

**Lessons From the Vault:
7 practices to create reality
and live YOUR destiny**

by Saber Fatnassi

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every thought you planted in my mind.

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bring my thoughts to life.

Dedication

Dear reader,

Welcome, and thank you for embarking on this journey.

I have long dreamed of the time that I connect and share with you these life lessons. Lessons that will positively impact your approach to the way you pursue your journey. Pillars that will strengthen the structure of your life. Practices that will empower you today to begin achieving your goals.

Here you will find many proven success strategies. You will learn numerous success coaching techniques. You will also find stories that will connect with you no matter how different your life circumstances may be. I invite you to start from the beginning, reflect as much as you desire, and I will see you toward the end for more gifts, giveaways and workbooks.

Thank you for your persistence and commitment to create reality and live your destiny. Please remember:

Like fingerprints, you are unique in this universe.
Make your presence legendary.

The Author

-Saber.Fatnassi-

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Was It Worth It?

As mountains were once a granule, reality was once a dream.

N.: Tell me, how did you lose sight of why you did what you did?
The sacrifices. Leaving valuables behind. The things that really mattered. The aspects of life that you've always loved, cherished, respected and held up, far from the reach of doubt. How did you lose yourself?

Maximus: I am not sure if I would call it losing... It was an assessment that was appropriate at the time based on the available information, so...

N.: Excuse my interruption. Was it an assessment or more of an assumption?

Maximus: What made you ask that question? I believe the difference between the two is clear.

N.: I see. How do you define each?

Maximus: An assessment is based on analysis of data and information at the time of decision-making. An assumption, on the other hand, is a subjective view of the unknown that could be accurate or not.

N.: Beautifully stated. Thank you for clarifying. Let's go back, please, to your explanation.

Maximus: Based on what I knew back then, based on what I wanted to accomplish and based on my priorities, I

made some life decisions—decisions that shaped the way I live my life today.

N.: What did you know back then?

Maximus: I don't think I can answer that question before I talk about what I thought I wanted to accomplish back then.

N.: Would you please elaborate?

Maximus: This was at least 40 years ago. My dreams reflected my age, my knowledge and my environment with all of its fundamental challenges—financial, spiritual, relationship, physical, personal...

N.: I sense some doubt. Some regret. How accurate is my assessment?

Maximus: I'm not sure if doubt and regret are the appropriate descriptors. I would say reevaluation. I constantly evaluate situations to ensure I am still on track and that whatever I am pursuing is worth the investment. *Time is the highest investment currency*, in my opinion.

N.: Thank you for this insight. It is a beautiful life philosophy. What have you found, so far, from your continuous evaluation?

Maximus gave a long stare into an empty space, followed by a bow of his head and a long sigh. Silence took over for a couple of minutes, and then he heard the soft and caring tone.

N.: You are in a safe haven. You may share whatever you feel is appropriate. This conversation is for you and only you. You are in control of the outcome and I support you in any choice you make.

Maximus: Thank you for your comforting words. I just needed to gather my thoughts and shake off the emotions.

N.: Shake off the emotions—what makes you do that?

Maximus: I keep trying that but I don't seem to succeed most of the time. I try to drive logic into my decisions. I don't think I have made pure, emotionless decisions so far.

N.: How does that truly make you feel?

Maximus: I'm okay with it. I know that we are generally emotion-based creatures. Logic and emotions are not necessarily an easy combination.

N.: Absolutely. Very well understood. So you're saying that emotions are the actual drivers of moving a person from one situation to another. How does this resonate with you?

Maximus: I hope my emotions have not led me to where I don't want to be. I am a grateful person; at the same time I am a dreamer and an overachiever. I don't know how to dream small dreams. I have tried, my entire life, to dream practically. I would succeed for few seconds and all of a sudden, I envision myself dancing among the stars, swimming with the clouds, cruising through the sky and no horizon ahead of me. Just an open invitation into space, calling my name to proceed. Sometimes I even feel drawn to a black hole—except I don't mind living in this one.

N.: What kind of emotions does this black hole bring to you?

Maximus: Limitless. Free. Happy.

N.: How related are all these feelings to the dreams you had 40 years ago, and you have been doubting as you mentioned earlier?

Maximus: I believe those were what I wanted to achieve in my life and thus I made the decisions back then to reach my goals.

N.: How is it that your feelings today were your goals that you wanted to achieve 40 years ago?"

Maximus: I have always dreamt big dreams. It never took me more effort to dream bigger dreams than to dream smaller ones. It was quite the opposite. I have always felt energized, determined, clear, empowered and accomplished. I would swim in my own dreams everywhere and any time, in class, doing homework, reading anything, listening to any stream of music. I would lose myself to my dreams to the point where I would literally forget where I was, miss my bus stop, forget about my homework, not really see what I was reading or hear what I was listening to. I would be in my own world. I loved it. It made all my senses feel alive. I had a strange, yet strong, feeling that things would happen. While I knew, practically, that these were only dreams, I had some kind of conviction that I would achieve them one day the same way I envisioned them. I even wondered how it was possible for me to feel, and even smell, in my daydreams. They were so vivid that I wanted to make them happen. I always had

hope. Even at times when I declared, “There is no hope!” I still had a rising voice, deep in my soul, opposing me. The voice always said that there is hope as long as I am willing to commit to switch my circumstances around and design my life the way I saw it. And because I wanted to be limitless, free and happy, I started searching for what I needed to do to achieve my goals. Yes, they became my goals. That’s how searching for data and information started back then.

N.: Please don’t stop. What happens next?

Maximus: What are you trying to get out of this?

N.: Nothing for me, really. I hope you don’t deny yourself the chance of connecting with yourself. It is, by far, the best and most nourishing experience you can reward yourself with. That’s only if you want it, of course. I am only here as your sounding board. You are the star here, the dreamer, the overachiever, the creator of your thoughts and your entire destiny. I love witnessing this. It is what I do.

Maximus: Why do you insist on playing on my emotions?

N.: Because you are a phenomenal power of emotions.

Maximus: What do you mean?

N.: What you have shared with me so far is filled with nothing but dreams, big dreams, happiness, freedom, success and confidence... Feelings that we all need in order to survive and thrive.

Maximus: “We” all? Are you one of us?

N.: How do you feel about going back to focusing on you, the dreamer?

Maximus: Fair enough. I think you have been good so far and I can give you a break.

N.: The feeling is mutual and I can't wait to hear more from you.

Maximus stood up by the window as the sunshine touched his olive skin. He stretched his tall, firm body as he reached into his pants pockets with both hands. He stared for a long while as if transported to a time in space—a time only he knew about.

Maximus: Perfection... Triumph... Excellence ... Exceptionalism... Distinguishment... Success. What do they mean to you?

N.: Beautiful words. What do they mean to you?

Maximus: I have always dreamed of triumph. I have always strived for perfection, respected excellence, admired exceptionalism, encouraged distinguishment, and lived for success.

N.: Where did all of that come from?

Maximus: That's how I grew up. From the first moment of realization in my life I learned that excelling in everything that I chose in life was the way to go. I learned that if I was going to do something, I might as well do it right—be the best at it or choose something else.

N.: The best compared to what or whom?

Maximus: That is the beauty of it. It was not a competition.

Rather, it was about exceeding the norm and bypassing the status quo. It was similar to what we call today “going the extra mile,” except that the call was for *going extra without the limit of a mile*.

N.: Wow... What an energized smile I see on your face as you talk about this. It must have brought phenomenal memories.

Maximus: Indeed. I learned tremendously from my mother and certain events, as large or small as they may seem. I remember how my mother committed her entire life to give my siblings and me the best life possible, while she had unlimited challenges that could have discouraged her from continuing. I recall this silly incident of my white jeans and shirt that taught me quite a bit. Growing up I had limited financial resources, yet I was the best-dressed kid at school, the best groomed among my peers, the best student in my school—and the most humble! I had a pair of white jeans that I loved. So my mother taught me, when I was six years old, that white clothes needed extra care when worn; therefore, I had to watch where to sit, where to step, and how to eat when I wore them. She also taught me that wrinkled clothes are a sign of careless people and I am far from that, so she taught me how to iron my clothes if I ever needed something to wear and she was out of the house making a living.

N.: Sounds like a tiny, yet empowering lesson. I am worried about your voice though. What’s on your mind?

Maximus: I just hope I am able to do for my mother a fraction of what she did for me. I am not sure if I will ever be able to sacrifice for her what she sacrificed for me. I am blessed to have the mother I have and the people who taught me invaluable life lessons. I am grateful.

N.: What a beautiful matter to be grateful for. How have others impacted your life?

Maximus: They were all around me: my grandmother, my grandfather, my uncles, my teachers, even my Boy Scout leaders. It was the theme and it was the right one for me. Therefore, I am grateful to all of them for as long as I live. They taught me without expecting anything in return. They taught me to become the best I aspire to be, and more.

N.: How did all of them commit to teach you the same thing? Besides your family, were the others connected somehow? Did they have some sort of agreement?

Maximus: It's a valid question. As you know by now, I grew up financially humble, and my bigger environment was an enlarged picture of my smaller environment. This meant that my larger family, my neighbors, my friends, my teachers and even my Boy Scout leaders shared that same environment. You see, when necessity is all around you, you learn to live with what you have and consider what you don't have as "accessories." You also learn that you have two choices: either settle or work to improve the situation. The people who made a difference in my life were not settling. They taught me that life does not hand me anything until I prove that I

deserve it. So it was all up to me. Since everyone shared the same circumstances, they had an unwritten contract on how to impact each other's lives. It was an imposed contract that we all learned to make work for us. You see, life circumstance and reality are all a matter of perspective. We *choose* how we see life circumstances. You must be thinking it's a dreamer's perspective.

N.: It is a beautiful perspective, I guess...

Maximus: It is what makes the difference between normal and excellent and loser and winner.

N.: You're the boss.

Maximus: Thank you for your confirmation. We seem to connect at a certain level, after all.

N.: I am honored. I think this explains "dreaming big." So my question is how big?

Maximus: Haha... You know when you are there. You see, dreaming is a blessing. A dream is the only constant conduit we can create between our present and our future. A dream is free, powerful, private, accessible, limitless and flexible and requires no extra energy. *A dream is free yet priceless, powerful yet dangerous, private yet universal, accessible yet a commodity;* it requires no extra energy yet energizes the world every day. It is limitless yet limiting, flexible yet binding. Your dream is the architect of your future.

N.: Wow... easy, pal. You speak of dreaming as if it was the only requirement for everyone to reach the life they desire.

Maximus: A dream is the soul of what everyone desires. Through dreaming we can see what we desire to have without asking permission from anyone. Our future happens as soon as we start dreaming. Dreams create new paths in our brains. Neurology scientists have proven that the persistence of dreaming the same dream creates new neurons that will condition the brain to achieve the new reality, the future. The brain will work to bridge the gap between the current state and the new reality state.

A dream is free and what a phenomenal concept in a time where everything has a price tag, including humans and their brains. I have not seen a promotion for buying one dream to get two free, and thus it is free. Dream away, my friend, the meter is on your side still.

A dream is powerful since you can be whatever you choose with no limits. In your dreams you can be an astronaut, a king, a lion, a bird, a flower, a stream of water or even the ocean. A dream is so powerful that we, some branch of human beings, have tried tirelessly to control and limit it and will continue to do so with no notable success.

A dream is private. It lives in your mind and your soul. Only your eyes can see it. You give your dream birth, you nourish it with love and you live it privately until you decide to make it public. Even then, it is not entirely public because you still keep something for yourself.

A dream is accessible everywhere at any time with no need for special circumstances. You can dream while riding the bus, while eating, while jogging, while you're under pressure, and even while performing the call of nature. No tools are needed. No connection to the Internet is necessary. No app is required and certainly no contract. And you may be already dreaming right now. Could it be more accessible than that?

A dream requires no extra care whether you are daydreaming or night dreaming. You power it with whatever energy you have. We, humans, actually use less energy while dreaming than eating.

A dream is limitless by design. As a matter of fact, one of the purposes of dreaming is to bypass the limits we experience in our lives. Have you ever dreamed of something you already have? Or something you don't want to be or achieve? All of our dreams exist outside of our limits. It is a coping mechanism so we don't lose ourselves completely to the limits we dislike. The essence of a dream is to be out of the ordinary so why do less?

A dream is flexible by nature. It can be whatever you want it to be, any time you choose, as many times as you choose and for as long as you desire. It is as flexible as air and water, so take advantage of it and stretch it beyond the limiting beliefs that pull you back. Show your limiting beliefs what flexibility is. Just reframe your dream as you please. You'll drive your limiting beliefs crazy.

A dream is free yet it is priceless. We pay nothing to dream and we achieve our goals and desires thanks to that dream. If it were not for the ability to dream, we would have never known what we could have achieved. If it were not for a dream we would have never been able to take that first step. If it were not for a dream we would have never known that a future existed. If it were not for a dream we would have spent our entire lives around the center of our current reality. If it were not for a dream, we would be living in the caveman era. No dream equals no future. So, let me ask you about the price of dreaming. If a dream was an item in a bidding contest, and you knew that no dream equals no future, *how much would you have paid for it?*

A dream is powerful to the extent of danger. When we dream, our brains respond unconditionally regardless of the dreamer's intent and that's where it becomes dangerous. We can dream of what may be harmful and our brains will help achieve the dream. While I have always advocated dreaming away, I advocate dreaming for the good of all concerned because of the dangerous power that dreams possess.

A dream is private yet universal. The same dream could be shared among people that are miles apart in distance, circumstances and beliefs. For example, innovators or athletes or writers all have one thing in common: they dream of something yet to be created, achieved, or shared. Their dreams were private at their inception, yet the concept of raising one's spirit and serving humanity was shared.

While a dream is accessible, it is hard to come by nowadays. When was the last time you heard of a nation dreaming of achieving something and receiving the entire world's support? When was the last time you heard of an elderly person celebrating a lifelong dream he or she has achieved? When was the last time you talked to a parent bragging about his or her child's dream instead of his or her own dream? When was the last time you heard a teenager speaking about his or her dream without looking for validation or avoiding embarrassment? When was the last time you heard a child describing his or her dream without an adult doubting voice asking, "Are you sure?" What happened to "Tell me more... this sounds great" with complete sincerity? What happened to nourishing the child's imagination to thrive so humanity does not vanish? What happened to "She is only a child... let her dream"?

The few humans who are capable of dreaming, and seek no permission to do so, energize the world every day. It is thanks to Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and many others and their dreams that we hear soul-lifting music today. It is thanks to Thomas Edison, Graham Bell and Charles Babbage that we are able to perform beyond the norm. It is thanks to Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Gandhi, Gibran, and others, that the arsenal of human literature has been rejuvenated. It is thanks to Conrad Röntgen (x-ray), Alexander Fleming (penicillin), Edward Jenner (smallpox vaccine) and others that we enjoy a healthier and longer life. It is thanks to their dreams that we are energized, yet their dreams didn't break the energy

bank. Any desire to have your name to join this list? If you do, start dreaming for the common good.

A dream is, by design, limitless, yet it may become limiting through our thoughts or our “conscious mind.” A dream is born when you start dreaming. It grows and it continues to do so as long as you keep dreaming. The more you dream, the bigger, the more colorful, the tastier, and the more frequent and tangible it becomes. Only you have the power to kill that dream or stop nourishing it. And when you do so, you create the limits of your dreams. By consequence, the dream will limit you as well since it was limited from growing. For all these reasons, dreaming big is the way to go.

A dream is flexible yet binding. A dream binds your conscious mind to achieve its agenda. When you dream, you create an internal realization through your subconscious mind that what you see in the dream space is possible. Of course it does not start as a realization, since most of us are disbelievers and suspicious with a long history of dealing with our limiting beliefs. Instead, it starts as a fictitious idea that, when you have confidence, will become reality one day. This is what your conscious mind will tell about your dream: “It is a dream. It’s nice to have one but it’s better to get back to reality.” For some of us, when we jump off of that limiting beliefs train and continue dreaming, we start writing a contract with our brain with all the juicy and igniting details: colors, smells, feelings, locations and timeframes. That contract will bind you, your conscious mind, to accept the new reality and get

on board with the dream team to achieve the desired outcome. So think, *whatever is binding you, you created it*. I hope this helps to answer, “How big?”

N.: I believe it does. Let’s get back to your dreams you had 40 years ago. What were they?

Maximus: Here we go again.

N.: Is it that uncomfortable to face what you dreamed and see if it is your new reality, Mr. Big Dreams? Or would you rather stop at the preaching station?

Maximus: I practice what I preach.

N.: Let’s check. The proof is in the pudding.

Maximus: I am a dreamer, big-time dreamer. I am an achiever, big-time achiever, and I will continue to excel and thrive despite your thoughts.

N.: Easy, old-timer. I just asked for a moment of truth. Are you even comfortable going there?

Maximus: I see what you are doing, in your usual sneaky way. I beat you every time, you know, so this time is just another round. Forty years ago I decided to leave my place of birth to anywhere I could make my dreams come true. My dreams were not just for me; they were, and still are, for everyone around me. Of course, I dreamed of the big mansion with the acres of breathtaking gardens, the majestic yacht along with the red Ferrari. I dreamed of all those tangible possessions that I had no way of enjoying as a teenager. But I also dreamed of more profound matters that would give life a better taste. I dreamed of a comfortable living for my

mother, siblings, extended family and friends. I dreamed of building homes for families that lived in the poverty of one room. I dreamed of building schools for unfortunate children that had to walk 10 miles each way to attend a one-room school. My God... If you saw how they were dressed and what they wore for shoes in the middle of the winter, your heart would have broken. I still have a vivid picture in my memory of the look I saw in those kids' eyes. They reminded me of a bird flock. They were nine children who did not exceed the age of 10. I remember talking to a seven-year-old boy, as another little girl held him close to protect him from this stranger, me. I asked, "How far do you still have to walk to get to class?"

He looked up at me with his beautiful, sharp, green eyes and answered with determination, "Maybe another hour." There was absolutely nothing stopping him from getting to his destiny; it was just a matter of walking the distance. The little girl shook his shoulder, encouraging him to get going before they were late for school. As they walked away he took a few steps with his squadron then he turned back toward me, without stopping and asked, "Are you the new teacher?"

I asked, "Don't you already have a teacher?"

He stopped, turned completely toward me and said, "We've been hoping to see him in class for the last couple of weeks but he has not shown up and I thought you may be the new one."

So I asked the question: “Why are you going to school then?”

He answered without hesitation, “I like to learn so that when I grow up I can teach other kids like me. I would be there every day when they came to school.”

I felt waves of mixed emotions when I heard his statement. As I watched him disappear down the long road, I felt helpless. I felt incapable. I felt paralyzed. Tears filled my eyes but couldn’t leave because I had a voice in my head asking me, “Is that all you are capable of—tears?”

N.: It is a touching story, I’ll give you that. Which part resonates with you the most?

Maximus: If a seven-year-old boy walked 10 miles to school each day for the dream of becoming a teacher, even while uncertain if his teacher was going to show up to class, what’s my excuse for not achieving my dreams?

N.: And so you decided to dream big and go for your dreams?
How poetic.

Maximus: This is not new. I don’t even know why I am having this conversation with you. You don’t understand.

N.: Well help me understand, please. You talked in the beginning about decisions you made based on data you collected 40 years ago. Was this your data?

Maximus: That was one of many igniting sparks that led me to what came next. I knew I had big dreams compared to my circumstances. I knew I needed to make life-changing decisions if I wanted to realize my dreams. It

was obvious that the source of the challenges was financial and thus, I started thinking about the possibilities of overcoming the source challenges. It was clear that my environment did not have the foundation for a financial makeover; therefore, finding the right environment was essential. I moved to what has been my new hometown for the past 40 years. When I arrived I had zilch. Sorry... I take that back, one person paid for my first grocery shopping items. I was blessed to land a job—far below minimum wage—but I was fortunate to work long hours to be able to pay rent, buy books and start my new life.

N.: And you truly believed you were going to shift your financial circumstances and achieve your big dreams with such compensation?

Maximus: I invite you to look at me, check my name, see the person I have become and be the judge.

N.: We are still on the path of answering the million-dollar question and this is only one battle in a lifelong war, so do not claim victory yet.

Maximus: Thank you for the confession. It has been a war, hasn't it? So what is that burning question Mr. Nagnag?

N.: I don't like it when you call me that.

Maximus: Are you going to deny your name? Didn't you give me the freedom of naming you?

N.: That's not our topic now, is it? Let's get the focus back on you. I see you have achieved much of what you have dreamed, if

not all of your dreams. I also know you have lost things along the way as well.

Maximus: You must know by now that everything in life is a tradeoff. Some people call it investment; others call it the cost of doing business and all the rest call it sacrifice. Ultimately, we give and we take. The order doesn't matter. What matters is that giving is inevitable.

N.: We are in agreement so far. Whatever you call it, cost, sacrifice, investment or tradeoff. Has it been worth it?

Maximus: You know that "doubt" and "regret" are words that have been expelled from my vocabulary for as long as you have known me, so why are you asking this question?

N.: You are asking this question, not me. *I am only a reflection of you.* I am your mirror. I say what you make me say.

Maximus: (Whispering.) You are a pain in the brain if anything at all.

N.: I can hear that, you know. I live in your brain so I hear your thoughts.

Maximus: I know and it was intentional Mr. Nagnag. So, you want to know if it was worth it?

Nagnag: No, *you* want to know the answer to that question.

The voice, Mr. N., was a nag indeed. Maximus had given him the pet name "Nagnag," which seemed perfect at times like these.

Maximus walked toward a wall-sized double glass window, where he could see all the runways. He straightened his tie, and pulled back his jacket to put his hands in his pants pockets. He stared at the open sky as he stretched his back then he reached, with his right hand, inside the pocket of his jacket to pull out an old-fashioned watch on a chain. He stared at the watch and caressed it and as if he was trying to milk memories out of its steel material. He squeezed the watch with his big palm as if he was giving it a hug, a very warm and long one. He lifted his hand to his mouth, he kissed the watch and he asked, in a whisper “How did I do?”

He stared again at the open sky as if he was waiting for the answer. He stared at the space beyond the clouds as if transporting himself through the clouds. As he swam in his own world he heard a deep voice behind him. “Sir, your family and friends are waiting in the jet. We will take off when you are ready.”

Maximus wiped a single warm tear from his cheek and, without turning to face his pilot, he asked, “Are we missing anyone?” Nearly 60 close friends and family members had been invited. “Out of the 57 invitees, only the teacher, Sir. He left you this African bird and this piece of paper.”

Maximus unfolded the piece of paper as he patted Manam, the African bird. The message read, “I promised one of my students to review with him as he recovers from illness. I know you will understand. It has been my promise that I would be there for my students always. Remember? Manam will tell me the happy details when you come back safely. I will see you soon. My forever gratitude and respect.”

“Okay,” Maximus said to his pilot. “Let’s not keep them waiting longer. It is nice to have everyone, almost, on board.” He gently grabbed Manam’s cage and said, “It’s good to see you buddy.”

“Gooooood to see you tseh...tseh....tseh... buddy.”

Maximus looked back at the runway then gave one last look at the spot in the open sky as if he was still waiting for an answer to his question. He would have loved very much to hear it.

Nagnag: How attached are you to hearing the answer?

Maximus: Very much so. (His eyes filled with tears again.)

Nagnag: Is it the answer you are seeking or just the sound of his voice?

Maximus: (With a cracking voice). Both, actually. Maybe his voice more than anything else.

Nagnag: What if you do not like the answer?

Maximus: I would be content with that. He taught me how to do the work and I didn’t mind fixing what needed to be fixed. He would offer advice to keep me going.

Nagnag: The advice... What about that?

Maximus: What do you mean? (He boarded the van to the jet.)

Nagnag: You have always talked about writing a book sharing the wisdom you learned from him so others can benefit, as well. How close are you to finishing it?

Maximus: This is your chance to rub it in. You know very well I have not even started it. So what are you trying to achieve from this?

Nagnag: To help you.

Maximus: You, help?

Nagnag: Give me some credit. You know I help sometimes.

Maximus: You are absolutely correct about the “sometimes” part.
So what are you offering?

Nagnag: I know how much you love your grandfather. I know how much you are connected to him and how much you believe in what he thought of you. I also know how much you love the idea of spreading his wisdom and making him known to all mankind. Why would you deny yourself that reward? This is a perfect time—a vacation—to write that book.

Maximus: It is a family vacation and they deserve my attention over work.

Nagnag: Is eternalizing life lessons *work*? How true are you to yourself at this moment?

Maximus: You’re right. It is more of a treat than work and I can make it happen.

Nagnag: Say that again for the love of God. I am what? I am right?

Maximus: Give me a break, will you? I have said that before.

Nagnag: Not often enough.

Maximus: Because you bounce on two ropes, my friend.
Sometimes you are a nag and other times you are an igniter. You still nag, but for a good cause.

Nagnag: That’s who I am. That’s my job so you can be your ultimate best.

Maximus: (Smiling again.) That's a matter of perspective. So what do you suggest we do?

Nagnag: You can talk to me about what you learned. I will ask questions, as it is my nature, and go from there. How committed are you?

Maximus: Very much so.

Nagnag: What is that? You know I am a very specific kind of being. What does "very much so" mean?

Maximus: "Being" and "specific"? You mean a figment of imagination and painfully rigid?

Nagnag: I thought we were a team.

Maximus: (Smiling again.) No harm intended, Igniter. I was only teasing you.

Nagnag: I like that name. How about we keep this one and drop "Nagnag"?

Maximus: You're pushing it. And you have to earn it. So let's start an hour after takeoff so I have a chance to greet everyone, then we'll do it for about two hours every day. How does that sound?

Nagnag: Fine. What do you think will stop you or delay you from completing it?

Maximus: Maybe family activities or the desire to be lazy.

Nagnag: What will you do about that?

Maximus: Let's reserve the first two hours of the day, early morning, for this task.

Nagnag: Deal.

Maximus: Deal.

Maximus stepped onto the jet and was overwhelmed by his grandchildren's hugs, kisses and screams—exactly what he needed. As he stepped onto the plane with Aidan and Aban in his arms, Farris hanging on his back and Karam holding onto his left leg, his daughter Leila faced him and helped him put the children in their seats. She put Aban by the window. She placed Farris next to Allen, and Karam in the seat behind Farris. She grabbed her father's neck as she stood on her toes and put her head on his chest while she whispered, "Thank you Daddy for gathering all of us. I love you."

"I love you more, my angel."

Muheeb stood up from his seat to hug his father and handed him a hardcover book. "This week's book, Dad."

"Thanks, son," he said smiling and gently touching his son's cheek. "You never miss a beat, son." As he was making his way to the back he saw Maher, his oldest, in deep thought, swimming in a pile of papers and writing away. Maximus asked with a chuckle in his voice, "Are you sure you have enough ink to capture the sea of thoughts that has taken over the plane?"

As Maher gathered his papers, he stood up to hug his dad saying, "Sorry, Father. I didn't mean disrespect. I was waiting for you when this new idea hit me and I couldn't stop it. I would love for you to be the first to read it. Will you?"

"I will be delighted, son" he said as he grabbed him from his shoulders and continued, "May your stream of inspiration never dry."

He finally made it to the back of the plane, to find his partner for life and soul mate chatting with his mother. He said with a smile on his face, “Here are my most precious powerful ladies. Sorry I’m late.”

“No worries, honey. It’s a vacation.”

He bent over to kiss his wife, Elektra, on the cheek and squeezed tightly, yet gently, on her right arm and whispered, “Thank you for caring for Mom,” then took the window seat next to her.

Then he kissed his mother’s forehead and he grabbed her right hand to kiss it as she pulled it away from his face, “I have always asked you not to do that. You never listen, do you?” she said.

He laughed and followed up, “Stubborn, what can you do?” Then he asked, “I don’t see Adonis and Athena. Where are they?”

Elektra answered, “My parents are back there watching cartoons with the other kids.”

“Great, I am going to join them.”

Flight Capt.: Sir. We are ready when you are.

Maximus: Certainly. Let’s go. I’ll take my seat, Captain.

Flight Capt.: Thank you, sir. Family and friends, we are taking off.

Don’t forget to dream a runway dream and launch it to the sky when we are airborne.



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