

CHAPTER 5

The Interesting Mail Experiment

“HI, BOB!”

I am in my car, driving the 20 minutes to my home in Carlsbad. I have just resigned from a corporate position I had taken eight months prior, and am feeling remarkably cheerful and free.

“Hey, Di,” he says. “Did you resign?”

“Yep! Looking forward to starting up my company again. I should be getting that rolling pretty quickly.”

“You heading back to Denver?” he asks, referring to the home I’d left after accepting the position, closing my marketing business, and transferring to California. I had been offered a VP position to rectify a giant training website for the real estate industry. It was a beautiful site, but it wasn’t selling. We had negotiated a three-year contract but, eight months later, after changing the site and its marketing direction, I was ready to be an entrepreneur again.

“You know ... no. I don’t feel like heading back to Denver quite yet.” “You’re staying in Carlsbad?”

“Uhhh ... I don’t know. It’s not really my vibe.” “So, where do you want to live?” he asks. “Anywhere in the world?”

“Anywhere in the world.”

“Well, I’d LOVE to live in Laguna Beach. It’s so awesome ... (pause) ... but it’s soooooo expensive.”

As soon as I say the words, I cringe over my steering wheel. Did I say that with my outside voice? After four years of working with Bob Proctor – and particularly while studying his latest program, *The New Lead the Field* – I know this was not an appropriate sentence to share with the man.

Silence on his end.

“I mean,” I stutter, trying to fill the silence with something, “I PLAN to move there someday...” I trailed off lamely.

“Diane.”

(Oh God. There it is again. No comma. No question mark. Just my name with a period. This means trouble.)

“Are you in your car right now?”

“Yes!” I say, a bit relieved. Maybe he’s changing the subject. “How far are you right now from Laguna Beach?”

Dang. He’s not changing the subject. “Uhhh, maybe 40 miles,” I say.

“I want you to drive up to Laguna Beach right now,” he says. “Find a post office box and start forwarding your mail.”

“Today?” I squeak incredulously as if I’m buried in a cadre of tasks.

“Right now. You have to take that first step. You know this. Start forwarding your mail today and you’ll find a way to live in Laguna Beach. Call me when it’s done.”

So. I drive to Laguna Beach.

I find a mailbox store in North Laguna, complete the for-

warding forms and rent a box, giving myself plenty of time - six months. I knew no one in Laguna Beach. I knew nothing about the town. I figured this is going to take some serious time and research.

Eight days later, I receive a random email. It was not forwarded to me because no one in my entire life (aside from Bob) knows that I have any designs on Laguna Beach. It is addressed directly to me, but the sender is no one I know. She is a homeowner in Laguna Beach. She and her husband have just taken their renovated cottage off the market and are looking for a tenant through six months of winter.

Fifteen days after I began forwarding my mail, my Pyrenees dog, Merlin, and I are living in Laguna Beach. We arrive even before the mail does.

Hi Reader,

Look at this! You've got your OWN Goal Card here!



MY GOAL BY _____ 20____

I'm so happy and grateful now that
