

## Chapter 1 – Bob’s First Piece of Advice

I first met Bob Proctor at a RE/MAX International Convention in 1994. At the time, I was working at the Denver-based headquarters in the “writers’ quad” on any variety of writing and marketing projects.

Most of us attended the giant convention to work behind the scenes and ... somehow ... I was tapped to be Bob’s assigned “go-to” person. He was our keynote speaker, and it was my job to walk him to his subsequent workshop that afternoon.

I met Bob on stage prior to his keynote. He was both gracious and all-business - wireframe spectacles perched on his nose, impeccable gray pinstripe, and eyes that took studied and instant measure.

I sat in the first row, riveted, as he walked through a 90-minute mind-blowing presentation.

Months earlier, I’d sensed that tug of restlessness in my life, particularly regarding my career. I loved working at RE/MAX, loved working with the regional directors and officers, and enjoyed writing directly for its founder, Dave Liniger. More than a few times, I would sit across from Liniger behind his acre of a cherry wood desk and listen to his directives as he spooled on another creative innovation or turn. I knew I was one of just a few lucky people to witness this guy’s mind at full creative tilt, and I treasured those moments.

I liked the safety net of it all, too – it was, after all, the corporate bubble dream I had landed at the age of 24. But now, as my 30<sup>th</sup> birthday loomed ’round the corner, that restlessness was there. Only recently I had picked up Anthony Robbins’ book, *Awaken the Giant Within* and, having gobbled its precepts quickly, moved to a book suggested by one of my buddies, a regional director with RE/MAX. By odd coincidence, I’d brought it with me to the convention for bedtime reading. I was stunned to see Bob hold up the same book in that presentation, noting that it was a book he had been reading daily since the 1960s – Napoleon Hill’s *Think & Grow Rich*.

The keynote presentation sped by. Feeling somewhat tottery from the blast of information I’d just received, I gathered up my person, and Bob and I began our walk to his next classroom.

We were in a long, sunny corridor, people bustling all around us, some stopping to shake Bob’s hand and exclaim over his keynote lessons. As Bob and I walked, we chatted politely about this or that until I gathered up my courage and asked my first real question.

Little did I know in that moment that it would be the first of hundreds – probably thousands – of questions I would be asking Bob Proctor in the years to come.

"So, I've been thinking of branching out on my own, maybe freelancing," I said rather feebly.  
"But, then, it seems absolutely ridiculous ... so I haven't ... yet ...

I trailed off, feeling a bit embarrassed that I'd even brought it up. This guy works with giants of industry all over the world, and here I am, all 5-foot-3-inches of me in my little yellow business suit, wondering if he might have an opinion on my little life.

"What sort of freelancing do you think you'd want to do?" he asked.

"I'm thinking I could be a freelance writer for people. You know – marketing pieces, ads, articles, that sort of thing."

Bob stopped walking. He stepped back a few steps and looked at me, taking full measure. He smiled his first real smile and said, "There's so much right brain in you, Diane, there's hardly any left."

A pause as he considered his assessment. Then, "How long have you been writing?"

"Since I was eight."

"Judging from the looks of you, I'd say you were writing when you were just a baby. You just couldn't get your parents to put a pen in your hand. It's what you're meant to do. I think you should do it." With a quick nod, he turned forward, his brisk walk reinstated.

"I think you might just be brave enough, too," he said, a sideways smile that seemed a little sly.

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At the end of his workshop, Bob worked his way over to me, asking a one-word question.  
"Well?"

"I think I'll name my company WriteBrain," I said.