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# THE LIBERTY OF OUR LANGUAGE **REVEALED**



**WE BRING ABOUT WHAT WE TALK ABOUT**

Thomas Blackwell

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## What Others Are Saying...

“The Liberty of our Language Revealed” is a must read if you are ready to create the next best season of your life. Thomas is a master-crafter of language, intention, and the power of shaping your future with the choices that you make today. I have heard him speak many many times, and every time he is about to take the stage I am greeted with great anticipation yet again. Knowing that he will make me laugh, cause me to think, inspire my soul and awaken my spirit.”

**Lisa Nichols** – CEO of Motivating the Masses, Best-Selling Author, and World Renowned Motivational Speaker

“The Liberty of our Language Revealed could not have come at a more opportune time. Thomas Blackwell's subtitle, "We Bring About What We Talk About," is pure truth. The principles, premises, and philosophy of this book can indeed change our world.”

**Tom Ziglar** - Author and proud son of Zig Ziglar

“You know how people say, "If you are only going to read one book this year...?" I'm saying, IF you are only going to read one book in your lifetime, “*The Liberty of Our Language Revealed*” is it!

The wisdom in this book is PRICELESS...Thomas Blackwell truly shows us how to Change our Language, so we can Change our Lives! It's Captivating and filled with Valuable Lessons. This book is one you'll want to hand down to the next generation.”

**Duane Cummings** – CEO of Leadercast, Author, and Founder of The Sensational Group

"The Liberty of Our Language Revealed is a MASTERPIECE! This is a book that every person, employee, or leader should read and internalize. This will go down in history as a *must read* because of the impact it will have on you and those close to you. This is a book I will have my children and team read over and over again. When you finish this book, share it with your friends and family so they can experience the same incredible transformation that you will!"

**Rob Shallenberger** - CEO of Becoming Your Best Global Leadership, National Best-Selling Author, and Former Fighter Pilot

"The Liberty of our Language Revealed does in fact reveal the path to our personal and professional freedom through the words we choose. This book is at the top of my recommended reading list. Thomas' powerful story takes you on a journey where you learn along the way - much like life does when you pay attention. He invites us to observe and become more aware of how our words actually shape our experience, and in doing so gives us the veritable keys to the kingdom! Thomas Blackwell is one of those rare speakers who always gives the audience more than they hoped for. His extensive background, honesty in sharing his ups and downs, and his ability to connect and deliver exactly what that audience most needs makes him the perfect keynote speaker."

**Nancy Matthews** – Founder of Women's Prosperity Network, International Speaker, and Best-Selling Author

"There are books we read that hold the power to transform our lives. 'The Liberty of our Language Revealed', is one of them. I've had the pleasure of knowing Thomas and seeing him speak on several stages around the world over the last few years. Each time he has spoken, I've witnessed his words inspire, uplift, and impact the lives of everyone in the room. When I heard of his new book project, I was intrigued to see what it was all about.

True to form, Thomas has delivered. The stories and messages shared within these pages are incredibly powerful. You will not only be inspired to grow and improve, but you will have the tools you need to go within and transform your mindset and the world around you forever."

**Sean Greeley** - CEO of NPE (Net Profit Explosion)

"Knowing Thomas as I have as a man, father, entrepreneur, speaker, and spiritual leader I knew his message would be truly inspirational, and he did not disappoint at all with the "Liberty of Our Language Revealed." I could not put it down from the moment I received the preview copy. In life our words matter, the language we use matters. Whether we speak the words out loud to one, one thousand, or speak them to ourselves, our language has a great and lasting impact. I love the message of change your language to change your life, and everything always works out for you when you put your faith in God. The world will be a better place because of this book and very timely message."

**Nicholas J. Loise** – President of GKIC

"Thomas Blackwell epitomizes the use of language to create influence, change and action among his audiences. Unlike many how to books, Thomas' brilliant use of stories are sure to leave you engaged from cover to cover while delivering the skills necessary for you to command any room, any where, anytime!"

**Dr. Andreas Boettcher** - The Ironman of Sales,  
DrAndreas.com

"The Liberty of Our Language Revealed enlightened me on a new and unique approach to the fact that our 'words matter', and by making a few small changes, you can help change your world! This is a must read for anyone, whether you are an individual or a leader of an organization that wants to immediately improve your results. I've been privileged to hear Thomas deliver many keynote presentations, everybody in the room is engaged and captivated from the moment he opens his mouth!"

**Davy Tyburski** - America's Chief Profit Officer™, ChiefProfitOfficer.com

"Thomas Blackwell delivers bigtime! Not since Og Mandino first captivated us with "The Greatest Salesman in the World" has a teacher come along with the ability to change lives through storytelling and life-experience sharing like Thomas has done here. Get ready for a mysterious and passionate episode in a blooming speaker's life as his future is unfolded before him in a scenario he was destined to share. Destiny found the right man for "The Liberty of Our Language!"

**Kevin Allen** – CEO and Founder of Listen University

"Thomas shares powerful life changing, yet simple truths about the liberty of language. These truths have endless potential to control your world, the life you live, and the joy you feel with language congruent to your dreams. Ennobled by the keys shared in the Liberty of Our Language Revealed, Thomas has become one of the most inspiring and motivational speakers of our time."

**Mark Brown** – CEO of Orange Sock Payment Systems

"Thomas' giftedness in communication and storytelling comes alive in “The Liberty of Our Language Revealed”. He takes you through a journey filled with interesting characters that provide wisdom and insight around purpose, gratitude, decision making and so much more."

**Eric English** – CEO of Creative Why

“There are people that truly understand how to help others take action, and inspire them to live at a higher level...that is Thomas Blackwell. I have contracted Thomas to speak at many of our events, and I have had people tell me that they come to the event just to watch, learn, and be inspired by his Keynote talk. I have hired him personally to train my top sales person and they thanked me over and over again. You will be thankful each and every time you engage Thomas – no matter what level that is, sharing his brilliantly written book, having him speak at your event, or doing training with him personally or with your top people.”

**Mike Crow** – CEO of Coach Blueprint, Founder of Mastermind Inspector Community, and Magnetic Marketing Business Advisor

“Simply put, Thomas Blackwell delivers. I’m excited about “The Liberty of Our Language Revealed”, because the power of the spoken word cannot be discussed enough. We are what we think, and we do what we believe... I have thoroughly enjoyed working with Thomas as a speaker at my conferences, his ability to inspire, and sincere and passionate outlook on life are second to none.”

**Howard Partridge** - International business coach, and Best-Selling author of The Power of Community - How Phenomenal Leaders Inspire their Teams, WOW their Customers and Make Bigger Profits.

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## A Personal Note from the Editor

In the Judeo-Christian heritage exists an often whimsically-held narrative that describes the creation of our world. “In the beginning... God *said*, let there be light: and there was light...” (see KJV Genesis 1:1, 3, 11, 14, 20, 24, 26). God’s all-powerful contributions to our lives began with His words. He said, and the light and the dark, the land and the water, and the flora and fauna commenced. Literally, a place for mankind to strive and to thrive was initiated, with an utterance.

But, are we that powerful? Though it may somewhat sound like magic, perhaps that is exactly what we have been given in *The Liberty of our Language Revealed*. A great quote, inconclusively attributed to many sources, both warns and invites us, **“Watch your thoughts; for they become words. Watch your words; for they become actions. Watch your actions; for they become habits. Watch your habits; for they become character. Watch your character for it will become your destiny.”**

During the process of reviewing the drafts for this book, I carried the principles I was learning with me in my daily walk and talk. I performed the experiments found on its pages in front of classrooms full of college students and church groups who were both mesmerized and cautioned by the “power” of our words. I shared the emotionally-charged stories with my friends, wife, and children, invoking lessons that will not soon be forgotten. I’ve learned to catch myself in long-held practices that weaken me, and have more confidently pursued opportunities to help others do the same.

In Aramaic, the somewhat defamed term, “abracadabra” might give us a connection to the message contained in Thomas’ writing. Today, if someone uses this phrase, we half-expect to see rabbit in a hat. However, its origins are not so “smoke and mirrors”. Its original meaning was “it will be created in my words.” Our communication is not meant to be flashy nor beguiling, but rather empowering and ennobling.

In the Liberty of our Language Revealed, Thomas has shared his heart and soul with us, the readers. As a big fan and a friend, and knowing what he is made of, I will be the first to add that what he has given us represents a precious gift, “that keeps on giving.” Our receipt of this gift will be left up to us. Learn to say what you mean and mean what you say, so that you too can begin to feel the majesty, power, and liberty of your own language.

Speak well,

C. Ryan Dunn, Ph.D.

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# Foreword

## By David Bayer

There was something different, the first time I heard Thomas Blackwell speak. Thomas' story is truly inspiring. A story of extraordinary professional, personal, and spiritual achievement despite the kinds of challenges and hardship that limit most peoples' lives. His sharp wit and sense of humor, coupled with his generous humility, made it nearly impossible to resist a feeling of kinship and friendship with a man I had first seen on stage that day. But, on that day when I first heard him speak, these were not the qualities that made Thomas something and someone truly different to me. What powerfully set Thomas apart from the hundreds of other speakers I've heard and seen over the years was the intentionality of his language.

I don't know how much of the storyline from *The Liberty of Our Language Revealed* is truth or fiction. Nor do I think that really matters much. What I do know is that the character of Thomas Blackwell is the Thomas Blackwell that I've been blessed to know. "Hi David, how incredible are you?" Thomas will ask, when we speak by phone. In any environment and in any situation, Thomas intentionally creates and influences the energy of every interaction. I believe that each of us represents a concept, a mission, a reason, or an idea whose time it is to be brought into the world. Who Thomas is, and his big idea are absolutely clear to anyone who has experienced his presence: what we talk about, we bring about.

Our state of being dictates our destiny. When we are joyful, we bring more joy in to the world. When we are certain, we create more certainty. When we are intentional, we get from life what we intended. And, if there is a single, indicative guidepost to how we are feeling, what we are thinking, and what we are creating, it is that which we speak. Perhaps even more powerfully, what we say also influences the way we, and the way others feel. In *The Liberty of Our Language Revealed*, Thomas

shares a set of core principles to help each and every one of us become more powerful creators through an awareness and a conscious, intentional use of our Creator's gift of language. As you read, understand and begin to implement the framework of language outlined in this book, you will unlock a new potential and a new reality in every area of your life. The Liberty of Our Language Revealed isn't just a story, it is a manual. A manual for understanding and mastering the power contained within the laws of language. It is a once in a generation book that has the capacity to set you free. Will this book be that for you? As our dear friend Thomas would say, it will "if you say so!"

Sincerely,

David Bayer – Creator of "The Powerful Living Experience" and  
Author of "Mind Hack"

To Kimberly, Makayla, Charity, Melody June, & Liberty May  
...the book that set us free.

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# Introduction

## Why, The Liberty of Our Language Revealed?

I have thought long and hard on why write a book that reveals “**what we talk about we bring about**”? Why speak to people around the world about paying attention to the words that come out of our mouths? Why write a book about changing our language in order to change our lives? Hasn’t it all been said already? Hasn’t there already been movies and documentaries etc. about this matter?

Doesn’t everyone plainly understand that when we change our language we change our results? Isn’t everyone already living their dreams, and experiencing a completely fulfilled life? Doesn’t the human race know that we have the power to verbally command our future into what we really want? Isn’t it clear already that some of the most powerful movements in history are because of something someone said? Don’t people and especially athletes already know how to talk to themselves in order to secure the victory? Isn’t it obvious that if a CEO or manager wants to get the best out of his/her people, superior language is necessary? Isn’t it common sense to do more doing than thinking? I am sure everyone already wakes up in the morning and has their day planned and they repeat all the positive things that are going to take place in their lives, right? Everyone is already an expert on how whatever we focus on and talk about expands, aren’t they? By now surely everyone understands that people tend to act how you speak to them, wouldn’t you say?

When I came to a strong realization that the above questions were not commonplace and the answers were not

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rhetorical I decided to create “The Liberty of Our Language Revealed.” Inside this book you will get crystal clear on how to change your language in order to change your life. The law of attraction truly comes to fruition when the chosen words come out of your mouth. Whether it is what you want or what you don’t want, either way it comes to pass.

In a way I grew a little weary of asking people if they had heard about “The Law of Attraction”, because they were still not attracting the things they really wanted in life. How do I know, you ask? It’s simple, **because they said so.** Their language was not congruent with what they really wanted. When our words, conversations, prayers, vocabulary, and even karaoke performances are on the same page as our true desires you will discover the missing gems in your life that were essentially there all along. Our words are actually the golden key that unlocks the sought after treasure.

The way I hear it is many of us have some language and mindset improvements that need to be made. Some major and some minor. You will come to know what those are for you as you read and **apply the lessons learned** inside this book. This is a journey I’ve taken to a higher standard in my own life, and I am sincerely grateful and excited you have decided to join me.

**The Vision** of this book and movement is: **Significantly Improve the Language and Mindset of one over billion people world-wide.**

You should know, The Liberty of Our Language Revealed is a fictional story I created based on actual events and experiences that have occurred in my life and history. Many phrases and words will be highlighted throughout the story designed to have you implement them in your daily language.

There will also be occasional **{Power Paragraphs}** noted that should be considered for immediate application.

You should also know that everything I am and everything I have of worth is because of the Lord. As you receive inspirational impressions on things you should change for the better, please know those feelings are not from me as the author. Those feelings come from that Source that is infinitely greater than us all, and desires our happiness and well-being in all aspects of our lives. I have sought out His guidance to write this book. This is the same way I seek His direction every time I am asked to speak to an audience somewhere. The Lord knows you personally as the reader, He knows the audience that is listening, and only He can cause a stirring in your heart and mind regarding the positive changes that need to happen in your life.

Ok my friend, are you ready to get started? ...**If you say so!**

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# Chapter 1

## The Contest



In a few minutes it would be my turn to give a speech for the contest I had reluctantly entered. A few months ago, the ad in the magazine read, “Speech Contest, \$10,000 Prize and a Chance to Change the World”. I was not sure what “a chance to change the world” meant, but I was pretty clear about the ten thousand dollars.

Up to this point, I had spoken to groups of people nearly every week for over seven years inspiring them to get their financial houses in order, and to potentially join my team of agents. The feeling of confidence to enter such a contest was borrowed from a select few who claimed that public speaking is a path I should take. So there I was on borrowed confidence and a great deal of hope that somehow someday this speech contest would spark my newfound speaking career.

It was decided that my wife, Kimberly, would stay at home in Montpelier, Virginia with our three girls while I traveled to Boston for the contest. Her last words to me still ring in my heart as she dropped me off at the airport, “I believe in you”. Thirteen years ago, she was my high school sweetheart; now I was watching her drive away with our three daughters.

My oldest daughters, Makayla and Charity, each made me a special card with hearts and kisses on them to wish me luck. As I watched their hands frantically wave goodbyes out of the car windows I was overwhelmed with the evident blessings in my life.

Entering the contest was a big leap of faith for me, and I was quite apprehensive. I had built a fairly successful business, and it was tempting to just continue on with it, and not pursue public speaking. However, I also felt it was time to pursue a rising passion, and make a shift. I determined the only way to move forward was to go for it, despite my apprehension.

Due to my last minute registration, the hotel was fully booked where the contest was being held, and I was summoned to alternative lodging. The website said it was a two star accommodation; after my stay, I would give it half a star on a good day. I think the TV in my room came straight from the “I Love Lucy” era. It sure would have been nice to stay at the luxurious hotel where the contest was being held, nonetheless I was thankful to be there, and grateful my contest application was accepted.

It was the beginning of December and the air was crisp and cool outside, but snow had not arrived yet. While in the cheap hotel my mind reflected on the rich things in my life. Our youngest daughter was born a month before; ironically, we felt impressed to name her Liberty. Kimberly and I delivered her alone at home in our bathtub of all places. The unassisted birth was a singular experience, and certainly not as hard or daunting as some people may imagine. That hallowed feeling when I held our little angel in my arms for the first time earned a permanent

place in my heart. God knew our situation, and the blessing Liberty would be to us. A little over a year before Liberty was born we had another precious daughter. We knew her name should be Melody June. As it was supposed to be, even though it was not as we had planned, after just thirteen days, our little sweetheart returned to heaven. Having another baby to hold was a choice blessing for us. Someone once reflected, “The best way to have a piece of heaven in your home is to have someone from your home in heaven”. That certainly made more sense to me now.

Once my contest entry was accepted, I was given the topic of “perspective”; I had to deliver it in front of an audience in five minutes or less. I figured the best thing to do was to tell a good story and make a point. I estimated approximately 150 people in the crowd filling the seats of the historic ballroom including a panel of five judges. I glanced at the critical audience half of which were contestants, each one with what I believed to be an undermining hope that I would stumble over my selected words.

Everyone had the same non-emotional introduction, including first and last name and the title of the speech, at which point the crowd was instructed to clap. “Here we go”, I winced as the announcer said, “Our next speaker is Thomas Blackwell, and his speech is entitled Changing our Perspective”. I had spoken to audiences so many times before, but for some reason this one felt a lot more intimidating. I nervously shuffled to the center of the stage, beheld the crowd, and mustered up a smile. All eyes were on me, it was go time, and the moment to deliver what I had prepared. As I stood there in front of the microphone I was enveloped with both a last minute surge of confidence as well as inexplicable terror. “What had I gotten myself into,” I unproductively thought. Finally, the words were apprehensively released from my lips.

***{Talk Given at the Speech Contest}***

*“I grew up in a small town. Sometimes in small towns there can be certain perspectives that have been imbedded in the people. One of those paradigms was about a young man about age 20, named Simpson. You see Simpson was not your typical 20 year old. He looked normal, he was tall and well built, but he was mentally challenged. Most of the time, he was on his bike cruising around town. Everyone knew who Simpson was and that he was essentially harmless. Nevertheless, our parents always told us to stay away from Simpson, because, “you never know what he might do”.*

*I was six years old when that perspective changed. One day my two older brothers and I had been playing in an irrigation channel that had a very strong current. It ran about 150 yards in length, and then it went underground. There were two ladders at each end of the channel, we thought it would be fun to climb down the ladder on one end, let the water explosively take us down, then grab onto the ladder at the other end. The current was extremely powerful; standing up would be near impossible for us. We knew this because, like any intelligent kids we decided to test the waters by pushing a huge bolder in the raging channel just to get an idea of how powerful it really was. When we saw that the almost immovable bolder was rushed away like a plastic bag in a windstorm we got excited at the prospect...ironically.*

*We also put a lot of research and development into this human circus act by tying a sturdy rope on each ladder to grab on to for extra support. C'mon you think we'd be crazy enough just to rely on the ladder? Not these three genius brothers. Now, if you happened to miss the ladder or the rope at the*

*other end, the result was death. Other than that, it looked like a good time.*

(I was a little more hopeful once the audience blurted out a string of laughter)

*My oldest brother, Wick, was the first to give it a shot; he successfully grabbed the ladder at the end of the channel before it went underground. Next it was Garrett's turn, who was just two years older than me. There he went, racing down the vicious channel, but when he got to the other side he lost his grip and fell back in the current. My heart sank and I screamed in terror as I was about to witness my brother being swept away into an irretrievable abyss of irrigation water. There was nothing we could do. We knew we would be easily swept away if we tried to save him."*

(I paused to let the audience soak in the very real possibility of a disastrous outcome.)

*"It was one of those times you hope and pray that God intervenes and sends a guardian angel. Well, I will never forget that God did send an angel that day. Without our noticing, Simpson the 20 year old mentally handicapped hero, was somehow there at the end of the channel. He wasn't there before, but miraculously he was there now. With no hesitation, he got off his bike; jumped down into the irrigation channel; stood up in the ferocious water; caught my brother before he was swept underground forever; and put him back on dry land. Then, he just got on his bike and rode away as if nothing had happened."*

(I paused again to allow the listeners to experience that sense of triumph.)

*“My oldest brother and I just stood there, in awe of what had just taken place. We then realized we couldn’t find Garrett anywhere. Then we heard, “Psst, hey guys”, coming from the cotton field across the street. We quickly found out that the situation was much more precarious than we had expected. The current was so strong it pulled my brother’s shorts right off of him; he was now naked hiding in the cotton field. I distinctly remember that the thought of having to tell mom that we were playing in a dangerous irrigation channel, and that her son was now naked as a result, seemed more serious than telling her he’d almost drowned. That’s the perspective of a six year old for you.” (The audience roared with laughter.) “Of course my oldest brother devised a plan with two options: One, to have me give Garrett my shorts and then ride home on my bicycle in my undies; or Two, I ride home and get some particulars for him while he hid in the cotton field. I chose option two having previously experienced option one.... Either way, mom was destined to find out, and... she did.*

*Well after that experience, whenever we boys left the house to play, my mom would say, “Make sure and take Simpson with you!” She obviously gained a new perspective about Simpson, as did many people in that small town. Almost overnight our new friend, who was previously considered a potential dangerous nuisance, was now accepted and respected. Yet, part of me was a little sad that all that time was lost and wasted on false beliefs about Simpson.*

*I hope we will base our perspective of people, groups, companies, or organizations based on our personal experience with them, and not simply succumb to what everyone else may ignorantly believe. You never know when someone’s life might be saved as a result of it. Thank you.”*

As I closed my remarks, I stood there anticipating a response from the crowd for what seemed to be an eternity. I glanced over at the panel of judges and noticed that a couple of them were overcome by emotion, or maybe they were just appalled that an inexperienced individual like me would dare enter such a contest. Suddenly without warning, the audience and fellow contestants burst into applause. I acknowledged their reaction with a genuine smile and exited the stage as instructed.

During the other speeches that followed mine, my body was present but my mind was elsewhere; wondering whether I could win the contest and what effect it would have on my life. When the last speaker was finished the judges announced that they would debate behind closed doors for about an hour, after which time they would announce the winner.

To date, that may have been the longest hour of my life. The anxiety weighed heavy. I needed to walk, breathe, and settle down. I was more nervous than before I stepped onto the stage to speak. I escaped to the only retreat available, the men's restroom. I furiously splashed water on my face and spoke self-directed words of encouragement. Suddenly, a man next to me appeared in the mirror. With water still on my face and skewing my sight, I couldn't make out his face very well. Besides, there is an unwritten rule that men do not make eye contact in the bathroom.

"You were the best one today," he said, his back now towards me as he exited.

I quickly wiped the water from my face and looked to see if anyone else was in the restroom. It was empty; was he talking to me? "Thank you," I said softly, not wanting to be accused of talking to myself in the men's restroom.

Back in the banquet hall, the dreaded time had arrived to listen to the judges' decision. On the outside I was calm and collected; however, on the inside my body was in frenzy. "We would like to thank all of you that entered the contest, and to the audience who attended today," one of the judges explained from the stage. "We must say how impressed we were with all of the speeches," he continued. His words were emphatically slow, as if intentionally calculated to drag the already unbearable suspense. The tension grew among the speakers. There could only be one winner. No second prize. This was it, either I win, or I go home none the richer – in fact, out the cost of my one-star hotel. The words from the gentleman in the bathroom rang in my head over and over, "You were the best one today!" Finally the judge concluded, "The winner of the ninth annual speech contest is...Thomas Blackwell!"

I sat somewhat paralyzed. I wasn't sure how to react; whether to jump for joy or simply start crying. I believed it was possible for me to win or I wouldn't have entered the contest, but somehow I managed to brew up a feeling of unbelief that I actually won! I seemed to be the only one sitting as an electrifying standing ovation broke out among the participants and supporters to congratulate me. As I gathered my emotions I approached the stage where the judge, acting as voice, congratulated me. I was beyond a hand shake and eagerly embraced the judge who announced my name. A bit surprised that I hugged him, he handed me an envelope and whispered to me, "Open this envelope only when you are certain you are alone." He then motioned to the microphone, and the crowd humorously erupted, "speech, speech, speech"!

The floor was once again mine to say something, however this time I had no prepared comments. The room fell graciously silent. I gazed out and observed a few tears in some of my fellow

contestant's eyes. It was clear the tears were not for me, rather the inner emotion that comes when you put your heart into something, do your best, sacrifice in unshared ways, and yet fall short of the desired prize. With this sobering realization the words began to come to me.

"Thank you for putting this contest together and I am sincerely grateful for this honor," I said humbly as I peered at the judges. Now pointing my attention to the audience I continued, "I was thinking maybe I should just split the check among all of us, but then I thought of my poor division skills and decided it would be easier on everyone if I just kept the money myself." I said attempting to lighten up the mood a bit.

(A trickle of laughter seemed to open their minds to listen to what I was about to say.)

"Winning a contest certainly does not determine whether we are winners or losers. Winning comes with the fact that we all had the courage to submit a registration and show up. Winning comes with how we decide to handle the results of the contest. As I heard you all speak from this same stage, I learned from you, I was inspired by you, and I am a better person because of what you said. I honestly don't know why I was selected, and I am sure it was quite a chore for the judges to come to this conclusion. My hope is that this day is a beginning for all of us. So, really I would like to congratulate us all for winning the unseen victories we have achieved just for being here."

I confidently stepped back from the microphone and directed my applause at the audience. Another standing ovation trickled throughout the crowd, but this time, it was not designed for me.

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## Chapter 2

### The Sealed Envelope



The money did not seem as valuable as the overwhelming feeling of joy that came upon me as I received the standing ovation; nevertheless, I was unquestionably grateful for it. Through all the excitement and congratulations, I was intrigued when the judge told me to open the sealed envelope only when certain I was alone.

I was so excited to call my biggest fans: Kimberly and my sweet little girls. “We did it”, I said softly to the love of my life. A huge uproar of enthusiasm exploded from the other side of the phone. I have always said that my wife gets excited enough for the both of us; she has trained our daughters to show extreme enthusiasm also. Kimberly began to cry, we said a prayer of gratitude over the phone. I told her about the sealed envelope and that I needed to find a place where no one was around so I could open it. We exchanged a tender “I love you”, and I promised to call her later, as soon as I found out for myself what all of this meant.

It was almost like I became an instant celebrity. Everywhere I turned, someone recognized me. I was trying to scout out a place for some privacy in the lobby, but to no avail. I gazed upward at the incredible vaulted ceilings and the masterful craftsmanship; unfortunately the happy thoughts vanished as I thought of the indecent cheap hotel I was returning to that night.

As I went out into the courtyard, I started towards a bench where I knew I could inconspicuously open the envelope. I looked around and took in the impressive structure of the historic hotel. I learned that it was recently renovated; prior to this, it was the Charles Street jail for over 135 years. I further learned that it had housed several famous inmates such as: Malcom X; Ferdinando Sacco, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and former governor and multi-term mayor of Boston, James Michael Hurley. Some of the rooms, and definitely the restaurant, had some of the original prison preserved.

I focused on the envelope one more time. I carefully opened the seal to find a neatly hand written note wrapped around a check for ten thousand dollars. I took a deep breath and just starred at it for a minute. I'd been speaking for years per se, but this was my first direct compensation. My confidence began to build, that just maybe this whole notion of speaking for as a vocation would work. I reflected on all the countless hours invested in self-development, running organizations, memorizing powerful quotes, and fanatically studying the habits of successful people. For years, the time spent driving my car and mowing my lawn have been a self-development academy, as I listen to audio books of high achievers.

I took another glance at the check, then curiously began to read the personal note.

*"Dear Thomas,*

*Congratulations on your recent victory. An executive suite has been reserved for you at this Hotel for as many nights as you desire. Furthermore, a very important meeting has been arranged for you to meet someone who will help you with your chance to change the world. Tonight at 11:00pm sharp, you are to report in the basement for further instructions. Again, we congratulate you."*

My heart raced as I wondered about this meeting. I went to the registration desk, now as a guest, and inquired, "My name is Thomas Blackwell and I believe you have a suite reserved for me?"

"Of course Mr. Blackwell, we are honored to have you stay in our luxurious hotel", the lady answered as if I were some eminent guest. She handed me the room key, and I headed to the elevator.

While in the elevator, I noticed there were no buttons to go down to the basement; the 1<sup>st</sup> floor was the lowest level listed. I briefly thought about it and concluded that there must be some other access besides the elevator. I did not think much about it as I anticipated what my suite was going to look like.

My jaw dropped as I entered the 2200 square foot suite. I had never stayed in a room so magnificent. I could see the Charles River and the Back Bay Skyline from the inside. I had my own private terrace which overlooked the city. I sat in one of the patio chairs and just soaked it all in, the contest; the

standing ovation; the money; the note.... “Oh no, the note”, I panicked! I glanced at my watch and suddenly remembered my eleven o’clock meeting in the basement. It was 10:45, and I needed to be early to make a good impression.

I got off the elevator at the first floor. “The basement, the basement”, I kept telling myself, “Where in the world is that basement?” I rushed over to the registration desk to inquire of the same lady who gave me my key, “Can you tell me how to get to the basement?”

She stepped back from the counter with a puzzled look and said, “I am sorry Mr. Blackwell, but the hotel does not have a basement.” My stomach dropped. Many terrifying thoughts scattered through my head at once. Had I been deceived? Was this some sort of game? Maybe it was a challenge.

Once again, I focused on the registration desk attendant, “Excuse me Miss, can I speak to your manager for a moment?”

Soon the manager was there to help me, but when he arrived he quickly confirmed what I was told before, “I am sorry Mr. Blackwell, our hotel does not have a basement. Can I help you with anything else?”

“No thanks”, I quickly responded. By now, my mind was spinning. “Why would they tell me to meet in the basement if no such location existed?” I looked at my watch, 10:52pm; I had eight minutes to figure out where this basement was, or what it meant.

Staff members at the registration desk were whispering to each other, watching to see my next move. I went back to the elevators and saw the fire escape. I jerked the door open to see if the stairs led down to the mysterious basement. My stomach

sank even further as the tragic reality stared me in the face: no stairs going down. I regrouped my thoughts, “What in the world is going on?” “I will not give up until I find this basement”. It was time to stop depending on myself and to call on a Higher Power. From boyhood, my father instilled in me a divine habit, to always call upon God for help. I closed my eyes and took a few deep breaths.

In my mind I asked, “Where do I need to go in order to find the basement?” A clear thought came to my mind, “Go to the restaurant downstairs”. Determined and hopeful, I quickly walked down the escalator and my eyes were fixed on a bar and lounge on the bottom floor of the hotel.

The hostess’ podium was left unattended; the bar tender blurted out without looking at me, “Restaurant closes at 11:00 and the bar is open until 2:00am”. I just nodded, barely acknowledging him; I walked past the bar and looked into the rooms that had once been jail cells, but were now filled with tables and chairs. The restaurant was empty, and the lights were being turned off. I walked into the first jail cell; I searched for some sort of fake wall or trap door but could not find anything. I immediately moved on to the center cell, but no such luck. The lights were off in the restaurant as it was now closed; somehow, no one saw me snooping around. Only one more possibility, if indeed a clue to the basement existed. I walked into the third cell, holding my cell phone up to provide some light; suddenly, the cast iron gate closed behind me. A silhouette was standing in the doorway.

“I am impressed you found it”, said a somewhat familiar voice.

A little shaken and confused, I muttered, “What is going on?”

“Are you ready for a chance to change the world?” The man said softly, not wanting anyone to know we were in the restaurant.

“What do you mean change the....”

“Yes or no”, he promptly cut me off.

I paused, somehow something inside made me want to commit to whatever this mysterious person asked of me. “Yes”, I affirmed.

He nodded his head and with a low clear voice said, “You were the best one today”. He was now moving out of the shadow towards me, I still did not recognize his face.

“My name is Clemson Wright, but people I trust call me Clem”, he whispered as he walked to the corner of the former jail cell.

Clemson slid the far right corner table quietly to the left and likewise, moved the chairs out of the way. I was now standing right next to him; I felt a tingle run down my spine as we both gazed at what looked like a hidden cellar door which was situated exactly in the spot where the table had been. He reached down and slid the metal door to the side, unveiling a small opening that led down somewhere with an old wooden ladder to facilitate the descent.

“Follow me”, he commanded. A little hesitant I looked back at the empty restaurant to see if anyone was looking. I thought of my wife and girls back home, how was I going to explain this to Kimberly? I turned and looked down at the small hole cut into the floor, realizing I had committed to something much bigger than I had anticipated. I made my way down behind Clemson. Each step I took creaked as my weight

alternated down the rungs of the old wooden ladder. As soon as I was low enough, I slid the metal door back over the opening as I was instructed.

My heart was racing now as I followed Clemson down a dark hallway save the light from his cell phone. No wonder the hotel manager said there was no basement, so far as he or anyone else was aware, there *was* no basement. As we progressed through the hallway, I noticed several phrases carved on the walls, we were moving too fast to be able to make them out, and I did not want to get too far behind Clemson. He appeared to be in great shape and well-built as he briskly walked down the hallway. He looked to be in his early 50's; dark brown hair with a few grey streaks; and clean shaven with a square face. The air smelled of old wood and dusty cement walls. Suddenly, the hallway opened up into a large dark space. He flicked a match and lit an old kerosene lantern. My eyes peered slowly around the room, taking in all of the writings on the walls.

“What is this place?” I inquired of Clemson.

“Welcome to the escape route dug out by many of the inmates while serving time at the Charles Street jail,” he declared. Another tingle went up my spine.

“How many people know about it?” I asked hesitantly.

“Alive, just three... You, my father, and I,” he replied.

“Why are we down here Clemson? What’s going on?” I asked quizzically, coming to grips with the fact that no one else on the planet knew my whereabouts.

“Relax Thomas, and by the way you can call me Clem,” he said, comforting my fears and letting me know he trusted me.

“Let me explain a few things to you Mr. Blackwell. We have held this speech contest every year for the past 9 years; each contest winner was asked to meet me in the basement at precisely 11:00pm for a chance to change the world. Out of all the contest winners, you are the only one who ever found it. The winners who have preceded you asked the manager of the hotel about the basement, just as you probably did; but unlike you, they decided to believe that there was no basement.” His language was direct and assertive, yet his tone felt congratulatory. “Thomas, I am curious to know why it is you persisted looking for the basement?” Clem questioned.

I paused for a moment before I answered; I was trying to gather my thoughts. “When I was told there was no basement, I was a little flustered to be honest.” I replied. “I guess I have learned in my life that when someone tells you “no”, or when they say that something is not possible, I can decide to believe them or I can find out for myself. To answer your question Mr. Wright, I decided to find out for myself if there really was a basement; regardless of what the hotel manager said.”

There was silence in the old musky room. Clem seemed satisfied with my response as he silently nodded his head with approval. He broke the silence and continued his inquiry, “Thomas, I am very interested to find out how it is you knew to come to the restaurant?”

For a brief instant, I was tempted to credit myself with the idea to go to the hotel restaurant; however I knew this was not the case. Like a good angel on my right shoulder encouraging me, I recalled the well-known words from William Shakespeare, **“To thine own self be true.”**

Softly, I started, “After I did everything I could possibly do myself...”

I paused not knowing if Clem believed in the power of prayer, or even if he believed in God. I took a breath of confidence and simply said, “I said a prayer and asked God where the basement was; I had a clear impression to come to the restaurant. I walked in the restaurant even though I was told it was closed, and that’s where I met you, for the second time.”

“The second time?” Clem probed.

“Wasn’t it you I saw in the bathroom?” I stammered.

“Yeah that was me,” he said jokingly. Clem smiled, satisfied with my answers and said, “I knew that whoever dug deep enough and sought higher knowledge, or insight, would eventually find the basement.” I felt peace come over me, knowing I had said what was in my heart, thereby expressing my true character.

Mr. Wright walked to the corner of the room and picked up a wooden box. From inside the box, he pulled out an old worn out book. Stuffed in the back of the binding were several pieces of paper filled with hand written notes. Clem pulled out the notes and handed me the book. The book appeared to have been sitting in that box for many years. The title was carved into the dried up leather cover by some sort of nail or perhaps a knife.

I read the title, “The Liberty of our Language Revealed”.

“You ever heard of it before?” Clem inquired.

“No, I haven’t,” I answered opening its dusty pages. “Wait, these pages are blank, and there is no author!” I declared, as I flipped back to the front cover to see if any name was written.

Clemson paused and made eye contact with me, “You are the author, Thomas; you are the author of “The Liberty of our Language Revealed”.

I paced back and forth staring at the empty book in my hand. “Clem, I have never written a book before, why would I be the person to do it? I don’t know if I even understand what it is supposed to be about? Why are you so sure I am the guy to write it?” I questioned, a little overwhelmed with the prospects of being an author. “Is this what my chance to change the world is, a dusty old book?” I continued.

Clem kept quiet with his arms folded, and he seemed to be enjoying my frustration. “It’s a chance to change the world if you want and allow it to be. What I need to know is whether you are the right person to do it” he replied, with a little more force than I was accustomed to. “You have proven that you can inspire a small crowd with your speaking abilities, but can you author a worldwide movement?” he continued.

“That’s what this is Thomas, a movement to help people truly change their lives and enjoy the success they deserve!” Clem said passionately.

“Look Clem, why don’t you write the book?” I asked softly attempting to calm the energy in the room.

“That’s not what I was instructed to do,” he stated.

“Instructed by whom?” I inquired.

“I will let you know if you accept the responsibility to be the author and mouth piece for “The Liberty of our Language Revealed”. Let’s cut to the chase Mr. Blackwell, do I have the right person for this movement or not?”

This was not a decision I wanted to make on my own. “Clem, can you give me just a minute?” I asked.

“You have exactly 60 seconds to give me your answer,” he responded firmly.

I turned around and walked quickly into to the dark hallway. I took a deep breath. The musky desolate air filled my senses with a deepened awareness that something significant happened in this old escape route. Something was waiting to be awakened for the good of mankind; was it my calling to do it? For me there was only one way to find out, and if it is my path I would never doubt again. I would grant it all the effort I possessed. “God, is this what I am supposed to do? Is this my mission at hand; to inspire people and help them change their language, so they can change their lives and enjoy the success they deserve? I feel like I can do it, but is this what I am supposed to be doing?” I inquired in my mind and heart. As I stood there, a gradual feeling of warmth and peace encircled me confirming that it was the right thing to do.

I walked back into the room with no more hesitation and said, “I will do it”. “Fifty seven seconds,” Clemson Wright said almost cutting me off while looking down at his watch.

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# Chapter 3

## The Instructions



“I have a few things to explain to you. You’ll probably want to sit down for this.” declared Clem while handing me the old wooden box that once contained the book.

“My full name is Clemson James Michael Wright,” he said in a steady soft tone as if I was supposed to know the meaning of it. Clem paced the room with both hands in his pockets, as I sat on the little box feeling a bit like I was watching a tennis match; side to side.

He continued, “I am telling you this because it is important for you to know where that name came from. My great grandfather, Walter Wright, was a postman for several years. His family struggled financially; he was not fortunate enough to have a lot of schooling growing up. He was a working-class man. My great grandfather learned of a job opening with the government; the wages would be four times his mailman salary. A requirement for the position was a test; some sort of civil service exam from what I was told. The day came for

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the exam and that's when Walter Wright met Mayor James Michael Hurley" Clem explained.

"Wait, was this the same James Michael Hurley who was an inmate here at the Charles Street jail?" I asked curiously.

"Precisely," he answered determined to continue the story. "Walter Wright met the mayor in the hallway of the city council building, just before he was supposed to take the civil service exam. Mayor Hurley took an interest in my great grandfather; the mayor could sense his anxiety and fear of failing the exam. And that's when it happened".

"That's when what happened, Clem?" I eagerly asked while sitting on the edge of that little wooden box.

Clem continued, "The mayor walked to the administrative desk and requested a copy of the civil service exam so he could review it. He brought the written document into the hallway where my great grandfather was still seated, and filled in all the answers for him. Needless to say, Walter Wright got the government job after acing the civil service exam," Clem said proudly.

"So, the mayor essentially took the exam for him to ensure that your great grandfather would get the job?" I asked.

"That's exactly right, and it changed my family's financial situation and standing in the community overnight. Somehow, the incident later became public and Mayor Hurley was sentenced to jail; he fell victim to that dark reputation and was no longer courted by those in more respectable circles," Clem continued.

“As for my great grandfather and our family, Mayor James Michael Hurley is revered as a hero, and thus the significance of my middle name.” I sat in silence and absorbed this confidential information, waiting for Clem to divulge the rest of the story.

“My great grandfather was so grateful for Mayor Hurley’s help on the civil service exam; he would visit him almost daily here at the jail. Many times, he would bring along his son, my grandfather Maxwell Wright, to visit the mayor. There was a reason the visits were so regular.” Clem softened his voice, peering at the dark opening to the hallway making sure we were still alone.

I remained still and quiet as Clem carefully positioned his thoughts. “James Michael Hurley and a few other inmates were placed in the cell in which you and I entered tonight, or last night I guess,” Clem said looking at his watch and realizing it was after midnight. “While they were in the jail cell, and unbeknownst to anyone, they began to dig out this escape route. My great grandfather and his son were entrusted with their escape plot, and actually helped somewhat to facilitate it.” Clem divulged, again looking at the dark empty hallway.

“How was the escape route never discovered?” I asked.

“I know, I asked my grandfather the same thing,” Clem answered. “The inmates would simply place one of their metal cots over the hole with their sheets hanging down, and miraculously, it was never discovered”.

“So, did they escape!” I blurted out impatiently.

“The mayor was released early, and the other inmates were transferred, so there was never an opportunity or a need.

The hole was covered up until it was...,” Clem hesitated before telling me the next part.

“Until it was what Clem?” I asked intently. Once again, he glanced at the dark hallway as if he was expecting someone to enter the undiscovered room without notice.

“Until it was uncovered again by my grandfather Maxwell Wright,” Clem whispered.

Suddenly, the room was pitch black. The lantern had run out of fuel. We both took out our cell phones and used them to light the room. “Should we get out of here Clem?” I asked not wanting to admit I was growing a little uneasy about the whole situation.

“I was instructed to give you all of this information down here. So, we need to get through this here, tonight,” he answered.

Still sitting on the little wooden box, I reviewed in my mind what I had been told so far. “Wait, how did your grandfather get access to the jail cell, because the only way he could have uncovered the escape route would be if...”

“He was an inmate,” Clem finished the sentence for me. I felt another shiver go up and down my spine. I kept quiet as I waited for him to finish the rest of the story.

Clem started again, “Maxwell Wright got a first class education; he pursued a doctorate in communications with an emphasis in German. He eventually became a professor of communications at Boston University. It was 1945 and WWII was over, but enemy lines were still very sensitive. A German U-boat, U-234, surrendered and its high-ranking officials were housed here at the jail. In learning of their arrival, my

grandfather came to visit the German prisoners wanting to speak with them and get a taste of their authentic language. He came often, and unfortunately was accused of treason. Because the war just ended and German relations were still sensitive, my grandfather too was locked up. Coincidentally or fortunately, he was locked up in the exact same jail cell where James Michael Hurley was held when Maxwell was just a boy”.

“So, your grandpa uncovered the escape route to get out of jail and take the Germans with him?” I inquired, full of assumption.

“Not quite,” Clem corrected. “My grandfather never had any intentions of escaping; he knew his stay here would only be temporary. He and some other German inmates dug out the hallway and the room we are now in to store the information in the box you are now sitting on.”

I felt the wooden box underneath me with a much deeper appreciation of how it arrived. “Dr. Maxwell Wright dedicated the better part of his life to studying language and how we communicate. While he was incarcerated, he wrote several pages of notes on the power of our words,” Clem explained.

“Those were your grandpa’s notes in the back of the book?” I questioned.

“Yep, you’re sitting on them,” he added with humor in his voice. “My grandfather intended to write a book called “The Liberty of our Language Revealed” to help people realize that what we talk about, we bring about; however, he was never able to retrieve the notes that he stored in this escape route. He was released unexpectedly, and did not divulge the information of this room to anyone except my father, myself, and now you.”

Clem paused to let me absorb what I had just been told. “My grandfather entrusted the information to my father with a promise to one day figure out a way to retrieve his notes and get the intended message out to the world. My grandfather’s life was cut short, and he passed away less than a year after being released from jail. My father and I decided to include someone else in getting the message out; someone who has a gift of speaking and inspiring people,” Clem stated.

“Thomas, do you realize it has been over fifty years since my grandpa died? When we learned that the Charles Street jail was going to be turned into a hotel, we devised a plan to get down here and find the right person. Following the opening of this hotel in 2007, we decided to hold an annual speech contest; you already know the eight other winners were not the right people, or they would have found the basement before you did,” he noted again.

“Clem, is your father still alive?” I wondered.

“Yeah, and you actually already met him,” he answered amused with my ignorance.

“When did I meet him?” I questioned.

“My dad announced you as the winner of the contest and gave you the sealed envelope; he was the head judge,” Clemson concluded.

I stood up with the hardened leather-bound book in my hands; I opened the wooden box that had been serving as my stool for the last hour or so. I carefully handled the notes written by Dr. Maxwell Wright with a much deeper appreciation thanks to the understanding of their origin. I skimmed through

the pages, and counted nine of them. Sliding them back into the back binding of the empty paged book I asked, “Is there anything else I need to know Clem, or can we get out of here now?”

“We can go after I show you one more thing in the hallway,” he replied, motioning for me to follow him. On the walls of the hallway someone had etched several phrases. I studied each one.

**“Change your language: change your life.”  
“Improve your results, create a better environment.”  
“Increase your productivity, transform your economy.”  
“Elevate your performance, and achieve higher standards”.**

The phrases that were etched on the wall resonated in my head as I followed Clem back down the abandoned escape route. It was all very fascinating how it came about; the escape route, Mayor Hurley, Clem’s grandfather... “We cannot let anyone know we were down here,” Clem whispered back to me interrupting the conversation in my head.

We had arrived at the old wooden ladder we had used to descend from the restaurant. Clem gently moved the metal door open. Fortunately it was still dark in the restaurant, so we both climbed up and placed the table and chairs in their original places.

“We have to go out the back door of the restaurant. Otherwise we risk someone seeing us and asking too many questions,” Clem explained.

We inconspicuously hurried into the kitchen and out the back door. The smell of the dumpster immediately overwhelmed my senses.

“Ok I will talk to you tomorrow to let you know where your first speaking assignment is going to be.” Clem said, beginning to quickly walk away from me.

“Wait, speaking assignment; what speaking assignment?” I asked.

“I will tell you all about it tomorrow. Just meet me in the attic of the hotel at 10:00am,” he said laughingly, now a good distance from me as he continued to walk away.

“That’s not funny Clem!” I yelled sharing in his humor, and then he was gone into the night.

I took another crippling whiff of the dumpster, and although the smell was nauseating I just stood there overwhelmed with all the events that had taken place. “Wait, surely there is not an attic in the hotel,” I said to myself trying to find some comfort.

Somewhat paralyzed and exhausted from all the events of the night, I looked up at the darkened sky with the stars barely peeking through the smog of the city when suddenly, a noise came from the dumpster. “Give me that book!” a terrifying deep voice demanded as a head emerged from inside the trash can.

Adrenaline exploded through my weary body and I ran as quickly as I could, holding the book like it was a football. Before I knew it, the stranger leapt out of the dumpster and raced after me. The notes in the back of the binding were loosely flapping as I struggled to keep them tucked in. Suddenly one of Dr. Wright’s notes fell loose to the ground. I stopped to go back and retrieve

it when I saw the mysterious man rounding the corner and gaining on me. Seeing his unruly determination, I left the page on the ground, and continued my frantic pursuit for the front of the hotel. I glanced back to see him pick up the fallen page. It seemed to pacify him, because once he retrieved it, he stopped chasing me.

I entered the hotel out of breath, and probably looked like I just saw a ghost. “Everything alright Mr. Blackwell?” inquired the bell captain.

“Oh yeah, everything’s good. Just out on a nightly run,” I replied gasping for air.

“You like to read while you run?” the captain continued with one eyebrow raised, and glancing at the book in my hands.

“Haven’t you ever heard of speed reading?” I joked as I walked past the very inquisitive bell captain. He chuckled, then returned to his nightly duties.

Finally, I was back in my hotel suite exhausted, yet wide awake wondering who in the world was chasing me tonight. How did they know I had this book, and why would they want it? An unsettled feeling came over me as I played out the

possible conclusions to my questions. Someone else must know about the basement, and what was down there.

I looked at my watch, “1:30 a.m.” I whispered. It was too late to call Kimberly, so I just sent her a text message. “Sorry I didn’t call. Talk to you in the morning. Love you!”

My mind still racing, I removed Maxwell Wright's notes from the back of the hard leather binding and spread them out on the table. I noticed they had numbers in the bottom left corner, so I organized them by page number. There was a total of 8 pages, but there should have been 9. I had all the pages lined up 1 through 8 with no gaps, so I assumed page number 9 was in the hands of whoever was chasing me tonight. I finally began to relax as I laid down and read the top of page one, "The observation of people's language."

## About the Author



Thomas Blackwell travels the world as a keynote speaker and trainer inspiring people to change their language in order to change their results. He has given over 1000 talks and workshops to corporations, executives, entrepreneurs, sales teams, athletes, religious groups, and students.

While attending Northern Arizona University on a music/voice scholarship, Thomas competed in tennis and soccer and later coached tennis at the Division I level. His business experience runs deep as he has owned and operated a successful seven figure insurance agency with over 100 agents and 3 different locations. While realizing some significant success in business in 2004 he was asked to tell his story in 7 minutes to a group of over 10,000 people. His being requested to speak and inspire as a keynote and facilitator has never stopped since. This inevitably led him to this vocation he didn't even know was an option.

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Above it all, Thomas's greatest blessings from God are being married to his high school sweetheart, and being the father to four precious daughters.



**\*To request Thomas for a Keynote  
and/or Workshop Training go to  
[www.thomasblackwellspeak.com](http://www.thomasblackwellspeak.com)**

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