopy explodes and the seat is sent outside of the aircraft at a very rapid rate of knots. Once clear of the plane, the seat separates from the pilot and a parachute is deployed to float the skipper down to earth. On Tom's jet, the original seats were still in place but the rockets and firing mechanism had been removed. Tom and Des wore the parachutes which were functional and would be used if they manually bailed out the plane. This would all be quite complex if it had to happen in a hurry as you don't have the rockets to blast you clear.

Apparently Des was a bit nervous about all of this, so Tom re-briefed him on the entire thing, also placing Des' hand on the D-Ring that would be used to deploy the parachute if needed.

"Des, relax! You're not going to need them" said big brother as off they went into the skies of East Anglia.

The sortie started well, except Des had put his sunglasses into a pocket which he couldn't reach because of his harness. Both of them were wearing military style helmets, so Des pulled down his shaded visor which would prove to be a good decision. After some familiarisation flying, Tom planned on carrying out some basic aerobic manoeuvres which involves rolling the aircraft 360 degrees around its longitudinal axis, much like you see in the airshows where they often refer to it as a barrel roll. After handing his maps and charts to Des to hold tight, Tom set up the aircraft and carried out the first roll which went well, he then carried on with a second one to the left at an altitude of 3,000 feet. This is when my decision to go and see my Sister that weekend paid off. As

the aircraft rolled upside down, Des's seat, which hadn't been secured to the floor after being decommissioned, slid up its rails, smashed through the canopy and out into the sky with Des strapped firmly to it.

Des was a bit perplexed as only seconds before he'd been sitting in a nice cosy cockpit and now he was tumbling rapidly towards earth. With the presence of mind to remember what Tom had told him during the repeated brief, Des found the D-Ring and deployed the parachute. All good, except the harness straps hadn't been fastened securely around his legs as they should have been, so the parachute harness started riding up around Des's throat. As Des told me, "I was quite pleased I'd survived being thrown from the plane, especially as I'd been hit by the tail during the rolling manoeuvre (a boot print was found on the plane by the investigators), but now I thought I was going to choke to death before I hit the ground."

Meanwhile, back in the plane, Tom thought that he'd just killed his brother and was somewhat distraught as you would be, but he had to keep flying the plane. He couldn't hear anything or see very much as the wind coming through the broken canopy was battering him, but he transmitted a MayDay message anyway. Another pilot heard the message and set off in search of Tom to help shepherd him back to North Weald. Somehow they pulled it off and Tom landed the plane safely, albeit one person less onboard than when he took off.

Des who'd never done a skydive in his life, was heading for earth, barely able to breathe. His flying jacket helped relieve a bit of the pressure of the harness on his throat, but he was almost choking. He saw the ground coming up, bent his legs and prepared for impact. Back at North Weald there was still no news of Des, people simply don't know what had happened to him, was he alive or dead? Meanwhile, now lying in a field, looking up at the Easter sky through his visor, Des was in one piece, albeit a very sore neck and a swollen tongue.

The brothers were reunited as Des was taken to hospital for treatment, before being released 2 days later. And this was why they were taking part in a news conference which I was now watching and finding barely possible to comprehend.

Hard to believe, isn't it? Watch the documentary by Googling "**Jet Provost Accident BBC 999 Desmond Moloney.**"

So many decisions made in that whole episode led to so many different outcomes, thankfully all for the best. The whole point of this is to highlight how many decisions we make each day that shape our future.

- Des asking Tom twice about the parachute procedure
- Des using his visor instead of his sunglasses
- Tom continuing to fly the jet even though he thought he'd killed Des
- Tom putting out a 'blind' MayDay call for help

Of course hindsight is 20/20, but we can use examples like this to make more conscious decisions in our day to day lives. So what about this?

ONE LIFE Lesson: When you're about to make a decision, ask yourself, "Will this move me closer to my goals or further away from them?"

For example, when you're about to jump on Social Media for a 'quick scroll' that will end up wasting an hour of your time, does that serve your higher purpose or not? When you make the decision to watch a movie instead of completing that online course, does that move you closer to where you want to go or further away? When you decide to put this book down and go do something else instead, is that a service to you or a disservice? Making more conscious decisions has had a huge impact on my life and getting me closer towards my Perfect Day.

Chapter 14: Breaking the Chain of Events

Jules and I had flown to France for one of our cheeky overnight getaways. I'd checked the weather which looked glorious all weekend, so we grabbed the plane and flew 20 minutes to Dinard in France where we had a car. From there we headed to a little château about an hour's drive south, what is known as a no-brainer trip. We were booked to have dinner, stay overnight and then fly back leisurely the next evening.

We woke up the next day to a revised weather report for Jersey telling us that it was deteriorating throughout the afternoon. Bit of a shame as we'd hoped to spend the day moseying back to the plane for a quick flight back to the island around 7pm. Oh well, we packed up and headed back early, stopping at the local supermarket to stock up on the local wine and cheese. By the time we reached the plane at Dinard and called for engine start clearance, the weather was rapidly coming down in Jersey with reducing visibility and lowering cloud base.

As Jersey is a small island, it doesn't have the biggest airport in the world. As such it isn't equipped with an automated landing system like they have in London Heathrow where aircraft can land themselves (called Autoland) in poor visibility. So we have strict, minimum conditions which we must adhere to when landing in bad weather. Mostly they are about the lowest height we can descend through cloud in order to see the runway. If we're not visual at our minimum descent height, we have to go around for another go, hold until the conditions improve, or divert to another airfield which is within limits.

On this particular day we were almost home and I could see the cloud base lowering by the minute. It was still at a level I could duck under visually to get in, but that didn't leave any room for manoeuvre if things started to get tight. So instead of a straight in, visual approach, I opted to use the Instrument Landing System (ILS), a standard, non-visual radio navigation approach. An ILS approach requires you to join the procedure at a certain height and distance from the runway. So instead of heading straight to the airfield to beat the descending cloud base, ATC gave us vectors (headings to fly) which

sent us out 10 miles to the east of the island. This would now take us longer to get in and land. When I set up the frequency for the ILS, my backup navigation device wouldn't pick up the system. That's not a problem per se and I could have flown the approach on only my primary system, however I had a feeling that something was off.

Jules was preparing for us to land as she knows the drill so well, when a commotion came over the radio. Someone had just taken off from Jersey and climbed straight into the cloud. From what we could hear, the pilot was totally disoriented and not complying with strict Air Traffic instructions. There was a British Airways Airbus joining the same procedure as me from the north and the lady pilot who was lost in the light aircraft was heading straight for them. As the crew asked ATC what was happening, I could hear their Traffic Alert and Collision Avoidance System (TCAS) warning them of impending danger. This was not a good situation.

I could sense a chain forming that I didn't want any part of. What if the lost pilot turned towards me when I was in thick cloud on the approach? I didn't have TCAS so I wouldn't know she was there until it was too late. Or what if I had a primary ILS system failure with all this going on? The cloud base had also lowered further towards my minimum approach altitude, so things were starting to get very tight. The weather was also getting worse back at Dinard which was our diversion alternate and I didn't have a lot of fuel onboard for holding overhead Jersey.

My internal alarm bells were ringing loud and clear so I made the decision to break off the approach, turn away from the mayhem and go back to France. Jules understood something important was happening, and as she does so well, left me to it until we were out of harm's way before asking what was going on. I told her it was all becoming too sketchy and we were going back to France where we'd have to spend the night. She gave me one of her biggest smiles and said "Yay, Dinard Yacht Club for dinner then!" You have to love her. We had a fantastic night at the Yacht Club, superb food and more fabulous French wine. Sometimes those decisions turn out to be the best!

ONE LIFE Lesson: I could have pushed on and likely landed safely in Jersey. But when my gut tells me that something is not right, I always listen.

With aviation accidents there is nearly always a chain of events leading to the outcome. Had one of those links in the chain been broken, the incident would have been avoided. As pilots, we are trained to spot a developing chain of events and make a clear decision to act. I've been pilot in command on several occasions when I've done just that. Some decisions I've made seem hardly worth noting, but had I let the chain build up, the outcome could have been very different.

When I'm making decisions in business and life, I look for those chains that are leading me in the wrong direction. For example, a few years ago I made the decision to walk away from a £20,000 investment that we'd already made in a consultant. On his advice, we were about to invest another £100,000 in stock but something felt wrong. Over the previous 5 months, things weren't going as promised and little cracks were starting to

appear. So we stopped, evaluated and decided to pull the plug. And that was a bloody hard thing to do. £20,000 isn't chicken feed in any situation and we could have easily chased that particular rabbit down a very expensive hole, but had we not broken the chain, we'd have lost £120,000 or more.

When you're working on changing your life, always look for those chains that may need breaking and be decisive in taking action. It's never too late to break the chain, and when you do, when you find the courage to say 'no more' you will feel freer than you ever have in your life. Believe me, it has served me very well on many occasions!

ONE LIFE Lesson: Listen to your gut feeling and break the chain of events when you need to.

Chapter 15: What needs to change?

In order to change something, we have to identify what it is. You know when you're driving your car and you start hearing a strange noise? You don't know what's wrong but you know that it probably needs sorting out. If it doesn't sound too serious, you might keep driving, hoping that it goes away. You can choose to either ignore it or you can identify what's wrong so it can be fixed and your car will be happy again. That's a luxury we don't have in a plane. If something isn't running right, I'm not going to carry on and hope things get better because that little thing called gravity isn't as forgiving as a hard shoulder if everything goes quiet in the engine department.

It's exactly the same in life. If something is wrong, we need to identify what it is and fix it. Otherwise it's just going to get worse until the whole thing comes crashing down. But in life, it's too easy to ignore those things and hope they'll go away or that someone else will fix them. Sometimes we don't actually know exactly what's wrong, but we know something is off because we're not in flow. It might be a relationship that isn't going the right way but you've been ignoring the downward slope in hope it will get better. Maybe someone else is taking more and more advantage of you and it's wearing you down as you plod forward. Perhaps it's your job, just look at what happened to Jules when she was on the brink of a stroke or heart attack - she knew it wasn't right long before that point, but she kept on going.

Also, putting things right can seem very hard. We don't want conflict, we hate to upset anyone or it just seems easier to carry on with our lot than it is to make uncomfortable changes, so we tell ourselves that we'll deal with it tomorrow. I only realised I needed to leave home when it was almost too late. The signs had been there, the chain had been building up for years, but unfortunately I wasn't old enough or wise enough to realise it at the time. Looking back I now know exactly what was wrong and the things I should have changed, but again, hindsight is 20/20.

Our job on is to identify those things we need to change now. The thing is, it can seem harder the older we get and the more commitments we have; the job, the marriage, where we live, the kids, but if something isn't right, we need to find the courage to identify it and change it.

As an example, I recently had to distance myself from a friend who was becoming more toxic by the day. I'd ignored the little signs as they started to happen, but the more they came, the more it was holding me back and distracting me. What they were doing did not align with my values and I knew it was going to be a difficult one to deal with. But having been through a similar thing with my family, I knew that once I got through the other side, my life would be richer. And so it proved to be. When something doesn't feel right to me these days, I have an internal audit to find out what it is, then I decide how I'm going to fix it. I do this by finding a quiet space where I can think clearly without all of today's noise distracting me. It could be as simple as an hour or two on my paddle board, or an afternoon on my mountain bike in the hills. That space gives me the clarity I need on what needs to change.

Remember those decisions we talked about earlier? Jules and I are very lucky in the amazing partnership we have together. I won't bore you with our entire life stories, but we're both divorcees without any kids which is quite rare these days for people who meet at our age. What we are very good at now is identifying problems and sorting them out together, either with us, our environment or those around us who bring us down. I believe this is the foundation of our ultra strong relationship and it allows us to tackle life's storms together. Sometimes we have to have uncomfortable conversations, but it's so worth it when we can fix what needs mending or break a chain of events that isn't serving us. Don't get me wrong, we've had some howlers in the past, but they've come from a lack of understanding of what the problem is and not finding a way forward together. Now we know the secret recipe, we very rarely have any cross words.

Chapter 16: Things You Can Change, Things You Can't

Whilst I was writing this section, Jules and I discussed things that often make people unhappy and which can be changed but often aren't because they appear too hard. The first thing she said was "Marriages" so we dived in and explored deeper. If a couple can be brutally honest with each other and explore what the problems are in a sensible, mature manner, then they can get to a point where they either try to put things right or decide to go their separate ways.

Jules said she wished she'd gotten out of her marriage sooner. The whole thing was a nightmare and there was an underlying cause to that, and she said that had she been able to look at it from a chain of events point of view, she would have made the break sooner. There were a lot of wasted years there including her hideous job, but she now knows how to spot and break a chain of events building up that isn't going to serve her.

Thinking about people who hate their jobs, they can and absolutely should fix that problem. I know so many people who have been stuck in jobs they hate for years.

When I ask them why they don't move, I get a whole range of answers:

- "There aren't any other jobs out there"
- "I'm too old to get another job"
- "I can't afford to leave this position"
- "It's easier if I just stay here and keep the peace"

These are tragic because there's always something better out there. The problem is that people get brainwashed into thinking that this crap is their lot. It doesn't have to be, please believe me. Yes there's courage and resourcefulness needed to make a big change, but you can do it.

So let's take a look at things we can't change:

- I'm a bit of a short arse at 5'7" in height. Not a lot I can do about that unless I start wearing platforms, but you can't wear those around the swimming pool without looking like a bit of a plank
- My age. Can't fix that as it's only going one way, and that's if I'm lucky (always see the upside to everything)
- My looks. Can't change them unless I have plastic surgery and hair transplants, but I never did like what Michael Jackson did to himself

Seriously, these are things that we have and can't change in the real world. So why are so many people hung up on themselves? It's back to the stories we tell ourselves that we'll address later. I haven't painted a very good picture of myself have I? Short bloke, getting on a bit and losing his hair. But you know what, I'm one of the most content people you're likely to meet. Because once I got over all that stuff, my life improved exponentially. Once we learn to love who we are and stop worrying about what is skin deep, we're free to find someone who shares the same values and loves us for who we are.

ONE LIFE Lesson: We need to stop looking in the mirror and berating ourselves for who we are, because I tell you what, life can be tough enough out there before we start on ourselves.

Chapter 17: You Can't Change Your Family. Can You Not?

For me it all depends on your definition of family. The Oxford English Dictionary defines family as; "A group consisting of one or two parents and their children." I define it as; "A close group of people, or a community who share the same values and who care and look out for each other - those who would be there for you without question - those who have your back."

Here's the thing about families, just because you share the same bloodline as someone else, it DOES NOT give them, or you, the right to abuse, hurt, treat unfairly, talk down to, or humiliate the other person, AND expect forgiveness because they are so called family. If you were in a bar and someone started humiliating you and telling you how useless and worthless you were, would you say "oh that's okay, I forgive you." Probably not. So why should a family member get away with it?

My family are now Jules, my sister and the very close friends we have. I'm not telling you to ditch your family and walk away, of course not, but if there's a problem in there, it needs to be addressed and things need to change.

Please, please, please, don't ever put up with unfairness in any relationship. You simply don't have time for that and I mean that literally. You have too much life to live and it can't be under someone else's cloud. So I want you to look around and ask yourself "What's wrong with my life right now, what do I need to change?" Go deep on this. Look at the things really making you unhappy and single them out.

Make two lists:

1: Things I can't change

For example: My height / My Age / My Looks

2: Things I can change

For example: My weight / my fitness / my relationship / my location / my job

List 1 will be an agreement with yourself. These are the things that you will stop trying to change or worry about.

List 2 is going to be tactical. These are the things you'll work on to start making real changes in your life. It will give you clarity on what needs to happen rather than you simply living in a fog of discontent.

You're not going to tackle them all at once as that would be overwhelming. Simply take one at a time, make the changes that need to happen and then move on to the next one.

Chapter 18: Focus Forward

After a punishing orientation flight in the Western Australian outback, we were joining the landing pattern back at our base at Jandakot. The heat had been brutal and I'd been training how to operate the aircraft in these extreme conditions. I was beat. Having been used to flying in and out of Jersey in mild, temperate conditions, this was a different level.

At most airports there is usually only one runway in use, and in order to maintain some sanity and separation from other aircraft we fly in a 'pattern' around the airfield. Imagine the runway with an enlarged rectangle attached to it on one side, the runway forming one of the long edges of the 'patten'. We take off, climb out to circuit height, then turn left 90 degrees onto the Crosswind leg, then another 90 degrees on to the Downwind Leg (parallel to the runway) and then another left turn onto Base leg before the last turn on to Final Approach. This creates order for aircraft joining the 'pattern' to land and it works very nicely on a good day. Jandakot however has 2 parallel runways that operate simultaneously. So if it's busy, you can be landing on one runway with another aircraft alongside you landing on the other one. Exciting, unless of course you're wiped out, dehydrated and not concentrating properly, like me that day.

It was the first time I'd experienced a dual active runway setup and as we were on base leg, I became disorientated looking at both runways. I had to think about the picture I was seeing and by the time I'd worked it out, I'd flown straight through the centreline of our runway and into the final approach path of the one next to us. There was landing

traffic on that one and we came into near conflict. My instructor grabbed the controls from me, made an almost aerobatic turn out of harm's way and landed us back on our runway. The other aircraft had to break off its approach to avoid a risk of collision. People were not happy with the 'Pom' and I was distraught at the danger I'd created.

My instructor was very calm about it all and said, "Let's get inside where it's cool and we can have a chat."

Oh my. I began blurting out how sorry I was and how I'd created such a fiasco, the words and apologies pouring from my mouth.

"Stop!" she said. "It's done and it's behind you now."

I wasn't convinced and continued, "I know but look what could have happened if you hadn't been there."

"Andy, that path is behind you. Have you learned from it?" she asked.

"Yes of course, of course I have. I'll never do that again." I said.

"Then it's time to move on and focus forward, we have better work to do." came the words that I've adopted for myself and others since that day.

It doesn't matter what has gone before, it's all in the past and we can't do anything about it. If I could, would I rewind and fly that approach differently? Of course, but I don't have that luxury, time doesn't work like that. Life is a one way street on which we can't go back and have another go.

ONE LIFE Lesson: Whatever you've done in the past, whatever decisions you've made to get you here, it's time to let it go and move forward. There is better work to be done my friend.

Step 2 Key Takeaways

- Where you are in your life right now is a result of the decisions you've made along the way. All of those decisions no longer matter
- You need to make conscious decisions in your life
- When you're about to do something, ask yourself this: "Will this move me closer to my goals or further away from them?"
- Always look for those chains that may need breaking and be decisive in taking action
- Your job is to identify things you can change and things you can't change
- Stop looking in the mirror and berating yourself for who you are
- Don't ever put up with unfairness in any relationship, you simply don't have time for that
- Life is a one way street on which we can't go back and have another go. So whatever you've done in the past, whatever decisions you have made to get you here, it's time to move forward

**“THINGS NEVER HAPPEN BY
ACCIDENT. THEY HAPPEN BECAUSE
YOU HAVE A VISION, YOU HAVE
A COMMITMENT, YOU HAVE A
DREAM.”**

OSCAR DE LA RENTA

Step 3: Committing to the Journey

*Give yourself permission to live your dream.
- Andy Brown.*

Chapter 8: How Badly Do You Want This?

If you've got this far in the book, you're committed to making real change in your life. Many people will pick up a book, read only a couple of pages and put it down 'for later' never to be read again. But you're one of the few who are committed to replacing old habits with new ones, pushing outside your comfort zone and doing what needs to be done. Even by reading this book, you're investing in yourself and your future. Don't stop now.

My mentor Ryan has a phrase; "People who pay, pay attention. People who don't pay, don't pay attention." I totally subscribe to that and it's one of the reasons I charge for my books, coaching and retreats, because people who invest in themselves are more committed to change. Granted, a few people buy courses or books but never finish them and sadly all they end up with is an impressive looking bookcase whilst nothing else changes in their life. Please don't be one of those people because there's an amazing life out there for you if you really want it.

Chapter 9: Be the Pilot, Not the Passenger

A pilot never forgets their first solo flight, it only happens once in your flying lifetime and it's incredible. On a balmy August evening in 1991, Simon, my flying instructor did something that put the fear of God in me.

Taxiing back to the Aero Club after another successful lesson, Simon called the control tower and said, "Jersey Tower, Golf Bravo Papa Hotel Bravo, student first solo." I glanced over to see if he was joking about sending me up on my own for the first time. He wasn't. Holy Sheeeeet! With only 11 hours of flying experience under my belt, I thought 'this can't be right, I don't have enough skills and I'm nowhere near ready.'

"Simon, we haven't had enough lessons yet. I'm simply not good enough right now." My call fell on deaf ears.

"You're ready Andy, just repeat everything you've done in the last hour and you'll nail it, and FFS enjoy it!" came the reply.

As he got out of the plane, I felt tiny. There seemed to be a huge space next to me where he'd been sitting since I began learning to fly. Now I was on my own as he closed and secured the door. A tap on the window, two thumbs up, a big grin and he was gone.

This was it, all my training so far was riding on the next 30 minutes. I started the engine and nervously called for taxi clearance. The first solo brief was to do one circuit (take off and fly a rectangular pattern around the airfield, land and taxi back to the Aero Club).

Sounds easy enough, but I must have completed my checks 3 times because I was about to take an aircraft into the sky without anyone there to help me if something went wrong or I forgot what to do. Our self limiting beliefs can be almost paralysing and if Simon had given me an out that day I'd have taken it, telling myself that I wasn't yet ready for this huge moment in my life. Final checks complete (for the 4th time), and I was rolling down the runway.

I called out my takeoff checks to myself, "Airspeed alive, RPM good, temperatures and pressures good, 50 knots, 60 knots, rotate."

Half terrified I began the climb out at 80 knots. One of the most precarious phases of flight is the takeoff. We're low, slow and often heavy with fuel and passengers, so an engine failure at this point is not on the list of good things, particularly on a single engine aircraft. Our pre-takeoff brief always includes where we might be able to land if we have an engine failure after takeoff (EFATO). We train for and practice this all the time, but it's always a nice feeling to reach initial cruising height because the 2 most useless things in aviation are runway behind you and sky above you. On this mission, it was so far, so good.

My first turning point in the pattern was Noirmont, an old Nazi gun emplacement from the second world war. Then it was a straight 'downwind' which is flying a parallel track to the runway which is when we start making our pre-landing checks before the second to last turn. It's at this point we call air traffic control and tell them we are 'downwind for a full stop' which means we are landing after this circuit.

I was hoping for the standard ATC reply we usually received when things are quiet, which would be: "You're number 1, call short final runway 09." This means that there are no other aircraft in front of us to land, so we have priority to make our approach and call ATC about half a mile from touchdown. But no such luck today.

"Golf Hotel Bravo, landing traffic is a Boeing 737 on a 10 mile final. Hold at Corbiere and report the traffic in sight."

Things just got a bit busier for me. It's the funniest thing, when you have an instructor sitting next to you, a hold before landing (basically flying around in circles for a bit) whilst looking out for other aircraft seems like the easiest thing in the world. But on your first solo with sweaty palms and adrenaline off the scale, I was thinking, 'Really, today of all days?' I rolled the aircraft into a left hand turn, trying my best to keep straight and level at 1,000 feet whilst maintaining my airspeed. Once British Airways had graced us with their presence, I was cleared to land.

From the tower, "Golf Hotel Bravo you are cleared to land runway 09, surface wind 010 at 10 knots."

At least the wind was being kind blowing almost straight down the runway. Now the tricky bit. I'd struggled in the early days with my landings, but Simon had got me sorted out, so now was the ultimate test. Could I get this thing safely back on the ground

on my own? The approach wasn't my best, a little high, a little low, but I crossed the threshold and gently touched down on the long runway.

Those magical words that all budding pilots want to hear from the tower, "Congratulations on your first solo, Hotel Bravo taxi back to the club."

I think I had tears in my eyes, but one thing I know is that my grin was bigger than Simon's when I shut down the engine. The first beer in the bar tasted very good indeed. My solo was the most exciting and exhilarating thing I'd done in my life. From being a passenger to being a pilot in command, the feeling was immense. All the fears, doubts and little nagging voices in my head were now gone.

At that point I realised what taking control was all about. This had been about finding the belief that I could do something worthwhile, taking action, putting in the work and pushing through my comfort zone. I would take this forward into the rest of my life. It had also been about having someone else believe in me. Simon had trained me well and had total confidence that I could take that aeroplane up and bring it back safely. It's a huge decision for a flying instructor to send their student on their first solo, but Simon believed in me.

There is nothing quite like being in control of an aeroplane. It doesn't matter how small or large it is, to be in control of your own destiny (and others) is the most exciting thing in the world. I love any type of flying, even being a passenger is fun. But when you make that decision to commit to being in control, it's absolutely liberating. To be honest, I always have a few nerves whenever I walk out to the aircraft that I'm going to fly, but once I'm up there and when I land at my destination, the feeling of accomplishment is incredible. And here's the deal:

ONE LIFE Lesson: You must become the pilot, the days of being a passenger in your life are over. You are going to take control, push through your comfort zone and have total belief and unwavering vision on what you're going to achieve.

When you do it, when you create your perfect day, you will have the same incredible feeling of achievement that I had back on that summer evening in 1991. So are you ready to do this? Are you ready to become the pilot?

SIDE NOTE: My flying instructor was one of the kindest, most honourable people you could ever meet. After he built up his hours as an instructor, he went on to his dream job as a Fleet Captain flying 146 jets out of London, until one Saturday evening when he was out on his motorbike. In a freak accident, two other motorcycles heading in the opposite direction collided with Simon and he and one other were killed instantly.

I still to this day cannot believe it and I was completely heartbroken when I heard the news. When people fly so many hours in their life, you think that the one thing which

may take them early is an aircraft accident. The fact that Simon was killed on the road at only 41 years of age still doesn't compute with me.

Simon lived life to the fullest and grabbed it by the horns every single day. He followed his dream and created his perfect day with his beautiful wife. Sadly he flew west far too soon, but if there's anything we can take away from this tragedy, it's for us to have the same ethos as Simon; go after what you want, don't settle and take that damn aeroplane into the air.

RIP Simon, you're with me every time I fly.

Chapter 10: Accountability

"Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut."
- Ernest Hemingway

Accountability is one of the most powerful ways to get things done. You can tell yourself that you'll go to the gym, but if you decide instead to opt for popcorn and Netflix, who's going to know? But if you arrange to meet your gym buddy at 6am for a boxercise class, now that's a different story. Suddenly someone else knows what you've promised, your word is out and you're going to look like a bit of a muppet if you don't turn up.

When I first signed up for flight training, I felt massively intimidated by the pilots and aircraft owners who used to hang out at the Aero Club. These were like flying Gods to me who had many more hours than I ever imagined. What they also had was experience, knowledge and wisdom on the thing I wanted to achieve; getting my wings.

In the beginning I used to keep myself to myself and not 'bother' anyone. But I realised I was missing a trick and a huge opportunity to tap into some serious experience. So I spent a lot of time mustering up the courage to go and ask these guys for advice, and it was the best thing I could have done. Like most good people, they were more than happy to help me progress. Along with tips, tricks and guidance, they also held me accountable to reach the next milestone in my training. The beauty of it was, there was no getting away from them as they were always in the Club on a Saturday morning having their coffee and bacon rolls. So if I'd told them I'd learn or achieve something by the same time next week, they were waiting for me. These guys were my accountability group and having them there pushed me to hit my goals.

Jules also does this with me when I'm working. We list our tasks at the start of every week and she holds me accountable every evening when we have our wash-up. That can be tough when the weather's good for flying or paddle-boarding, but our goals always come first and this is how she keeps us on track.

If you're going on this journey with your partner, you already have the perfect accountability buddy. But if you're going alone, find someone who's ideally on the same path as you to hold you accountable. If they're not available, find someone you respect and trust and ask them if they'll hold you accountable on your journey.

Set weekly tasks, announce them to your partner or group and then check-in at the same time each week to see how you're doing. This can be done by message, email or phone call, or whichever type of communication you prefer and agree on between you. The key to it is being consistent. Don't be encouraged to let it slip now and again as that won't serve you in the end.

If you're not hitting your goals, accountability is a good barometer to measure why not. For example;

- Are you wasting time on non-essential tasks?
- Are you having self-limiting beliefs (aka 'The Wobble')?
- Is there something else that's stopping you moving forward?

Whatever it is, identify it with your accountability group or partner and make a change. Then go again for another week to see how you get on. Don't beat yourself up if things come out of the blue that stop you hitting your goals that week, just be honest with yourself and adjust accordingly for the next week ahead. Believe me, it'll work wonders!

Chapter 11: The Power of Waypoints

On a grey and murky Saturday morning I took off in a 2-ship formation with my friend Mark who was flying the other aircraft. At this point we were both three quarters of the way into our training and this was a solo (no instructor with either of us) navigation exercise over Normandy in France. As we coasted out across the sea, the weather was getting a bit worse over our first waypoint, but we pushed on anyway. In flying we use waypoints to break up our journey into smaller segments which allows us to measure our progress and adjust our plan along the way before we stray too far off course.

During basic flight training we have to abide by Visual Flight Rules (VFR). These are rules that state the minimum weather conditions in which we can fly in terms of cloud and visibility. In very basic terms you have to be able to see where you're going by looking outside of the cockpit. You must have sight of the sky around you and the ground below. Many pilots have been killed by flying into weather conditions they're not trained for as disorientation can be a huge factor when you lose visual cues outside of the aircraft, this is why we have to remain VFR if we haven't yet been trained to fly on instruments.

The conditions weren't too bad when I crossed the French coast and I still had forward visibility in the light rain. The ground was visible too, it just wasn't as clear as when we'd left Jersey. For some reason Mark had fallen behind. We had planned to fly at the same airspeed so he should still have been with me. We hadn't been flying in formation, but we'd been pretty much together at a safe distance. Jersey Air Traffic Control (ATC) handed me over to French ATC where I made the routine call announcing my location and intentions as I approached our first waypoint.

When we talk about basic flight training, we're talking basic! We navigate using a line drawn on a map which connects our waypoints and we follow the line by identifying

ground features along the way. Using distance, speed and time calculations we can measure our progress against our planned flight. Back then there was no such thing as GPS in general aviation, so when choosing waypoints, we were looking for a clear navigational feature such as a town with a railway line or river running through it. It really is as basic as that.

I was concentrating hard due to the reduced visibility so it took me a while to realise that Mark wasn't on French ATC frequency. As a pilot in-training I wasn't sure what the protocol was about calling another aircraft air-to-air, so I pressed on thinking he'd be joining the frequency soon. Our first waypoint was a town called Valognes, a city in Normandy which had seen a lot of fighting during World War 2. Next was Saint-Lô, then Vire, and finally Granville before heading back across the sea to Jersey.

As I reached Saint-Lô the weather was deteriorating further and I was getting a bit nervous. Reduced visibility and still no word from Mark, I plucked up the courage and asked French ATC if they'd heard from an aircraft with a call sign G-BOXB? Nothing. Okay, now this wasn't fun anymore, where the hell was Mark? I decided to try and call him up myself: "G-BOXB this is G-BOXA, are you on frequency Mark?" Nothing. On these very basic PA28 aircraft we had no autopilot, so keeping straight and level whilst managing all our other tasks (navigation, radio work, fuel management, noting our waypoints on our logs) was a manual and often busy job and I was starting to struggle to stay on track. I called out for Mark again, but there was no reply and I was getting even more uneasy, so I decided to call off the exercise and head back to Jersey.

The final waypoint of Granville Airfield has a short runway right next to the beach, so I decided that would be my diversion if I didn't like the look of the weather over the sea towards Jersey. Not ideal as Granville is a non-controlled airfield used heavily for parachute dropping, but I wagered there'd be none going on in this weather. As I reached the French coast I still had sight of the surface and I was sure I could see the island through the gloom, so I decided to go for home. Jersey Air Traffic Zone is controlled airspace and we need to be granted permission to enter. Having changed frequency and fumbled through my call to them, I was cleared to re-enter the zone on course for the airfield. I still had no idea where Mark was, maybe he'd called it off earlier than me and headed back to base. That was probably why he didn't contact French ATC in the first place. That would make him a very sensible man based on the conditions.

Approaching Jersey it was absolutely tipping it down and there was standing water on the runway which can cause an aircraft to aquaplane on landing. These were conditions I'd never encountered in my training so I was going to have to give this 100% attention.

From the tower, "G-BOXA, Jersey Tower, cleared to land runway 09, surface wind 130 at 14 knots, runway is wet, wet, wet."

Joyous, a drenched runway and cross-wind in the mix as well. It all got a bit squirrely as I touched down, but I managed to straighten up and taxi back to the club, where my heart sank. I was expecting to see G-BOXB already parked up and Mark looking out the club window with a cuppa in his hand, but there was no sign of him or the aircraft.

This was not turning out to be a good flying day.

Simon, our instructor was waiting for me in the flying room and after asking if I was okay, asked me where Mark was?

“I don’t know, he never contacted French ATC” I told him. He glanced out the window and the look on his face said it all.

In our aircraft we have Transponders - these are little boxes in which we enter a 4-digit numeric code (known as a Squawk Code) so that ATC can identify us on their radar screens. If an aircraft with a transponder suddenly disappears from a radar screen, ATC will have its last known position which can be used as a basis for Search and Rescue, not something we really wanted to think about in the atrocious conditions.

Simon jumped on the phone to Jersey Air Traffic who told him that G-BOXB was on its way back towards the island, albeit the pilot was sounding ‘agitated’. Good news and bad news as Mark would have his hands full landing in this weather. From the position of the aero club, you can’t see the end of the easterly runway where Mark would be touching down, so we simply had to wait and hope he would appear safely. After what seemed like a lifetime, a landing light appeared through the rain as the lost PA28 made its way back to the club. Once he’d shut down the engine, we ran out to see Mark who was in a hell of a state, hands shaking and the fear of God in his eyes. Leaving all of his kit in the plane, he jumped out and didn’t say a word until we got him back inside.

When an incident like this happens, we have to dissect the whole thing so we can learn from it. During his flight, the smallest thing had made the largest impact. Before we take off, and continually during our flight, we have to align an instrument called the Direction Indicator (DI) with a magnetic compass. The DI is a more accurate instrument to navigate by as it’s gyroscopic and more stable, whereas the compass jumps around all over the place in flight and is subject to turning errors. Mark thought that during his pre-takeoff checks he’d missed aligning the DI with the Compass, so the minute he took off, he was on the wrong course. He knew he was in trouble when he couldn’t find the first waypoint of Valognes and from there he was lost due to the reduced visibility. Getting more and more disorientated he finally had the presence of mind to find the coastline and fly back along it until he recognised a coastal town from his map. From there he took a dead reckoning line back to Jersey and hoped for the best.

These days with GPS it’s quite difficult to get lost (or ‘temporarily uncertain of our position’ as we say), and back then we hadn’t been trained to use the radio navigation aids that would have allowed Mark to fix his position. Had he not had that first waypoint to look for, Mark might not have realised he was completely off course until it was too late. Over the middle of the English Channel, confused and short on fuel is not a good place to be.

When Mark took off that day, he may have been only 1 or 2 degrees off course. But during his journey, that compounded to take him in a completely different direction to where he wanted to go. The further he went, the more off course he became, and before

he knew it, he was lost. Only by using waypoints did he know that something wasn't right and he was actually heading in the wrong direction.

Think about this in life; if we don't have a clear destination (our 'Perfect Day') and waypoints to measure our progress, there's a real chance that we'll never find what we're looking for. So how can we practically apply waypoints to our own journey?

Here's an example:

During a 6 week holiday to Australia, I was offered a dream job as a flying instructor and adventure pilot based in Perth, WA. At the time I was living in Jersey so the thought of emigrating to Oz and taking up a new career seemed like an impossible undertaking. But I wanted to do it. I knew it would be the experience of a lifetime and if I didn't at least have a go I'd regret it for the rest of my life. In these situations it's all too easy to talk ourselves out of it. How often have you thought about making a huge change in your life but told yourself "Nice idea, but I can't see it happening" and gone back to your ordinary day to day routine?

You'll hear me say that opportunities happen at intersections, where the most random event or meeting can spark an amazing possibility. You must grab those opportunities by the scruff of the neck and chase them down with everything we have. So when I was offered the job in Oz, my head was spinning and I couldn't even think about what I'd have to put in place to make it happen, but I did what I do with every flight or big challenge in my life; I broke it down into waypoints.

I started with the end in mind (my perfect day - flying planes around the skies of Western Australia) and then I worked backwards to where I was at that point in time. I then created a checklist of bite sized tasks that I could tick off one at a time. The timeline and checklist was long and at the time it was taking up to 18 months to be granted an Australian Visa, that was if I even qualified for one! But I had a target, a timeline and a clear path to follow made up of waypoints which I worked through one at a time until 2 years later, with my visa in hand, I was on my way to Perth to start training as a flight instructor. During those months of putting everything in place, had I not had a clear path to follow, chances are I'd have been distracted, veered off course and lost my way.

You can apply waypoints to any large task in your life. Simply break it down into manageable steps and tick them off as you reach them. Each one you reach will inspire you to move on to the next one. This is how I got through that huge challenge of getting my visa and moving to Australia; one waypoint at a time. Your inspiration and motivation to keep moving along the path is your Perfect Day, the vision you created at the very beginning. So when times are tough and you're struggling to reach the next waypoint, go back to the vision boards and remind yourself why you're doing this thing.

Can you see how all of this is coming together? Please believe me, this stuff works!

Of course there are going to be tough times of which I've had my fair share of and still do today. But by tackling things in manageable pieces, you'll be surprised at what you

can achieve, things you never thought were possible before. Waypoints also allow you to decide if this really is the direction you want to go in.

Say you make the same journey every single day, just as you would in a monotonous life that you want to change. You set your Direction Indicator to the same heading every day and go there and back, there and back. It's no fun and it's getting you nowhere new. But instead of being overwhelmed by making a huge shift, why not adjust your direction by just 2 degrees to the left or right and over time that tiny shift will compound to take you in a very different direction. That slight shift will make a huge difference down the line.

You may be thinking that you don't have the spare time to make changes in your busy life, but believe me, if the end result is worth it, you'll find the time. For example, cut out 1 hour of TV a day and replace it with 1 hour of learning something that serves you. That's only a slight shift in your daily habits, but the compound effects will be huge. Don't believe me? Read this:

ONE LIFE Lesson: If you cut out one hour of TV or Social Media every day, those 365 hours would add up to:
Nine 40-hour workweeks a year, or two extra months of productive time!

So don't tell me you haven't got the time to make the changes you want in life. If you want something badly enough, everything is possible if you break the task down into waypoints.

Step 3 Key Takeaways

- “People who pay, pay attention. People who don't pay, don't pay attention.” You've invested in the book, don't be one of those people who doesn't complete the journey, there's an amazing life out there for you
- You must become the pilot, the days of being a passenger in your life are over. You are going to take control, push through your comfort zone and have total belief and unwavering vision on what you're going to achieve
- To stay on course, find your Accountability Partner or Group
- Use Waypoints to break down your journey into manageable steps. Each waypoint you reach will inspire you to move on to the next one
- If you cut out one hour of TV or Social Media every day, those 365 hours would add up to: Nine 40-hour workweeks a year, or two extra months of productive time!

**“IT’S NEVER TOO LATE – NEVER TOO
LATE TO START OVER, NEVER TOO
LATE TO BE HAPPY.”**

JANE FONDA

Step 4: Replacing Problems with Solutions

There are no problems, only solutions.
 – John Lennon

Chapter 19: Everything You Want Is on the Other Side of Your Fear

I learned to surf long before I left home. As (bad) luck would have it, the crew I was running with were big wave chargers on the North East Coast of England and my first ever session with them was terrifying. Scared out of my brains, standing on a long pier with huge waves thundering beneath our feet, I was thinking ‘I can’t do this, I really can’t do this.’ But as the boys started jumping over the railings one by one, dropping into the cold grey water below, I knew I couldn’t be last or I’d never go, so I grabbed my board and jumped.

I got absolutely pummelled and didn’t make it to my feet that day, but I made it out alive and couldn’t wait to go again. On the third wave of our next session I managed to stand up, and the cheers and whistles from my crew was one of the best things I’ve ever heard, because I now belonged. But imagine if I’d let the fear beat me and I’d simply walked back to the car while they all paddled out over the waves? It’s doubtful I’d have picked up my board again, I’d have convinced myself that I wasn’t scared, ‘it just really wasn’t for me.’ That one decision, that one drop into the water changed everything and shaped a lot of who I am today.

Those fears of the unknown never leave you, they go with you as you move forward and do bigger, scarier and more exciting things in your life. Leaving a job, starting a business, moving to a new country can feel much like stepping over those railings and taking that drop. At the time it seems inconceivably impossible and much easier to pack up and go back to your comfort zone. But to never face that fear, to never take that step and hear your crew cheer for you as you find your feet, that’s the real tragedy.

ONE LIFE Lesson: Whatever that scary thing is for you, find the courage, step over the side and take that drop, because everything you want is on the other side of your fear.

Chapter 20: The Fear of Failure

I still remember the night; dark, blowing a gale and pouring with rain and I’d just be ousted from my own business. To compound the misery, I was £40,000 in debt, I had no assets, no income and nowhere to call home. That wasn’t one of the best nights I’d ever had because at the time I thought I was a complete failure. I believe you should always take something positive away from every situation, but that night, I was struggling to find anything worthwhile. Looking back now, I did learn a lot, an awful lot, the main thing being how not to run a business. That little episode could be a book all of its own, but at the time I was about as low as I’d been since the dark days of my youth.

But you know the thing that concerned me the most? What other people would think about me once they found out.

I had two options;

- 1) Admit I was a failure and that running a business wasn't for people like me. Go back to the grind, get a job for life, be small and be 'normal', or
- 2) Get angry, get going and get better.

"Who gives a shit what other people think!" I told myself. Those were the people who'd never taken a risk in their lives, the jealous trolls that don't want anyone to have success. They were the ones that would say "I told you so." Game on. Eat my shorts you lot! Within a week I was back in business working for myself. I took all the lessons I'd learned from that 'failure' and set about building a client base and my company. Within 12 months I was making more money than I had in the past 5 years. If that's what failure looks like, bring it on!

Since then I've had many more so-called 'failures.' I've tried new things that didn't succeed, been with people who were toxic, lived in places that didn't work out, but none of them were real failures, they were lessons. With every one of those opportunities, what if I hadn't tried and instead asked myself, "What if I fail?" I'd have had a fairly dull life.

Real failure to me is when a component breaks, when a piece of machinery is faulty and malfunctions or a piece of software code errors and stops working. I've had several failures of components and systems in my plane. One day I was flying from Paris to Jersey, happily cruising along at 6,000 feet, enjoying the beautiful countryside below and without warning the aircraft rolled sharply left and entered a steep descending turn. That woke me up, in fact I nearly spilled my coffee! The autopilot had failed and in a split second created an uncommanded roll to the left. I worked it out in plenty of time, disconnected the system and took manual control of the aircraft. I flew it back to base where I had the engineers strip out the faulty component and replace it with an upgrade.

I'll be honest, the whole thing had got my pulse racing, but the outcome was fine. But what if I began to worry about other possible system failures on the plane? What if I dwelled on potential outcomes that were only in my head? I might never have flown again.

We worry so much about what other people might think or say if we do something 'out of the ordinary' and it doesn't quite work out as expected. Who cares! It's your life, not theirs. They see failure, we see a lesson well learned. They don't know what's going on inside your head or how unhappy you might be, so if those people can't be there to cheer you on and support you, they're not your tribe.

Jules was so scared of the unknown, she stayed in her shitty job far too long. But ask her

now what she thinks and she'll tell you those fears are nothing more than paper tigers.

Chapter 21: The Stories You Tell Yourself

"It's just the way it is." How many times have I heard that? And how many times have you told yourself that? I remember one Sunday evening staring at the blank wall in the lounge and thinking, "Is this it, is this all there is?" I was still employed in those days and the Sunday blues were kicking in because I really didn't want to go into the dreary office the next day. I was struggling to get a profitable side hustle going and I was doubting that I could actually be my own boss. How on earth did people start their businesses and live those amazing lives? How did they have nice homes and go on amazing holidays? What was the secret? "Maybe it's just the way it is for people like me." I told myself. "Maybe this is my lot?" I actually don't know whether to laugh or cry at how ridiculous and defeatist it sounds now.

This was just one of the many stories I was telling myself at the time, and none of them were true. I'd tried and failed a couple of times with small businesses, so I was telling myself that I wasn't cut out for it. And besides my salary wasn't too bad, nothing you could buy a house with, but you know, the car was okay too, the annual holiday was nice, so maybe I should just get on with it because it's just the way it is. What a crock!

If I could be with myself back then, I'd give myself the biggest boot in the ass I could muster. But it's what we do, we create and tell ourselves these stories and eventually they start to become our reality. The negative begins to outweigh the positive and we fall into these funks. And then the universe (or whatever you want to call it) starts delivering on our order. "You want more of those defeatist thoughts? There you go, have some sides with it as well, all on the house buddy!"

Here are some more gems:

- I'm too old to lose weight, it's just the way it is at my age
- I couldn't possibly learn another language, my brain doesn't work that way
- I know work is horrendous right now, but it'll get better soon
- I could never start a business, it's too risky
- This marriage is a train wreck, but we need to get through it for the kid's sake
- I'll never find the right partner
- I'd love to move abroad, but that's not for people like me

None of them are going to start a revolution. The other problem is the news, yep, the news you see on TV and hear on the radio. Ever heard the saying "No news is good news"? They got that right, because mainstream news is created to instil fear and control us. And here's the thing, bad news outsells good news every time. 'If it bleeds, it leads' is the motto of the media. It's a commercial decision by publications to headline and amplify the bad stuff because it sells more copies. As humans we're becoming more attached to bad news than good. Don't believe me? Then why is it that you have to watch 27 minutes of doom and gloom until the final 3 minutes when they say "And finally some good news," just to give you a slither of hope so that you watch the next

depressing round. How much of what you consume from the news really serves you? Be honest. Sure there are some things we need to be aware of that may directly impact our lives or businesses, but rest assured that if it's not from a relevant and official source, most of it will be nothing but drama.

The next time you watch or read the news, make a note of every item or feature. Do they actually serve you or are they just scaremongering? Just see how much negativity there is and be aware of how it affects you and your state of mind. You rarely come away from the news shouting "Yeah, let's do this Baby!" Remember those conscious decisions we talked about? You have a choice whether to listen to the news or spend your time working on your Success Path.

ONE LIFE Lesson: Be aware of the stories you are telling yourself and what others are telling you.

That night I left home and spent hours on the bus to London, I was telling myself a story; I'm going to be a pilot, I'm going to be a pilot. At the time, it was probably the most far-fetched thing I could have dreamed up, but I bought into it 100% and never stopped buying it until I had my wings. Instead, I could have bought into the stories the others told me; boys like you will never amount to anything, if you don't do as you're told and go through school and college, you'll end up spending your life on benefits and sponging off others. That would have set me up a bit differently when I arrived in Newquay, don't you think?

So we have to start swapping out the bad stories for the good ones. Instead of saying "I'm too old to lose any weight, it's just the way it is at my age," how about "I'm only 50! I have the best years ahead of me and now is my chance to get in the best shape of my life!" Or instead of "I could never start a business, it's too risky," how about "I'm going to spend my life getting paid for what I love doing, I don't care what it takes, I'll find a way."

You have to replace the negative with a positive, otherwise you'll end up with a void, and the way our brains work is that the bad news will probably beat the good news to fill that space. If I can get from where I was in those darkest days of self-destruction to creating the life I have now, you can change your life too. We all can. There is always a second chance, even if you are in jail, you have the opportunity to start again, you just have to change the narrative in your head. The stories you keep telling yourself will come true, so make sure you're at least telling the right stories.

Chapter 22: Firing the Iddy Biddy Shitty Committee

Ahh those little voices in your head, the ones that chatter away and tell you that you're not good enough for this and that. That's your **Iddy Biddy Shitty Committee**.

They've got nothing better to do than gossip and cast doubt in your mind, they are the voices of our doubters and the ghosts of what we used to call 'failures'. They are your 3am alarm call.

You know the things they tell you;

- “Why would someone like me be able to create an amazing life?”
- “Why would anyone believe that I’m able to do this?”
- “Why would someone give up their job to create their own business?”
- “Why do you think you’d ever be smart enough to fly a plane?”

Here’s what I say; “Why not?”

They’re also at constant war with your gut feeling. When your gut says “Do it!” the IBSC will say “Noooo, don’t, wait a bit longer, play it safe.” Or when you’ve plucked up the courage to speak to that beautiful woman, the IBSC will tell you, “Don’t be stupid, why would she be interested in you?” So you gotta fire the Iddy Bidy Shitty Committee, they’ve taken up enough of your time and stopped you from grabbing too many opportunities. They have to go.

Here’s how I did it. Every time those voices piped up and started to weave their doubt, I’d full on bitch slap them down by asking myself, “What’s the worst that could happen?”

If the worst possible outcome wasn’t life threatening, I’d go for it;

- Giving up my high paying career to start my own business
- Accepting a job offer in Australia without a clue how to make it happen
- Asking Jules out on a date
- Making a business pitch to a Formula 1 World Champion
- Flying my first solo
- Giving ourselves 90 days to pack up our entire life and move to a new country
- Standing on stage in front of my first live audience of 500 people
- Jumping off that pier into those huge, dark waves

Each and every time, the IBSC tried to talk me out of it. Imagine how dull my life would be if I’d listened to them. So listen to me:

ONE LIFE Lesson: You are worthy, you are capable, you belong.

If I can do it, you can too, so don’t let those voices in your head stop you from pushing through your comfort zone, making changes and creating an amazing life. Life begins at the end of your comfort zone so go fire your Iddy Bidy Shitty Committee.

Chapter 23: There Are No Problems, Only Solutions

Elie Khoury is Yoda of the colour world, not in his looks, but in his unflappable wisdom and French-Lebanese charm. Back in the 90’s I had the honour of being mentored by Elie as I forayed into the world of colour management (yes, it’s a thing). You’ll hear me say that opportunities happen at intersections and this particular intersection added so much to my life. At the time I was working for an Apple Reseller in Edinburgh and

Elie was an independent consultant working on behalf of Apple where he was helping studios and printers bridge the colour gap. Attending one of his training courses in Leicester, I hit it off with Elie immediately and we agreed that he would take me on as his apprentice to ‘learn the force’ of colour.

His business was based in the town of Valence in Southern France to where I’d travel on a weekly basis to work in the office (an industrial unit that was hotter than a furnace in the Provençal summer). Elie had just secured a huge contract with The Trinity Mirror Newspaper Group and I was to be his ‘man on the ground’ in the UK. Learning from him was like drinking from a fire hose, but he coached me with absolute calm and patience. We had the best times whenever we were together and Elie pushed me further out of my comfort zone than I’d ever been before. But at one point I made a huge and costly error on a project. Way out of my depth and not sure which way to turn, I was dreading calling up Yoda and telling him what I’d done, but the call had to be made.

“Andeeeee, how are you?” he used to almost sing.

“Err, not great actually Elie, I’ve made a huge mistake measuring one of the presses and we have a big problem.”

My task had been to join the night shift at one of the newspaper printing plants in Glasgow. Much to the disdain of the seasoned, died in the ink, press operators I was to instruct them on running colour test charts that we would later evaluate in the lab. I was not very welcome, imagine giving a London cabbie directions and you’ll get the picture. This part of the project was massively costly to the newspaper as they were literally printing miles of paper which was going straight into a skip. However, once Elie’s solution was in place, it would save them millions of pounds in ink. For some reason, maybe due to the pressure of all the eyes on me and the late hour, I’d run the press at the wrong density, so all our targets were off. I only realised this when I got back home and measured the targets the next day. We couldn’t run the exercise again as it would cost us tens of thousands and put a huge dent in our reputation. This was a biggie.

On the call to Elie in France I explained the predicament and waited for the tirade. Down the phone I could hear him take two large, measured breaths, an almost silent mutter of “oh la la” he replied, “Andy, there are no problems, only solutions.” What? I thought I was going to be shot to pieces by the silent assassin.

“We will work around it at this end. It’s not good, but we’ll fix it here. Allez!” He was gone. He did indeed fix the problem and implemented the solution like a wizard. Quite simply incredible. After that not so little incident, we had many more good times working together on projects around Europe including Amsterdam and Brussels, before we parted company on good terms. I’ll always miss working with him and I impart his words on everyone who is struggling “There are no problems, only solutions.” Yoda knows what he’s talking about.

As I wrote this part of the book we are in the midst of the Coronavirus Pandemic, hopefully the only one in all of our lifetimes. It’s interesting to see how different people

are reacting to lockdown and all the extra time they have on their hands. There's the camp of boredom where people are running out of channels to watch on their TV, and those who are absorbing every single piece of news being broadcast, if ever there was a funnel of fear, this must be the perfect one. And there are those of us who are embracing the extra time we now have and turning the problem into a solution. They are spending the time creating opportunities now and for the future.

You see, it's a matter of choice. You can either see a problem or a solution. You can be one of the few who are visionaries and see a bright future, or the doom mongers who can only see the worst possible outcome. It doesn't change what's happening around us, it only changes how you perceive your reality. There are no problems, only solutions. *Allez!!*

Chapter 24: Replacing 'but' with 'and'

Here's a powerful exercise you can use everyday to change the perspective of a conversation as well as your outlook on life. Instead of using the word 'but' replace it with the word 'and'. Let me explain, someone calls you up with an opportunity to attend an amazing retreat in a country you've always wanted to visit. You want to go, so you take a look at your calendar.

Answer 1: "Thanks mate, I'd love to go, but I have meetings that week."

Answer 2: "Thanks mate, I'd love to go, and I can move the meetings to zoom which will blow the others away when they see where I am."

Another example, imagine a senior cabin crew member berating a junior colleague (a true life example of this to follow);

1: "You did a good job, but you missed all of these procedures on the cabin preparation checklist and you should have done much better."

2: "You did a good job, and next time if you include these procedures on the cabin preparation checklist, you'll be getting promoted before you know it."

There'll always be times when you have to use the word 'but' and that's okay. Just keep this in mind and implement it where you can to see the difference it makes.

Step 4 Key Takeaways

- Everything you want is on the other side of your fear
- Don't let the fear of failure hold you back, it's time for you to fly
- You have a choice whether to listen to bad news or spend your time creating a life without limits
- You have to replace the negative with a positive, otherwise you'll end up with a void which will be filled with things that don't serve you
- There is always a second chance. Even if you are in jail, you have the opportunity to start again, you just have to change the story in your head
- There are no problems, only solutions
- You can be one of the few who are visionaries and see a bright future, or the doom mongers who can only see the worst possible outcome
- Instead of using the word 'but' replace it with the word 'and'

**“THERE IS FREEDOM WAITING
FOR YOU, ON THE BREEZES OF
THE SKY, AND YOU ASK “WHAT
IF I FALL?” OH BUT MY DARLING,
WHAT IF YOU FLY?”**

ERIN HANSON

Step 5: Taking Control of Your Life

You only have control over three things in your life; the thoughts you think, the images you visualize, and the actions you take.”

– Jack Canfield

Chapter 25: You Have Control

As the aeroplane was spinning towards the ground, the altimeter unwinding like a broken watch, the voice in my headset said, “You have control.” As the earth rotated faster, now almost a blur, I took hold of the control stick, pushed it fully forward and pointed the nose even further towards the ground whilst applying full opposite rudder. In the disorientation, I HOPED it was opposite rudder otherwise things were about to get a lot more interesting and the houses below a whole lot bigger.

At first nothing happened and the spin continued. ‘Was that correct?’ I asked myself, had I done the right thing? Little voices, doubts, the IBSC all chattering away in my head questioning what I was doing. And then the spinning slowed and stopped and we dived almost vertically towards terra firma. We weren’t in a simulator, we’d been in a fully developed spin in a De Havilland Chipmunk which I was now climbing safely away so we could do it all again. I love this stuff! We practice spin recovery so that if things go wrong during flight, we know how to regain control before it all comes crashing down.

Have you ever felt like things were spinning out of control in your life? I’m not talking about hurtling towards the ground in an aeroplane, I mean situations that build up to a point where you feel you can’t cope any more? In this part of the book we’re going to be implementing tactics that will help you take back control as you push on towards your Perfect Day.

Chapter 26: Disconnect Your Autopilot

How many tasks do you carry out every day without evening thinking about them? So many; getting up, showering, brushing your teeth, driving to work, doing the ‘day job’, shopping on the way home, dinner, TV, bed, and repeat all over again the next day.

Autopilots are great when they’re used in the right way. They’re basically systems which automate tasks and give us capacity to do other things. But an autopilot is only as good as the information you feed it. If you leave it on the same setting, it’ll simply take you in a straight line until you tell it differently or you run out of fuel. Sound familiar? We do the same tasks over and over until we’re exhausted at the end of the day, nothing new is happening, we’re just plodding through life on autopilot.

Some aircraft autopilots will trip out when they hit turbulence. All of a sudden you’re flying along nice and smooth, and then BANG! you’re having to take control again. The parallels to life are uncanny, we go merrily on our way, day in, day out, running on automatic, and then something big happens in our life and we have to react.

In my plane the autopilot helps me out when the workload is high. But truth be known, most pilots would prefer to manually fly the aircraft, because taking control is where the fun is. I went to a bike shop recently and the man who served me used to be an airline captain, so I had to wonder why he was now up to his elbows in chain oil. He told me that after years of flying big jets, he could no longer deal with the monotony of automation. On a normal flight he'd only fly the aircraft until about 20 seconds after take off, after which the company rule book dictated that he had to turn on the autopilot. He wasn't allowed to get 'hands on' again until they were only 2 miles from touchdown at their destination. The autopilot took care of everything for over 99% of the flight. So he was selling mountain bikes until he decided what to do next, he said it was more interesting. And a friend of mine Sandra who's also a flyer, says to me "Why the hell would I use the autopilot when I've paid so much for the damn plane?" Good point.

But so many of us go through our lives on autopilot, we don't experience the excitement of grabbing control and deciding to 'fly' manually. You have to enjoy the journey, so it's time to stop living your life on autopilot. Decide that you're not going to settle for humdrum, instead you're going to take full control and start heading towards your new destination. Tell yourself every morning when you look in the mirror, "No autopilot today, we're flying manually!"

When I was brand manager at a car dealership, I'd walk in at 8am and see the sales guys sitting around like zombies. I'd shout, "Okay boys, autopilot disconnect, let's go!" That did the trick. You need to live your life like that, become aware of what you're doing in all of your tasks, be mindful of everything around you and start noticing which of those things need to change. Start savouring everything you do, the experiences you have, sight, tastes and sound. You have to take control now, because an autopilot will not take you to your Perfect Day.

Chapter 27: F.O.C.U.S. - Follow One Course Until Successful

When both engines quit on his Airbus after striking a flock of Canadian Geese, Captain Chesley 'Sully' Sullenberger had only 208 seconds to land in the Hudson and save everyone on board. The reason it was named 'Miracle on the Hudson' and not 'Disaster in New York' is that Sully was only focussed on the best possible outcome. Once he decided they were ditching in the river, he cut out all other distractions and flew the plane, he even stopped talking to Air Traffic Control because it no longer served his purpose.

Crash and burn happens when we allow ourselves to be distracted from our mission and it's exactly the same in life, because a lot of the time your attention is given to other people's agenda. Think of all the things that clamour for your attention on a daily basis, which ones can you tune out when you need to focus on making real, positive change in your life?

- Facebook
- Instagram
- TikTok

- Twitter
- WhatsApp
- Netflix
- YouTube
- Unreasonable and demanding requests from others
- Text messages
- Calendar alerts
- Emails
- Phone calls
- News

I'm not talking about binning all of these and living like a digital hermit, I'm talking about the wasted time you spend on things that don't serve you. We all need a dopamine hit now and then, but your challenge is to not get drawn into hours of endless scrolling and binge watching. Tough love I know, but if you don't want to be in the same place this time next year, you're going to have to trade in some of this stuff for more considered focus. If you're struggling to make this happen, there are various apps you can use to help you limit your social media use. That's a great start to becoming more disciplined on where you want to focus the little time that you have each day.

Chapter 28: Carry Your Own Damn Bags

As we touched down in Dubai just after daybreak, I gave a big stretch, huge yawn and tried to wake up. Thankfully in this state I was a passenger on this particular flight, I was in transit back to Australia and I'd just completed the first leg from London to the UAE. On these flights I always travel as lightly as I can, usually just a laptop case or carry-on. So I couldn't help notice a girl opposite who had a beast of a bag in the overhead locker. It needed two people to get the massive thing down and onto her seat while we waited for the aircraft doors to open. Man, that bag looked heavy!

As she had lots of other bits and pieces, being the chivalrous gentleman that I am, I offered to help lighten the load and take said bag until we got to security. Big mistake, huge mistake! I'm not the biggest bloke in the world and I'll never win any weight lifting competitions, but that morning I think I broke a world record and put out a couple of vertebrae to boot. She loaded me up like a mule (I was half expecting a smack on my ass to get me moving), while she grabbed her handbag and rucksack and marched merrily ahead whilst yapping into her phone.

As it tends to be hot in these places I was having a meltdown and had to stop 3 times before we made it anywhere near security. All I could hear was her tutting impatiently and looking at her very expensive watch. Now Jules will tell you that I'm definitely not a morning person, so I guess I'd been pushed to the limit on this one.

"If you don't like it, carry your own damn bags!" I told her as I dumped them on the concourse and marched away, leaving her standing there all open mouthed.

I've always tried to help people where I can, but only recently have I started to recognise those ones in life who'll gladly abuse that trait. I'm not talking about getting me to carry their luggage, I'm talking about people who will unload all of their issues on you without making any effort to change things in their life. They are the moaners and whiners who never take any action and who blame everyone else for their awful life. Sorry my friends, a problem shared is not halved unless you're willing to make the effort to change it.

In this instance at Dubai Airport it was a one off. Someone took advantage of me on the spur of the moment and I was happy to walk away and never set eyes on her again. It's the hangers-on that drain us, the ones that continually hand you their excess baggage and expect you to carry the load. When you see this happening to you, politely decline and go on your merry way.

Chapter 29: Choose Your Crew Wisely

It might surprise you to know that when you board an airliner and you're greeted by the crew, those good people may have never met each other until that day. And if you're a frequent traveller, you may notice the difference in levels of service between different flights. Some crew work really well together, some not so. Airlines have strict training procedures in place so that all crew are operating from the same 'handbook'. In theory it should be plug and play, but there will always be the human factor involved.

Jules and I were on a medium-haul flight of around 4 hours. As we neared our destination and the cabin crew took their seats, it became obvious that one of the members of the crew was a trainee and being appraised by his senior colleague. To my huge surprise, the senior crew member took great delight in raising his voice and letting the whole of business class hear his appraisal of the junior crew member and where he could have done better. It was ego overload, and this guy, in the most condescending way possible, proceeded to belittle his colleague in front of us all. We all looked at each other with huge sympathy for the trainee who was trying his best.

How do you suppose that junior crew member felt, not only for the return flight, but for the rest of his week, if not month? That would have a huge impact on his confidence and decision making, because you simply don't do that in an open forum as we were in. And yet, we've been on many flights where the crew work seamlessly to make the experience superb, you can tell that they do it with genuine fun and enthusiasm for the job and for each other. Which crew would you rather be on?

ONE LIFE Lesson: At the end of the day, we are influenced by those who are closest to us so choose your crew wisely.

Jim Rohn says that "you are the average of the 5 people you spend the most time with." We're not talking about flying, we're talking about life itself and the people who are closest to you on a day to day basis. If 4 of those people are positive and upbeat, then chances are you're going to be that way too. However if 4 out of 5 are all doom and

gloom, well, chances are you'll be down in the weeds with them.

Going back to my early days, the influence of the people around me nearly led me to self-destruct, that environment was not a place I needed to be. Now I didn't know Mr Rohn's theory at the time, but what I did sense was that this particular place and the people were not good for me. Fast forward to when I was doing my flight training, when I pushed myself to spend time with other experienced pilots and business owners, everything changed. I gained massive belief in myself and I couldn't wait to spend time around those people as I grew as a person.

Since then, many people have come and gone in my life, some hugely uplifting like Elie, others completely toxic who simply had to go. Jules and I are now very precious about who we let into our 'inner circle' because we know the impact they can have on our life. Sometimes Jules feels I'm quite harsh in 'removing' people from my life, but what she does see is my mood change once they have gone. Some of us are more impervious to the influence than others, but generally we will be the average of those closest to us. This goes for their entire outlook on life, their wealth, health and happiness, the things they create and what they want from life itself.

I've made a conscious decision to never see my father or brother again, and a lot of people find that very difficult to get their head around. But for me I simply cannot take the lid of that box again in case it sets me back to where I was all those years ago. When I commit to something, I give it 100% and this is just a sad but necessary case of doing what I have to do in order to thrive.

So now it's your turn. I want you to take a look at the 5 people you spend the most time with and think about what their outlook is on life. Is it optimistic and bright, exciting and adventurous? Or is it more doom and gloom, caution and worry? Do they have great careers and prospects or is it more of 'this is my lot' and 'it's just the way it is' kind of thinking? Do they watch and worry about the daily news, or do they spend time enriching their lives? Ask yourself where they sit on a scale of 1-5 (1 being doom and gloom, 5 being super positive.) If it's a 3 or less, you might have to give them less of your energy or else they can bring you down with them.

So how do you change your crew?

It's a challenge, but don't forget what Elie says; there are no problems, only solutions. If it's the people closest to you that are mostly negative, you have a couple of options:

1. You can talk to them, perhaps ask them to read this book, and see if you can help them on a way to a better, more positive outlook. Can you get them invested in creating their own Perfect Day? If not, you must find the strength to filter a lot of the noise that's not serving you. Of course you're not going to tell them to clear off, but you can take their outlook and put a positive spin on it back to them. I do this a lot with people who are generally negative in outlook, I listen to their point of view and say "I hear what you're saying, 'and' what if you looked at it this way?"

Remember my replace the word 'but' with 'and' exercise? See what I did just then?

Another thing you can do is offer them comparisons. If they're complaining about something small and insignificant, you can compare it to those who are less fortunate in life, those who don't have the ability to change their situation. It's all about finding a point of reference, for example those poor refugees that have been driven from their countries by fear of persecution or worse. They aren't in a position to change their situation, all they can do is make the best of what they have. So if those in your inner circle are complaining about small details, give them a comparison to think about. It drives people nuts as they'd rather hear the bad news, but in my experience some of them will eventually come around to your outlook and that's a huge win for both them and you.

2. Find a new tribe and spend more time around those who will inspire and motivate you to push on. You may have to listen to the negativity at home and in your inner circle, but that doesn't stop you spending time with others either face to face or online who will lift your spirits and keep you moving forward.

If it's friends or colleagues who are bringing you down, then you do have an option to distance yourself from them. You don't have to be as blunt as saying I don't want to hear from you anymore, but you can stop investing so much of your time in responding to them which will only fuel their fire. I did this recently with someone who was casting a bit of a cloud over me with their negativity. My values didn't align with what they were doing so I simply stopped responding until we drifted off on our separate ways, and sure enough, the sun came out again! Take time to find yourself with people who have no other agenda than to help you find fulfilment and happiness.

Chapter 30: Your Circle of Control

Jules asked me how I always remain so calm about things, and after a bit of a ponder, we came to the conclusion that I only focus on things I can control. Yes, I project into the future (show me an entrepreneur that doesn't), but what I don't dwell on are things that are outside of my circle of control. I mean, what's the point? I can't do anything about them right now anyway so why should I burn my energy up on them and get all bent out of shape?

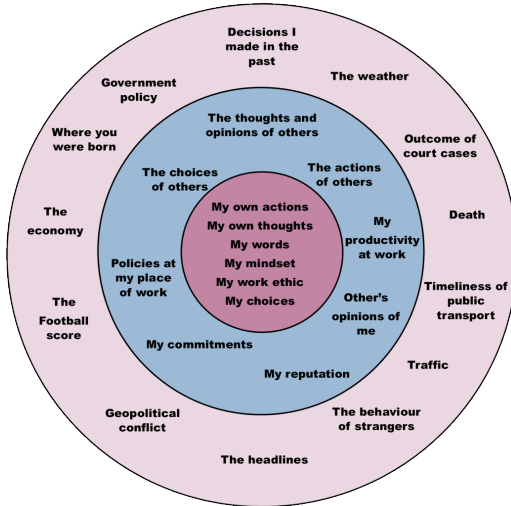
We also think it could be something to do with my pilot training when, in an emergency, we're taught to deal with only the things we can control. There's no point in us flapping and panicking about what might happen if we can't sort it out, that's not going to serve any of us well. So we deal with what we have right now, then tackle the rest as it unfolds. Everything we do in that scenario involves a checklist, in fact most of flying is about using a checklist which keeps us in the moment and on track by working through problems one by one. Yes, we're always thinking ahead, but it's about predicting a good outcome and not becoming a smoking hole in the ground. I tell you what, if we had a checklist for life, that would be amazing! Now there's a thought.

You've probably realised that I'm not a fan of the news. The scaremongering and dissemination of fear doesn't serve us one little bit. When did you last get any 'good'

news from the TV? When we pay attention to the influences of world events and other people, we can quickly become overwhelmed by things we can't control.

Let's break it down into 3 different circles:

- 1: Circle of Control (inner circle)
- 2: Circle of Influence (middle circle)
- 3: Circle of Concern (outer circle)



Personally I operate and give my energy to things inside the inner circle. These are what I can control and what will determine the quality of my life. So when things are becoming overwhelming in your life, try to stay in the moment and concentrate on the things inside your own circle of control. Check in with yourself and see which of them need attention. Take them one at a time and do what you need to do before moving onto the next one. Unless something hideous is happening to us right this second, most of us are in a pretty good place. We're still functioning, there's food in the fridge, we have a roof over our head, and there's beer in the cool box. Too often we worry about things that we have no control over.

During COVID, people were worried that supermarkets were running out of toilet roll, but then again the media had a lot to do with that little scenario. In the grand scheme of things, this isn't going to have a hugely negative impact on your life, because you'll be resourceful and adapt. So try to operate inside your circle of control and see how your life changes. When things seem like they're diving for the ground, hit the pause button, get out there, have a walk around the block and feel the sun, rain or wind on your face, breathe it in, manage what you can, and be grateful for what you have right now. Then go back to working within your circle of control.

Chapter 31: Trust Your Gut

“It’s better to be down here wishing you were up there, than up there wishing you were down here” - Aviation quote.

Flying planes isn’t black and white, as many procedures, regulations, checklists and automations there are, sometimes decision making comes down to the pilot in command. And that’s when instinct will kick in, when you’ve looked at all the data, exhausted all the possibilities and drawn on every last bit of your training, it comes down to having to make a decision. Because at that point, any decision is better than no decision, inaction is likely to end in disaster.

There have been times when I’ve been due to fly somewhere and I simply don’t like the look of the weather. I’ve repeatedly poured over the forecast and the ‘actuals’ and the data tells me that we’re good to go and within safe operating limits, but I just don’t like it. As I look up to the clear sky of my departure airport, my gut is telling me that something isn’t right either en-route or at the other end. There have been times when I’ve had passengers waiting to get to their destination and not understanding why I won’t take off into the clear blue sky. And this is when the pressure kicks in; when they ‘simply have to get there’ (the influence of others). In flying it’s a phenomenon called ‘get-there-itis’ and it has killed many pilots and their passengers.

A pilot I knew who’d recently earned his wings was flying back to Jersey from the UK. The weather in Jersey was fine, but across the English Channel the visibility deteriorated and he became disorientated. Sadly, he crashed into the sea and never made it home. We lost a good one that day, and I often wonder what he was really thinking when he looked at the forecast before taking off.

Thankfully for me, since running that police roadblock way back when, my gut-based decision making is a lot better. In life or in flying if it doesn’t feel right, it generally isn’t right. Instinct is a huge gift we’re given as human beings, but sadly too many people ignore it. Think about some of the crossroads you’ve arrived at in your life when you simply didn’t know which way to turn, did you listen to your gut or listen to your head (or the IBSC)? Or worse still, listen to someone else who had no business giving you advice? When it gets to that point, always trust in yourself and your gut instinct, one day it might just save your life.

Chapter 32: Play the Long Game, but Start Playing

Ivan Nikolic and Goran Arsovic knew how to play the long game. Their little chess battle lasted for 20 hours and 15 minutes. Now I’m no chess player, but I doff my cap to those two. Personally, I’m a bit impatient, when I want something, I really want it there and then. I could blame Amazon, but that would just be silly, or would it? Delivery by drone, who’d have thought? We now live in an instant gratification society where everything moves faster by the day and people want things quicker than ever. Buy Now! Get Rich Quick! It’s all out there promising us the earth.

I’ve started many businesses, and in the early days I always wanted them to be a quick success. But what I’ve learned is that things take time, and that’s not what a lot of people

want to hear, because a bit like me, they want it now. The flip side is that if something looks like it may take too long, we often never start, or worse still, get going and then give up along the way. You've likely heard the saying, "How do you eat an Elephant? One bite at a time." The paradox of life is that it's the ultimate long game, yet we strive and wish for tomorrow to come so that things might be different. And unless we're taking action, things are just the same when the sun comes up again, except we're another day closer to game over.

I'm not trying to be morbid here, I'm just illustrating the fact that time is limited and we need to get cracking. If you've got this far in the book, congratulations, you're one of the people who are willing to stay in the game. As my mentor Ryan says; "The name of the game is to stay in the game until you win the game." You could have read the first few pages, and not having found a silver bullet, put the book down or back on the shelf.

Spoiler Alert: There is no silver bullet in getting to your perfect day, otherwise we'd all be deafened by the sound of gunfire. Creating your best life is a long game and for some it's longer than others, but for all those who go on the journey, it's exactly that, a journey. There ain't no snakes and ladders short-cut. But there is a secret:

ONE LIFE Lesson: The secret to getting to your Perfect Day is to get started.

It took me almost a year to the day from my first flying lesson to getting my wings. Not what I expected when I handed over that cheque to pay for my flight training, I wanted to be a pilot as quickly as possible. I remember asking the other pilots how long it had taken them and they all said the same thing, "It'll take as long as it takes." Wise words. If I'd known it was going to take a year, would I have still started? Of course, but it wouldn't have sat well with me, and the pity about that is I would have tried to rush it as fast as I could instead of enjoying the whole journey as I did. This is why I find that flying is like life in so many ways, if we embrace and enjoy the journey, there are rewards to be had every day. Sure there were a few lows in my training, but every step forward took me towards the end goal.

I can't tell you how long it will take you to reach your perfect day, but every day that you delay getting started is a day longer in getting there. So why wait, why not start implementing your changes today?

Step 5 Key Takeaways

- Become aware of what you're doing in all of your tasks
- Be mindful of what you're doing and start noticing which of those things need to change
- F.O.C.U.S. - Follow One Course Until Successful
- Crash and burn happens when we allow ourselves to be distracted from our mission
- Don't allow yourself to carry other people's baggage
- Audit your Inner Circle and only spend quality time and your energy on those who support and encourage you
- When we pay attention to the influences of world events and other people, we can quickly become overwhelmed by things we can't control. Try to work inside your circle of control
- Always trust in yourself and your gut instinct, one day it might just save your life
- The secret to getting to your Perfect Day is to get started
- Every day that you delay getting started is a day longer in reaching happiness

**“THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE
WHO BELIEVE IN THE BEAUTY OF
THEIR DREAMS.”**

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Step 6: Creating Good Habits for Life

Drop by drop is the water pot filled.
- Buddha

Chapter 33: Teaching an Old Dog New Tricks

Airspeed:	Set
Fuel Pump:	On
Change Fuel Tank:	Check
Mixture:	Rich
Mags:	On Both
Alternate Air:	Open

That is my engine failure checklist which I have close to hand at all times, but truth be known, I've committed it to memory as it's fairly important. This is now a habit for me, so if and when it all goes quiet at the pointy end of the plane, I can do these checks automatically. This is a good habit as it's one that could significantly improve the quality of my life if things go a bit sideways. Without habits, every decision requires attention and attention is exhausting. Habits are great because they allow us more free space in our mind which allows us to focus on other things. That's good news for me because if the engine stops, I can run through the checklist automatically whilst diverting my conscious thought to finding somewhere safe to land the plane.

The thing with habits is they take a little time to make or break and that's why many people don't bother creating new ones. I've found that it takes me around 45 consistent days to change or make a new habit. It's not actually that long, but it does need some work. So if you could break a habit that doesn't serve you in life, surely it's worth the effort? Think about all the things that you do habitually which don't serve your cause of creating a better life. Now, what if you could take that space in your mind and replace it with something that DOES serve you? Wouldn't that be worth the time and effort? Once you develop a new habit, not only are you going to automatically be doing something that benefits you, you've also freed up more mind space to create something else that's good. It's a win-win.

The problem with trying to get rid of a bad habit is that it can leave a void, and voids need to be filled. Take for example someone who's trying to quit smoking, they may fill that void by eating sweets or something else that gives them a quick dopamine hit but isn't going to serve them in the long run. So when you need to break a habit, you need to fill the void with something good.

Always make it a two-part exercise;

1. What bad habit do I need to change?
2. What am I going to replace that with?

Be intentional and focussed and always keep the end in mind. Again vision boards are a great help when you're trying to stay on track. Create a board full of images of how your transformation will look once you've broken or made the new habit. Accountability is also massively helpful here, if you tell someone what you're going to do, you have a better chance of achieving it if they're holding you accountable.

Chapter 34: Aviate, Navigate, Communicate

15th May 1993 was a beautifully sunny Saturday in the Channel Islands and one where I upset a lot of major airlines. En-route back from Southampton to Jersey at 2,000 feet with 3 very tired and somewhat tipsy ladies in my plane, it was perfect flying weather. Gin clear blue skies with visibility that seemed to go to infinity, it doesn't get much better. So why then was it slowly going cloudy and blurry out my side of the windshield? Looking left and right, that visibility still went to the horizon, but I was struggling to see the coast ahead from my side of the cockpit. I leaned over my snoozing passenger in the right hand seat and had a look out of her side of the windshield. Yup, that was all good, so it wasn't my eyesight starting to fade, nor was it ice as the outside air temperature was way above freezing and there was little humidity.

What I then noticed were little drops of oil bubbling up from the engine cowling on my side of the plane. Hold on a minute, I thought everything was meant to go black, like in the movies, you know when you see pilots getting covered in oil when their engines blow up? Nope, it was more of an opaqueness creeping up my windshield. Losing oil in a single engine aircraft is definitely not on the list of good things, and it's generally worse when you're flying over the sea. We had a situation.

It was time to **Aviate, Navigate, Communicate** - the mantra drilled into us in flight school.

- Aviate:** First of all, fly the plane, keep it in the air for as long as possible.
- Navigate:** Where do we need to head for to make the best of the situation?
- Communicate:** Tell someone what's happening.

Contrary to popular belief, all aircraft glide. They don't simply drop out of the sky if the engine or engines fail, even the big buggers that take you on holiday. On the 24th August 2001 an Airbus A330 ran out of fuel whilst flying over the Atlantic. The airliner was cruising at 39,000 feet with 291 passengers and 13 crew en route from Canada to Portugal when the starboard engine stopped. Minutes later the port engine quit. Initially the crew prepared to ditch the aircraft in the ocean, but 20 minutes later they'd successfully glided the beast to safety at Lajes in the Azores. An amazing feat of flying, and on that day the Airbus became the world's biggest glider.

So, back to my own little situation on that Saturday.

AVIATE: I checked the oil pressure gauge again, it was still in the green and we were still flying straight and level at 2,000 feet. If the engine quit, I'd select my best glide speed and set the aircraft up for a water landing.

NAVIGATE: Where was the closest and safest place to land the plane if it all went quiet up front? A nice stretch of beach or an open field would be just lovely. The aircraft I was flying had a glide ratio of around 10/1 which means that for every 1,000 feet loss of altitude, it would fly forward 10,000 feet (depending on the weight of the aircraft and the wind which was light that day).

Quick mental calculation:

Altitude: 2,000

Glide Distance: 20,000 feet = just over 3 nautical miles

Distance to the nearest land from our position: 5 nautical miles

If the engine stopped now, we were going to get very wet.

COMMUNICATE: First of all I had to brief my passengers of the situation and what would happen if the engine stopped before and after we made it over the coast of Jersey. That woke them up. Next, I told the nice people in Jersey Air Traffic Control that I had a bit of a predicament. I was losing oil, but at that time we were still flying. Back in 1993, Jersey was a hub of tourism. Planes full of holiday makers would arrive every Saturday to make the most of our lovely island, sod's law that I'd picked airline rush hour to have my little problem.

British Airways, British Midland, you name 'em, they were lining up to land in Jersey. And then little old me pops up to put a spanner in the works. As we limped towards the airfield, Jersey ATC were clearing the way for me by sending the airliners around to take up the holding pattern. Of course it's an inconvenience for passengers to be late for their first holiday cocktail, but it's also very expensive for airliners to break off a perfectly good approach, join the hold and have to shoot another approach later. I doubt I was popular, but the other pilots were no doubt wishing we'd make it home safely.

All I could do was hold our course and altitude whilst we still had power from the engine. We were joining the landing pattern from the north which gave me a view of the runway out of the right hand window which was just as well as my windshield was almost covered now. The stars were aligning as there was a gentle wind from the south which allowed me to 'crab' the aircraft (when you see planes that look like they're flying sideways before landing) down the final approach, which gave me the vision I needed to land. Safely touching down, we had a welcoming party of fire and rescue vehicles following us down the runway. Subtle Andy, very subtle, nothing like keeping a low profile when the terrace of the Aero Club is mobbed. As we landed, the passenger in the back said, "Cool! Do the fire engines always meet you when you land?"

Of course, it could have ended very differently, but my habit of **AV-NAV-COMM** allowed me to calmly assess the situation and create the best possible outcome.

Using it yourself: I've been in two other precarious non-flying situations when I applied AV-NAV-COMM and I honestly believe it saved my life. So you don't have to be a pilot to make this work for you. When things are going wrong for you in life, those situations where you're feeling completely overwhelmed and helpless, try it yourself;

AVIATE: What do I have to do first to manage this situation? Block out all other distractions and focus only on what you need to do right now in order to cope.

NAVIGATE: Where do I need to go to resolve this situation? It may be a geographical place or it maybe someone that you need to turn to.

COMMUNICATE: Tell someone about it. Ask them for help. Just talk to someone.

As an example of how I used this in business; we had an investment that was going south at a rapid rate of knots. A developer whom we'd trusted and invested a lot of money in turned out to be a complete crook. We were on holiday in Barbados when we got a call from him trying to extort and blackmail us for more than £100,000. The call was on speaker phone and Jules absolutely flipped out and started screaming down the phone at the guy. I knew this would only make things worse, so I ushered her out of the room and applied **AV-NAV-COMM** to the situation. Jules will tell you to this day how that helped save the deal and a huge chunk of our money. It's very powerful, so please take it on board and use it when you have to.

Chapter 35: Level 1 Listening

“You have two ears and 1 mouth – use them in that ratio.” I love that saying. In situations like the above, listening with focus is one of the most important things you can do, but how often do we shut out what someone is trying to tell us in favour of hearing our own voice or getting our say in? Granted, not everything we hear is worthwhile, but when we're asking for advice or help from the right people, our duty is to listen with intent. When I did my introduction to Life Coaching, we learned about Level 1 listening, and to this day it's been one of the most powerful things I've been taught. Here's how it works:

LEVEL 3 LISTENING

You're in a conversation with someone and they're talking. Without knowing it, your mind starts wandering off and thinking about something else, or you start looking at somebody other than the speaker. There's kind of a white noise and you pick up the odd word or two they're saying, but you're really not tuned in at all. If they asked you to repeat what they'd said, you might be hard pushed to remember more than 10%. This is called Level 3 Listening and it's not only rude, it's more or less pointless.

LEVEL 2 LISTENING

In another conversation, you're interested in what's being said and you're fairly focussed on the speaker, but there's a moment or two when you break concentration and your mind or eyes wander off momentarily. You pick up the gist of the conversation and you're still pretty much in the room, but you're still not focussed with intent on what the other person is saying. That's Level 2 Listening and the other person is probably sharp enough to note that you're not too interested in what they have to say.

LEVEL 1 LISTENING

Imagine being on a first date with the person of your dreams. You're sitting having dinner together and they're telling you a little bit about their life. You're absolutely wrapped and hanging on every word they say and you are 100% interested in that person. There could be nobody else in the restaurant as you're fully focussed and taking in everything they say, and based on what they're telling you, you're processing and thinking about a measured response. This is Level 1 Listening and it doesn't have to be with the person of your dreams. If you can give 100% of your attention to a person who's talking to you, the communications you have in life will be so much richer than before. You'll hear things you might otherwise have missed, things that might just have a huge impact on your life down the road.

ONE LIFE Lesson: Opportunities happen at intersections, so when you're in a conversaton, listen up.

Chapter 36: It's Time to Get Moving

With every great journey there comes a time when the talking is over and you have to take control. You are 100% responsible for where you are heading and where you're taking others. If your current destination doesn't look favourable, change it and go in another direction, but please get moving towards your perfect day. If you're thinking this is easier said than done, take a deep breath, lower your expectations and seek progress, not perfection. Trust that small, iterative changes will lead you forward and start by picking something small to change, measure it, and iterate.

As I always say, **"You don't have to get it perfect, you just have to get it going."**

Too many people think that an imperfect step is less attractive, less transformative, and so they never get started. But the truth is that big fixes are few and far between. It's more productive to focus on what you can do each day to make your life slightly better. Believe me, these modest improvements add up, but they're the sort of improvements that many people ignore in favour of chasing the big, instant solution, which will never come. No more procrastination, no more drifting along in life.

ONE LIFE Lesson: It's time to be the pilot and not the passenger. It's time to be happy.

Step 6 Key Takeaways

- Habits are great because they allow us more free space in our mind
- The problem with trying to get rid of a bad habit is that it can leave a void. Voids need to be filled, so when you need to break a habit, fill the void with something good
- When creating a new habit, be intentional and focussed and always keep the end in mind
- Use Aviate, Navigate, Communicate to keep calm and focussed under pressure
- You have two ears and 1 mouth – use them in that ratio
- Using Level 1 Listening you'll hear things you might otherwise have missed, things that might just have a huge impact on your life down the road
- Opportunities happen at intersections, so listen up

**“THE ONLY IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY
IS THE ONE YOU NEVER BEGIN.”**

TONY ROBBINS

Step 7: The ONE LIFE Checklist

It's time for action, it's time to make a start on your best life. So to avoid any overwhelm or confusion on where to start, you're going to do this step by step. You'll work through the checklist and only focus on one task at a time. Don't be tempted to skip ahead, otherwise you'll be in danger of losing your way. Give each task 100% focus and don't stop until it's complete and you can tick it off the list.

If you're thinking "Where am I going to find the time to do this?" - stop right there, that's the Iddy Biddy Shitty Committee doing what they do best. What you need to do is carve out at least 30 minutes a day to work on your Success Path. If you can find more, great, but don't let time overwhelm you. You may have to set some personal boundaries by telling those around you that you're going to need some private time each day. Find a quiet place, either at home, or go out to a cafe where you can plug-in your headphones and get going. A friend of mine used to go to a local hotel, sit in the quiet lobby and order a coffee. He told me that it was changing the environment that worked for him because he simply couldn't get anything done at home.

When you're working on your tasks, turn off all distractions. You can live without Facebook, Insta and WhatsApp for 30 minutes. Put your phone on Airplane mode and get cracking.

USE THE WORKBOOK TO COMPLETE THESE EXERCISES:

Step 1: Create your Want / Don't Want Lists

Step 2: Create Your Perfect Day Vision Boards

Step 3: Things You Can Change

Step 4: Find Your Accountability Partner or Group

Step 5: Get Rid of Your Self Limiting Beliefs

Step 6: Audit Your Inner Circle

Step 7: Creating Good Habits for Life

Step 8: Celebrate the Small Wins

Download the workbook at www.onelifers.com/resources

Bonus:

10 SHIFTS I MADE IN MY LIFE THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

1) I Realised that I Was 100% Responsible for My Life

Once I discovered that there was nobody coming to save me, I took total control of my life. I knew that only I could make the changes I needed to be happy. I knew that if I didn't put in the time and effort, I'd stay where I was, or worse.

2) I Changed My Response to Things

Jack Canfield talks about $E+R=O$ (Event + Response = Outcome). For every event that happens to you in your life, you have a choice how you will respond and that response will determine the outcome. When things happen that are out of your control, you can either burn your energy getting mad, or you can think "hey ho, shit happens, what can I do instead?" I've lost count of the number of times I've been at an airport and my flight has been delayed. As the announcement comes over the tannoy I hear everyone else getting all bent out of shape. Personally, I use the opportunity for some self development. I can work on my Success Path or read something that will further my cause. The choice is yours, but don't be that idiot who has a pop at the check-in staff when it's completely out of their control.

3) I Stopped Blaming Other People

In my early days I blamed everyone else for the situation I was in. This actually made me feel worse as I was holding anger and grudges that burned me up. This goes back to Point 1; I am 100% responsible for my own life. Everyone else has got their own stuff going on, so why should I blame them? Plus, my response to what they were doing was always defensive. Now I shrug, smile, wave and move on.

4) I Started Practising Gratitude

How many people do you know who constantly whinge and moan about things in life? They'll find a complaint for the smallest possible thing, and how do you feel when you have to sit there listening to them? They're like energy vampires. Once you become grateful for everything you have and for what's coming in the future, your life will change for the better. Of course there are tough times in life, but if we compare ourselves to others less fortunate, we're in a pretty good place. We should always be grateful for what we have, plus the Universe LOVES this stuff and will send you heaps more good stuff in return. When Jules and I fall out of the practice of being grateful, we can feel a cloud start to come over our lives, but as soon as we change our attitude to gratitude, everything lifts again for the better. We have a saying to pull us out of those rare funks: "Are we victims or are we winners?" We are freakin' WINNERS my friend!

5) I Embraced Manifestation

Before I was given that book called "The Secret" I believed that I would never progress in life. But once I tried manifestation and proved it worked, I became a different person. From the Red BMW to clearing £40,000 debit in just a week, to building a multiple 6-figure business and co-owning an aircraft, that was not the Andy you'd have met

before I started practicing Manifestation. It's like everything else, you have to work at it, you can't just dip and dip out, but once you make it a habit, holy moly!

6) I Believed in Myself

On that cold night when I left home at 16 years of age, I had nothing to lose. I was going all in, and to do that I needed to 100% believe in myself. Remember, I had no money, little to no education, but I was betting on myself to make it happen. The day I completed my first solo flight was the day the belief paid off. Yes, it had been a tough journey, but I'd backed myself all the way and I knew that if I could make it through to getting my wings, I could achieve anything.

7) I Embraced My Physical Attributes

Once I got over the fact that I'm not the tallest, best looking guy around, it was like the floodgates opened. Instead of focussing on not liking what I saw in the mirror every day, I diverted that energy to creating a better life. I'll be honest, it took a while, but once I realised I couldn't change certain things, the gloves were off. Why the hell had I wasted so much time on that?

8) I Became More Generous

When I'm in a restaurant, I always tip the staff (unless they're deliberately miserable sods). I know that these people work very hard for little money, and having been there myself, anything extra for them is a bonus. Who knows, they might be on a similar journey to me, and if a couple of dollars here and there helps them move one step further to their Perfect Day, that makes me very happy.

9) I Found Patience

We now live in a fast moving, self gratification society where everybody wants what they want NOW. People rush around trying to get where they're going faster, or they bang on to courier companies when they don't get their stuff the next day. When I first started building my businesses, I wanted results straight away, but once I realised it was a long game, I relaxed and enjoyed the journey. It's exactly the same in life, you can't rush a good thing, so why bother? Chill, hit the beach, have a cocktail, because good things come to those who wait.

10) I Tasted Mortality

Twice in my life I've been very close to death. I'm not talking about being on an operating table with the doctors trying to save me, I'm talking about being fully conscious when you realise that this is probably the last moments of your life. On one of those occasions I was 40 metres under the ocean and I actually had time to process what was about to happen. My life didn't flash before my eyes or anything like that, I was just sad about all the things I'd wasted time on and the days I'd no longer have with Jules. That is a long story for another day, but when I finally knew I was safe, my outlook changed. It didn't happen overnight, it took time to process what had happened (I didn't tell Jules for 4 years and she'd been back at the hotel waiting for me that day). After that, I made conscious decisions to only do things that served us and create a life we'd love together for as long as we have left. Ultimately our time is short, we don't know how much we have left, so what we must do is wring every last second from it and be happy.

Work with Andy

You made it, congratulations!

Whether you've finished the entire book or just skipped ahead for a cheeky peek at how I can help you find your purpose and happiness in life, thank you. My aim for this book is to inspire you into taking action and help give you a clear path on the way forward, even if it's just the first step. And in all honesty I'd love to be part of that journey with you.

I've been told that my own 'SuperPower' as a coach and mentor is helping others find clarity on where they want to go. So let me help you take the next steps towards an amazing, happy and fulfilled life:

Book a FREE Discovery Call

Let's have a 30 minute chat about where you are in life right now, and I'll show you what your very next step is. Prior to the call, I'll ask you to complete a 'Discovery' questionnaire which will allow me to find out more about you so that you get maximum value from our time on the call. The call is 100% Free, no credit card required, and there's no further obligation whatsoever.

Find out more about ONE LIFE here: www.onelifers.com

ANDY BROWN

ONE LIFE

RETREATS • ESCAPES • COACHING

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