

BEST SELLING LEGACY WRITERS PRESENTS

WHAT I WISH I KNEW BEFORE 30

Life lessons to inspire you to greatness (Book 2)

by FRANCIS JONAH

What I Wish I Knew Before 30

Life lessons to inspire you to greatness

(INSPIRING STORIES BOOK 3)

FRANCIS JONAH

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IMPORTANT

My name is Francis Jonah. I believe all things are possible. It is because of this belief that I have achieved so much in life. This belief extends to all. I believe every human being is equipped to succeed in every circumstance, regardless of the circumstance.

I know the only gap that exists between you and what you need to achieve or overcome is knowledge.

People are destroyed for lack of knowledge.

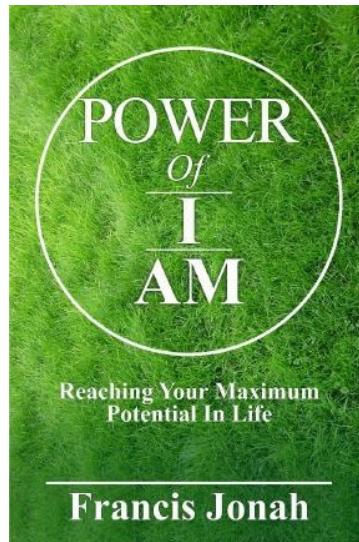
It is for this reason that I write short practical books that are so simple, people begin to experience immediate results as evidenced by the many testimonies I receive on daily basis for my various books.

This book is no exception. You will obtain results because of it. This book is only longer because your finances are sure to boom with such magnitude as you have never seen before.

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“POWER OF I AM”



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INTRODUCTION

Have you ever made a mistake you wish you had not made?

Are you in a particular situation and want to know if you are making the right decision or not?

Do you seek to be educated about how to avoid certain mistakes or just looking to enjoy a dose of entertainment from the experiences of others?

This book is just for you then.

This book consists of a series of letters that are written to address certain circumstances in the lives of individuals.

It touches on a lot of subjects and life situations that you can relate to.

There are experiences and solutions in these letters that will bless you.

Relax as you read and enjoy.

You will be entertained as well as educated.

CHAPTER ONE

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT UNDERSTANDING

Dear Janet,

I know I am the last person you will expect this letter from, however I needed to write it.

How are you and the family? I am blessed here and thankful for the opportunity to be writing to you.

First of all, accept my apologies for the way I treated you.

Upon careful meditation, I realized I was wrong no matter how justified my reasons were for behaving the way I did.

Others may point to what you did, but as I write I have gone beyond that. My personal opinion is that there is no justification for my actions.

Indeed, when you told me about how you lost the money I gave you to start the business, I was very angry and that led to my reaction.

I could not understand how you could have been duped by a confidence trickster to the extent that you were. That money I gave you was a huge amount, it was an amount I was never given starting out in life.

I guess that and other reasons compounded my reactions towards you.

It was not until I came home that someone who had gone through a similar situation as you explained to me how difficult being duped is, regardless of whether you earned the money or it was given to you.

I believe you know Marilyn. She had been through a similar thing. She lost the money her husband gave her for a house because of a confidence trickster.

The hurt and pain she went through was immeasurable. Not only because she

lost the money but also because of the treatment meted out to her by her husband.

She had been naïve, true. She had been a little greedy, true. Nonetheless, the verbal and emotional abuse she suffered were more traumatizing than the images of the money she lost.

She was the one that made me understand what you were going through and why my harsh reaction was uncalled for.

Honestly, after listening to Marilyn, I was humbled and sorry for my reaction.

Please disregard my harsh words and actions and find it in your place to forgive me of them. I should have sympathized with you first and then seen how best to solve the problem that was at hand.

To understand people is very key in not judging them or reacting badly towards them.

The subject of understanding reminds me of my own self.

Several years ago, I used to make a specific mistake. I used to borrow my brother's car and use up all the fuel. I would then park the car without telling him anything.

The interesting thing is that I did this several times yet he never for one day complained or shouted at me.

He was so understanding of my situation and for that reason he did not judge me. It was after several months that he taught me how to get my own car by treating that of others very well and proving I can buy fuel.

From then I began to fill his tank each time I took his car.

Janet, I realize that I should have tried to understand you first without jumping to the angry reactions I displayed. When I compare it to how my brother treated me, I realize I had used the wrong approach.

My apology is heartfelt because others have treated me better in similar circumstances. Cheer up and start taking plans as to how to raise that amount again. You are more than able.

The potential is in you and I have so much confidence in you. I pray you do not take my wrong reactions to heart or take decisions based on them.

I have seen so many promising young men and women take wrong decisions because they were angry at the reactions of their leaders to their mistakes.

Life is lived forward, but certainly understood backwards. Do not be like those who take hasty decisions or keep pain within them for the actions of others.

It makes you a victim in life and that is something you certainly are not and should not even try to be.

You are a victor, one to dominate your circumstances and your environment. Let all hurt and pain go. Set yourself free. The excess baggage will not help you reach your destination as fast as you would want to.

I am grateful you have read this letter to this point. It shows the kind of heart you have, for I know of others who will outright tear or burn the letter out of pride. Pride is a killer and a destroyer of great people.

Time will not permit me to talk about pride today. Perhaps another time.

Your CEO,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER TWO

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

Hi Charles,

The joy that fills my heart anytime I write to you is immeasurable. The reason is simple. Your friendship is unparalleled in my life.

How are you and the family? I am doing well here myself. I am confident you are also doing well.

This letter is simply to appreciate you for what you have done in my life all these years. They are many but I would like to bring up a few that give me much to laugh about.

Do you remember the day I was involved in a fight with five brothers who really beat me up? I remember I run to you to inform you of my predicament and the number of people who meted out the beatings to me.

You were unperturbed by the number of people I said beat me, your first reaction was to run to the place of the event. I had to follow you as I did not know what else to do.

I remember so well you went there and beat as many people as you could. In the end both of us were beaten severely but your actions stuck with me. This is a friend who is more than a brother.

You didn't think twice when it had to do with defending the honor of your friend. I am tearing up even at this moment for I do not know who else would have done that for me.

There was an incident where I made a grave mistake at work. You took the lead, went to the boss and told him we had made the mistake together.

You never for a second condemned me. You stood by me till that issue was resolved. I know people were ready to pounce and make a mockery of me but not you.

You made sure all was resolved peacefully and encouraged me to keep on fighting forward.

I know of friends who would have vacated their friendship immediately such a thing happened. You did not, you risked your job to stand by me. As much as everybody needs friends like you I believe the real lesson from what you do as a friend is that we must all be such a friend to people.

Charles, when I was in the university, you bought me two phones and sent me money when I needed money badly.

In those days I knew I had found an angel. One who thinks of me as much as he thinks of himself. No one has been as good to me as you have.

My days in the University were easier because of you. Interestingly enough, you had not even started your University education but made sure I completed mine.

Such a beautiful show of friendship can only be admired and reciprocated.

Do you remember when I started over five businesses and failed? In each of the businesses, you gave me capital. At their collapse I lost the capital.

I remember exactly what you said. You said “Jay, I know your potential, it is only a matter of time, you success will be so great.”

You continued “You are the smartest guy I have met in my life, and I know you will make it.”

These words have guided me into the success I am today.

The fleet of vehicles and businesses are all testament to your prophecy several years ago.

When a man has people who believe in him despite their current results, it does good like medicine.

Your words raised me to the level I am in now.

I also remember when you made me a director in your company among prominent members of your board of directors.

It spoke a lot to me about how much you believed in me. To sit on the board of such a successful company was a great privilege.

Even my first job was as a result of your efforts. Not to mention my first car.

Time will not permit me to appreciate you like I should.

Your friendship has been priceless. I pray every one who calls himself a friend follows after your pattern of friendship.

You have been a blessing to me and generations after me will continue to see your praise.

Friends who betray, backbite, desert and discourage are not worthy of the title of friends. That title friend belongs to an elite group of people who can help one reach his purpose in life.

It is the reason I encourage people to cut off certain people they call friends for friends are an elite group and that title cannot be bundled on just anybody.

Charles, I want to thank you for your friendship, your time, money, effort, counsel support and encouragement that has brought me this far.

You are a special kind of person, a true friend and a brother. My love for you knows no bounds and I pledge my commitment to be a better friend to you.

You are blessed beyond measure.

Your best friend,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER THREE

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT FASTING AND PRAYER

Hi Denis,

It is quite interesting that this moment when I am in a long fast you are seeking advice on a lot of issues that such a fast can solve.

My belief is that you have been lead to me at this time so I can bless you with the revelation of fasting and prayer.

Let me share this story with you that I am confident will spur you to go on a long fast that makes the impossible possible.

This same story inspired me to fasts and prayers that have done me good in my short years on earth. It is the story of Ken Cantrell.

“I was born on June 15, 1932, in Huntsville, Alabama. My father was a night-club owner. The name of the night-club was ‘Bloody Bucket’. It was the most notorious, toughest and bloodiest night-club in the entire state of Alabama.

I remember that in one week, 17 people were killed inside the club and in front of it.

Sometimes in the gambling world hundreds of thousands of dollars changed hands in a single night. I saw my Dad win as much as \$80,000 in a single hour.

Before I was 16 years of age, I had been arrested 117 times. When I was only 11, I could whip any boy up to 18 years of age in our town. I was as deep a sinner as anyone could have been. It was in this kind of environment in Huntsville, Alabama, that I was raised, without knowing the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the age of 18, a great transformation came over my entire life. My grandfather was a Baptist minister. Although I was one of the worst sinners, I had respect for my grandfather and the Baptist church. I often wondered what it would be like to be a Baptist minister. I gave my heart to the Lord at 18, and I gave up my old ways. I took my Havana cigars out of one pocket and my Tampa

cigarettes out of the other pocket. I then took out and threw away my loaded dice from yet another pocket and removed my marked playing cards from still another pocket. I meant business when I accepted the Lord as my Savior. I was determined to serve and follow Him all the way.

When I was stationed in San Diego, after I enlisted in the U.S. Navy, a Brother Ratan invited me on the street to `Mother Lane`s Hospitality Home` for the Service Men. Although I was on my way to a Baptist Church, Brother Ratan persuaded me to come to his Service-Men`s Centre.

A minister, the Rev. Franklin Hall, through his brother the Rev. Del Hall, had generously donated without charge, a large quantity of his books for gifts to the Service-Men , to the `Hospitality Centre`.

I never knew this at the time I attended `Mother Lane`s Centre. At this Centre, Brother Ratan gave me Brother Hall`s book entitled `Because of your Unbelief`, writing my name on the cover, he asked me to read it.

He told me that this would enable me to go deeper with the Lord. When I started to read it and saw that it dealt with Fastings of all lengths I decided it was not for me. I thought the author was a little bit off. I however, kept the book with me.

On the Aircraft Carrier `Lake Champlain` I tried to read it once again. I then threw it away. Since my name was on it, someone picked it from the trash and brought it back to me. I tore off the cover where my name was on it and tore it up into fine pieces and tossed it into the ocean. I then threw the book into the garbage can. I figured that in the garbage can it would be gone for good and that no one would find it there. Even if they would find it, my name would not be on it.

My Commanding Officer looked in the garbage can and picked it up. What business would a Commanding Officer have looking in a garbage can? He brought it to me and asked if it was my book. I was embarrassed when I informed him that it was mine. For some reason or other, he asked me to be sure to read it first and then if I wished to discard it, i could do so.

To this day I did not understand why my Commanding Officer ever looked into a garbage can excepting it to be the Lord who led him to do this. I again tried to get rid of it. Someone found it and placed it under my pillow after bringing it

back. It seemed that i just could not get rid of the book.

Had I known and realized the vast and tremendous Truth that was contained in the volume - and Truth of such magnitude that because of it, my life was truly miraculously saved, I would have treasured the book as my own soul.

The book being returned to me so many times made it seem as though the Lord desired me to really study and read through it. I decided to read it carefully through.

Although I had been a Baptist Preacher, I began feeling the Anointing in the pages of Bro. Hall`s book. The more I read, the more interested I became. I decided to try out the Fast. The book was all about Fasting and Faith. It told how a person could go into the long Fasts as well as the short ones.

I decided to Fast for 21 days.

After reading Franklin Hall`s book about fasting, "Because of Your Unbelief", I started a 21-day fast (water only). After 3 days, hunger left my body and I felt the presence of the Lord on my body in a way I had never felt before.

The Lord gave me the verse in LUKE 10:19, and showed me that nothing would hurt me: "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

On the tenth day, I felt a warm healing power come over my whole body. Daily, this 'covering power' over my body grew stronger and stronger. I had the same experience as the 120 disciples in the upper chamber, in ACTS 2:3: "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." These tongues of fire also sat upon me.

In LUKE 24:49, Jesus said that this would happen.

The Scripture in PSALM 118:17 also came to my mind: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the LORD." I later learnt that it was the baptism of the Holy Ghost on my body which preserved and saved me from death and destruction.

After the 10th day of fasting, several of the boys remarked that they saw a light around my body. They asked me if I had some type of luminous clothing on. Anyway, I felt more wonderful about my salvation than I had ever felt. I felt that I had a lot more of God's power within me. I also had a greater love and burden for my fellow man.

Day by day on my 21 day Fast I could feel this `Holy Ghost` protection increasing all over my body. it had a pleasant, warm feeling to it and kept getting warmer on my body, especially on the 15th and 16th days. The night before the explosion it was so strong on my body I could hardly sleep. My mind was highly alert, active, and I felt stronger in my body than I had ever felt in my life.

The Scripture (Psalm 118:17) kept coming to my mind,

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord"

"At 10.30am, on the 17th day of my 21 day "consecration fast", I was alone in the Catapult Room, where I was engrossed in Brother Franklin Hall's book, "Because of Your Unbelief". I was alone, because I was fasting. All of the rest of the crew were out to get candy bars, coffee, cigarettes, refreshments, etc.

The events proceeded as follows:

10:55 am – The crew began coming back to the room.

11:00 am – Many of the boys were back in the room.

11:02 am -Every one of the 16 crew were now back in the room and we were ready for our duties

11:03 am -Suddenly we heard a noise. Someone above us had made a blunder. An Aircraft came in wrong, damaging the Area near our room. This ignited a fire.

High Grade Aviation Gasoline was near the accident and was pouring into our room. It soon ignited and became a huge sheet of billowing flames. Immediately the whole Deck was ablaze with flames all over the Catapult Room. If many of the boys, who had just returned a few seconds earlier, had stayed away for just a moment longer, they would not have been engulfed in the 'flames of death'. They would not have been in the room.

Horror came over their faces. Some tried to run. Many were screaming: "Fire! Fire!" I also yelled out: "Fire!" Huge billows of rolling, raging flames were rushing towards everyone.

It moved quickly. We had no time for anything. Great flames engulfed each and everyone of us including myself. It was like lightning. With horror I saw all 15 of my Crew Mates swallowed up in sudden death.

Joe and Don were the furthest away from the only door in the room when the explosion occurred and Don fell to the floor with Joe Carnes.

Joe Carnes was my best friend. He was heavy-set, crew cut and came from Louisville, Kentucky. When in Norfolk, Virginia, I tried to get him to go to church with me. I talked to him about Jesus. He would not come to church and refused to accept Christ.

Joe was sitting next to me at the time of the explosion. He began shrinking in the flames. His head, shrunken so small appeared as a mummy dwarf - others likewise, as I watched their bodies bake to a crisp.

I reached over to where Joe had been sitting and placed him on my left arm and partly on my shoulder but his flesh fell from his bones as I held him in my arms.

It was not long before I could hear the frying of the flesh from the bodies of my buddies. It just did not seem possible that I could be alive in the Furnace of Fire and my buddies being killed. As the flames of death engulfed my buddies one by one, it seemed that I had supernatural eyesight when I could look through the Flames and see all 15 of my buddies go down in the flames.

In front of my eyes I saw all 15 of the crewmen die. I did not understand the nature of the power with which my beloved Jesus had equipped my body. First of all, it was almost unbelievable that the fire was real, because I could not feel

the heat at all, although the flames totally covered me from every corner. I therefore did not understand how the fire could injure my colleagues to such an extent that they burned in front of my eyes. But Jesus was so close, and I felt the power of the Holy Spirit so strongly, that this supernatural power of the Holy Spirit prevented me from being scared or injured.”

I then went to my other mate, Don Hatcher. He was a dark-haired young man from Kansas City, Missouri. Don was trained and worked in electronics, and he had assisted me with the P.A. system. I really liked him, but I had not been successful in turning him around to Jesus. I tried and tried, but in vain. I believe that if he had been saved, God would have somehow rescued him from the flames.

He did not want to die, and he screamed when the fiery ‘arms of death’ came towards him. Don tried in vain to escape from the deadly fire’s reach, but the flames overcame him. The flames filled the whole of the 10-15 metre long room. If this had not been a supernatural event, I should not have been able to get away.

There was also another sailor to whom I was very close. He was a red-haired young man, Elbert Schaeffer, from Washington State. He had a quick temper and was always looking for a fight. He sometimes fought with the other guys, and he also fought a lot with me before I became a Christian. I spoke with Elbert of how Jesus could take away his lust for fighting, but he had shrugged this off. He even tried to fight the flames by thrashing wildly with his arms, but to no avail.

Thomas Moore was a man of average build whom I tried to win for Jesus. He answered in passing that there was still time for him to make up his mind.

There was a huge wall of this fire at least 30 feet thick. I felt no pain. I was walking back and forth in the flames hardly realizing what to do, not feeling any discomfort or even heat of the fire in any manner.

My first thought was not for my own safety, but for my buddies. I still had Brother Hall’s book with me. I laid it down in the fire. It seemed that the Truth of the Lord Jesus in the volume and the way and manner that I was practicing it had brought the Power of the Lord Jesus upon my body that I could not be hurt.

While in the fire I tried to pick up the bodies of some of my mates to see if there

was any life in them. As I grabbed them, tugging at them, their baked and cooked flesh just fell off their bones. I tried picking up several in this way. I was in the flames for 35 minutes.

The floor was getting red hot. The dog wrench over near the hatchway was also red hot. I was struggling with my friend Joe's corpse. I had carried him back and forth a couple of times in the room of fire. Now as I was facing the hatch, the Voice of the Lord came forth and told me, "Go forward to the red hot hatchway. Be not afraid. Grab the wrench, open the door and walk out." I got closer to the door and hesitated right in the Flaming Inferno. Although flames were around me I did not dare to touch the glowing red hot door.

Again the Lord said, "Be not afraid, I am with you, you shall not die, open the door and walk out." I still held the corpse of Joe. I picked up the red hot dog wrench with my right bare hand and used it to open the hatch. I walked out, much to the amazement and bewilderment of the Officers, Chaplain and spectators, and laid down the body of my buddy Joe.

I then turned to go back in for the bodies of the rest of my buddies. My Officers ordered me not to but I disobeyed and returned against orders and retrieved, one by one, the corpses of my buddies and brought them out and laid them down. The skulls were shrunken to about one half their size. This was true for each and every one of them. The extreme heat on the bodies and bringing them out into the cool air caused some of their eyeballs to pop out.

When I carried each body from the room, they were unidentifiable. The heads and torsos were burnt so far beyond any normal expectation, that you could not even recognize them as human beings.

A sailor tried to follow me into the Catapult Room but his feet were burnt off and he was left with stumps. I was unhurt. My clothes were not even scorched and no smell of smoke.

I then remembered that I had left my book in the Fire. I returned for it and retrieved it. The book was untouched and entirely intact just as I had laid it. The cover was off because at first I did not like the book and I had thrown the cover overboard. Right on each side of the book, "Because of your Unbelief" there were ashes. They were all around it. All other books were burned to ashes. The Truth that God had led Brother Hall to put into the book was not burned.

The Chaplain of the Ship who had previously refused to allow me to have Prayer Meetings in the Ship almost knelt down at my feet, telling me I could have Prayer Meetings any time at any place.

God had shown how He still protects all who truly follow Him.

Denis this story led me on a 5 day fast and then a 21 day fast. Within three to four days, the desire for food left. Within 7 days the weakness I felt left.

The results I had were amazing. A word of caution though is that you must use at least 3 days of diluted juice to break your long fast, thereafter you continue with small portions of vegetables till the sixth day when you can resume normal food but then in small proportions.

I believe this story will spur you on. **If you want to achieve what has not been achieved before, you must be willing to do what has not been done before.**

Take care, we will talk again after you have implemented my advice.

Your spiritual mentor,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER FOUR

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT FAILURE

Hi Bernard,

Good day and how are you? It is interesting you found my book of ventures in my home in Hawaii.

I am confident you looked through them and were surprised at the number of ventures I started in the past.

Indeed, in the pages of that book are stories untold.

Stories of several apparent failures fill the pages of that book.

Take the ice cream business I started with the hope of opening several franchises, the first week was great only to be followed by poor sales for three months.

I could have made it work had I known a little about the art of marketing and advertising. Based on the lack of skill in that area, a promising business collapsed woefully. It was a learning curve for me although many saw it as a failure.

I look at it in laughter but I am pretty sure I didn't take it well the time it happened. Obviously, that is the benefit of hindsight. It makes you laugh at your mistakes because things are better today based on the lessons you learned from those same mistakes.

I tell people that instead of saying you have failed, say that I know what doesn't work in this area.

What about the school I opened. I believe you read about that venture too. It was a great and promising venture with lots of students. The only problem was that the students didn't know how to pay fees.

For that reason, the school had to be closed. I know many who mocked me and

called me all sorts of names. I know the days of hunger I went through and the consistent voices in my head that told me “nothing good will come out of you”.

I didn't listen to those voices, I listened to the passions and drive that were within me. I knew I was bound to succeed somehow. I had taken in a lot of lessons and I knew things will click too.

Interestingly enough amidst the failed businesses were failed relationships too. Talk of making the same mistakes in different parts of your life.

I have suffered greatly in many relationships based on my own wrong choices. They failed but there were lessons picked for the future.

I have been in relationship with selfish people who only received the whole period of the relationship and gave nothing. They will take your money, your time, your affection, and your sacrifices and give nothing or very little back.

Obviously it ended after I could not bear anymore.

I have been in relationship with people who came speaking as if they were mature, but situations and their actions proved they were babies in grown bodies. These people take the most absurd of decisions and do the most absurd of things because of their immaturity.

They only realize the damage they have caused after the damage is already done.

I have been in relationship with chronic liars and thieves who lied and stole all the way through the relationship. Such people would lie about where they are, what they did, what they ate, virtually everything was an opportunity to lie. Perhaps it is a spiritual problem, I will never know.

These relationships failed but to me, they were learning curves. Learning curves that have brought me the success I am enjoying today in my marriage.

Bernard, I believe if you are in any category of the people mentioned above, you will make a conscious effort to change. We owe it to ourselves to be the best portion of ourselves that we can be.

Love can be blind and sometimes we choose and stay in relationships that we know are so wrong. No wonder I was advised long ago that if you are not

married, then as much as possible end any relationship that will not help you.

It is difficult to break up with people you love or are emotionally attached to you. But the pain and difficulty you will endure staying with them over the long haul is immeasurable. When I say immeasurable, I mean beyond measure.

Every great man has faced one failure or the other and overcome them. The problem is not the failure, it is your ability to pick yourself up and move forward. A wise man calls it failing forward.

Ben, I will encourage you to pick yourself up, learn from mentors and make something out of your life.

Your future is not ahead of you. It is in you and it is great. Bring it out for the world to see. I believe in you. Greatly.

Your Holiday landlord,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER FIVE

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT VISION

Hi Peace,

If anyone told me that you would grow into such a fine leader like this, I would have told them I already knew you would.

The reason I knew, I will share with you so you can impart to others too.

Anyway, how are you and the family? I believe all of them are hale and hearty.

Do you remember this story I told you several years ago?

Two men saw a very huge piece of rural land. One man said “this useless bush is still here, I am sure it is full of rats and snakes”. The other said “wow, this is a beauty and will fit perfectly”.

Both men were looking but seeing different things. The man with sight saw the bush and the snakes. The man with vision saw a gated community of beautiful buildings.

After five years of hard work, his vision came to pass. The man of sight was still what he was after five years.

Morale of the story. Vision is a separator of men. Get a vision.

I told you that story because I wanted to encourage you. I do not have the privilege of meeting women of vision all the time. It is the reason I was so glad you came to see me. The clarity of your vision was enough to tell me I should give you every input possible to make you succeed.

First of all you knew what you wanted to see in 10 years' time. You had a picture of it which you showed to me in your book as well as your phone. You even told me it was pasted on the walls of your room.

What amazed me the most was that even though the vision was great your circumstances were not. Nonetheless, it didn't hinder you from dreaming and casting a solid vision.

My dear, a lot of people do not have visions for the future because they look at their present circumstances and are stuck in it. They do not have a vision for their life or their businesses or their families. They just take each day as it comes making progress nonexistent for them.

Personally I would encourage anyone who is stuck in the present to take time, go to a nice place and just ask themselves, what do I want to do or achieve in the next ten years and write it down.

If possible, they should get pictures of it.

I am sure you would laugh as I mention your circumstances in those days. You used to eat once a day and lived in a tiny room working two jobs.

It is the reason I do not understand the people of today who want things given to them on a silver platter. Just yesterday, two people just sent me an email to buy them houses. Just like that. Very depressing the sense of entitlement of people nowadays.

You were not like that, you fought for what you thought you deserved and got it.

Aside the clarity of your vision, you also had timelines and what was required of you. Funny enough even though you had a ten year period, you achieved the vision in 6 years. Congratulations.

I will not digress, your timelines were broken down into what must be done by which year, which month and sometimes which day.

These deadlines I am sure are the things that kept you drive and passion up. Had it not been for these, you would have slept and just expected things to happen. As I write this letter to you, these same concept of deadlines helped me do in one day what I should have done several weeks ago. Immediately I saw the deadline, I got down to work and finished it.

Peace, not only were your deadlines and plans great, you worked hard and met several people who could help you achieve the vision.

It is true, the rejections were many but the few who accepted to help, made all the difference.

I have also been rejected several times because of my visions in life. Those hours are painful, and sometime the pictures of the future and the great things I have written in my journals keep me encouraged to keep on.

Vision is important for everyone. I pray you use every opportunity you get to tell people and show them how they can be like you.

I am proud of you and forever will.

Your early years mentor and confidante,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER SIX

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT MENTORS

Hello President Ronald,

I congratulate you on your ascension into the high office of President. It is indeed a great opportunity to serve your nation and I know you will do well.

Not many people get to be in such a high office in their lifetime. It is a great privilege and a responsibility which I can see you do not want to take lightly at all.

You asked me a simple question about what to do to succeed in that office.

Well, apart from the fundamental aspect of being spiritually sound like you mentioned, I will say that you need to find a mentor or mentors for that matter. That single step alone will transform your whole tenure as president.

You see, in the next few sentences I will outline how to go about choosing this mentor or mentors and the benefits that you will get as a result.

The very first mentor you will need is someone who has succeeded greatly as a president before, who can impart to you his or her wisdom.

The person must have brought great transformation and left lasting legacies you would also like to emulate.

Do not limit yourself to your own country in this search. Be thorough and find the right fit. I remember very well when I got an unusual position several years ago. I struggled in it so much till I found a mentor who just showed me three things to do.

These three things completely revolutionized everything for me. My success and legacies are still being heralded there till date. The secret was simple, I found a mentor with the relevant experience, know-how and similar legacy and he showed me the way.

Like me, a lot of people struggle when they should not. This is all because they

refuse to take this simple step.

I do not want to walk you through the frustrations I faced in the position given to me. It stressed me out, drained me physically, financially and emotionally and could have even led to my death had it not been for the wisdom I got from a mentor.

So you see mentors are a great advantage in life especially in your high office.

Mentors will benefit you greatly. They will give you practical and proven steps to take. These steps will bring so much results and legacies you will be amazed. I got three projects done because of the input of a mentor. His counsel was simple, practical and effective.

So much so that things just fell in place properly for me with little sweat.

Mentors will expose you to their network of resources. Sir, you would be surprised by the huge network mentors have across all industries and worldwide. Your submission to them will grant you easy access to all their resources.

The first time I sat in a private jet, it was because my mentor gave me access to it just by a phone call. The resources of mentors are enormous. These resources and network of people ensured their success in the first place.

These same network of people and resources will also be at your disposal if you can humble yourself and seek a mentor.

I remember a business venture I entered into some time ago based on the advice of my mentor.

He gave me all the strategies and the blue prints to use. Needless to say, I had a flawless victory and dominated in an area where there were other people in the business.

Mentors bring value, they will tell you their mistakes so that you can also avoid them.

I was in a negotiation for a business when my mentor warned me about it. I backed out and other investors went in. In the beginning, things looked good for them but after only two years, the business collapsed miserably. My mentor was

right.

Mentors can even tell you the characteristics of people who should be around you and can point out to you people who should not be around you.

Truth is they can see things you do not see based on their knowledge, experiences and foresight.

Sir, I will urge you to get a mentor or team of mentors. You will come back celebrating because their impact will be enormous.

Your Private Advisor,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER SEVEN

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT DEBT

Hi Shirley,

How are you doing today? I know you are blessed and doing well.

I have always known you to be a great wife and that is why I am always happy when you write to me.

If I get you correctly, you were forcing your husband to get a loan to buy you a car and he asked you to speak to me first.

It is good you spoke to me. It is also good you listened to your husband.

It is a rare quality in women nowadays to listen to their husbands but these affirms my belief that you are a virtuous woman.

What most women do not know is that when you respect the words of men, they do so much more for you.

With respect to the loan for the car. I would share two experiences with you and then leave you to decide what you would want to do.

In my youthful years, I got a job that gave me quite an income. The income looked like it could cushion me and support other things so I quickly went ahead and took a loan and bought myself a nice car.

The loan was for 3 years. When the interest and other things were added, I ended up paying far more than the value of the car. It was almost twice the price of the car. I could not be bothered. All I saw was myself driving the car.

When a person's desires are that fixed, it will take something stronger than advice to correct the lack of foresight of a young heart.

The next 3 years after the loan were a living hell. All of a sudden, I could not maneuver around my salary. The fuel bills and maintenance bills were things I

did not expect. In short I was so tight in my finances that I was always behind in some of my bills.

The worst happened when I lost the job that made things a little bearable in the second year of the loan repayment.

Your guess is as good as mine as to what happened next. It was heartbreaking and devastating but it was also a lesson well learned.

A lesson I pray no young person or family learns the hard way.

The truth of the matter is that the borrower is always a slave to the lender. And no one should consciously put him or herself in such a situation if they can help it.

Debt is a good servant but a bad master. And I know this by experience. Hardly does debt serve for long. After it serves you in getting what you want, it becomes your master. And it knows how to be master.

The stress and the pain and the duration of its rulership may frustrate you if you are not careful.

Taking loans or debts is easy, paying is the difficult part.

And if you did not know, let me tell you briefly that such repayments are able to distort your whole life and living.

Even those who borrow to invest in money making assets that make them money still suffer in repaying debts let alone those who take debts to buy liabilities like cars that take money from their pockets in the form of fuel, insurance and maintenance.

Sometimes I cast my mind back and ask:

What if I had saved those monthly payments? Within less than three years, I could have bought that car comfortably if I could delay my appetites. But such is the foolishness of a young heart. We want instant gratification.

That was my own example, my friend Julius was not as lucky as me and till date, he is still paying off loans and has not been able to invest in any meaningful thing for his life.

Julius took loans for his house, his car, student loans and what have you. The debt that burdens him today makes him a mockery to society although he is a fine gentlemen earning decent money.

His children have become laughing stocks because before his salary comes, two thirds have been deducted to pay loans.

Some of the loans he took are going to last for 30 years of his life. Can you imagine slaving for 30 years of your life?

Shirley, you are industrious, so is your husband. Give yourself a year, save towards the car and get an affordable car that can help you get things done.

It will be a wise decision and the calamity of others will let you know you chose well.

You are blessed. Have a great day and choose well.

Your family friend,

Jay Rush

CHAPTER EIGHT

WHAT I WISH I KNEW ABOUT HAPPINESS

Hi Emmanuel,

I am so happy today. Congratulations on your marriage.

You have done well. The ceremony was brief, simple and elegant.

Now that you are married, I will like to talk to you about happiness. The reason is simple. There are too many people who say they are depressed in life.

They have thus resigned themselves to that fate and expect things to turn around on their own. Some even resort to medication to solve the problem of a lack of happiness or depression.

This sad turn of events is evident in many lives. I do not want it in yours and have thus given myself the responsibility of making sure with these words of wisdom.

Happiness is a great thing. It is a feeling beyond description that makes one feel good about himself or a situation.

Normally, we say we are happy because things are going well. When things are at a standstill or not moving forward at all, we then say we are not happy.

In my short life I have studied how to be happy. This is because happiness as I have found out is a state of mind that affects the emotions.

Many people are unhappy because they are focusing on the wrong things.

Truth be told, what most of us think will make us happy does not actually make us happy. When I got my third car, I thought that will complete my happiness. It didn't.

That is when I realized that to be happy I must choose what to focus on. The permanent goodness I can see in my life instead of the temporary circumstances that come and go.

Take a lady who is sad because she is not married. She is sad because she is focusing on marriage. If this same lady focuses on the truth that she is alive every day that is sure to make her happy.

In the end she chooses her happiness by choosing what to focus on.

The truth though is that some things cry for attention more than others.

You see, what we give attention to controls our lives.

But the decision to give attention to one thing or the other lies with us. It is imperative therefore that we exercise that choice.

I will never forget a time I went into severe depression. I had made a terrible mistake. Not only had I made that mistake, people made things more miserable for me because of the mistake.

At night I could not sleep as the consequences of my mistake kept flashing out to me. I was so unhappy and depressed until a light switch clicked in my head.

The mistake has already been made. Find something and concentrate on.

That is exactly what I did and found some joy and happiness in my new project.

Eventually the consequences of my mistake came up but I was a happy man enjoying myself.

I chose to focus on what will make me happy while I prepared for the consequences of my mistake.

Emmanuel, it is a little key but it does great things.

Do not give your mind to temporary circumstances that can take away your happiness and joy.

Rather sit and make a list of things you can focus on to make you happy when such times come.

Choose what you focus on or think about. These are the things that will make you happy.

This simple key has cost people their lives because depression killed them when

they had so many good things they could focus on.

A word to the wise they say is in enough.

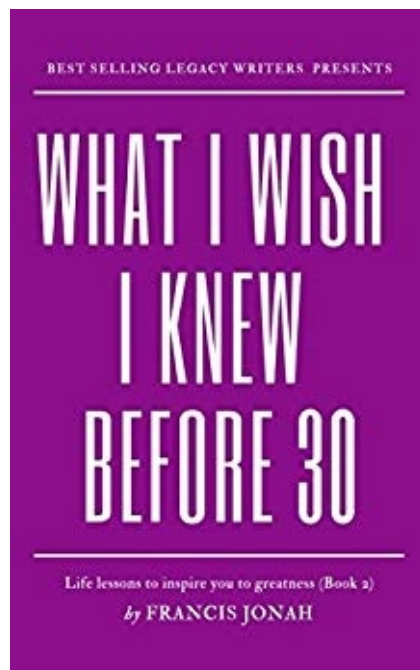
Enjoy the rest of your day.

Your friend in Happiness,

Jay Rush

This continues in book two, do well to get it [here](#):

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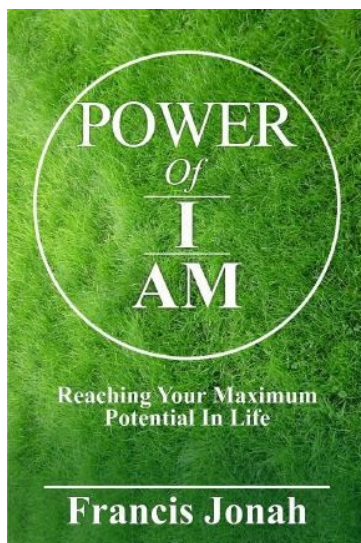
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