



## Amazing Stories

If you haven't joined [Tobri](#) yet, I hope you will. It's a wonderful family of amazing people.

Everybody on [Tobri](#) has a story and I was wondering if you would be willing to tell me something about yours.

I'd like to share a few interesting stories about our members with the [Tobri](#) family and I know you have a few to tell.

I'd love to know anything about you and if you don't mind me sharing it with the group I'd like to be able to do that too.

Even if you don't, stay tuned, because I know I'm going to come up with some interesting stories somewhere!

If you want to meet a couple of our members right now, you can say "Hi" on [Tobri!](#)

You can also check out some pretty impressive members on our [Tobri blog](#).

Also check out our current [Tobri Top 100 List!](#)

Lots more stories to tell and yours should be one of them!

All the best,

Ken

Ken McArthur

[Tobri.com](#)

[KenMcArthur.com](#)

[jvAlertLive.com](#)

And more, more, more.

P.S. Here are some stories to get you started ...



[Richard Rossbauer](#)

6:29 AM 12/21/2010

Ken, I feel that I was fortunate to be born and raised during the Great Depression. That may not make much sense to many younger folk, but here's why I say this - we didn't have much - but we made do with what we had. Many parents were out of work - mine included. Small business owners lost their businesses and for a half dozen years between the 1929 crash and the beginning of industrial preparations for World War II, our family had no steady income.

As kids, we didn't know just how difficult this was for our parents - we had food, Mother made most of our clothes, we had two Grandfathers living with us, one was a German immigrant cobbler by trade, so we wore "cancellation" shoes that he rebuilt; we had family time and love.

We lived in a small village along the Delaware River in Pennsylvania - Dad had built 7 of the houses there, and lost them all in the depression because the occupants were unable to pay their rents or loans. As kids, we played football or baseball on one of the vacant lots. Our baseball was homemade - a golf ball wrapped with string and wrapped time and again with black friction tape. There was one fortunate family who had a good job and steady income - their son always had the limited sports equipment we played with - like a real football.

During the summer, we lived on and in the river. It was clean, then, before the German Uboats started sinking our freighters off the New Jersey coast and the oil and sludge migrated up the river all of the way to the falls at Trenton, NJ. We swam, we fished, we had a small row boat so we explored, and eventually, by saving our money from selling penny candy door to door, we were able to buy a small sail boat. Summers were exciting and fun.

Winter time was school time. A "School Bus" picked us up each morning, delivered us to school and brought us home at night - after band practice, football or baseball practice. We were busy.

Then came the war. Many of us enlisted in the various services as we became High School Seniors. I chose the Army Air Corps and left for service as an Aviation Cadet the day after graduation. We weren't quite 18, but the Army had a Reserve Training program with Colleges all around the country. I ended up spending 9 months at Gettysburg College before starting my real Cadet Training in Virginia, Texas, Colorado, after I hit my 18th birthday.

When the war ended and the thousands of GI's were heading home, the GI Bill made it possible for thousands of young people to get a full college education - probably one of the greatest things that ever happened for the culture and prosperity of our Country. I got my Engineering Degree, and as a Reservist, was recalled to Active Duty until the Korean War ended.

With that background, life was pretty easy to handle. Married life, raising 3 daughters, building my own house, nothing seemed insurmountable then and even now. One gets out of life what they put into it. Our early environment of working for what we wanted, and not expecting everything to be given to us has made life pretty easy to handle.

Am I fortunate - Yes indeed!



[Sheila Taylor](#)

9:54 AM 12/21/2010

Hi, my name is Sheila and I would like to tell you a little bit about myself. I am currently a stay at home mom, and work from home. My business allows me to be able to travel, be my own boss, and spend time with family and friends when I desire. I've been with a few businesses in the past and never liked what I was doing. I also worked in the corporate world for about 10 years and hated it!

I now have a wonderful fiancé that I've been with for 7 years, I am also a mother of a 2 girls and 1 boy, and a grandmother of 2 boys that I love just as much as my own children. I now live the lifestyle I've always dreamed of and I'm very happy. I owe it all to my business, my fiancé, & god, for standing by my side and supporting me through everything. I love traveling, meeting new people, and making new friends.

My favorite saying is "You're Never Too Old to Start Something New". The reason I say this is because no matter how old you are. You are never too old to start living the good life and having exactly what you want out of life!



[Don Child](#)

3:21 AM 12/21/2010

Reminds me of the old TV show, "The Naked City." It's difficult to pick a single story, but I assume you are looking for stories that define us and illustrate the diversity of Tobrianders. I could tell stories all evening, but the following one serves to illustrate what I consider to the core that defines who I am.

This is a theme that I've developed throughout my life. I come from early American Quaker stock ... going back to the days of the Mayflower on both sides of my family. Notable among my early ancestors were Robert Murray of Murray Hill in NYC on the maternal side of my family, and to Ebenezer Child, one of the founders of the first church in Roxbury MA, on the paternal side. But I was not raised a Quaker ... it just was there as an unstated backdrop to my upbringing. I suspect that is part of why I was so responsive to the mystical experiences I started having as an early teen, and still have to this day. I think I probably take most strongly after my ancestor Mary Lindley Murray, who is famous for diverting the British troops by urging her husband to open the wine cellars, while George Washington's troops escaped unseen and regrouped for the Battle of Harlem Heights. Find a peaceful solution ... divert, delay a conflict and it may go away. You can see the plaque dedicated to Mary Lindley Murray in the middle of Park Avenue, near Grand Central Station, It is where, once upon a time, the family home stood.

Based on the mystical experiences of my youth, and my somewhat pantheistic belief that spirit and energy resides in and permeates all things in the world, I filed for conscientious objector status in the military draft back in the '60s. At the time, the only way you could become a conscientious objector was to be a member of recognized religion, and I had not become a Quaker, so they gave me a draft status of 1A-O, which meant that I still had to serve if drafted, but I didn't have to carry a weapon if I didn't want to. Fast forward.

I ended up as an infantry medic in the jungles of Vietnam. I'd only been in the country a month and a half, but already I was the senior medic in the company, and still not carrying a weapon, when we got orders to helicopter into the A Shau Valley. From there, our company gets sent onto the infamous Hamburger Hill. I spent my 23rd birthday in a tiny foxhole dug by a North Vietnamese soldier after we had overrun their position near the Laotian border. I ate my birthday breakfast dodging incoming mortar shells.

From there, we were sent to intercept a retreating company of NVA in what turned out to be an ambush. The first two helicopters into the landing zone on Hill 1159 left eight men pinned down,

one of them wounded. The company commander wanted me to go in by myself to evacuate the wounded man so the others could retreat. They were running out of ammo, and they were surrounded by who knows how many NVA, and I was going in as unarmed medic.

Funny ... there was no fear like you'd expect. Everybody asks, "If it was you or the other guy and you could pick up a weapon to save yourself, would you?" I know the answer to that one better than anyone I know. I will not kill another human being. I did not accept the weapon that was offered to me to defend myself.

Instead, I was thankful. It was good to know when you are facing the moment of death, and actually have a few minutes to prepare in your mind and soul. I left on a helicopter by myself, ready to be inserted onto the hilltop ... Hill 1159 was about as anonymous a place as you could pick. I started sending prayers out to the universe, and instantly went into a mystical state. It was wierd, to be sure ... sitting in a noisy helicopter, door gunners blasting away, seeing tracers from incoming fire whizzing by, and yet feeling yourself surrounded by a guardian spirit, smelling roses. It was as if I were entering paradise.

The company commander said I looked lonely taking off on that helicopter by myself. He called the pilot and brought the chopper back. He said, "I changed my mind. We're going to take that hill." I was still on the first chopper to almost land on the hill. We were told to jump when we were 10 feet off the ground because the pilot would not land. I saw the NVA machine gun position and realized why he wasn't landing, but by then, I was already half way to the ground.

The landing zone was a bald knob above the Rao Lao River, right on the Laotian border. For the next 2 1/2 hours, I patched and evacuated people, 19 in all including all of the other medics in the company. I had a rocket propelled grenade (RPG) glance off my leg without exploding. I crossed the bald knob a dozen times, sometimes loading people onto a medevac chopper, sometimes running to someone who had been hit. But I felt the entire time that I was in an impentetrable bubble. I was protected. I could still smell paradise. By the time that particular extended mystic experience was over, I was still alive, unscratched.

A couple of weeks later, a soldier new to our company challenged me, and said "Where's your weapon, you chicken cherry medic." I've never been much of one for swearing, but you can imagine that the language I was being assaulted with was much more colorful than I make it. The First Sergeant, who had similarly challenged me a month earlier, intervened. He said, "If you want to talk to Doc Child that way, you have to come through me first." I was never challenged again. I never once touched a weapon during my year in Vietnam. I earned two medals for valor. A friend of mine from Basic Training, Guy LaPointe, became the first conscientious objector ever to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was posthumous, sadly.

The reason I tell that story is this ... I was not a hero, I was just there. My military service does not define me, and that is the real story. I still regret that I was there, because I see all war as a massive failure on the part of mankind to find more sensible solutions to problems, and I resented before, during and after my time in service that I was obligated to serve. I resent it every time I see military action on the evening news. I resent it when a President tries to justify the use of combat troops without first exhausting all diplomatic, social and economic options. I resent it when people consider that the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the US Constitution apply only to citizens of the US. If all men are created equal, that means ALL men ... and women ... and children ... and animals, plants, rocks (remember, I'm a bit of pantheist, a throwback to the Transcendentalists, a mystic).

That is what defines me. My ideals were strong enough that I survived a war without once picking up a weapon ... even when I faced near certain death. Today, I am still very much a mystic, and very much an idealist. I've worked with organizations such as the late John Denver's Windstar Institute, and continue to work with the Institute of Noetic Sciences, and futurist Barbara Marx Hubbard's Foundation for Conscious Evolution. All are groups that demonstrate ways to live a better life on this earth, and explore the frontiers of emerging science. None of these groups are mainstream ... they are on the bleeding edge, as the saying goes.

I know my thinking is unconventional. As a veteran, you'll never see me marching in a parade. Although I consider myself very spiritually oriented, you'll never see me in a church, a synagogue, a mosque, a temple or a shrine. I see all religions as one evolutionary idea that tends to warp off its intended path until another religion comes along and tries to get back on the correct track. I see virtually all social problems arising from injustice and inequality, and blindness to the universality of the human race. Race doesn't matter. Nationality doesn't matter. Not in the long run. We are all one being, in essence. Like they said in the movie "Avatar," "I see you." In fact, I AM you, and you are me. I don't see the boundaries. I "see" the entire universe, local and far. I "see" the distant past and the distant future. I think we can change the past and the future, and I think we can act at a distance. I do energy healing on people who have a world away. Einstein called quantum entanglement "spooky action at a distance." There is nothing spooky about it. I've been there.

And yet, if you were to meet me, you'd probably just see me as a sometimes practical, sometimes cautious, sometimes reckless dreamer. I've got my ideals. And I stick by them. That's my story.

Don "Doc" Child



[Richard Posner](#)

1:03 AM 12/21/2010

Here is an excerpt from a short book I will soon release online called: "Getting Over the Hill":  
Uncle Abe Ruffles Some Feathers

He reminded me of Teddie Roosevelt - mustached, well-built, of good posture, and sporting a somewhat stern mien that hid his child-like love to roll and rollick in the mud or do a tap dance after shul.

Let me introduce my Uncle Abe, one of a few people who made me feel special in my early childhood.

I actually only met him a few times for two summers in Ogunquit, Maine, and on one fall evening in his palatial colonial home in Springfield, Massachusetts.

What was obvious from the start was that Uncle Abe loved children, though he had none of his own. When he came into the house, the first thing he looked for was children in PJs with teeth brushed and parents ready to force them upstairs to sleep against their wishes.

Abe would have nothing of that. He would simply say, "Ready?" and however many children were there at the time would follow him – giggling all – up the stairs to the bedroom. He would promise the parents with a wink that they would read a story together and then hit the hay. Yeah, right!

Within thirty seconds of the bedroom door closing, the downstairs' ceilings would shake and hysterical children and Uncle Abe would be pounding the life out of each other from above. Downstairs was hell to the irritated parents, but upstairs was pure Heaven.

The pillow fight would violate all bedrooms upstairs and by the end of the 30-minute frolic with short recovery periods, pillows would be reduced to feathers and the room would look like a thousand birds had shed their plumage.

One must remember that at that time in American history children were to be seen and not heard. Uncle Abe, however, bucked that trend and made us the center of attention. My mother and my aunts and uncles were quite upset that Abe would let us have uncontrollable fun and just be kids.

The memory of this man is set indelibly in my mind more than 50 years after the pillow wars. He

was a non-judgmental man who made me laugh until I cried; nobody before or after him affected me so pleasantly.

If (or when) I have the chance to put my grandkids in stitches like Uncle Abe did, no doubt I will act upon that impulse.

Children need freedom from rules and constraints once in a blue moon. They need to laugh uncontrollably and cause others to laugh with such abandon.

It's indeed unfortunate that feather pillows are rarely to be found anymore. Maybe a huge marshmallow fight will have to do the trick.



[SoCalMediaSurfer ...](#)

12:53 AM 12/21/2010

Sure Ken: I do have a story and as a writer, I guess I better get used to telling it. I am the eldest of 6 in a large Sicilian/Irish family. I got married young and divorced young, have two children, a grown daughter and a teenage son. I am living here in San Diego because I have SAD, seasonal affective disorder, which I have had most of my life. I can no longer live in a cold/icy or hot/humid climate, so I moved to a place with a warm/temperate climate and I love it here.

I have started over a few times, and life changing decisions have had to be made, I left my family and friends to make a healthier and happier life. After going back to school, I have been many things in my career; a secretary that went to an Administrative Assistant, then on to Program Coordinator for one of the largest Arts & Crafts Show/Sales in the NorthEast. I loved my non-profit work. I became a FT Substitute Teacher for a large number of schools and did that for 7 years.

I have also done Retail in Clothing and Shoes and Writing/Editing. I am a published author of Blogs, Articles, Reviews, Poetry, Newsletters and one yet to be published novel. I love to write and have had 3 different business in Graphics, Writing and now Social Media Marketing. I love to work with clients and find them what they need. I hope to be successful and make a comfortable living at this and since I will probably be working way after retirement age, I better love what I am doing. I live an active life and love the activities that can be done in the great weather here in SD.

My interests are varied, classic movies, musicals, music, parks, museums, beaches, travel, motorcycles, reading, and many more. I love to be outdoors in the sun and go hiking or ride my bicycle all over SD. Miccilina Piraino



[Ken Pringle](#)

12:26 AM 12/21/2010

Ken McArthur,

Normally I do not talk about myself.  
However, since you asked so nicely.  
I believe in God, Jesus Christ is my Savior.  
I am happily married with grown children.  
I have a quite a few grandchildren.  
I am an internet marketer, who loves  
helping people on their success journey.

I got involved with network marketing because  
I was unable to continue in my profession.  
I was a mechanical engineer who got injured.  
Home renovator who could not continue lugging.

I tried several mlms with minimal success.  
I started building and repairing computers.  
I decided to make a change. The internet  
looked challenging, and It was for a while.  
Now it is exciting, I have found my partners.

I had some health issues taken care of in 2007.  
Now I spend my time helping people build and  
develop an online presence and business if they want.  
I am involved in several very successful businesses.  
I can provide access to the best training and tools.

Success always my friend,

Ken Pringle

P.S. I have no problem with you sharing this with others.  
It is brief but true. Like the secret to online success  
is simply helping enough others succeed. No secret.



[Janet Fox](#)

12:11 AM 12/21/2010

Hello Ken !!

In response to your question, I will share with you a little about my life. And sure, you can share as you wish!

I am a single mother of one very beautiful young lady. She aspires to be a writer one day, and is a straight A student. I couldn't be more proud of her accomplishments.

As far as my job, I am a Nursing Supervisor for a very large hospital in our area; working directly in a very busy Physician office. We specialize in family practice, although we do surgeries, burns, traumas, fractures, as well as being a training facility. I supervise all of the clinical staff, train any incoming staff (Physicians, Nurses, Medical Assistants, etc), Safety Officer, sit on several committees at the hospital, Director for Vaccines for Children Program, Disaster Planner, Dispute Resolution Officer, and perform patient care... just to name a few!! I also am a member of the Indiana Immunization Coalition.

I also hold a degree in Business. After working many years in Management positions in retail, sales, and marketing I realized that type of work was just not for me! I am so much a people person, and sitting behind a desk just was not where I wanted to spend my days. I love what I do, and each and every person that I meet becomes like family to me.

In my spare time, I love to write inspirational pieces or poetry. I like to send them to family, or friends, who need a little pick me up. I feel that if I can bring a smile, laugh, or guidance to someone in need, then I have done my job in life. Healing and comfort are so important to me, as I have been through so many personal traumas in life.

I also love sports, fishing, and the outdoors. In good weather, that is where you will find us.... Anywhere but inside the house!!! I love to refurbish houses, although it is very time consuming and stressful at times!

I have the desire to share with others the zest for life that so many people lack, or have lost somehow. I will share with you some personal tragedies that maybe will help to explain me further. The last five years have been very rough on both of us. I have had seven tumors

removed... all progressing toward cancer. I had several mini strokes, and was diagnosed with a rare heart abnormality that no one can repair or treat. I underwent back surgery to repair massive bone loss that they can't explain. And the moral of all this personal information..... I am still here, and still have the ability to live my life, and appreciate everything, and everyone in it!!! I am dead set on helping everyone I can!!



[Greg King](#)

11:06 PM 12/20/2010

Ken,

I guess everyone has one of those eureka moments at least once in their lives. I think mine was around the dawning of personal computers in large corporations during the early eighties. It's kind of an old recollection, so not sure you or anyone else would be much interested in it today. Nonetheless, it remains one of my prouder moments.

I had a rare opportunity to take a position within what was technically an accounting department at a large company that tracked vehicles all across the country. As I said this was in the mid 1980s. I was just becoming interested in databases and was given an opportunity to pick up a fledgling department that was entirely reliant on a brand new mainframe system. There were a dozen or so clerks that spent approximately half of their time each week transferring hand-written notes from one green bar print out to another, repeating this week in and week out.

My solution was to essentially trick the mainframe into sending it's green bar report to one of the companies very first desktop computers - where I managed to normalize the data, convert it to an indexed database format, and ultimately automate the weekly reconciliation of it with it's predecessor report each week. The effort took many months to complete but resulted in those dozen clerks getting to more serious work each week after about ten to fifteen minutes each Monday morning. Management was so impressed I spent the next year traveling all over the country to centralize similar operations for the entire United States and Canada - saving many millions of dollars while markedly improving audit compliance and controls for the entire division.

I think the best part of all that was that I was in the unique position to learn by doing a true client server development and deployment while in complete isolation from the rest of the company. Now that it's decades later, the application that was created has now been ported directly to the mainframe and is currently a globally deployed integral part of the company's operations. It reminds of how any good idea is not unlike a seed that can take root and eventually become a mighty oak. History is replete with such events.

So there you have it now. You needn't feel obligated to use it in any way.

.. Greg



## Howard Bush

10:37 PM 12/20/2010

Who am I?

First I should say, I have struggle all my life an never wanted a hand out maybe a hand up but never a hand out. I gotten very close to being financial independence but it never happen 11 years of being involved with some of the top product/ marketing companies, you name it I was part of it. usually the beta start up.

Part 1 my life as a child 3rd from the youngest of eight, quite kid always want to help, or the first to run errands for the elderly or shovel snow, even did a Ronald McDonald Carnival to raise money for Muscular Dific It's funny that I never knew that I was living in poverty until I seen how other outside my community were living.

Part 2 teen life normal teen challenge and influence. life change when some well of kids stole my first car given from my brother out of military this hurt. I wanted revenge. I was not good at but I stole. It cause me my wrestling career at that time 1982 I was call by Coach Dan Gable Olympic Coach/ Iowa State University I was good enough. but my mistakes in life blocked that.

Part 3 adult life change my life stronger belief in the higher power, Meet what I call my mentors of life: Billionaire Bill Bartman, John Assaraf(The Secret) , T. Harv Eker (Peak Potential), Larry loik (REI), Mike Hertel (President Hasbro) To name a few that I had the pleasure to meet and talk to.

Recently I started trying to market the Educational Board Games I designed, 12 in all Vacation Time is the first Geography/Travel game. Pr-contract with American Airlines, product came from over sea; water damage grammatical errors. Set me back trying to get the ball rolling again with bad credit is hard thing to do but all I can do.

My journey has been rough but I am still alive, positive, raising my 8year old daughter the best I can, we both have vision boards. what I learn we share she'll be greater than I ever could be I am blessed. I jumped around my life to let you know a little of who I am, where I came from, what I done, who I meet and where I am now and of course where I want to go.

Last part. I want to be financially independent to help not only myself and my daughter but my community and then the world. I realize I can't do it alone and on sheer wishful thinking, I need help. If I were to seek help it would be not in the frame mind of a helping hand but a hand up. I have great ideas to share backed by a heart of gold and sincerity that is who I am.

Share what you like. There is a more detailed story of my life that will one day be told. It will show you how the law of Attraction saved my life several times. I was using it not knowing anything about it. Well thank you for the inquiry about who I am. I. The Inventor.

I tell you nothing hurts more than knowing how to help yourself and your family but not having the funds to do it. Mike Dillard Evolution Group. to name one and Your program to name 2. But I am optimistic one day soon I will.



[Anne Flint](#)

What a question, Ken. This really stumped me. And even though I am a writer I didn't know what to say, short of 750 pages of autobiography. So, I've decided to tell you about my transition to the kind of person I want to be.

I had a rough childhood. I was nine, when my parents divorced, the oldest of 3 children. Within a few years both my parents remarried and both chose the worst partners possible. The influence of my step parents made my life hell. And then there were four step siblings that came into my life, and I remained the oldest. I honestly think my parents had kids because that was what people did. I don't think they got any joy from us, especially when they got new spouses. It became my mission to get away as soon as I was old enough.

I feel that other than teaching us manners and a Christian (There was nothing Christian about the way we were treated) set of morals, we kids did not get many life skills to survive. . Nor did we get any help with education or a career. It was easier in those days for a girl to find some kind of clerical work. For some reason education was very important to me. From high school on I tried to read every well known book, study types of philosophy, psychology, religion, etc. I started college on loans but since I had to work full time I simply couldn't go on. Due to a number of circumstances getting my BA in History took 30 years.

So with this background knowledge, you may understand that I had never had role models to learn proper behavior. I had the fortune of marrying into an incredible family that taught me so much about love and how to behave toward your family. I had never seen this before. Though this marriage did not last, I took this blessing with me and never forgot it.

Many years later, I enrolled my son in a Montessori preschool for his kindergarten year. The following year I was asked to be the teaching assistant for the owner of the school. We team taught kindergarten. She was such a wise person, with such respect for children. This theory of education very much believes that children will move toward the things they need to learn about out of curiosity. It gives them a great deal of freedom in what they choose to learn with a very tight structure in how they go about learning it. I learned a lot about trusting instincts, and how to deal with all sorts of people (fellow teachers, parents and children).

Many years later I went to work at the U of Colorado in Boulder. I worked on a grant that studied and tried to prevent binge drinking. It was here that I really learned my final lessons about respect for others and their beliefs and feelings. The whole U worked under this philosophy, which made work a great pleasure. Everyone treated each other well and tried to help in any way they could. When you are able to accept and respect everyone, you can learn so much. I worked with people of many countries, all ages, all religions, all races, and all sexual orientation.

This is the reason that I love Tobri. I have met so many amazing people. They have shared their lives, customs, goals, country, families and trials. So, I learn something every day and there is always at least one good laugh to be had.

I believe just about every world problem could be solved simply by having respect for everyone. I'm defining respect as honoring, not agreement. By respecting every living thing as an entity entitled to basic life needs, you can't purposefully do them harm.

There has been quite a bit of attention on my life recently, due to several blogs I wrote. But it isn't about me at all. I'd like to fade into the background now.



[Dr Mani](#)

10:43 PM 12/22/2010

I first got 'online' when the Internet came to India in late 1995. Yes, that was fifteen years back.

My initial excitement came from the thought of having the "world at my fingertips". That hitherto unavailable facility to connect with a human being somewhere else in the world, instantly, easily, and inexpensively, is what got me exploring so many facets of the World Wide Web.

One thing led to another. I discovered my 'hidden' flair for writing. Found people who could help me nurture it, grow it, and then profit from it. Linked that income stream to a non-profit venture I had been thinking about - and which has grown to become the Dr.Mani Children Heart Foundation, raising over \$130,000 for charity and sponsoring life-saving heart surgery for 72 children until 2010.

But back then, it was relatively harder to connect with people. True, there were niche online communities... but you had to go out there hunting to find them. And once on them, there were precious few people willing to interact with you.

The HUGE lists like i-Sales had a few thousand subscribers. Big forums were populated with hundreds of members at its busiest times. And there were no Facebooks, no MySpaces... no TOBRI.com s!

At its core, every online interaction is one between two (or more) PEOPLE, sitting in front of their computer - or more recently, their mobile computing device. And at the core of our existence is our ability to communicate with, relate to, and cherish the "community" of which we are a part.

Previously, from necessity, that community had to be local (unless you were a globe-trotter). Today, that community can be ANYWHERE in the world - because places like Tobri.com help connect us, regardless of where we are.

To someone like me who enjoys inter-personal networking, this kind of human-powered community is a gift. Even though I'm an introverted, shy and busy person who may never have had the chance to engage in it to this extent in my offline world alone. And the leverage such a

vast network has given to the non-profit work I'm engaged in would surely have not been possible otherwise.

And so I am deeply appreciative of the efforts of Ken McArthur and Chris Moos in creating such a platform, making it a vibrant and colorful network, and growing it into an interactive community - one where I'm happy to devote a (small) part of my busy life, because it fulfills the essential desire we all have as people...

The desire to connect and communicate with others like ourselves!

Happy New Year 2011 - Let's meet more often on Tobri :-)

All success

Dr.Mani

<http://www.CHDinfo.com>

<http://www.EzineMarketingCenter.com>



[Johannes Mongatane](#)

6:34 AM 12/22/2010

I am born in South Africa, Limpopo (Polokwane) and has been in Gauteng (Johannesburg) since 1985. I have acted in movies like; Skeleton Coast, Dragonard 1 & 2 and Rage to Kill as an extra and also adverts like Coke, Castle and Guinness beer. Also Modeling for Edgars, and local Fashion Designers to mention few. I been to Shell Road to Fame during the time of Rebecca Malope's and more as a musician, dancer and now I do backing vocal for Rachel Gobingca who is rated as an entertainer. We have been to Roots many times because she is a Traditional Musician and many other Show around the country.

I am working full-time for Sapho Sethu Human Capital (PTY) LTD and I am an Training and Development Manager and got my company which is JM Consultants as Graduates Recruiter (Unemployed Graduates) for Internships. I work close with Services Seta on Skills Development programs around the country.

Since 2007 I had just over 600+ Interns who have completed Call Centre Internship program. I have done 800 interns for the Call Centre Internship program for 2009. Also done 120 Manucure and Pedicure Learnerships and 150 Unemployed Beautician Graduates Internship all in 2009. Right now I am busy with Interns Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban and I am waiting for the number from SETA for 2010 intake and allocations.



[Clinton O' Leary](#)

12:02 AM 12/22/2010

Hi Ken,

Yeah, I have a few stories like everyone :-)

I have been through many personal challenges in my young (34yrs old) life but being positive, optimistic, honest and having a good sense of humour has always got me through.

Been hit by a car three times, once while cycling, once while walking and once while running - Who says exercise is good for you :-)

Been mugged a few times at knife point and shot three times in a car jacking and still here to live and prosper as much as I can. This was all in my home country in South Africa, the funny thing is,.... I never stayed in the "bad part of town".

Some people call me the luckiest unlucky guy in the world. I consider myself extremely blessed, wonderful wife, wonderful daughter and close family.

I live in a much safer country now - UAE (Dubai). Here I am really trying to make the most of my productive years by working hard in my career but ultimately I am very passionate about Online Marketing, Social Media, Internetworking etc and hopefully one day I can give up my day job, work from home and build a business online that is profitable and ultimately a service to the worldwide community.

Anyway, gotta get back to my day job :-) Sorry for the brief story,.... but I always reflect on how people that have been affected by far bigger tragedies: 9/11; Earthquakes, Floods, War..... have a much better story to tell on perseverance and triumph.

Cheers for now!

Clinton



[Diana Kerekes](#)

11:34 PM 12/21/2010

Hi Ken,

I have been a nurse for over 26 yrs and have "burn out" . I have been on the internet for over 5 yrs. I am a certified life coach, weight loss coach and group coach.. I am married and have 3 children and a dog... I love mentoring people and I love learning... I look forward to working with you... Blessings, Diana



[Cheryl Gilliam](#)

9:53 AM 12/23/2010

Hi, my name is Cheryl and I was born in a little town in Kentucky called Ashland.

I am one of five children, and we had a very simple life. Dad worked two jobs most of my life, and my mother took care of us kids the best she could. We grew up without much but we are a close nit family even now.

We lived the first twelve years of my life with no inside bathroom and running water, so those qualities in life were unbeknown to us until I turned fifteen so we had to carry out our daily routines a little different than most.. but I feel it made me a more thankful person today for the modern necessities.

Most of my life my gifts or Christmas presents were from the dollar stores of America but they were still extra special to me, always on Christmas we got two presents, and one from Santa, and to us that was a big deal not counting the ten cents we got every Friday when mom would get Dads check and go to the store to cash it, ten cents bought a lot of candy back then and we were filled with joy.

Having a simple life as we had, I think has made me the person I am today. I don't have to have much to live, I don't require expensive things although it's nice to have them, and I understand what it's like to live with less and I know I can do that if I should have to, and I try to help others if I possibly can even if it means taking away from myself.

But just like in my younger years I think I'm still searching for that over the rainbow dream I've always had, that once in a life time act of fate to come along, but whether it comes along or not, I think I'm happy with being me no matter what. =)



[Robin Blakely](#)

8:48 PM 12/21/2010

I am a woman determined to live her best! I have learned that when I compare myself to others, I lose out in my life. I realize that God made us ALL unique with a variety of gifts and talents. Therefore, where we are weak in areas of our lives, there will always be someone God will appoint us to & strengthen us in those particular areas.

So I no longer worry about the weaknesses in my life or what I don't know at this point because if I keep moving forward and acknowledging God, He will direct my path!

Let me give you a small testimony about how I came to this point in my life... My desire had become a passion to help others in my own business from home....Why I chose a home business, I wanted the flexibility to work my career around my personal life.

Bonus, it is a very low start up cost! I found myself to be completely unemployable and thank God. My talents and gifts would have been wasted!

The desire to be a business owner and investor into other's success burned strongly in me. I knew my time was and is worth more than a few pennies on the dollar! My mentality never was the same again...I was truly on a mission. Did I regret leaving college? NO, because God purpose for us, is NOT our purpose! What seems strange and crazy to others, is very sane to God. He knows what is BEST for our life more than we could ever imagine!

A quote that I want to share with you... "Success will NOT happen overnight, BUT if you stay persistent and consistent, SUCCESS will happen one night!" As of today, my mind, my decisions, my attitude, my outlook on life and other aspects of it will NEVER be the same again! I decided to make a DECISION in my life and to take ACTION!

It was the best decision I have ever made! If you want better results in your life, you have to first make a decision and take action and be committed in doing things differently and continue to move forward.

We are NOT responsible for the results in our life, BUT we are responsible for the ACTIONS that we take! Become honest with yourself and ask for help in areas you are weak in! We all are NOT equipped to be strong in everything. A FOOL never asks for help, but someone with WISDOM will reach out for it!

THE STORY IS WATER.

My Problem: 18 MONTHS ago

I weighed 232 pounds. For my height 5'4" this was considered overweight according to the BMI (Body Mass Index). I was always tired and according to my doctor I was at risk of developing diabetes. He told me I needed to change my diet and begin exercising to resolve my problems.

Exercise has never been my favorite and that was one of the last things I wanted to do. I was just too plain tired and resolved that my declining health was just my destiny. Being overweight, my feet would hurt if I walked longer than 10 minutes.

The Solution:

Around this time I received a gift of this little sachet called x2o. I noticed right away that I was less stressed. We also noticed that I had a better disposition while taking the sachets. After a few weeks, I started noticing that I was not as tired and could focus more at home. Other people around me started noticing changes also. It wasn't long before I realized having more energy and no longer needing my daily cup of coffee in the morning was a result of the x2o. Soon I was taking brief walks during afternoons.

This would have never happened without getting the "kick start" that the sachets were providing me.

From there, things just started getting better.

I am walking more. My 1 mile short walks turned into 5 miles. The weight started coming off which made me feel better day by day. My weight seemed to be just melting away. I also have a little pedal thing I do at nite just at the edge of bed and I love my pedals.

And Now ... Here I am 18 months later and 160 pounds lighter...but most important I am feeling GREAT! My feet no longer hurt, I have more mental focus, better energy and an overall better outlook on life. I feel 20 years younger. I also hear this from Family and Friends!

These products are the best thing that ever happened to me. My health improvements are beyond my wildest dreams. At 50 years young, I have my new life. I would never have believed regaining my health would lead me to an income simply by sharing my story. If you want to know my secret come meet me.



[Tony Puckerin](#)

8:39 PM 12/21/2010

Let me tell you a story about how I got into the online marketing. On day many years ago, I spent a large part of my career as an automobile sales representative at one of the larger dealerships in metropolitan Boston, Massachusetts. I was pretty good at what I did but loved computers and the internet. I even had my own horrible looking site to prove it.

On day I suggested to the Managing Director that the dealership should set up a web site and begin to tap into the growing internet market. That was the beginning for me. He immediately gave me the permission to spend the company's money to build a web presence. I contracted with third party lead providers and soon we were selling over 40 units a month to customers we had contacted online.

To the dealership, it was another profit center. After doing that for a couple of years, I struck out on my own as an Independent Automobile Internet Marketing Consultant. I was responsible for setting up and managing a number of dealerships Internet Departments in Boston and lower New Hampshire.

That was a quick memory of many years ago. Since then I have left the automobile business completely and now make a living coaching businesses on setting up their web sites and online/offline marketing.



[Lisa Simpkins](#)

7:31 PM 12/21/2010

My name is Lisa Simpkins and I live in in Huntington, W.V. I moved to W.V. 21 years ago from my home state of Illinois. I was born in the early 60's when times were easy, life was carefree and everyone knew everyone.

My father owned his own trucking service with a fleet of six trucks and my mother was a stay at home mom. We lived comfortable as kids at home although we had our problems like any other family.

By the age of 12 my parents divorced and our lives were in shambles. Dad went his way and mom had to go to work to support her four children. Yes, I have three brothers whom I have had to deal with over the years as well. So at 12 years old, having three brothers who thought I was a punching bag, coming from a divorced home of alcoholism and having a mother who was at work all the time I started having issues.

Having my first child at 15 without support from anyone and being a child myself I really started to learn what rough times was all about. I spent many years in homeless shelters, under bridges or where ever I could find for my daughter and I to sleep. Eating things that has been thrown away by others and wondering if it will ever end.

One day while eating popcorn out of the theater dumpster I received a blessing.. a blessing of all blessings. We made enough noise to draw attention from the church across the alley. The pastor brought us in and we became family. It was then when my life began to change. My new family loved and cared for us enough to help and from that my life was new.

I started College, got a job and made my way through life. At 23 I was doing well for my child and I. Living in an apartment, having food and a family that loved us. As life was going by so was my real family. All of them coming back into my life and once again interrupting the process of life. I saw things slipping away once again so I left.

It was then that I met my husband Teddy. Teddy and i have been together for 21 years now with two beautiful children.

Tiffany is 16 1/2 years old and somewhat of a drama queen and Brandon who is a sweet/mean 10 year old whom I adore. My first born Christina is a successful nurse, married and has three well

developed children who adore her and she knows what it is to have a rough life.

It is Teddy that helped save me and has taught me what I know today. I am a successful internet marketer and know I have come a long way. That is why I have the desire to help others to become all they can be because I know you can accomplish anything in life with the right mindset and a little hard work.

Thank You Ken :-)



[Steve Fortosis](#)

7:00 PM 12/21/2010

Ken, I taught on the collegiate and graduate levels for some years, mainly in the field of education and religion. Now I'm spending most of my time editing/proofreading people's brief writings or their book manuscripts. I've also published a number of books. I just came out with my first children's book under the pen name: Doc McDuke. It's titled Emily, the Brave, and it is a Christian book, so if anyone is offended by that sort of thing, they may not want to check it out for a child or grandchild. One thing about me that may be a little unusual is that I didn't even realize a love for writing until I was about thirty years of age. That's pretty late to discover a vocation.



[Jim Graham](#)

6:31 PM 12/21/2010

Hi Ken,

I am an internet marketer who speaks world-wide about two weeks each month. My specialty is niche keyword domination, affiliate marketing, product launches, lead generation, massive traffic driving using video, to name a few...

I'll rewind to 1988...

I grew up in Newport Beach, CA and surfed all of my teen years.

I have a degree in Primate Psychology (I spent time in Rwanda, Africa studying the facial expressions of the Mountain Gorilla relative to communication) even though I never did anything with it.

After graduation, I moved to Arizona and built a very large auto care center - car wash, detailing, quick lube 24 hour gas station, deli. I owned and operated the carwash for about 10 years and then started consulting other carwash owners until 2007 when banks stopped lending (among other things).

That's when I decided to leverage global economies and our decreasing dollar value.

So that is my professional self -

I'm a pilot - I have been flying for 32 years (started at 12 years old). I was type rated in a Canadair Challenger 601, Lear 35a, and a Citation II at 17 years old (the same year I obtained my license). I was in the restaurant business as a teen and "flew my way through school" during high school and college for a restaurant chain in Southern California. I've owned a few planes over the years, but currently don't because 100% of my travel is TPAC and TATL - this year I earned 140,000 miles on United Airlines and another 100,000 miles on US Air. Some consider me an expert Frequent flyer. I really know the ins and outs of the Star Alliance Network - especially US Air and UA and help many global travelers leverage the ff programs.

I've lived in Arizona since 1988 and currently live in the hills above Scottsdale, AZ. I love the AZ weather most of the year. I try to spend more time in the Southern Hemisphere during our

summer and Northern Hemisphere during our winters... The speaking gigs seem to work that way which is good.

I'm married, have four children ages 1 year to 17 years old. My wife is a stay at home internet marketer and dabbles in speaking.

So that's my story...

I can be found on facebook: "jim Graham, Jim R Graham

Warmly,

Jim



[Joy Porter](#)

1:11 PM 12/21/2010

Hi Ken,

I'm originally from the mountains of Virginia (near Tennessee). I'm a "real" Hillbilly!! :) I have a ton of family still there and try to get home about once a year or so. It's a place where people still have a garden and can their own food. I remember when I was a kid, we would take people down to the basement to show off our canned goods... all that hard work. It's kind of a cultural thing to show how ready you were for winter! I think I got my work ethic from living in that small town and being self-reliant.

Over the years, I would live in Florida to get my Bachelors in Fine Arts Photography & Film and then "end up" in Pennsylvania. Long story short, my mom was ill in PA and it made sense to help her out. I guess I got "stuck", but I made new friends and found work so I just stayed near Philly. As time went on, she went on disability and moved to TN.

One of the things that was upsetting was not being able to finish my degree because I moved to PA. I almost had a Masters degree, but when I called from PA to my school in FL, they said that I could not do "distance" learning... and I couldn't travel back and forth. Because of my frustration, I began doing research about degree programs and that's ultimately how I found out about online learning. If I had been in an online program, I could have finished my Masters no matter where I lived or what situation I found myself.

So now I'm an advocate of distance learning for working adults. I have even represented online programs for many years and enrolled hundreds of students. Now I've just condensed my information into a book at JoyPorter.com. My hope is that no one will be shut out of their degree due to family illness or having to move far away from the school's classroom.

My biggest pleasure in writing the book was sending some of my first copies back home to Virginia. I received encouragement from members of my family and was so happy to share. Maybe sending it to them is my version of showing off my "canned goods"... but I'm sure that book is not as tasty as my Aunt's homemade jam!



[Frank Sousa](#)

3:54 PM 12/21/2010

Oh My.... do I have a story? First off, when I flew across the country for that first jvAlert, I had no idea that I would become as close a friend as I have been to Ken McArthur. Ken it's VERY rare that men get to enjoy the type of closeness and love that we share, and that means a lot to me.

Then at another jvAlert event, I met Mike Koenigs. Mike and I were talking over dinner that night, and he was telling me all the great things he was doing with online video, but it took too long to submit them to all the various video sites. So I suggested we do it from a server in the back end.... Six weeks later I'd built a prototype of Traffic Geysers, and of course Traffic Geysers has become a huge multi-million dollar business... and we designed it on the back of a napkin at jvAlert.

Then of course I sold my interest to Mike and Rocket my partners for an undisclosed 7 figure deal.... which gave me the time and freedom to create my next software product that will be released very soon, Easy Money Bots. Stand by....

And all because of Ken McArthur's request to see if anyone wanted to get together and network.... and of course the famous "Three Guys on a Couch" story that Ken likes to tell.



[Byron Welch](#)

3:00 PM 12/21/2010

A Bite from The Past.

I grew up with four women in my young life, a Grandmother that I'm sure kept me from the rocky road of crime, a Mother and two sibling sisters that by fourteen years of age had me committing by a sworn oath to myself of the singularity of bachelorhood.

A somewhat over absent father ( but that is a whole 'n' other story ) that was convinced his only son was gay because he hated football and soccer and was only interested in drawing or reading books. I just didn't want to be locked up in a small dark factory eight or nine hours every day, gravure printing women's magazines no matter the wage level, and sleeping under the machine for four of those like my union orientated Father.

It was a vastly different era that, even at seven years old, I would be playing in some wood miles from home swinging over bomb holes on vines for hours a day, falling out of trees, fixing up a bike in someone's back garden, building wheeled soap boxes from prams and any plank like wood with knotted rope as a steering mechanism, racing down the steepest of hills we could find, little concerned with any breaking element which was usually a sturdy hedge or just rolling off at the very last moment.

Chicken, another sport of jumping out of the way of fast moving cars at the very last opportune second, much to their drivers annoyance . And knock down ginger of which I won't go into detail about here.

I started work at eight years old for a local milkman, a little later at the local church as a choirboy, twice on Sunday and an odd Saturday wedding.

By age 11 the Church and wedding jobs had yielded to my voice breaking. Mean time I had gained two paper rounds evening and morning seven days a week and a butcher round using a basket fronted black bicycle that needed a crane every time it fell over, which was frequently unrolling the brown papered covered joints to every element that mother nature could provide, including local dogs - a perfectly lovable element I thought as I fought them hand to paw for joint and paper of the now open contents after they had been attracted by the pungent deliveries of those days.

All of my spare time during summer, including school holidays, was spent at a swimming pool which I loved as much as any art and reading and continued right up until about thirty six years of age with my four sons every Sunday morning. That year with two teenagers and another two racing to become one, time and they were catching me up in skills and speed in the pool.

So this particular Sunday I put a competitive proposition to them that we should race to see who was the main man amongst us. Their young enthusiasm and desire came rushing to the fore. Although I won by less than half a yard that morning the rest of the day was hell, I could hardly walk, sit down, climb steps, hardly stay awake or keep my pained yelps to myself. It was then in those excruciating moments of agony that I resigned in tact and ahead as their trainer and became their very careful and some what restrained mentor.

Would I change anything....not one moment of it, it was the best of, and most thorough education a young boy could ever get in such an exciting manner. You discovered things that couldn't be put down on paper or learnt in a schoolroom. Necessities.



[Kristi Sayles](#)

1:42 PM 12/21/2010

Let's see...What's my story? hmmm....

I'm a second grade teacher turned internet marketer. My son, Jason Mangrum, created a hot joint venture software and then taught me how to create basic html software. I sold it within a week and was hooked!

I decided to create more and more writing software and later discovered outsourcing! What joy! Now, my software looks better than ever and I make a few bucks each week through Clickbank. :)

I entered and won a contest that Mark Joyner was having. That opened doors for me to meet some of the top marketers in the world and even to be interviewed by them. As much as I enjoyed being interviewed, I thought it would be much more fun to be the interviewer, so I bought TalkwithExperts.com and started inviting well known marketers to join me for recorded discussions.

I interviewed the cream of the crop! That led to my being invited to be the host of Mentored by Millionaires-a World Talk Radio Show. I was blessed enough to interview almost all of my favorite marketers: Alan Bechtold, Mark Joyner, Stephanie J. Hale, Brian Klemmer, Brian Bagnall, Joshua Shafran, Court Cunningham, Matt Bacak, Rob Toth, Scott Lovingood, and one of my ultimate favorites...Ken McArthur!

I love internet marketing and enjoy teaching it to others. It's fun to see others make money!

Basically, I have the best of both worlds: I have a teaching position that I love and a part time position that helps pay for those little "extras" like nice Christmas gifts!

I'm an extremely blessed person and never take any of it for granted. Although the extras are nice, I am especially thankful for my wonderful husband, my 4 kids, and my 4 grandkids. I have a healthy family, a warm home, too much food, a loving church, and a little extra pocket money each month. As I said...I'm blessed.

Hugs,  
Kristi



[Wendy Loots](#)

4:33 PM 12/23/2010

Hi Ken

I was born and what a welcome I received!

I am adopted and have wanted to find out more about my biological mother, who lived in Cathcart – Eastern Cape, South Africa at the time she gave Birth to me. She lived at the Royal Hotel and she worked at their local Post Office. I don't know how long she worked there for but she gave birth to me in 1964. My adoptive father always loved telling me a story - I am sure it is not a tall story. When they were told that they have a baby for them, they had to leave immediately from Fort Beaufort to Queenstown - that is where the adoption agency was. They had to tell various people - employers, friends, family, etc what happened. They even fetched my brother from school mid morning (it was his first year at school). Queenstown is a fair distance travel and on their return - after dark - they got home to find the house lights on - plenty of cars all around. They realized that they were in for quite a welcome! They went inside - carrying their precious bundle (Me) with brother trotting proudly behind. In the middle of the lounge floor was a HUGE heap of baby clothes, bottles, nappies - you name it - it was there. What a welcome they received.

I think it was a few months later – or sometime in 1965 - I was christened. The church was packed to such an extent that people were outside the church as they could not fit any more people in the church. The news hit the newspapers shortly after that. My father told me that I was the first adopted child in Fort Beaufort - this was why the press was there. Also - someone - perhaps someone from the church - or a total stranger - I can't remember the detail - lent them a family proper christening robe - apparently very beautiful. This was a gesture of honour. Tall story? The truth? I have no idea but I like to believe that it is indeed the truth. I never checked with media houses to follow up on finding the newspaper article for some reason .....

I had a happy childhood, spoilt (But not ruined). My parents always told me that I was a very special child and was adopted. They told me I was adopted as far back as I can remember and always made out that I was very special because of it. My first life changing event was when my mother died of cancer when I was 13/14 years old.

My father remarried and I had a proper wicked step mother situation whilst I was still at school. Things improved after I married and moved to another province.

My father and I had always been very close. We could sit up at night talking till the wee hours about nothing in particular, or serious and important things. Or we would shriek with laughter about “Do you remember this and that?” He died when I was in my 30’s. This was a huge loss in my life. I don’t think I have every really gotten over losing him.

In the year 2000, I got divorced. This was another huge blow in my life. We were high school sweethearts and we were married for 15 years. 2001 my Step mother died and my brother was killed in a car accident a few months later. So – here I was, the baby of the family, left alone to fend for myself. I was the sole survivor of my family.

They say life begins at 40. Well, they are right. My life did begin then. I was (Probably still am) incredible mischievous. My parents would have been horrified if they new half the things I got up to. Don’t get me wrong, I did nothing untoward or bad. Just lots of good clean fun but – wow – naughty naughty naughty! Giggle!

I have now developed into the person I want to be, independent, strong, determined, a perfectionist when it comes to certain things. I am a softy with a huge heart; just don’t mess with me because I would cut you down to size so fast you would not know what hit you. I also use this tool in my job to get positive results. Let’s just say, I don’t suffer fools.

I like helping people when I feel it justifies it. I arranged a holiday for two as a raffle prize for an organization that help abandoned and abused pets. Having said this, I don’t give beggars money because I believe in giving them money, I am not helping out of their situation and by giving them money they will be unable to help themselves.

Well, this is me, in a nutshell.

Wendy Loots



[Cheryl Millett](#)

11:27 AM 12/23/2010

Hello Ken,

I was driving the other day and saw some writing on a concrete wall under a bridge (Toronto, Canada) and for a second, I thought why do people do this. I was waiting in traffic so I decided to read the message and it made me smile BIG. This is what it said "Everyone dies but not everyone lives."

I am here to live until I die, so my journey to learning the healthy truths about a healthy lifestyle more specifically around our nutrition/diet/food intake, whatever you wish to call it. I can tell you that many people are disconnected from how our food is made and where it comes from, and more and more people are feeling the implications of eating a diet that doesn't serve us living well! Learn the foundational things that DO serve us. Yes we are all different but the basic needs are similar.

My specialty is fats...Japanese researchers say that the imbalance of omega 6 and omega 3 is to blame for the westernized diseases including the rise in learning disabilities. FATS is not a 4 letter word!

We are land mammals and we are suppose to convert seeds/nuts to give us our essential fats BUT we don't do this well anymore (well some may), and we need more due to the increased level of toxicities/chemicals we are exposed to. FISH oils are not for us...a few vital differences, so when you consume fish oil it is like a square peg in a round hole. Like square tires on your car...not effective.

My story...in search for truths and being honest about it! Here to motivate and inspire others to live a life of healthy possibilities!

Connect with me with your feedback and reasons to live well. Your journey begins with a darn good reason.

Your health! My passion!

Cheryl

Cheryl Millett B.Sc. NNCP C.C.Ir.

Holistic Nutritionist, Writer & Speaker





[David Yorka](#)

December 21, 2010 9:24 PM

The end of the year is always a memorable time of year as far back as dark blistery cold Sunday morning paper routes in an almost serene pre-dawn quiet to huddling in my d mother in laws Indiana home with family gathered round a kerosene heater and my fifty six year old mother in law in the next room on her death bed. My wife and I had adopted a baby girl who was eight weeks old by that time, with weeks without power at the hand of a severe ice storm.

My wife and I both had an own internal storm of feelings as we took turns caring for Harper who only slept an hour or two per twenty four. (Usually in ten to twenty minute naps.)

We were grateful beyond words that Betsy's mother and our first child had the chance to spend time together before she took her last audible breath as my Betsy and Harper sat on her bed in her beautiful home that felt like a log cabin with a small fireplace.

Of course there was joy, grief, sadness, confusion and a deep knowing that life is hard and that truth set in stripping away any fantasies of when we...or once our family is.... No the reality that there are a multitude of moments of happiness, shared laughter, a bliss only experienced in solitude and wonderful discoveries during playful adventures. We were to savor many flavors of love and we were to experience the pain and powerlessness that comes with the peace and wonder.

My wife Betsy made all the arrangements being that she is the most competent, capable and steadfast in a family damaged by years of violence, emotional strain of mental illness, suicide and addiction. I had used up all my vacation time traveling to Texas to adopt Harper and with a high pressure job I drove back and forth while Betsy stayed at the hospital and then at the house caring for a newborn and her dying mother.

Sleep deprived as we were there was still enough new parent nervous energy to focus on our tiny little girl in awe and a silent frustration that we could not shield her from the pain that we both despised and help great hope for the healing that shapes and transforms a person from self-centered to self-reliant and from needy to generous and kind.

After we celebrated Harper s' first birthday we resubmitted our adoption home study because we anticipated a year minimum before we may be contacted with a birth mother interested in meeting us.

It was late December when my wife and I went on a date while Harper stayed at home with her Grandmother. We enjoyed nearly three hours of Bruce Springsteen and The E-Street Band and returned home ready to go to sleep.

Harper began to fuss in her crib in the room next door when my wife remembered there was a red light blinking on the answering machine. I heard the voice of our adoption case manager on the recording as she described a set of identical twin boys in Toledo and asked if we were interested in meeting the family? Betsy looked at me with a grin and I knew it was done....



[John McLaughlin](#)

1:43 PM 12/21/2010

I've been a consultant / coach for over 30 years.

Helping trouble stock traders (for the past 8 years) shift from losing to consistently profitable winning, becoming wealth building millionaires - day trading.

Formerly (for about 25 years) consulted and coached CEO,s, executives, and business owners, helping them increase revenues, profits, and value of their companies.

Industries: banking, real estate, technology - and now day trading.

Working closely together, we dramatically enhanced presence and income, empowering them with vision, strategy, and trust, thus energizing their careers and businesses - allowing both to come alive with fresh and very rewarding personal, professional, and financial possibilities and results.

After a short retirement, I now help dissatisfied traders become consistently profitable winners - day trading stocks.

I retired almost 8 years ago.

I found retirement boring, so I took up day trading NASDAQ stocks on a whim.

Like other career development activities over the years, I did the research, found the best teachers to learn to be really good at what I was going to do to be a success in my new career as a day trader. I was certain the investment of my time and resources would pay off. Before

I started trading with cash, I read many trading books, took several expensive trading courses, attended seminars, joined trading rooms, and studied - then paper traded with a simulator.

Paper trading felt great and I was soon doing very well. After messing with computer problems and learning the software, I took the plunge - cash. In the beginning, I was confident, aggressive, and surprisingly moody, experiencing both highs and lows. I had my share of wins and losses, putting up with losses, as I was convinced that, with a little more experience and luck, I would do OK - I would become profitable.

I began to take losses, at times big losses. I became more cautious, not sure of myself, the markets, and the stocks I watched and traded. Now I was far from sure this business of day

trading was going to work out as planned. I became skeptical of the system, my knowledge and skills in this area, my approach, and my ability to ever trade stocks well.

As a beginner, I enjoyed early periods of winning, and then quickly got disappointed with breakeven results. Then, surprisingly, not according to plan, that's for sure, I was losing more than winning. I was trading as a consistent loser - too emotional, too skeptical, and unsure of what to do next to make this work. I was taking many losses, huge losses.

Maybe trading stocks was not for me?

I continued trading and losing, trying anything new and different I read and heard about, always trying to figure out why I was losing hoping to discover a way to win.

Emotionally, I would get so upset with myself and the markets that by the end of the trading day I was exhausted and felt like a loser, not what I was at all used to in my life.

I went on losing more than winning, all the while determined to win somehow. I applied everything I learned from the experts. I kept reading, took more courses, yet I continued to lose.

I got so far behind that my only thoughts were to just get the money back - forget about making money - just get even. That didn't happen either.

Day trading turned out to be too much for me to take physically, emotionally, and especially financially.

I wasn't making progress, rather I could see that my trading was too emotional, emotionally charged and, at times, I traded recklessly—causing my losses to mount.

Much of the day I was pushing adrenalin, ranting on about how "they" were doing it to me again, and I recall having nervous twitching of sorts and both tension and pain in my chest and the back of my neck.

This is not good for me, I thought frequently. Time to take a break before I'm broken, I eventually said to myself.

I stopped trading.

I didn't give up the idea of becoming a successful trader, mind you; but I had to put an end to my personal and financial suffering - to be able to focus on my weaknesses, what the markets and stocks were doing to me, in search for solutions.

I switched hats. Off with my loser's hat, on with my tried and true winner's (consultant) hat. I consulted myself.

First, I set out to understand why I was losing so often and what it was going to take to make money.

I observed the markets and stock price movements, free of trading tension, peacefully and objectively, in search for understanding in hopes for some sort of bridging the gap or breakthrough - I know well how to do.

After a few weeks, I began to notice certain price movements that occurred with major swings, repetitively and consistently. Strange, in a sense that the source of the movement was completely inconsistent from what I had learned about trading.

Bam!

In an instant, I began to see the source of all my losing, the source of all trader' losing. I'm talking about over 90% of all the traders in any market - just about everyone's losing.

I could clearly see what was really going on now. My trading game, the one all the experts continue to feed us to this very day, the one I invested a chunk of my life and resources in, didn't work in the past, wasn't working for me before I stopped trading, and, get this, would never work - frankly, I discovered it will never work.

I could see what I was blind to and what caused me to get so upset about while trading/losing.

I now know who really controls the market and individual stock prices - and who was completely out of control, me.

I figured out what caused me and all the other losing traders - the crowd - to lose so much was obvious and simple. But it was nothing close to what I had been told by the experts or what I anticipated.

Along with revealing the source of losing, I discovered, after a great deal of thought and conversation, exactly what I needed to do, what it would take to win again.

About my perceived trading weaknesses, more so, my vulnerabilities (beyond my control), I knew I had to wake up to change:

- What's really going on
- Invent a way to deal with what I can do and cannot do to win,
- Maneuver with whatever the market gives me to be a winner

So, I needed to think differently, plan and strategize differently, and execute altogether differently, knowing what I learned what was really going on with the markets and stocks.

I had to reinvent myself and my system for trading to become a winner again.

I had to reinvent my entire game, if I wanted to win

- Me, professionally - perspective, thinking, habits

- My Health - attitude, mood, stress, and so on
- My Game (system) - purpose, rules, when to trade & not trade
- My Strategy & Tactics - get on the winner's track, execution

"Why (you might ask) did you go through all this?"

Any consultant, with just a bit of smarts, will tell you that a business in trouble competitively, a professional athlete who is no longer competitive, anyone in any business who cannot compete profitably, must take a break - to look at every single element/aspect of what they are up to, both the internal and external aspects, to your get your business/career on a winning/profitable track again.

Doing otherwise you get more of the same - disappointment, boredom, losing - or you are driven out of business, out of your mind.

Likewise for traders. Losing traders, be they bored, break even, or financially bleeding traders, like I was, must stop, take a break, then reevaluate everything about their business (otherwise commonly known as their game), internally and externally, to get at the root of whatever may be at the source of losing - to bridge the gaps to winning.

How?

With outside expertise - help. (Not possible on your own.)

Every losing trader needs this outside help to reveal what's missing and what needs to be provided (change) or implemented (learned) to ever have a chance to be successful and profitable trading stocks (for that matter, trading any of the unlimited range of financial instruments, no matter the time frame).

So what do losers need to look at and who do they need to help them transform and develop themselves personally and professionally as winners?

A qualified consultant/coach.

How do losers find a powerful, winning, profitable coach - to have a winner's game? That's the problem. Until now, until I came on the scene, this animal never existed.

So I became my own coach. Not an easy task, given objectivity is the first line of call. Remember I was still pissed as a loser.

By the way, should you now be thinking of trying this on your own, unless you've been at this consulting / coaching game for a while, I wouldn't suggest it.

Think long and hard once again. Winning is all about learning and learning does not occur, now will it ever occur, on your own.

You disagree?

That's OK, visit us again sometime soon, when you have a lot less money and sanity - for us to help you take care of yourself.

To make a long story short, I invented a way to win that I will share with you.



[Randy Manning](#)

8:30 PM 12/23/2010

I was born and raised here in Birmingham, AL, Went to Gibson School until my jr. year where I went to Woodlwan High School .

I did not Graduate, but did get my GED. I worked at different jobs as a teenager , My dad was a disk jockey at WLPH radio on the weekends , me and my brother with my dad did a lot of advertising for local businesses at the station.

My mother and dad separated when I was 17, so me my brother and mother got us a apartment in the community of Centerpoint outside the city here, At the age of 28 I decided that I wanted to fly airplanes for a living , bacause at the time I love aviation and airplanes, me and my brother would hang out at the airport a lot where I had a chance to get my private ticket and to move on to a commercial ticket. I solo just in 8 hours of flying lesson, so then I had flown Cessna 152, 172, 182, and had some hours in a twin Piper Seneca , so I was ready to seek my Multi Engine Rating , IFR Rating , Then my Commercial Rating.

Then the unfortunat thing had happen, my mother came down with breast cancer so she had to quit work, so I had to give up my dream of being a commercial pilot, so I could be with her , when she needed me , between my work and being home to help her, I had gone through a lot of pressure , my brother would also help too , at the time he was majoring in Commercial Broadcasting. My mother died at the young age of 63. So through those years I had got into Sales , went to work for my uncle who run a shoe store , from there was a Sales Rep, for ADT Corp, then went to work for Terminix as a Sales Rep, and today I'm with a company that was Iron Age Shoe Corp a national company for safety shoes , until it bankrupt three years ago, which now is Hayes Shoe LLC , and now I am a Home Based Marketing Consultant .



[Eduardo Najjar](#)

10:54 AM 12/27/2010

Well, my story is not all that spectacular. My father brought us from Cuba in 1961, after quickly realizing where things were headed. For some years, as a young father and student, Fidel Castro had been our neighbor and my father had given him some tutoring in French. So, my father knew him and his character.

My father left a very good job with a textile firm in Havana, and, after arriving in the US, started working as a busboy in a well known restaurant in Washington DC. He brought us over, moved up to work as a waiter, then started managing the restaurant, and finally bought it from the owner, who had great respect for his professional demeanor and knew that the customers flocked in because of him.

The restaurant, for those who know Washington DC, was "The Blue Mirror Grill". I also worked there as a busboy, in the kitchen and the pastry shop, between school years.

Then, after finishing my schooling, I started a business, grew it to about \$8M in yearly sales and lost it in 1986 through some fancy footwork. For several years, thereafter, I was without income. But, by the grace and mercy of God, we survived.

In the early 1990's, a friend of mine, who knew I spoke Spanish fluently, helped me get a job working as a certified court interpreter. Between this, helping seniors obtain Medicare Advantage plans, and Viridian, I am able to rebuild and keep my family fed.

Having experienced both financial extremes, I am always grateful for what I have, knowing that there is more happiness in giving than in receiving.

I am hopeful that through Tobri, I can increase my Viridian business, and help people save money on their utility bills while protecting the environment.



[Laverne Arsenault](#)

12:27 AM 12/27/2010

I have a wonderful husband and a mother of 4 children and 9 grandchildren and live in the western part of Canada.

I am self-employed and loving it ... involved with a great company and love it. It's my passion as I get to work with great people and help others by sharing a service that makes people money and that's super great. I like helping people to achieve their goals and aspirations.



[D E Bartley](#)

11:18 PM 12/26/2010

Hello Ken, I am a published author and I like to find myself in forums where I can meet a lot of people. I have a blog and an online art gallery. I post all of my art there. I like to work in all mediums and genres and I also like to write. I write poetry and Sci-Fi flash fiction for people on twitters who are not watching Sunday football. Really it's why I write it. So thanks for asking.



[Don Monteith](#)

3:54 PM 12/26/2010

I'm a family man with a bride of 49 years, 3 adult children, 7 grands, political conservative, believing that Integrity is key to success in everything we do. We believe that the Christian life connects us to the ultimate power to live a full and exciting future for eternity.

Our past includes 32 years in the staffing business helping folks earn a living full time or on a temporary basis, an awesome career for us. As co-owner and CEO, we sold the business and retired to the Internet Marketing arena to help us stay in the loop of what's happening in the marketplace and business opportunities.

Internet Marketing and Network Marketing along with our new Tobri friends is our latest venture along with Sokule where Jane Mark and Phil Basten give leadership to taking Social Media to a new level.

Family, church, Internet, travel, cruising, and seeking ways to help others find new ways to earn a living and building their financial security is our focus for 2011. Another cruise, vacation with family, celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary in November will be an awesome year for us.

Gospel music is our favorite. Listening to John Hagee, Joel Osteen, Hannity, Huckabee and a few episodes of Letterman and Leno about fills our TV agenda, sometimes more than we want. We sing, ride our Harley, and enjoy our Corvette toy as we have a mid-life crisis, second time around.

Our next Internet venture will be at jvAlert in Orlando, Hope to meet lots of new Tobri friends there as we enjoy the leadership of Ken McArthur.



[Joelle Kosmin](#)

Hi Ken,

I'm happy to share my story with you!

I'm a Philly girl living in Maryland (one day to return home). My two sisters and I gave my parents quite a run for their money. Not sure how they survived 3 girls but they did, and did it well. I am a classic first born. Always striving to do better, the goody two-shoes, the care taker, etc.

Growing up in my family was a blast, it still is! Plenty of fun and funny stories. Life was mixed with family issues and some hard times but we always stuck together. I began working at 14 when my father's business was going through hard times; I always tried to find a way to help out.

My parents instilled in me a great sense of connection and obligation to my family and the people I love. That has always stuck with me, along with my mother's admonishment to never take my shoes off in public...hee, hee.

We had a good life. Lived in a nice home and mostly didn't want for anything. Still, it wasn't the best neighborhood and I sought to move beyond the part of town where we lived. So when it came time for college, I was off to Maryland. It was hard to be away from my family but felt I needed to grow up and learn to be on my own.

I seemed to always have a boyfriend or one on their way out and another waiting in the wings (boy do I miss those days!). I met my husband in my junior year when I began working for the company where he was employed. We fell in love very quickly and that was that.

I never went home to Philly. I stayed in MD, got my Master's Degree in Social Work and got married in 1989. We had a beautiful life on many levels and I thought we'd be together forever. I thought I'd found that last of the good ones. And for years things were really great. We had 2 children-my daughter is 16 now and my son is 12- and they're amazing kids!

But something went wrong. There are lots of gory and awful details but I try not to focus on them. Suffice it to say, the man I divorced was far from the man I married. It has been 7 years and it's still the most painful thing that has ever happened to me. But also the best...

I was so distraught it was terrible; I could barely function. I'd also gotten quite ill before the break up and had many medical issues to deal with, none helped by the stress. Being in a

different state from my family was bad but thankfully, we were only 2 hours apart and my they rallied around me.

It took me a while but I'd always been a "pick yourself up by the bootstraps" kind of gal. I knew action was what I needed. So I began my journey. What I believe to be my real life journey, the gift I was given by the break -up of my marriage.

I began to focus on enjoying both my time with my children and my time without. I went on dating sites to meet new people and was fortunate enough to make some great friends. I began a home-based business and quickly realized I needed to network with people in person—I'm much more a face to face networker. I researched and found business networking groups and was blessed by meeting many, many wonderful people with whom I remain friendly today.

Through my business networking, I found a free group that worked with the Law of Attraction and the book, *Think and Grow Rich*. That blessing turned into a deeper delving into positivity and internal peace.

At one networking event I met someone who told me about Internet Marketing and got me to a jvAlert. Lucky me! What an amazing experience and group of people. I hold a special place in my heart for many of the people I met there. Though I tried my hand at Internet Marketing, I've come to the conclusion that it isn't for me...but hearing so many people's stories took me to a new place mentally. I do my best to get to as many of Ken's events as I can. Internet Marketer or not, they are great places to meet people and set your head in the right direction. I've learned that there is nothing one cannot overcome.

I'm now on my 4<sup>th</sup> home business and know this is the *right* one. It is growing every day and I see all good things in the future.

Reading some of the stories that you sent, Ken, inspired me in many ways. I only hope mine can inspire/speak to someone out there in Tobri-land!

Ken, thank you for asking for people's stories. They are wonderful and once again, you've done a great kindness to many.



### William A. (Bill)...

Ken McArthur says: Tell me your story...tell me who you really are...

*...“Who are you?” said the Caterpillar. This was not an encouraging opening for [a] conversation.*

*[Bill] replied, rather shyly, “I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.”*

*“What do you mean by that?” said the Caterpillar sternly*

*“Explain yourself!”...*

...explain myself? Well, I shall try. I consider myself a musician programmer-macintosh bigot-published author-pantheistic-web site author-internet millionaire wannabe-trainer with Parkinson’s Disease.

Details follow, in reverse chronological order, back to when “I got up this morning” (my younger days):

Ninth off, and the most physically obvious in this incarnation, I am a PWP—a Person with Parkinson’s disease. Diagnosed in 1995 at the age of 42, I’ve been on several medications to try to control the symptoms over the years. The side effects of these medications have their own symptoms which are, at times, more bothersome than those of the disease.

In 2009, I submitted to the suggestion of my neurologist and underwent Deep Brain Stimulation surgery. The “jury is still out” on how much (if any) improvement I have experienced. As my favorite fictional character would say: Waiting will fill. So, I am neurologically challenged.

Eighth, from February of 1985 to July of 2002, I spent 17 “frabjous” years as a traveling trainer. I crisscrossed the country (and some out of the country) teaching adult students about the advantages and benefits of The UNIX Operating System, The C Programming Language, and a dozen or so related subjects. This was the best job—”Callooh! Callay!”—my favorite of all time.

But, to quote Charles Dickens: It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...“best” because of the inexplicable joy and good feelings I would get whenever I saw the “light bulb pop on above a student’s head” as a result of my explanations; “worst” because the learning never ends

as the number of new topics marches forward in step with the growth of the Internet, the Web, and computer technology in general. But no matter if I spent every week day teaching a classroom full of students about The X Window System and the Motif toolkit and spent every night preparing to teach The Swing toolkit as it applies to Java (or whatever), it is a job I sincerely miss. And, darn-it, I was good at it too! I grokked it! So, I am a UNIX trainer.

Seventh, I've always thought, and to a point believed, that there were moneymaking opportunities with the Internet. But, I'm on way too many lists, I've been tossed to one too many landing pages, seen more "proof" of bank balances than I care to admit, been lured by too many testimonials, expert videos, e-books, and more, and I still don't "get it." It seems "all mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe." So, you can call me an Internet-millionaire-wannabe with no more spare money to spend.

Sixth, somewhere around 1995 I put my first Web-site up on the Internet. It's been through many iterations, three different Web-hosts, has managed to survive fifteen years so far, and "burbled as it came." So, I call myself a Web-author and a Web-site developer.

Fifth, in 1990, I came up with the idea that the training manuals we used in the classroom could be turned into books with very little effort. Well, little turned out to be not-so-little, but I managed to hook up with McGraw-Hill and got them interested in the project. The publishing industry is full of "the jaws that bite, the claws that catch." But, in 1991 I became a published author and repeated it in 1993.

Fourth, my favorite fictional book introduced me to Pantheism and got me interested in Solipsistic thought. Just so you don't have to look it up, Pantheism is a doctrine that identifies God with the universe, or regards the universe as a manifestation of God. I am a Pantheist.

Third, somewhere in 1985 I came to own my first Macintosh computer. Imagine, the gold-standard in Graphic User Interfaces combined with the best darned operating system ever—I'm in computing heaven. "Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe." Suffice it to say that I'm a Mac-bigot and an OS X-geek.

Second, from 1977 to 1985 I held a number of positions as a programmer and software engineer. From PL/I application programming to assembler language system programming through my years of working with UNIX and C (and continue to this day "galumphing back"), I've always considered myself a programmer and a software engineer.

Finally, first, most everything before 1977 had to do with music. I got my first set of drums in 1969 and played in several bands through high school and college. Rock bands, mostly cover bands doing Yes, Uriah Heep, Led Zeppelin, King Crimson, Vanilla Fudge, Deep Purple, James Gang to name a few. But the one band that had the biggest influence on me was Grand Funk Railroad. I had Don Brewer's famous "Live" drum solo down almost beat for beat. But, lately,

PD's "vorpal blade" has gone "snicker-snack" on my drumming skills keeping me from trying to do anything professionally any more. So call me a musician if you will...

*... "I can't explain myself, I'm afraid sir," said [Bill], "because I'm not myself, you see?"*

*"I don't see" said the Caterpillar.*

*"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," [Bill] replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and [having this dis-ease] is very confusing."*

*"It isn't" the Caterpillar said.*

*"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said [Bill]; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will someday you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"*

*"Not a bit!" the Caterpillar said stubbornly.*

*"Well perhaps your feelings may be different" [Bill] said; "all I know is, it would be very queer to me."*

*"You!" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are you?"*

*Which brought them back to the beginning of their conversation.*

*[Bill] felt a little...*

After all, who could actually consider themselves a musician-programmer-macintosh bigot-published author-pantheistic-web site author-internet-millionaire wannabe-trainer with Parkinson's Disease, really?

Sincerely,

William A. (Bill) Parrette



[Kitty A. Smith](#)

I am the first of six children, all of us surprises. Our parents loved us and nurtured us in their way, but there is no denying I am from the dysfunctional family that defined dysfunction. Although our parents probably meant well, we were not taught to be independent. Indeed, independence was the root of all evil. Try living in the world as an adult without the ability to be independent. At 53, I am finally on the verge of growing up and becoming a viable human being.

My lack of independence made me a great supporter. I worked tirelessly for employers who really did not care. In fact, I shook up the status quo, I made others look bad because I was too eager to please. It finally struck me hard when I helped my husband build his HVAC business up by marketing and even working by his side in attics and on rooftops until he could afford to hire help. My husband did not want to be a success. He was happy just letting his little business slide along affording him an occasional vacation, and fishing or diving trips. He worked when it did not get in the way of his fun. He did not appreciate that I helped his business grow. He resented the calls that came in interrupting his plans.

I need to become independent. I started following Ed Dale. I feel he is one of those great people that you rarely run into. He piqued my interest in internet marketing. He did not tout practices that would be questionable or shady. He taught me without expecting anything in return. Of course there was something to be sold, but for one month every year, he just gives to anyone that will take it with no obligation ever. I always run into the same problem though. I need a product or service, something just did not click and I am still floundering, wishing I could make an internet business work for me. Tobri feels like the future. The outpouring of selfless friendship has been amazing. I get something here I have never seen before. Real people with real stories doing what I want to do. Maybe at last this will be the year I grow up become INDEPENDENT!