

Chapter 1: The Power of Energy

Have you ever noticed that when your energy changes, it can affect everything you do, including the ability to make money? You probably thought these were random fluctuations and were never able to connect them in a way that made sense. You can now. This book will explain how your own energy either makes you rich or keeps you poor.

I discovered these connections by working as a lawyer and as a real estate developer in New York City. My first big example of this happened when I was a twenty-five-year-old lawyer in a will contest. My client, Ruth, was a beneficiary under a will for which the estate was worth several million dollars. She was a good friend of the decedent, Sally, a rich and eccentric old Swedish woman who lived in an East Side Manhattan townhouse. Ned was the trustee under the will; he was also a beneficiary and a high-powered establishment type. It soon became clear that Ned was trying to steal the entire estate for himself. Under the cloak of white glove civility, he had no intention of letting the other beneficiaries, including my client, have a thing. What is the cloak of white glove civility? It is a front based on the illusion of power designed to control others.

The problem that Ned and my client had was that the original will, which gave Ned so much control over the estate, was superseded by a later will that left *everything* to Sally's maid, who had worked for Sally only for the last three months of her life. It was, overall, a very suspicious situation with enough intrigue for a Stephen King novel.

A will contest ensued in Manhattan surrogate's court, the court responsible for administration of wills and estates. Ned's high-powered lawyers were politically well connected. They attempted a two-pronged attack. First, they wanted to knock out the maid's will by claiming that it was based on incompetence or undue influence. Second, when that will was eliminated, they planned to destroy my client's claim, based on a trumped-up technicality.

The will contest then went into high gear. Over the next six months, during numerous conferences and depositions, I picked up various signals about the participants and the court itself. Ned's lawyer, who was about twice my age, treated me as though I were a piece of garbage that had attached itself to his shoe. He took every opportunity to belittle both my client's claim and myself. The maid's lawyer was condescending too; he was also well known in surrogate's court. Further, the attorney for New York State's interest in the estate was an elder statesman type who ultimately turned on me. Additionally, the surrogate court and its staff were demeaning to me; I attributed this treatment to my novice status.

The court was a club that wouldn't let me in. An interesting thing happened whenever I appeared at a conference in surrogate's court. The surrogate would invite the other three participating attorneys into her chambers and would literally shut the door in my face. In my mind, they appeared as greedy coconspirators carving up a pie to exclude me. From an energy standpoint, their energy would be rated as extremely negative.

Although the surrogate could bar me from her chambers, Ned's lawyer had to make an actual motion to dismiss my client's claim. I sensed that he was going to do it soon, and sure enough, he did. At the same time, he threw some money at the maid in an effort to persuade her to release her claim to the whole estate.

Ned's attorney invited me to his plush Park Avenue office for that motion before the hearing date. The attorney representing New York State's interest in the estate was also present. I had sometimes thought the state's attorney admired my spunk, but he ultimately sided with Ned's attorney to knock out my client's claim. By the way, this well-respected state's attorney was forced to resign his official position several years later during an embezzlement scandal.

Ned's lawyer sat behind his gigantic desk in the comfort of his white glove law firm and offered me a paltry sum for my client to withdraw her claim. The state's attorney also urged me to accept the money. He insisted that my client had no real claim to any part of the estate. Of note, while Ned's attorney was sitting behind his desk making his insulting offer, he deliberately picked his nose while

looking at me—a sign of utter disrespect. I rejected his not-so-kind offer even though my client’s case was not that strong.

Now, I need to tell you that a few years earlier, I had begun to practice meditation. I would sit upright with my palms facing up and would either make my mind go blank or visualize what I wanted to happen. I would perform this exercise, which involved sitting completely motionless, for fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening. I assure you, even though I was only twenty-five, there was a lot that I wanted to happen!

The hearing date arrived, and I went to surrogate’s court, which is in an imposing old building filled with wood-paneled rooms. A typical court’s calendar is jammed with many cases, and that day was no exception. The oral argument for my motion would not take place for about two hours, so I needed something to do. I decided to sit in the courtroom, get into my upright position, and just meditate.

As I mentioned, the three opposing attorneys were about twice my age. They were all high-priced, experienced, and well-respected people who thought of themselves as powerful and were used to pushing others around.

During my wait, I sat by myself in a corner of the courtroom and never moved a muscle. I did not even go to the bathroom. Although this incident happened awhile ago, I will *never* forget it. I noticed that the three opposing attorneys were unable or not inclined to sit still. Ned’s lawyer, in particular, was pacing nervously in the courtroom. They seemed very anxious for the case to be called and for the nasty business of eliminating my client to be over. Meanwhile, I continued to sit there, literally doing nothing.

At one point, my eyes locked with those of Ned’s attorney as he paced nervously. I returned the kind gesture he had made to me in his office and stuck my right index finger in my nose and pointed it directly at him. It was the only movement I made during the entire two-hour wait. When the case was finally called for oral argument, Ned’s attorney was required to present his case first, as he was the moving party in this motion. It was a fairly complicated case, and when he got up to speak, he started speaking incoherently and confused even the simplest facts. His complete disorientation was obvious to everyone. This appalling display from one of New York’s most powerful litigators was mind-boggling. He had been a skilled and eloquent speaker on every prior occasion. There was something seriously wrong—but what was it?

The other attorneys and the judge started looking at one another, struggling for an explanation. This motion was supposed to be a routine way for the other parties and the judge to be rid of my client and to divide up the spoils greedily. Nobody had anticipated this development. After about three or four minutes of this embarrassing presentation, the judge interrupted Ned’s attorney by saying, “All counsel approach the bench.” Puzzled and not knowing what to expect, I approached the bench along with the three other attorneys. The judge had barely acknowledged my existence before, but now she turned to me and asked, “How much money do you want?”

I was completely nonplussed, but I quickly recovered and made a fair, six-figure demand. She accepted it on the spot and ordered a settlement based on that amount. That was the end of that case. The other attorneys were completely stunned and not exactly happy. While I was on my way back to my seat, the judge’s clerk rushed over to me and called me a genius. Even the other attorneys, except for Ned’s, came over to congratulate me. They were in a state of disbelief. But was I a genius? No. I didn’t do a thing. I just sat there and never even said a word. Was I even a great lawyer? I was young, and I doubt it. Did I inadvertently tap into the energy that allowed a novice such as myself to bring down one of the most powerful attorneys in New York City? Absolutely! I’m sure you have experienced something like this before—a time when something great happened to you against all odds or prevailing logic, and you had no explanation for it.

As I did, I’m sure you wondered, “What is going on here? Can I ever reproduce these results? Is this just magic, or are there rules that apply?” I set out on a journey to discover the answer to this. I didn’t know it then, but I know now that by not reacting and by remaining calm, I allowed the full power of that lawyer’s predatory energy to boomerang right back at him, rendering him incoherent. This instant karma effect is fully described in chapter 9. In that energy void, I had also converted my opponents’ negative energy into a financial bonanza for myself. Due to the intensity of the negative energy directed at me, my

client's not-so-great claim had prevailed. It didn't matter that I had never attended Harvard Law School; it didn't matter that I was inexperienced and less than half their age. The process of converting other people's negative energy into your financial gain is discussed at length in chapter 8. This case was a huge epiphany for me because I saw and felt firsthand that so-called powerful people could be brought to their knees by their own negative energy. My whole idea of what it means to be powerful in our society was forever changed. I found that real power to create financial change is not about background, the right schools, the right connections, or entrenched self-interest. It's not even about intelligence in the traditional sense. Power in every money-making situation is available to *anyone* who connects to the right energy and uses that energy responsibly. Learning how to recognize and access that energy is what this book is all about.

Since that incident, I further refined the energy concepts that apply to making money. I concluded that life is really about energy management. I discovered that there are definite laws of energy that apply to making and spending money wisely. If you apply those laws of energy with sincerity, miraculous results can become a more frequent part of your daily life, as they have for me. Also, understanding my own and others' energy had the capacity to give me control over my time, create the financial world I wanted, and change my whole life for the better. In this day and age of speed in everything, control over the moments of your life is the ultimate luxury. This book can help you achieve that too.

If you have guessed that I no longer practice law, you are correct. Why am I writing this book now? As I look around at friends and loved ones and at the times we are living in, I see increasing pressure on people to behave in a conditioned and often self-destructive way. This behavior is frequently part of the way many people go about making money, and the level of self-absorption in our society has reached epidemic proportions. People often have no idea how their actions and energy affect the people around them, and they seldom care.

Monergy is about creating more than enough money for your needs and wants. You can reach that goal if you apply this book's principles. This book will show you how to develop your own prosperity consciousness while you tap into the energy to get what you really want in life. You will learn how to recognize and then transform other people's negative energy into a financial windfall for yourself. But the book goes beyond that. You will appreciate how everything we say and do creates energy. You will begin to see how all energy in your personal and business lives is related, and you will respect this knowledge because it can spare you from many of life's misfortunes. *Monergy* shows you how to create wealth while you benefit all those you meet, and to sustain the wealth once it is created. And most of all, *Monergy* is about savoring the wealth you create.

A unique treasure exists in each of us. Understanding energy provides access to that pot of gold, and *Monergy* can take you there. Can you imagine a world in which each of us pursues our own internal gifts? That world can be created one person at a time. It all starts with you. In fact, the difference that *you* can make in any situation is amazing.