

[name redacted]'s Story
Ghostwritten by Erin Cheslow for Deb Cheslow's *Unrealogical*

My story began in the Philippines, where I was born, and it will, someday, end there, but, for now, let's start with everything that has happened and will happen in between. When I was fairly young, my family relocated to a Malawi, Africa as missionaries. We had nothing: no TV, very little medical care, nothing more than the locals had except, luckily, a roof over our heads and perhaps a bit more food. Our role was essentially to provide support and give out all the supplies that were coming in from the United States. Everything that came in was more than many people had ever seen and, to me, as a little kid with nothing, it was like a whole other world was arriving at our door. I knew that, if I really wanted to make a difference and make my plans a reality, I would have to go to the U.S.

When I left home, I made it happen. I went to school and became a project nurse at a hospital in Texas. I met my future wife, got married, and had a daughter. That was all my life though. I had moved to the United States to make a difference, and I only seemed to have time to take care of myself and my family. Between my job and the relief we were sometimes able to send to the Philippines, I was helping some people, but I didn't feel like I was doing what I came here to do. Plus, even though we got by, I could find the financial success I needed to get my daughter started on a remarkable life. Even though I grew up with nothing, I didn't want that for her. Missionary work got me where I am, but it was hard. I wanted her to grow up with financial stability so she could have a bright future and hopefully continue our work without the impediments that were holding me back. On a nurse's salary, that didn't seem like it was going to happen anytime soon. I was struggling and that dream of another world where they had enough to share with everyone, even people in other countries, didn't match my reality.

Then, I got a kick in the pants. A huge typhoon hit the Philippines and my family told me that many of my relatives had simply disappeared. When a hurricane hits the coast of Florida, people put up hurricane shutters, make enough coffee to last a week, and hunker down on the mainland until they can rebuild. In the Philippines, it's not so simple. My relatives and their neighbors didn't have the same resources and there was no "mainland" to go to. By the time the flooding and winds had subsided, many people were just gone and the people who survived had no way to rebuild. I never wanted anything like that to happen again, so I started a foundation as a relief effort for the survivors. The trouble is, foundations need money, and I was living paycheck to paycheck. The idea for the foundation revived all the dreams I had when I came to the United States, but I still had no way to make them happen.

I was determined, but I was becoming increasingly disheartened. Then, the universe threw me a bone. I was introduced to network marketing, giving me an opportunity to find the financial freedom I craved. I could build it while still working at the hospital and building my foundation and potentially bring in the kind of income I needed to help my daughter and others. I jumped right in at first, but life always got in the way. I would be pretty gung ho for a bit, but even one "no" would send me spiraling back to square one. I couldn't sponsor anyone or network because I couldn't bear the rejection. I was back where I began and had no idea how I would move forward.

I never gave up though. Even though I wasn't making any progress, I kept going to the trainings and events in the hopes of figuring out what I was doing wrong. One day, on a conference call, someone who wasn't in network marketing was running the call. It was definitely something different, but I took that as my cue to really listen. This new person's name was Deb Cheslow, and she talked about logic and the universe and all the ways that people hold

themselves back. It all made sense to me, but I figured she was just a fluke participant, so I didn't do anything with this new information. A little while later, I went to a training in Houston where this same Deb Cheslow was hired to speak. I thought back to that conference call, and I was really excited to hear what she had to say. She proceeded to exceed my expectations. Not only did she expand on all the concepts we had talked about on the call, but she told us a little bit about herself including her time in the Air Force. When I was a little kid, before I started thinking of using my time to help others, I wanted to be a fighter pilot. It was a sign. I had to work with this woman. I spoke with her after and signed up for the online program.

I stopped listening to music in the car and kept Deb's CDs on repeat. I always did and do all the homework and email her with questions as I go along. As I Imagineered my future and started following through on my commitments, I saw rapid change. I developed a lot more confidence and became a leader to the team I had built. I started thriving on rejection. Each new meeting became an exciting potential for either more growth or a learning experience. My business doubled, and I was invited to a more exclusive networking group. Everything started to fall into place.

Since then, I have already been able to help my daughter. I am a better father and support system for her as she grows up. As to helping others, at the start of this school year, my foundation fed over 200 children in the Philippines. We also used some of the extra money to give backpacks to under-privileged children in our area. Next year, we plan to feed over 600 children whose families are struggling.

In the beginning, I mentioned that my story would probably end in the Philippines. I didn't mean that I personally would live there again. The real ending will be when the daily lives of people in the Philippines have changed on a foundational level. Right now, my foundation's

primary focus is feeding children and providing relief, but our real goal is bigger than even I can fully visualize right now. When my grandfather was dying in the Philippines, they sent us a picture of him at the end of his life. His hospital room looked like a jail cell. There was almost no light, and he looked very cramped. I'm sure the doctors and nurses did what they could, but he was not receiving the care that anyone deserves, especially near the end. On that day, I decided that I would build a hospital in the Philippines with the best facilities and all the modern medical technology and services needed to really provide care for people in need. One day, I hope to be part of the solution to the systemic problems in the Philippines, laying the foundation from which everyone will have the opportunity to protect their families and build their lives.