

For a brief moment I was happy to have had the privilege of going through those long months of torment, because the experience provided an opportunity for me to test the soundness of the principles of achievement which I had so laboriously wrested from my research.

When this thought came to me, I stopped still, drew my feet closely together, saluted (I did not know what or whom), and stood rigidly at attention for several minutes. This seemed, at first, like a foolish thing to do, but while I was standing there another thought came through in the form of an "order" that was as brief and snappy as any ever given by a military commander to a subordinate.

The order said, "Tomorrow get into your automobile and drive to Philadelphia, where you will receive aid in publishing your philosophy of achievement."

There was no further explanation and no modification of the order. As soon as I received it, I walked back to the house, went to bed, and slept with peace of mind such as I had not known for over a year.

When I awoke the following morning, I got out of bed and immediately began to pack my clothes and make ready for the trip to Philadelphia. My reason told me that I was embarking upon a fool's mission. Who did I know in Philadelphia to whom I might apply for financial aid in publishing eight volumes of books at a cost of \$25,000? I asked myself.

Instantly the answer to that question flashed into my mind, as plainly as if it had been uttered in audible words: "You are following orders now, instead of asking questions. Your 'other self' will be in charge during this trip."

There was another condition which seemed to make my preparation to go to Philadelphia absurd. I had no money!