

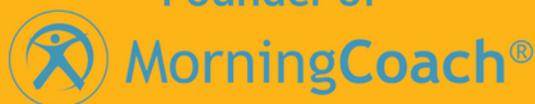
FREE PREVIEW — INTRODUCTION & CHAPTER 1

*How to Align Who You're Becoming
with What You're Doing Every Day*

**GET IT DONE
NOW!**

JB GLOSSINGER

Founder of





INTRODUCTION

Why This Book Exists

Retard.

That's what they called me. Third grade. Lincoln Elementary. The mid-'70s. I was seven years old.

We were poor—my family lived on the second floor of an apartment, the kind where you could hear everything through the walls. My parents had just come back from a trip to Washington, D.C.—the Smithsonian Institute. I'd stayed behind with a babysitter. They brought me back a pencil. This big, huge blue pencil, oversized, the kind a kid thinks is the greatest thing in the world. I loved that thing. I carried it everywhere.

I was in a split third-and-fourth-grade class—they'd thought I was smart enough to skip ahead from second grade. Advanced second graders mixed with struggling fourth graders. I was one of the youngest kids in the room. My name was James. I was small. And there was a kid named Quince who made sure I knew it.

Quince and the others bullied me daily. I used to crawl underneath

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my desk with that blue pencil and just write. Trying to disappear. Trying to make myself so small that nobody could see me. The teachers noticed I had enunciation problems—I couldn't speak clearly. So in the middle of class, someone would come to the door and announce, in front of everyone: "James Glossinger, you need to come to your special class."

I'd walk down the hallway to the old gymnasium on the second floor, where the special needs teacher had an office right next to the gym. I can remember it as if it's yesterday. She'd work on my speech while the other kids were in class, learning without me. By the end of the year, the teachers met and decided I wasn't advancing. They held me back. I did third grade twice. I lost most of my friends. I was the kid who got left behind.

I'm telling you this not because it's a feel-good story. It's not. It's the kind of thing you carry in a place so deep you don't even realize it's driving your life until decades later. That kid—James, hiding under his desk with an oversized blue pencil, being called a retard, walking the hallway to the special class while the other kids laughed—that kid is the reason this book exists.

Because that kid grew up to record over thousands of daily coaching episodes. He grew up to speak on stages around the world. He grew up to build MorningCoach[®], a system that has helped thousands of professionals get their lives together. The kid who couldn't speak clearly became the guy who speaks for a living. Every. Single. Morning.

That's not inspiration. That's a loop that took forty years to close.

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One good thing came out of that second round of third grade. We transferred schools. I got a fresh start in fourth grade, a little older than everyone else. Still awkward. Still carrying it. But I could begin again. I won student council president multiple times. My first real speaking moment was in eighth grade at New Prairie Junior High—a basketball rally where the teachers did a cheer, and I grabbed the microphone and flipped it: "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar—all for the students, stand up and holler!" The gym went crazy. I was hooked. But I was still a C and D

student. I didn't get accepted to Indiana University. I ended up at Purdue, drank too much, played basketball, and had no direction. I left.

I got into the perfume business and built something big. It looked impressive from the outside, but it was hollow—a fake version of success. Eventually I went back to school, got my degree, moved to Tucson, and started running gyms and health clubs. That led to aerospace. Selling helicopter engine repairs around the world. Running companies. Sitting on boards. Making real money. And feeling absolutely dead inside.

I went to the emergency room once because I thought I was dying. I was thirty-five going on ninety. The stress wasn't just mental—it was physical, structural, eating me alive. That's when I read Eckhart Tolle's "The Power of Now" and started asking a different question. Not "how do I make more money?" but "how do I actually live?"



This book is more than two decades in the making. Not because it took that long to write—because it took that long to live. Every framework in here, every concept, every tool was built inside the real world, tested on real people, refined over thousands of coaching conversations and daily episodes. Nothing in this book is theoretical. All of it has been pressure-tested by life.

For more than two decades, I've been coaching people every single day through MorningCoach®. Over thousands of episodes. That's not a typo. Thousands of mornings where I showed up, pressed record, and helped people figure out how to get through their day. Founders. Executives. Professionals. People who are capable and smart and successful on paper but quietly drowning in the gap between what they know they should do and what they actually do.

I've watched people fail. I've watched them break. I've watched them pivot in the middle of everything, restart from scratch, find something that works, lose it, and start over again. I've seen the patterns. All of them. The cycles. The excuses that sound different but mean the same thing.

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The moments where someone is right on the edge of a breakthrough and they quit because nobody told them what the hard middle actually feels like.

This book doesn't exist because I woke up one day with a burning desire to be an author. I've already been down that road—I spent forty thousand dollars on a self-published book called “Get Out of Neutral,” hauled a thousand copies to a speaking event, and sold two. My wife Pilar and her sister worked the booth. It was the walk of shame carrying those boxes back to the car. So no, this isn't a vanity project. This book exists because I've spent two decades watching the self-improvement industry sell people the wrong thing, and I'm done watching.



Here's what I learned by being inside this system every single day for more than two decades: the self-improvement industry is broken.

It's broken not because people are broken, but because the industry sells solutions to the wrong problems. It sells motivation. Inspiration. Hype. The emotional rush of a fresh start. And motivation works—for about seventy-two hours. Then it fades. Because motivation is a feeling. Feelings change. That's not a bug in your psychology—that's how psychology works.

Yet the billion-dollar motivation industry depends on that fact. Think about it carefully. If motivation actually lasted, they'd go out of business. They need you to come back. They need you to need the next hit. The next event. The next book. The next guru with a new spin on the same empty promise. The business model of the motivation industry requires your failure. Your repeated failure. That's not cynicism. That's arithmetic.

I've watched this play out in MorningCoach® thousands of times. People come in fired up. They're going to change everything. New habits. New rituals. New mindset. And for a week, maybe two, they're on fire. Then the fire dims. Not because something went wrong. Because that's what fire does. It dims. And when it dims, they think they've failed. They

haven't. They've just run out of the one fuel source they were taught to rely on.

Then there's the tools problem. Everyone has a tools problem. I have it. I use reMarkable. Kindle Scribe. Notion. Apple products. I'm a tool junkie and I know it. The issue isn't the tools. The issue is that tools without a system are just expensive toys. You don't need another tool. You need a system that makes your existing tools actually work. You need an operating system for your life that doesn't depend on how you feel on any given Tuesday.

The market doesn't want to hear that, so it keeps selling tools. New planners. New apps. New frameworks. New morning rituals with seventeen steps. And people keep buying, because buying feels like progress. It isn't. Buying is the first step of the Failure Loop, which we'll cover in Chapter 2.

I positioned MorningCoach® specifically for this reason. We're not for people who don't have tools. We're for people who have too many tools and no system to run them. Capable, investing professionals who are already busy, already smart, and already doing things—but without the underlying structure that makes all of it coherent. Our target is the person who says: "I'm busy, capable, and already investing in tools—this is exactly the system I've been missing."

* * *

This is what this book is about.

Not tips. Not tricks. Not twelve steps or forty-two principles or the seven daily habits that will change your life by Friday. You have infinite options for that kind of content. It's everywhere. It's free. And it doesn't work, because content without structure is entertainment.

What you don't have infinite options for is an actual system. A real operating system for your whole life. One that handles your goals, your emotions, your energy, your execution, your recovery, and your growth—all in one integrated framework that doesn't require you to be motivated

GET IT DONE - NOW!

to function. That's what this book gives you.

At its core, *Get It Done — NOW!* is built on an engineering cycle called PDCA: Plan, Do, Check, Act. Engineers have used this cycle to build quality systems in Fortune 500 companies for decades. We took it and made it personal. You plan your year in December. You execute in January. You check your progress in February—are you on track? Is the mission still right? Is the vision still clear?—and you act on what you find. Then you do it again. And again. All year long, with built-in checkpoints so you never drift for more than a few weeks without catching it.

That's not theory. That's an operating rhythm. A Compass that maps the entire year. And here's the line that took me more than two decades to be able to say with confidence: *Get It Done — NOW! truly is Plan, Do, Check, Act. That's what it is. It's an engineering cycle applied to your life.*

A good system is what runs when motivation fades. It's what holds your choices together when you're tired, distracted, or under pressure. It's what catches you when you drift and brings you back without judgment. And then it requires you to actually use it. To live inside it. To show up. Day after day. Week after week. Not perfectly. Consistently.

MorningCoach® has evolved over more than two decades into a complete system. Daily coaching. Planning tools. A community of professionals who hold each other up. A structured progression that takes you from awareness to mastery. An AI companion layer that integrates with the whole thing. This book is the blueprint. The structured progression is the experience. Together, they're the operating system you've been missing.

When you're ready to experience the full system—not just read about it—MorningCoach.com is where it all lives. The structured progression, daily coaching, the planner, and the community all live inside MorningCoach® Freedom. That's our core membership—everything you need to run this system for real, not just read about it. More than two decades of infrastructure built for people exactly like you.



Scan to explore MorningCoach® Freedom at MorningCoach®.com

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Let's be clear about what this book isn't. It's not about urgency. The "NOW" in the title isn't a command to rush. It's a command to be present. To stop living in the future anxiety of what might go wrong and the past shame of what already did. NOW means this moment. This action. This loop. Close it.

"Get It Done" means closing loops. It means finishing what you start or consciously parking it. It means never again carrying the invisible weight of forty unnamed commitments draining your energy while you wonder why you're so tired. This is not a productivity hack book. This is a book about living. Productivity is a byproduct of living well. Not the other way around.

This book is built for people who are already capable. You're not broken. You don't lack ability. You lack a system. And that's a fixable problem.

* * *

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The structure follows a natural progression. Each chapter builds on what came before. Part I is about seeing clearly—understanding why you’ve been stuck. Part II gives you the structural tools: cadence, planning, loops, execution. Part III integrates it all into a personal operating system. Part IV scales it—thinking, knowledge, AI, durability, mastery.

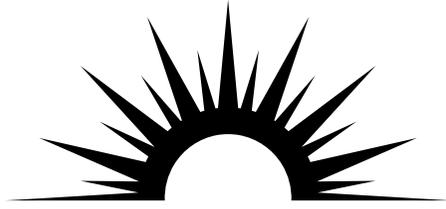
You can read straight through, or you can find where you are in the system and start there. Each chapter ends with a bridge to the next. The MorningCoach® system runs parallel to the book—it’s the experiential layer where you actually live the concepts through video courses, exercises, and quizzes.

Here’s what I know after more than two decades: reading explains. Systems transform. Practice persists. Community sustains.

That kid from Lincoln Elementary—the one they held back, the one who hid under his desk, the one who couldn’t speak clearly—he’s been showing up every morning for over two decades now. Not because he’s special. Because he built a system that works. Somewhere along the way, he stopped being James. He left that kid behind—not out of shame, but because the system built someone new. That’s why I go by JB now. That’s the transformation. That’s what a real system does.

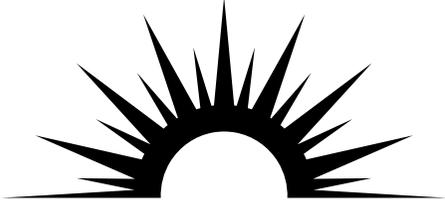
You’re about to build one too.

Let’s go.



PART I — AWARENESS BEFORE CHANGE

CHAPTER 1



WHY WE FAIL

I was thirty-five years old, sitting in a corner office of an aerospace company where I had no business being. By every objective measure, I had made it. I was on the board. I reported directly to the president. My division was doing twenty-four million in revenue out of the company's eighty million total. I was making ten times what my blue-collar parents ever made. I was running the aerospace division of a hydraulics distribution company. I had a house. I had a family. I had everything the narrative says you're supposed to want. I had the title, the prestige, the salary. *This is the dream, right? This is what winning looks like.*

And I was dying. Slowly. Invisibly. In a way that nobody could see from the outside.

I was also aging at triple speed. I felt like I was thirty-five going on ninety. My body was sending signals that I was running too hard, pushing too fast, burning the candle so far down on both ends that there was no wax left. I was waking up exhausted. I was going to bed wired. I was eat-

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ing without tasting. I was driving home without remembering the drive. I was living on autopilot, and the autopilot was running a program that was slowly killing me. The alarm would go off and I would feel dread. The commute would blur. The meetings would pile up. By noon I was already tired. By five o'clock I couldn't imagine going home to my family with anything left to give them. *But you keep going, because that's what successful people do. You keep going because stopping would mean admitting something you're not ready to admit.*

One afternoon, I went to the emergency room because I thought I was dying. The fluorescent lights were buzzing overhead. The paper gown crinkled every time I shifted on the table. The room smelled like anti-septic and cold metal. My chest was tight. My head was pounding. My hands were shaking. My breath was short. I could hear the heart monitor beeping and I was watching the numbers, waiting for one of them to tell me what I already knew: something was very, very wrong. My body was sending what should have been an obvious signal: *Stop. You are breaking.* But I didn't hear it. Or maybe I heard it and decided to ignore it, which is worse. Maybe I heard it and thought that pushing through it was what successful people do. Maybe I thought that real men don't slow down. Maybe I thought that this was just the price of winning.

The ER doctor ran tests. Everything came back normal. There was nothing physically wrong with me. *Nothing physically wrong. Which meant everything else was wrong.* That might have been the most terrifying part. Because it meant the problem wasn't my heart or my lungs. It was me. The entire life I had built was killing me, and no amount of money or status was going to fix it. My body was trying to tell me something that my ambition refused to listen to. The disconnect between what I had achieved and how I actually felt was so complete that I had to be breaking down to even consider that something was wrong.

I spent years running that company. Years getting better at what I was supposed to be good at. Years proving I deserved to be there. Years climbing toward the next thing, the next milestone, the next achievement. And it was destroying me. Not because the work was hard. I can handle hard work. Not because I wasn't capable. I was more than capable. But because I was running a system that wasn't designed for who I actually was. I

was trying to be someone else—someone harder, someone more driven, someone who didn't need rest or meaning or connection. Someone whose entire life could be justified by titles and numbers on a balance sheet. I was trying to be someone else, and my body knew the difference even if my mind refused to accept it. The system itself was broken.

* * *

This is where most people's story ends. You get the job. You prove yourself. You make good money. You're successful. You keep running because stopping feels like failure. The narrative says you should be grateful. The narrative says this is the dream. So you push harder. You optimize your time. You ignore the warning signs. You buy things you don't need to fill the space where happiness should be. You tell yourself it's temporary—it's for the kids' college fund, it's for the house payment, it's for retirement, which is this mythical place somewhere in the distant future where happiness will finally be allowed to exist. You become someone you don't recognize, and you tell yourself you'll fix it later. Later never comes.

I have watched this exact pattern in thousands of people over more than two decades. They're in law. In finance. In real estate. In tech. In their own businesses. Different industries, same result: a human being who has everything on paper and nothing in their actual life. They sit in board meetings thinking about escape routes. They lie in bed at night wondering what happened to themselves. The more successful they become by external measures, the more miserable they become internally.

The confusing part is that these people—you, maybe—are smart. You can see the contradiction. You feel it every single day. There's a voice in your head that knows something is wrong. You feel the gap between the life you're living and the life you actually want to live. It's like you're watching yourself from outside your body, wondering who this person is and what they're doing. So you do what smart people do when something isn't working. You try harder. You optimize. You get up earlier. You read another book. You start a new system. You download another app. You commit to 6:00 AM workouts and journaling and whatever else the inter-

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net is selling this week as the cure for this hollow feeling. You buy better tools hoping they'll fix the problem.

And sometimes that works. Sometimes a new system, a new approach, a new habit can shift something. Sometimes it just accelerates the crash. Sometimes trying harder is exactly the wrong move. Sometimes the system itself needs to change, not just how hard you work within it.



I left the aerospace job in the middle of my own version of this loop. I was breaking down faster, the gap between the outside and the inside was getting wider, and something in me knew that if I stayed, I would lose myself completely. I walked into Jim's office—he was the CEO, the guy I reported directly to—and said, "I can't do this anymore." The words came out before I could stop them. Like my body had been waiting for the chance and finally took it. We agreed that I'd write the book I'd been carrying inside me, and then I'd leave. That was the deal. I didn't have another job lined up. I didn't have savings. I just knew that if I stayed, I would become a person I didn't recognize. So I wrote the book, and I walked away. I walked away from the title and the salary and the prestige. I walked away from everything I had worked for. Because staying felt like death.

What I did have was a book idea. I had been reading Eckhart Tolle's "The Power of Now" and asking the question that the book poses: How do I get out of neutral? How do I stop running on automatic and start living with intention? So I hired a ghostwriter. I paid five thousand dollars for an image consultant—the photo from that shoot still haunts me. We put everything on credit cards. Forty thousand dollars total—money I didn't have—to self-publish my first book. I called it "Get Out of Neutral." Hardback. Special edition. I went all out. This is it. This is the answer. I'm going to write a book and become an author. Simple. Clear. Obvious. Perfect plan.

Then the publisher calls me and says, "You got a forklift?" I didn't even know what he was talking about. What it was—a truckload of books.

A full truckload. We were in a small house at the time, four bedrooms, three bathrooms. We had books in the bathroom, the spare bedroom, the hallway, everywhere. I kept telling Pilar, “We’re going to sell these books.” I paid five hundred dollars to speak at an event where I could sell them. This was it. The big moment. Then I opened the first crate. I sat down, excited, cracked open a copy—and there were spelling errors everywhere. Misprints. Typos on every other page. In my haste to get the books printed, I had never read the final proof. I thought they edited it. They didn’t. So the night before the speaking event, Pilar and I sat up and put five or six hundred Post-it notes into the books—little apologies, basically. “Thank you for supporting me. We’ll get you a corrected copy.” I had no idea how any of this worked.

I spoke to about twenty people that day.

I sold two books.

Two.

Forty thousand dollars in. Two books sold. You do the math.

It was the walk of shame. Loading those books back into the car, box after box, the parking lot emptying around me. I remember the sound of each box hitting the trunk. I remember how heavy they felt—not physically, though they were heavy. They felt like evidence. Stacks and stacks of something I had poured everything into, and basically nobody wanted it. That moment crystallized something I hadn’t yet learned but desperately needed to understand: You can make the decision to change. You can leave the job. You can spend the money. You can write the book. You can stay up all night believing. You can show up and try. And still, if you’re trying to build the wrong thing, if you’re trying to become the wrong person, if you’re trying to do it the wrong way, it doesn’t matter how hard you push. The system is broken, and pushing harder just breaks you faster. The solution isn’t always to push harder. Sometimes the solution is to stop pushing altogether. When we got home, I grabbed all those Post-it notes—the ones Pilar and I had stayed up all night writing, all those little apologies we’d carefully pressed into every book—and threw them straight in the garbage. I was done. Done with the book. Done with the dream. Done pretending any of it was going to work.

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I felt like my life was over. Not in the dramatic way. But in the quiet way where you start thinking about going back to get a job. Where you wonder if you made a catastrophic mistake. Where your wife is having those late-night conversations with you—sitting on the edge of the bed, voices low in the dark—that start with “Do we need to...” and end with both of you knowing what she’s really asking. *Do we need to give up on this? Do we need to go back to normal? Do we need to admit that this was a mistake?* Those conversations hurt because they have to be asked. Neither of you wants to be the one who breaks first. But reality has a way of forcing the conversation. The pressure builds until someone says what everyone’s thinking.

This is the failure loop most people never escape. You’re miserable in your situation, so you make a change, but the change is built on the wrong foundation, so you fail, and the shame of that failure pushes you right back toward the original situation. You’re trapped in a cycle that moves faster each time around. You quit and come back. You try and fail. You push and collapse. And each time, you tell yourself that next time you’ll do it better. Next time you’ll push harder. Next time you’ll have the right plan. But the plan was never the problem. The problem was the operating system underneath the plan.

If I had understood one thing before I left the aerospace job, I might have saved myself—and Pilar—a lot of sleepless nights. I thought the problem was my job. So I changed my job. I thought the problem was that I wasn’t an author or a speaker. So I tried to become an author and a speaker. I was attempting to change the external situation without any awareness of what was actually happening internally. I was installing new goals on top of the same broken operating system. I was still the same person who couldn’t sustain joy. I was still the same person who believed that achievement was the cure for emptiness. I was still the same person who thought that one more thing, one more accomplishment, would finally make me feel like I was enough. I was running in a different direction, but I was running from the same wound. The system itself was broken. Just changing the scenery didn’t fix it.



The real change didn't come from me trying harder in a new direction. It came sideways, from a drunk conversation with a friend.

I was in my worst period. Feeling hopeless. Feeling like everything I had tried had fallen apart. We were sitting in his living room, both of us a few drinks in, and he asked me what I was doing. I told him everything. I told him I had left my corporate job but everything else had fallen apart. I told him I was trying to be an author and a speaker but nobody was buying. I told him I had spent forty thousand dollars and sold two books. I told him I was thinking about going back to work because at least then I would have money. He listened. He got it. He didn't try to fix me or tell me I was wrong. He didn't offer advice or strategy. He just sat there, nodding, the way a good friend does when they know you need to get it out. And then he said, "Why don't you do a morning message?"

A morning message. That's it? That's the big idea?

That was the entire strategic insight I had been seeking. Not from a business consultant or a productivity expert or my own careful planning. From a friend who had no business telling me how to fix my life, offering something casual because we were drinking and he could see I was stuck. Sometimes the answer comes sideways.

I built the first website in twenty-four hours using a book on Dreamweaver—a website-building software that was popular back then—that I bought out of the bargain bin at Barnes and Noble for nine ninety-nine. I remember standing in the bookstore, flipping through it, thinking *this is the most ridiculous plan I've ever had*. I had no money. I had no technical skills. We were about to lose the house. The mortgage was in jeopardy. But I didn't record anything yet. What I did was build a website with a landing page—just an ugly page where you could put your name and email in. Then I went to Myspace and posted, "If you want to listen to a morning conference call, come on over to MorningCoach®.com." I didn't even have the URL at first. I had to search for it, and when I found that MorningCoach®.com was available, I grabbed it. That landing page was

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one of the first on the internet—this was 2005, 2006. Give me your name and your email, and I'll give you the phone number for a free conference call on freeconferencecall.com. That was the entire business model. No strategy. No funnel. Just a guy who was broken, trying to share something that had helped him get through that morning. I was teaching what I needed to learn. I was sharing what kept me alive.

The early conference calls were brutal. Someone would be in the bathroom. Someone's dog would be barking. We would all be sitting there listening to a toilet flush on a call that was supposed to be this sacred morning message. It was humbling in every way. But it was honest. And it was free. There was no pitch. There was no upsell. There was just a man trying to help people get through their day. Sometimes the most powerful things are the most raw. Sometimes perfect is the enemy of powerful.

Then iTunes featured the podcast. I was sitting at my desk—the same desk where I'd built that terrible website—and I checked the rankings because someone had mentioned we were climbing. I looked at the screen. I blinked. I looked again. Within a short time, we had gone from absolutely nobody to top twenty-five in the world. Next to Ellen DeGeneres. Ahead of Tony Robbins and Tim Ferriss. *I checked the ranking three times because I was sure it was a mistake. A broke guy with a terrible website and no credentials, and I'm next to Ellen.* The universe is funny sometimes. You think you need everything figured out, and it turns out you just need to be real. You think you need the perfect platform and the perfect message, and what actually works is authenticity and vulnerability.

But here's what nobody tells you about that kind of sudden attention: You can't monetize it when you don't understand what you're actually doing. You have attention but no business. You have an audience but no revenue. You have success by one measure and failure by another. You're famous and broke.

For years—two thousand seven through two thousand nine—I had forty thousand listeners a day—we were top twenty-five on iTunes—and couldn't make a dollar. I was getting the attention but not the revenue. I was building an audience but not a business. People are showing up. You're impacting lives. But you can't feed your family. The credit card debt is growing. The house is still at risk. When I finally charged for the

service, I was terrified. Thirteen thousand people had been listening for free. If I asked them to pay, almost all of them would leave. *And then what? Then you've proven that you couldn't sustain this. That it was always just borrowed time. That you failed again.* The fear was paralyzing.

Twelve hundred and thirty-one people came with me. I didn't know at the time that a conversion rate like that was extraordinary. All I knew was that I went from thirteen thousand to twelve hundred and thirty-one, and my brain immediately told me I had failed. *Ninety percent of my audience, gone. That's what the number said.* It never occurred to me that it might be exactly the right number. It never occurred to me that the right people had stayed. It never occurred to me that I was looking at a gift instead of a loss.

This is the other part of the loop that keeps people stuck. You get some success. It's never quite the success you imagined, so it feels like failure. You measure yourself against the fantasy version of how it was supposed to go—the version where everyone listens, everyone buys, everyone becomes a customer—and the reality, even when it's actually remarkable, feels like a letdown. You're so focused on the percentage you lost that you miss the gift of the people who stayed.



But those twelve hundred and thirty-one people kept listening. Then it became three thousand. Then five thousand. Then more. Over more than two decades, we've put out thousands of episodes. I've been fortunate enough to write four books. One of them—"The Sacred 6"—was published by Hay House, which meant I got to share a stage with Wayne Dyer, one of my heroes. A C and D student who was told by a teacher that he would never be a writer now has four books published and is working on a fifth. The boy who was told he couldn't write has written millions of words. The system changed when I understood it.

At fifty-six years old, I qualified for the Boston Marathon with a time of three hours and twenty-seven minutes. That means I ran 26.2 miles in just over three hours. *The same body that was falling apart at thirty-five. If*

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you'd told me that in the emergency room, I would have laughed in your face. My body, which was breaking down at thirty-five, is now thriving. I have a PhD in metaphysics. I have an MBA. I am an introvert who is extremely private by nature, but I love the work so much that I show up every single morning anyway. Not because I have to. Because something shifted. The system changed. I'm running a different operating system now.

None of this happened because I finally got the strategy right.

All of this happened because I finally got aware.

* * *

There's a specific sequence to change. Most people try to skip the first step because it feels like it should be obvious. But it isn't obvious. It's the hardest step. You have to become aware of what's actually happening before you can change anything. You have to see the system you're running. You have to understand the loop you're in. You have to know who you actually are before you can become who you need to be. And most people never get there because the cost of awareness feels too high. It means admitting that something is wrong. It means looking at the gap between your life and your values. It means being honest with yourself.

For me, that awareness didn't come from the emergency room visit. My body was screaming at me, and I just got tests done and went back to the office. I pushed through. I medicated. I rationalized. The awareness came from reading something that made me ask a question. "How do I get out of neutral?" That question cracked something open. It gave me permission to think that maybe there was another way. One question changed everything.

Then it came from failure. From paying money to speak to twenty people and selling two books. From loading books back into a car. From thinking my life was over. From my wife asking late at night if we needed to give up. That failure was the thing that actually made me look at what was happening instead of just continuing to push through it. Failure forced me to stop and think instead of just running faster. Sometimes you need to hit bottom before you look up. Sometimes you need to break

before you can build something different.

And it came from a drunk conversation that nudged me sideways into something I wouldn't have chosen on my own. If I had stuck with my plan—to be a speaker and an author, to do it the “right” way—I would probably still be loading books into a car. But I wasn't asked to execute my plan. I was asked to try something different. And I was desperate enough to listen. Sometimes the answer comes from somewhere unexpected. Sometimes you have to get lost to find your way.

This is what awareness looks like in practice. It's not inspirational. It's not a mountaintop moment. It's not a sudden epiphany where everything becomes clear. It's you being broken enough to actually look at what's in front of you instead of continuing to act like everything is fine. It's permission to stop performing and start being honest about what's actually happening. It's the moment when you get tired of lying to yourself.

Most people never get there because the cost feels too high. It's easier to stay numb. It's easier to stay distracted. It's easier to keep running the system you know, even if it's killing you, than to stop and actually see what's happening. Because once you see it, you're responsible for it. Once you understand that the problem isn't your job or your spouse or your circumstances—that the problem is the system you're running—you can't unsee that. You have to do something about it. And that's terrifying.

That's where we begin. Not with the next tactic. Not with the new productivity app. Not with trying harder in a slightly different direction. We begin with the one thing that actually changes lives: becoming aware of the system you're operating inside of. We begin by looking. We begin by telling the truth.

The good news is that once you can see the system, you can change it. The system isn't fixed. It's not permanent. You can design a new one. You can build something different. You can become someone different. But you have to look first. You have to see what you're running. You have to understand the pattern. And you have to be willing to be uncomfortable with that awareness. Because comfort is what keeps the old system in place.

That's what we do every single morning in MorningCoach®. Thou-

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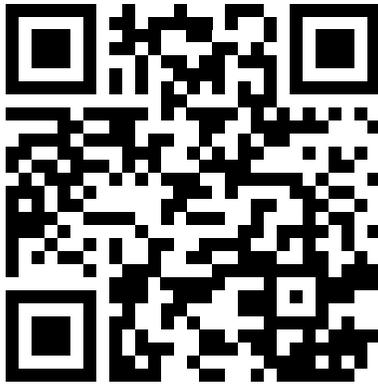
sands of episodes and counting. Not because I'm special—because the system works. We show up. We see clearly. We build. And when the old patterns try to pull us back, we catch it. Together. That's what a living system looks like.

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