

Is Mutual Support Marketing Difficult?

Difficult! Difficult! Is M.S.M! Difficult! I'll tell you what's difficult! It's difficult when you must produce a report on Saturday afternoon and you can't attend your son's football game.

It's difficult when the pager buzzes on Sunday afternoon and you can't see your daughters face as she opens her birthday presents.

It's difficult knowing that rust bucket you call a car is eating you alive in maintenance but you can't afford a new one. It's difficult to go to your annual performance review and though you've "busted a gut" for another year, come away empty - handed.

It's difficult knowing you shop first looking at the price rather than whether the garment looks good on you. It's difficult knowing the house you're in could have been better but the price went up and your budget could only provide bare bones.

It's difficult knowing that you've married a wonderful woman, promised her the world, and for the next thirty years look at balancing the budget and figuring out what sacrifices must be made. It's difficult constantly reciting "if we get this we can't have that".

It's difficult always lowering your dreams to meet your means. It's difficult knowing you've spent 40 years of your life working for someone only to realise that you'll be retiring on 1/3rd of what you can't live on today. It's difficult when your daughter moves out of the state and you can't visit her because travelling costs are too much.

It's difficult knowing the fish are biting this week and you can't drop what you're doing to take your dad fishing. It's difficult watching the sparkle in your wife's eye fade because both of you realise the house you've been wanting is just a dream because someone else is controlling your finances.

It's difficult waking up one morning and realising your kids, the most precious things imaginable, no longer need bottles, or nappies, don't have tea parties, or eat things found under the sofa, no longer are shorter than the baseball bat they're trying to swing but are grown and starting their own families and you missed all of that because you agreed to being locked in an office for twenty years by a boss who actually watched his children grow up.

It's difficult dropping your one year -old at the day-care because you have to be at work by 9am to stand at the photo copier or handle the irate phone call and realise someone else will be watching your daughter take her first step or have your son say "dada" to the play ground teacher.

It's difficult knowing you've diligently worked long hours for 39 years only to be given unplanned early retirement.

Go ahead. Look me right in the eye and ask me again. I'll tell you what's difficult. It's real difficult realising when it's too late that the time frittered away can never be retrieved. It slips through our fingers one second at a time.

What are you doing with it? We have nasty habits about rationalising, procrastinating, and skirting the important things rather than facing the issues. Too often we allow others who do not pay our bills, who do not share our dreams to direct our future.

We have absolutely no freedom as a child. We rebel in our teen years and scream for freedom. We die for the right to be free. We fight vicious wars to have the seemingly innocent ability to choose. We reach adult hood and we relinquish freedom because we think it's too difficult.

We don't want to take the responsibility. We don't want to make the wrong decision so we obligingly give that awesome power to someone else. We feel it will take too much time.

Then, we have the audacity to complain when the decisions made were not what we wanted. We wake up too late. Phrases like "I wishidaonly....." "If only I'da..." "If I could only have that time Back....."

I believe the majority of people want to sing but die with the music still inside. Face the music and shoulder some of the responsibility. You can't have that time back. You have chosen your direction. If you have not spent that time wisely, too bad. You have no one to blame but yourself. You had the chance, Perhaps the opportunity was presented many times and each time you evaluated the trivial to a higher priority than yourself.

Is network marketing really difficult? Is it so traumatic to show someone an exiting product or idea? Is it so difficult to understand that if you work this marketing idea for a couple of years you might not have to confront some of the nasty options?

Would you work hard for a year or two so you could put your family in a home of their dreams? Would you work real hard for a year or two so you could send your children to college chosen by excellence rather than price.

Would you turn off the idiot box, the soaps the talk shows, sporting events, or even the X-Files for a year or two so you could take dream vacations several times a year? Would you apply yourself for a year or two so you could have the freedom of being able to roll over, yank the covers over your head and wake up at the crack of noon because you wanted to? Would you work hard for a couple of years to mould a life style of choosing so your family could live a life of there dreams rather than trying to live how someone else thinks you should live?

We really think we're important in our jobs. The company we work for cannot get along without us. We are the cog that keeps things moving. Everything would grind to a halt without our presence. Think again. Corporations are not structured like that. A corporation does not rely on people to remain viable. Sobering, isn't it?

Have I been guilty? Darned right. But, I admit it rather than sweeping it under the rug and fabricating gross generalisations. Do I regret it? Sure I do. I'd love to have one more tea party with my daughter. Try as hard as I can, I know that it will never happen. That time is gone forever. I sincerely hope the people who urgently needed the report that took me away from many of Malissa's tea parties, , are happy. I know they aren't because the company went out of business and Malissa is now a gorgeous young woman.

I know they aren't because they don't work for the company any more and haven't for years. So what was the use? What about all the times during the autumn when the trees were blazing with fiery colours and I couldn't take my wife shopping because one instruction in a million lines of code wasn't operating properly and I had to find it immediately, if not sooner? Can you identify with the words "next time?" How many "next times" will you have?

Are you guaranteed twenty or thirty more years? Show me proof. Sometimes it's those little things that get the point across. Just like an almost microscopic splinter under your nail, they loom monstrous for those who have been there and done that. It is simply that all too often we willingly grant others a strangle hold on our existence and only when it is too late do we jump up, if we're able, to raise a feeble objection.

What will it take to get you off the tread mill? Will it be knowing that people are physically deteriorating when you have a product that might help but are afraid of someone thinking you're taking advantage of that person and just after the money? Gosh, I hope not. Will it be knowing that people are agonising through bankruptcy, realising they only needed a couple of hundred more dollars per month, not \$50.000 per month, but you procrastinated once again. I hope not.

Realise the awesome power you have in your hands with Mutual Support Marketing. The business you have chosen has the ability to change lives. Sorry, IT cannot do anything. You are the one with the life changing capability. What's your problem? What are you waiting for? What will it take? You will pay the price for your actions. Which one do you choose to pay?

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