

Say What You Need To Say: A Wakeup Call

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This manuscript is based on the personal thoughts and views of the author, and any similarity that this manuscript may show toward a character, is completely circumstantial. No furry bunnies or cookies were injured during the writing of this piece.

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None Needed

Index: Don't need one of those either

Forward: Ahh... go ahead, move forward!

Introduction: This is my thoughts, my views and I hope that you find value in sharing this information with me and with others you feel could benefit from this.

I got a goat one year. Really, it was a little pigmy goat. A few years ago, I had heard that goats were really good at taking care of lawn maintenance. I had just recovered from over eight years of cancer, as well as having my knees replaced and I couldn't walk so well. I discovered that these little, silk covered animals could take care of a large territory of lawn, at the same time; it would give them much of the nourishment that they need, by eating the grass.

You see, I lived back in the woods, on the side of a mountain, where my house was surrounded by fifteen acres of land. Eight of those acres were covered with trees and valleys, while another seven was a hilly, rocky slope of grass. At the same time, as odd as this may be to some, much of that seven acres was peppered with tombstones. For as long as I could remember, my family had always been the care takers of the local Jewish cemeteries in Reserve Township.

Where it may seem like a strange place to live to you, it's actually a fairly common thing here. Reserve was built in an old civil war community. Most of the land, back in those days, was useful for two things, raising pigs or raising herds of goats. That's where my goat comes in.

A few years back I had to get real creative when it came down to survival. In order to eat, I had to hunt for meat and grow our vegetables. In order to stay warm in the winter, I had to scale the mountain out back looking for large cherry trees that had fallen due to storms. I remember hobbling up the side of that muddy mountain, with a cane in each hand, and a chainsaw strapped to my back. I'd then have to spend hours cutting away at sixty feet of wet, green timber; hoping that I would be able to split it all. Oh, did I mention? My hands were virtually useless due to the nerve damage I had caused them when I competed in the martial arts industry. Twenty-seven years old and I already felt as if my body had gone through a hundred years of torment.

I didn't complain though. It was like breathing for the first time. When a baby is born, after nine months of breathing in fluids, the sudden rush of thin oxygen and air is a bit shocking and painful. The baby's body has to adapt to this new form of respiratory nourishment. So, I say the pains I went through were like breathing for the first time. My body had been in some sort of pain for as long as I

was an adult. You tend to get used to after a while and you begin to realize that if you don't focus on it, you can live through a lot of it.

Every morning, in the winter, I'd wake up, take a long, hot shower, put my thick clothes on and travel that muddy hill. I'd hunt for the first two hours of the morning and gather up my food. Then, I'd split firewood for another two hours. Then, I'd drag whatever poor animal I had slain, back to my house almost a mile away. I'd immediately walk back up the mountain and stack up the firewood I had split. There, I'd sit among the wrecked trees and eat the little sandwich I had made myself for lunch. The temperatures were below freezing at times, but it didn't matter. I really couldn't feel the cold through the burning muscles in my body.

I remember sitting on that mountain soaking in my own self-pity. That's right, upbeat personal growth coach Bob, sitting in self-doubt and misery. But, it'd only last for five or ten minutes. Then, I'd load a quarter of a chord of firewood into my little cart, and pull it to my house. That was exciting in and of its self. Imagine, this one hundred twenty-five pound man, looking as if death had knocked his door down, standing in front of a cart of fresh cut wood, just to keep it from rolling off the cliff at the end of the valley. OK, I wasn't superman. I had constructed a break for the wheel and there were a couple of times, where that cart had taken on a mind of its own and sped out of control into the creek bed at the bottom of the hill.

You may be wondering why I feel this is so important. Well, it's all to lay the groundwork of what comes next. Remember the goat? Well, after enduring such trying winters, I really didn't want the summers to be the same. As a cemetery caretaker, in order to pay your rent on your home, you have to maintain the grounds. I figured that if I could take care of my body, over the summer and fall, then spring and winter wouldn't be so tough. That's when I took a little trip out to the country. I know what you are probably thinking, "Country? Don't you already live in the country?!" No, actually, I live ten minutes outside the city of Pittsburgh.

That's where things seemed kind of odd to my neighbors as well. They weren't used to anyone living like my family was. It was joked about on many

occasions. “Bob the mountain man! Lumber Jack Bob or, the goat herder in the concrete jungle.” People get very creative when they are poking fun at the misery of others. It’s usually so they don’t have to focus on their own misery. It’s cool, I didn’t take any offense to it and it was pretty funny when you come to think about it. But all my ADD aside, let’s target our focus back to the goat.

Jack was his name, and he was the coolest little animal in the world. Seriously, there was nothing that could get this guy down. He would run around my yard and bang heads with my dog. Literally, he’d actually run across the yard and BAM; knock into my dog’s head with his own. Funny stuff. I remember he always had this spunk that was infectious. I know it may sound a little odd to have a pet goat, but it really was something special.

Jack was taken from his mother a bit too early, so for the first few months we had him, I had to feed him goat’s milk from a bottle. That didn’t please me too much, considering he was supposed to eat the grass. But, by raising him the way I did, we became quick friends. It’s really weird. My dog lies around and really likes to be left to his own business, but Jack would follow me everywhere. He acted more like a dog than my dog did, really.

This is where I get to the next part, and hang in there because I have a point to telling you this story. Jack spent so much time with my dog that he began to fetch and sit when you told him to. But the most memorable thing was his best friend. It was a little female cat that had lived in the woods near my house. When I would wake up in the morning and venture into the cold to see Jack, there it was. When Jack went to sleep at night, you had better believe that cat was sleeping right next to him. I remember, one day, that a large hawk was flying above my yard, circling with a vengeance. You see, around here, hawks will swoop down and carry small cats away. Imagine looking out your window and the “Animal Kingdom” ensues in a Hawk vs. Goat battle.

That’s right, little ole Jack was having an all gloves off, street fight with a red tailed hawk. It was amazing to watch an animal, such as a goat, furiously protecting a cat. I say this because goats are not fighters. They’re fairly docile and really won’t bang heads with anything, unless the male is in rut. But, there was

Jack kicking at this hawk. Finally, the hawk flew away, waiting for the adventurous battle to continue another day. Jack was a loving, thoughtful animal that took on many human traits. He acted like my child, like my friend and like a companion to everyone who came into contact with him. At the time, my daughter was about two years old, and I remember Jack being so gentle with her. But just as my daughter was taking a liking to him and we couldn't imagine what it would be like to not have Jack in our lives, he passed on.

It was an unusually cold winter, here in Pittsburgh, and the city was in a state of panic. Every night, on the news, you'd hear of people with no heat and freezing to death in the middle of the night. The city had hired a bus company to shuttle around to gather all of the homeless, to take them to a warm care center for the week. I, myself, was always busy chopping firewood and building on the fire in our wood burning stove. I had chopped seven chord of firewood at the beginning of the season, which is usually enough to get through the winter, but this particular winter had depleted our supply in a matter of a month... and it was only the first month of winter.

My dog, Duke, had lived outside up to this point. I had always called him "Nature's Hound", because he refused to come in the house. He loved living outside and would much rather sleep in the rain, or roll in the mud, than come into the warm house. But, in this particular winter, Duke howled and let us know that he wanted to come inside and has lived in doors ever since then.

But, Jack was different. You see, you can't keep a male goat in your home. The smell is unbearable and goats tend to leave a sporadic trail of droppings. They're not like a regular house pet, where you can paper train them or, let them outside when they need to relieve themselves. As much as we considered Jack part of the family, he was live stock and we had to treat him as such with his living environment.

Jack had a small little house, with straw and plenty of food and water. He stayed very warm during these hard months, but it wouldn't last long. One morning, after a long night of keeping the fires burning, I stretched out my brand new knees and hobbled to the snowy back yard. I remember it was so cold that

the soft snow had turned to ice. I looked off in the distance, to seeing a deer staggering down the cold mountain and, every so often, it would drop to its knees; weak from the cold.

I called for Jack, as I always had in the morning, and didn't hear that baaah that had always responded to me. I figured that the little guy was just not willing to come out in the cold. I walked over to his little house and peeked inside. Goats sleep in an upright position and Jack was lying on his side. I remember thinking, "He is really acting like an old dog, all stretched out and relaxing." But, that wasn't the case. Apparently, I learned later, that Jack had lain down on a slight angle downhill, and got stuck in that position. Because of that, his intestines got tangled and it became very hard for him to move. Because he couldn't huddle to keep himself warm, he froze. I remember kneeling down and touching his stiff, hard body that had usually been so soft, warm and fatty. I cried so openly and for quite some time. I was frozen with grief to the point that my knees had locked up on me, from being in the cold for too long.

My wife came outside to see what was taking me so long and saw me stuck, kneeling in the snow. Through the overwhelming, involuntary choking on my tears, I managed to say, "He's dead." My wife wasn't the biggest fan of Jack, but she loved him just as much as I did, and immediately lost control of her emotions.

Our family had survived bouts with cancer, near homelessness, hard cold winters with no modern source of heat, going from having no money to being placed on public welfare to bringing a new baby in this world, living as if we were in the 1800s. It was difficult to stay positive, from day to day, and this situation finally hit me with the one thing that would break my emotions.

My wife begged me to come in the house, but I told her that I had to bury Jack; I just couldn't leave him there. As I reached in to drag Jack's body from his little home, I heard a grunt and a breath. I figured it was just his little body letting out some air. Then, I looked at his eye and noticed that there was a glimmer of light. Then, I rubbed his belly and felt movement. I quickly placed my mouth over Jack's mouth and nose and began to breathe into him. Suddenly, he frantically kicked his legs and let out a long, sorrowful cry. He sounded like a sick infant. I

grabbed Jack and rose to my feet. I remember this intensive pain in my knees as they popped and cracked from applying mine and Jack's weight as I stood up.

I ran up the hill, covered in two feet of snow, kicked open my front door and laid Jack in front of our tiny wood burning stove. I grabbed a blanket and wrapped him in it. For the next three hours, I placed little drops of water on Jack's lips and slowly thawed his frozen little body. My two cats and my dog gathered around us, as if they were sitting at the death bed of a friend. They each walked over to Jack and rubbed their head against him. Then, my wife walked into the room and reached down to pet his hard little head right between his horns; he loved that.

Just then, as if my wife's angelic touch had placed energy of light into his heart, Jack rose to his feet and let out such a loud cry, walking to my wife. He lay in her arms, then back to his blanket. I placed my hand on his head, and Jack slowly let out a large breath and I watched as the light in his eyes dimmed and faded away. He was gone.

Jack's little heart gave him enough energy to show that last bit of spunk that his spirit has shown throughout his short two years on this earth. We all sat, myself, my wife, my dog and the cats, in complete silence. We wept, we held him and we asked, quietly within ourselves, and when will the world going to allow us to have peace in our lives. To be able to just enjoy living and share our lives with others was really all we were looking for.

After our moment of grief was observed, I wrapped Jack in his blanket, opened the front door and, with shovel in hand, walked out to the mountain and placed my little friend in the earth. I remember sitting there for at least an hour after. My dog, Duke, was sitting there the whole time, enduring the cold right along with me. It was if he had lost his best friend, and rightfully so. Jack and Duke were brothers from another mother, as I'd always said. It was at that moment that an epiphany had struck me, like a bolt of lightning. This, my friend, is where I'd like for you to truly pay attention.

Jack was pulled from an existence that should've been his. Taken from his mother at such a young age, Jack never experienced what it was to be a goat. Seriously, I don't think he had ever known what he was. He lived his time around dogs, cats and humans and never realized another of his kind. He was alone, as a species, and grew thinking he was the brother of cats and dogs, and the son of a human. Imagine the confusion within him, not being able to understand his own instincts, because there were no other souls around him that were doing the same.

Imagine, if for just a moment, that you lived out your existence, never to know or experience another of your kind. Not understanding the words spoken by others, not understanding why you cannot communicate yourself. Imagine not being able to feel love that only another of your kind is capable of giving in return.

Imagine for a moment, that you were living a life that you were not meant to live and you were incapable of creating that reality for yourself, that you so truly desired and deserve.

Now, imagine that, what I just described was actually how Jack had felt...

At that period in my life, I felt that I could not communicate myself to others. I was confused and angry and it seemed that there was no other of my kind. I felt alone, living in an existence where no one understood what my needs and desires were. My wife felt the same. It seemed as if we were aimlessly pushing through life, just to find some solution, some way of living that met with our endless desire to become more, to do more and to have more. Not just more on a physical or financial level, but to connect with others who understood their own passions and purpose and were doing what it took to make those things happen.

Imagine, just for a moment, that you are a goat living in a world of cats and dogs, with no other of your kind to be found. You are the red dot on the white wall. You are the confusion that consumes you every single day of your short existence. Imagine that you do not have the ability to change this. Now, add to this scenario, consciousness.

I really want you to think about this. Stop reading for a moment, and ask yourself, "What does consciousness have anything to do with the results that I see in my life?" Stop reading now and write down your thoughts for a moment.

Are you finished? If not, be sure not to read further until you are.

Alright, now is the moment where I can make myself clear. You see, I've never claimed to be an author or even a "somewhat" good writer. I actually know that I'm terrible with grammar, spelling and sentence structure. Sometimes I even use the wrong words. But, what I've always been good at is telling people my thoughts, my realizations and painting a vivid picture so that the world can see my thoughts in a picture.

We understand pictures. Our minds can create them, we can be exactly who we want to be, when we want to be that person and whenever we want to be that, or go there, or become more; we simply need to close our eyes, focus our attention and thoughts and we can create that reality within.

But, the funny thing about human beings, is our ability to create the reality within and then to manifest that reality within the physical world. We are NOT goats. WE are not cats, dogs or goldfish. We do not need to dictate the reality of our lives by instinct and reacting to reality. We have a quality that no other creature on this planet has and that is the element of consciousness.

With the loss of Jack, yeah; go figure it took the loss of a goat, I began to realize how our reality is dictated by our environment, our choices and our ability to create more within ourselves.

Immediately after that day, I'd pick myself up out of bed even if I didn't feel like it. I continuously brainstormed new ideals and ideas. I began to map out what I thought would be the ideal day for me. I began to kick myself in the butt to utilize the internet to find more information about internet businesses and who was out there helping people to figure this stuff out. Sadly, there were a lot of marketers out there, but not a whole lot of coaching and courses that would teach me the ins and outs, helping me to avoid the pitfalls.

Amazing how just three short years later, I own a global corporation, three online coaching programs and I'm teaching exactly what I needed then. But, there was a reason all of this happened. I made a conscious decision to create the reality, the solutions and the vehicle to manifest more in my life. I began to approach life, instead of allowing life to approach me. I began to plan every move, instead of reacting to everything that was happening around me. But the most crucial element was, I stopped looking outside myself for decisions and answers, and began to look within for these decisions and answers.

My friend, it is the NOW that will get you to the desired outcome. The only time that exists is the NOW, not the past, not the future. Every conscious moment of every one of your days will dictate your desired, or not so desired, outcome. But there is a great inspiration that can be found in the fact that YOU can make the decision to take one step, today. Tomorrow, you could make the conscious decision to take another, forward moving, positive action step. This should continue as your days go on, while planning the next step take another step forward. It truly is time for you to take responsibility in your own life and take action toward what it is that you would like to be, doing and have in this life.

I appreciate you reading my thoughts here, and I do hope that you will take what was said here to heart. You will not find a sales pitch here. That's not how I built my business. I consider my students my friends and my subscribers and readers my students. I am proud to know that you felt it was of value to invest the one asset that you truly have, your time, to read this short little collection of my thoughts.

I'd like to leave you with a gift, a very special song. But before you go, please read the short letter below and thank you once again. 😊

Dear Friend

I could not have possibly come to these realizations and developed this level of success in my life if it were not for a dear friend and coach, Leslie Fieger. Many know Leslie as the \$75 million Man, I know him as my mentor and friend, and it has truly been a blessing to have him guide me through this process and he is one of the very few in this world that I can call my true friend.

Thank you, Leslie.

Warmly

Bob Yeager

P.S. Here is the very special song that I had promised you:

[CLICK HERE](#)

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