

Mind to Mind
Conversation



*...change your mind,
change your life...*

Denis Hachey

Mind to Mind Conversation

by

Denis Hachey

Do you ever feel like you could do more with your life, but
you don't know where to start?

Do great ideas keep going through your mind, barely
changing from year to year?

Do you need the tools to get you going in the right direction?

This book has one purpose:

*To help you make your dream come true, no matter how big
that dream might be.*

To change your life you need the desire to change and the
commitment to make that change possible through action.

Mind to Mind Conversation will help start you on the path
to a new life.

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DEDICATION

*In Memory of Harry Suttis
who told me...*

“Just go for it.
If you fail, you’ll learn from the university of hard knocks.”

There are only two ways to live your life.
One is as though nothing is a miracle.
The other is as though everything is a miracle.
—*Albert Einstein*

Let go of the past and go for the future.
Go confidently in the direction of your dreams.
Live the life you've imagined.
—*Henry David Thoreau*

Do you ever feel like you could do more with your life, but you don't know where to start?

Do great ideas keep going through your mind, barely changing from year to year?

For over twenty years I listened to audio recordings and read books written by successful minds. As a result, this book contains the tools you will need to get you going in the right direction.

This book has one purpose:

To help you make your dream come true, no matter how big that dream might be.

To change your life:

- 1) You need the desire to change
- 2) You should read this book
- 3) You must commit to taking action on your decisions after you've read the book

Good luck with your new life!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Prologue: The Day Everything Changed	1
Chapter 1: A Time to Share	7
Chapter 2: Once Upon A Time	
Chapter 3: Deciding to Surrender to the Subconscious	
Chapter 4: Identifying Failure	
Chapter 5: Visualizing	
Chapter 6: Deciding to Change	
Chapter 7: Sacrifice	
Chapter 8: Unwilling to See	
Chapter 9: Building a Foundation	
Chapter 10: Remembering How to Dream	
Chapter 11: Discovering What You Want	
Chapter 12: Defining Success	
Chapter 13: Starting A Foundation	
Chapter 14: Wisdom of the Ages	
Chapter 15: The Power of Dreaming	
Chapter 16: What Matters Most	
Chapter 17: Money	
Chapter 18: The Power of Knowledge	
Chapter 19: Planning Ahead	
Chapter 20: Learning	
Chapter 21: The Basics of Goal Setting	

Chapter 22: Stepping Out

Chapter 23: Looking Back

Chapter 24: Full Circle

Where Do I Go From Here?

Recommended Reading

About the Author

Acknowledgements

Prologue: The Day Everything Changed

When I was thirty-one, I got in a fight. A really bad one. Usually I was pretty capable when it came to using my fists, but this time the odds were stacked against me. I owed money to a guy to whom I never should have even spoken, let alone borrowed money. And it was far more money than I could ever pay back. I'd been warned, but at the time I figured I had few options. By that point, my drinking had gotten way out of hand. I would have given just about anything for a drink, including my life. And that just about happened.

I was down on the wharf when they came to collect. Half a dozen of them versus a pretty weak version of me. They didn't even stop to tell me what was going on, but they didn't have to. I knew. I'd seen them around, and I'd heard what they did to people who owed money. I had little choice but to stand up to them. I did my best not let them see that I was shaking inside.

The first punch to my gut hit hard, seeming to shove all my organs into my chest. I curled in reaction and felt a sharp crack as someone hit the back of my head, but I managed to reach out and tug the nearest knee, yanking the guy to the ground.

He looked surprised, then furious when I dropped on to him. I got in a couple of punches before his buddies hauled me off, then someone slammed a fist across my face and I tasted blood, hot and metallic. My legs wobbled, and I turned, still punching, knowing now I was battling for my life.

I don't know how long I could have lasted out there. Probably not too long. But I'll never know, because in that moment I felt the most exquisite sort of pain shove through my back. Whoever had stabbed me got a hold of my shoulders, wheeled me around, and shoved me off the wharf. The ice cold Atlantic swallowed me up, blood, bruises, and all.

I later learned that a perfect stranger had happened to pass by soon afterwards, and he spotted me lying face down in the water. He called the right people, and I was rushed by helicopter to the hospital. There I was given shock treatments three times to get my heart going again. Ironically, I became somewhat of a celebrity through the whole ordeal. Newspaper headlines shouted how lucky I'd been, surviving the whole thing and coming back from the dead.

All the fuss didn't do much for me, though. I stayed in the hospital for a long, miserable ten weeks, recovering from the trauma. I was in a lot of pain from the beating, but also from the stabbing, and the doctors helped me get through it with morphine. Those days are somewhat hazy in my mind now, but I do remember my mother coming to visit me every day. She'd sit in a chair across from me, shaking her head. I knew she was disappointed in me for always getting in trouble, and I did feel bad. After all, she had done what she could to raise me right. Now she had to sit in a hospital room with me when she should have been out working.

"What do you expect?" she'd ask, looking sad. "Your father was the same, though. It's just the way you are. Never catch

a break. We're just not the kind of people good things happen to, are we, Dave?"

After about a week I could eat through my mouth again, so they finally took the intravenous out. Three weeks later I started to walk on my own, though it was sometimes a challenge, staying upright when I felt so dizzy. Mostly what I wanted was to go back to bed. What was the point in getting well? I was just going to go back out to the street and get hurt again.

Different sounds fill hospital corridors: the ding of an elevator when it arrives at a floor, people's hushed voices and occasional sobs, rubber-soled footsteps slapping outside the door. But when I was alone and out of reach of those noises, I heard something else.

The first few times the faint voice popped into my head, whispering something unclear, I glanced to my left and right, trying to figure out where it was coming from. No one was there. A couple of times it happened when my roommate was lying in his bed beside me, and when I asked if he'd heard or said something he frowned suspiciously at me, obviously wondering if my mind had been affected by my numbing Atlantic experience. I only asked him a few times, then I stopped, embarrassed. But the voice continued.

When I eventually checked out of the hospital, I stayed at my mother's place for a few months since I was too weak to manage on my own. Strangely, when I was living there the voice seemed to get stronger. It grew louder every day, and its words became clearer. One day I caught myself answering the voice.

Just like everyone else in the world, I've talked to myself before. Those were always one-sided conversations that never amounted to much except that I got to express myself to

someone I knew was listening: me. The crazy thing was that now, when I spoke to myself, I got answers. The voice in my head apparently heard my questions and responded—and it didn't say what I wanted to hear. For example, if I told myself I was stupid, it asked, "Compared to what?" If I complained, muttering that I didn't feel well, it wanted to know, "Compared to what?"

The strange conversations continued for a while, but I never told anyone about them. One day I figured I might as well ask what was going on. After all, the voice responded to my regular questions, why not answer more serious ones?

So I asked, "Who are you?"

The voice didn't even hesitate. "I'm your subconscious."

I thought about that, but it still made no sense to me. "What's a subconscious?" I asked.

"I'm the part of your brain that controls every function in your body. I never go to sleep. My memory includes everything you have said, done, thought, or seen since your birth."

I paused, completely confused. "So what's going on right now?"

"At this time," said my subconscious, sounding calm and in control, "my priority is to heal our injuries. You know, if you would get a little more sleep that might help the process move along a little faster."

I snorted. "What's the point? Maybe I don't want to heal. My life is hopeless. Why didn't I just die after I was tossed in the ocean? At least then I'd be put out of my misery."

The voice was neither angry nor sympathetic. "My function is to look after our wellbeing. Your conscious mind may not want to heal, but I will always do the best for you despite your wishes. That's the way I was designed by the Creator: to keep

you at your best possible level based on what I have to work with.”

“My conscious mind?”

“Your conscious mind is you, your thoughts right now. Your conscious mind is what’s talking to me, your subconscious. In fact, you have talked to me all your life, except until recently I couldn’t answer. I did try to give you signs along the way, but you just never saw them.”

This was, by far, the strangest conversation I’d ever had. I was talking to myself—but for the first time, myself was talking back. And what made it even worse was that this voice, this subconscious, seemed a little too smart for its own good.

Chapter 3: Deciding to Surrender to the Subconscious

Self-trust is the first secret of success.

—*Emerson*

The voice of my subconscious grew stronger over time, refusing to leave me alone. It didn't stop at answering questions anymore—sometimes it actually told me what to do, like saying I needed to pay closer attention to what I was looking at. It said I was missing the important things in life.

The life I'd been leading, it said, was a recipe for disaster. It said that everything I did was my own choice, that my future was formed by the thoughts I told myself and the decisions I made. For example, when I told myself I wasn't ever going to amount to anything, well, that's what would happen.

I didn't want to listen to this kind of talk. Life was what it was, I figured. I hadn't been born lucky, and I wouldn't be able to change a thing about it just by thinking differently. But my subconscious disagreed. It insisted that my subconscious mind was more powerful than I thought. It decided to show me a physical example of what it was talking about, and I was pleased to see it chose to do so while I was playing cards.

When my subconscious was part of the game, it remembered every play. I started to win some pretty good money based on what it was telling me. But after few weeks, it stopped helping me. I demanded to know why.

“Because winning at cards, making money like this—it’s not the way to happiness.”

“I don’t know about that,” I said, fuming. “I was feeling pretty happy. So why did you even bother to help me at all?”

“Because I wanted you to be aware of how powerful the subconscious can be.”

I was not impressed, but its plan did work. By showing me the difference it made when I did or didn’t use my subconscious, I saw that my mind had hidden strengths.

Some days, as I walked the city streets, my subconscious made me study the nice homes in the neighborhood. “This could be yours,” it told me.

Just the thought made me laugh. “Never. I’m not that lucky.”

“If you say so.”

“You have to be born rich to live in a place like that.”

“If you say so.”

It started to repeat that phrase a lot, and it drove me crazy. But my subconscious seemed to be having a good time.

“What are you always so happy?” I asked.

“I’m having a great time,” it replied. “You see, before your accident, all you ever did was say negative things about yourself and be self-destructive. I wanted to answer, but there was no way for you to hear what I was saying. Everything has changed now that you can hear me.”

I was curious. “Are you ever negative? Because I never hear you get angry or frustrated.”

“Think of me as you would think of nature. Nature always wants to be in a positive state. Negativity isn’t part of that. See there?”

I looked where he was indicating. “Yeah, so?”

“That tree is growing out of a rock. It hardly has any soil beneath it. But it survives because it wants to grow, to be positive. On the other hand, if it was in your frame of mind and knew it didn’t have any soil, it might just quit growing.”

I studied the tree, really seeing it there for the first time. It really was amazing, seeing how it had clung to life despite the lack of soil. I started to think about the idea of positive thinking, and wondered if the concept could help me.

“Of course,” said my subconscious. “David, I’m like a master gardener, and you are the gardener. I can do almost anything you can imagine. People who have used their subconscious to the fullest have done what other people said was impossible. They sent people to the moon. They have led nations. All I really need is for you to believe in me and use me properly. David, the way you’ve been using me until now is like a gardener not taking care of his garden. Your plants are scattered all over the place, the weeds have taken over, and nothing is going to grow.”

The image of my life as a neglected garden was so clear in my mind, I couldn’t help but identify with it. I suddenly wanted it all to change. I wanted my garden to grow rich with green.

“What am I supposed to do?”

“Surrender to my advice. Follow what I have to teach you.”

“And what is that?”

“I have unlimited potential,” it said patiently. “I can help you gain more power than you could ever imagine. I know

it's difficult to believe something like that, since I'm invisible. But think about this. When you look at successful people, then compare them to those who haven't achieved success, you can't see a physical difference—other than the material goods which might surround them. The difference is invisible, just like I am invisible. It seems strange right now, but it will all make sense if you allow yourself to accept it. If you direct your subconscious in the right direction, you can accomplish great results. Then again, if you direct your subconscious in the wrong direction, it can destroy you.”

I could almost see it. But I was still so confused. “Who are you really? What is your purpose?”

“I worked with the Creator to help you grow from your one original cell and become what you are now. When the stove gets hot, I'm the one that takes your hand off the burner. If something is about to fly in your eye, I close that eye. I regulate your temperature, make sure your heart rate is appropriate, keep you breathing, and help in many other ways. I come up with brilliant answers if you ask the right questions. Actually, you're lucky to have found me. Many people go through their entire life without discovering the vast potential they have inside them.”

The concept was mind-boggling. To have an invisible entity of some kind performing all these functions, keeping me safe and healthy, seemed unreal. And yet it had to be real, since I could hear it talking.

“What do you need from me?” I asked.

“I work best when you use your imagination. I will use all my abilities to help accomplish your goals, whether they are for good or bad. Just think: if no one used their imaginations, where would we be today? Throughout history people have imagined incredible things and were ridiculed by others, but

many years later we realize how incredible the discovery it was. The automobile, flying to the moon, the radio wave, the light bulb, these are all inventions someone imagined. The idea started with a seed planted in the subconscious, where it grew and gained a life of its own.

“Look at Einstein, for example. He used his imagination so well that it took fifty years for the rest of the world to invent the proper equipment so that we could measure and agree with some of his discoveries. Even then, there is still more to be discovered. Einstein said he owed the majority of his findings to his imagination, and scientists are still trying to discover what was so different about his brain that allowed him to think the way he did. Since imagination cannot be measured with proven data, and since it is invisible, they will probably never find the answer.”

It seems strange to say this, but after a few weeks I started really getting along with my subconscious. Our relationship was similar to how a dog always wants to serve its owner, with my subconscious helping me even when I didn't always pay attention to it. Even so, it took me a while to get used to having my subconscious as such an outspoken part of my life.