

*"This is a wonderful book that shows
you how to tap into powers and strengths
you never even knew you had!"*

—BRIAN TRACY

TRUE POWER

GET IT
USE IT
SHARE IT

*Ten smart strategies to get
what you want out of life*

Linda Larsen

An excerpt from_

True Power
Get it, Use it, Share it
By linda larsen

INTRODUCTION

Power, n. (Mod. Fr. Pouvoir) to be able; ability to act; capability of producing an effect; strength, force, of energy manifested in action. The New Webster Encyclopedic Dictionary

He slowly lifts his gun and aims it directly between my eyes. He methodically cocks the trigger, closes one eye, as if for greater accuracy and with a thin voice asks, "Are you ready to die?"

I am frozen. As I stare down the barrel of his .357 Magnum, I am acutely aware of the split. There are 2 of me — 2 distinct people in my head, jockeying for first position, for control over the ultimate outcome. The Survivor is calculating escape strategies at breakneck speed, analyzing every minute detail with superior precision. She has one intention — to get me out of this unbelievable nightmare alive.

As odd as it seems, she has one obstacle even greater than the escaped convict with nothing to lose on the other end of the gun. She has to deal with the other me, the Panic Stricken One, the one running around in circles, arms flailing wildly, screaming, crying, groveling for mercy. This one is completely out of control. The insane situation has total power over her and her sensibilities. The Survivor, on the other hand, is wielding her power over the situation. In the face of this madman she has an enormous

advantage. Her power is extremely channeled and focused with pinpoint accuracy on its target. She knows exactly what to do.

After a carefully calculated pause, the Survivor speaks, slowly and deliberately.

"If you're going to kill me, I guess there's not much I can do to stop you."

I watched the words float out into space and hang in the air. The Panic Stricken One is screaming inside my head, "What did you say *that* for, you idiot? Quick! Take it back! Take it back!"

The man continues to point his gun at me. Time is now suspended with a surreal echo in what seems like forever. Finally, he slowly lowers the gun. His eyes narrow slightly as his head cocks imperceptibly to the right.

"Why aren't you down on the floor begging and pleading for your life?" he asks.

The Survivor quickly scans her computer-brain for the correct response. Ah, there it is. She takes a purposeful breath, looks him directly in the eye and with the exact right mix of respect and confidence, she responds, "Because you are in control of this situation. If you want to kill me, you can. There's nothing I can do. You are in control. You have the power."

And for the first time since this horror began 3 hours earlier, the man looks confused.

In this moment I get it. *I* have the power. *I* am in control. *I am* the Survivor. In my mind I square off with the Panic Stricken One and grab her by the shoulders. I tell her to relax,

leave it to me, and trust. I assure her that I know what to do and I will get us out alive. And that is just what I do.

Now, looking back on that dramatic event, I have a wider perspective. I see that the entire experience was a tremendous life lesson about power. In the days and weeks that followed I not only began the process of dealing with the obvious trauma to my system, but I also began to see the experience as a metaphor for how to gain control and power in my life — no matter what the circumstances. I saw that there were distinct parallels to be drawn between that event, and other challenging situations in my life.

What I experienced of power as I was growing up was anything but positive. I was raised in a home with an alcoholic mother and a substantial amount of physical and mental abuse. By the age of 20 I was married and divorced with a baby. I also began having severe, debilitating panic attacks around that time. In fact, the morning I was kidnapped, Pearl Harbor Day, 1969, I had woken up and within minutes slipped into that familiar place of terror. I seriously thought of suicide. I was filled with a depressive sense of dread — that if I had to live my life like this — hanging on to my sanity by a flimsy string, I simply could not do it. I wanted out. It wasn't the first time I'd had these feelings. But in spite of my emotions, I forced myself to go to work.

Isn't it extremely ironic that 4 hours later an escaped convict would ask me if I was ready to die and offer me a one way ticket out?

What I later began to realize is that my life up until that time had been a theme song for living in a state of powerlessness and despair. Certainly anyone who has lived with an alcoholic parent knows well the sense of helplessness that permeates his or her life. And the choices I continually made after I left home were ones subconsciously designed to keep me in that familiar state.

I believe (and this is merely an interpretation on my part) that my being kidnapped and held hostage for 5 hours was a huge gift to me. It was as if it was God's way of saying, "OK, you think you want to die. I happen to know that you have amazing, wonderful things to accomplish in this life. I know that your life has the potential to be absolutely rich with joy and abundance and positive power. But if you can't see that right now, I guess I have to resort to putting you in a situation where you will see it." I'm not sure I could have gotten it any other way.

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