

VISIONARY HEART

**Bringing Down My Walls
Standing For My People**

Michael Ivan Skye

**SAMPLE CHAPTER:
Finding A Place To Stand**

Welcome!

What you are about to read is a sample chapter of my upcoming book, VISIONARY HEART: Bringing Down My Walls, Standing For My People.

Finding A Place To Stand

This chapter is titled, *Finding A Place to Stand*, and shares a story of me feeling my walls of judgment rise towards my brother, and then finding a place to stand where my heart could see him again.

The Book

The Visionary Heart book that I am now completing tells my personal stories from boyhood through present day as I stood for my family and others through times of judgment, fear and crisis; and developed the body of transformational leadership work offered through VisionForce.

I'd love to put my life's work in the hands of everyone who is standing for their family or community in times of crisis, so I'm removing the financial barriers. The electronic version of the book, the majority of the resources it links to online and the live events it invites the reader to are being *gifted*.

If you'd like to receive more samples of the book and the related tools, and/or if you'd like to join in the publishing of this book and other fun, visit our Visionary Heart campaign [here](#).

From October 8, 2013 through November 11, 2013, we're raising funds and awareness through the campaign to publish this book. We've got some awesome Perks, which include live events and world travel--[check it out](#).

The electronic version of the full book will be a gift to all, as is this sample.

Feel free to share this document with your friends.

Thanks and Enjoy,

Michael Ivan Skye
Author, Visionary Heart
Founder, [VisionForce](#)

Finding A Place To Stand

Austin, Texas - 2001

“I’m waking up earlier every morning,” I tell Deborah, “Driving thirty minutes across town each way to train him and support him in his dream, and I get there and he’s still sleeping. I try to wake him up and he’s grumpy. I try to push him to train harder and he gives me attitude.”

It’s Sunday, our day to review our life and our week, and I’m taking a hard look at my situation with my brother, Dave, who is four years younger than me, and who’s dream to become a professional boxer. He wanted someone to train with him and challenge him, and I’d jumped at the opportunity even though all I knew about training someone to fight was only what he’d taught me (and maybe what I’d seen in the Rocky movies). I was just doing what he asked of me. Pushing him like I imagined a professional trainer might.

“I feel disrespected and unappreciated,” I say, stating my truth. “I’m there for him, and he just gives me attitude.” I can feel a wall of judgment forming inside me towards my brother, and I can feel his wall of judgment towards me. I was starting to view him as unmotivated, unappreciative and disrespectful.

“Do you think it has something to do with you being his older brother?” Deborah asks.

I think about it for a second. “No doubt.”

Then I remember how Dave’s had challenges with his former trainers and coaches, and begin to see what might be a pattern. Dave resented these guys for not fully believing in him or committing to him. “I wonder if this dynamic is related to my father leaving home when he was... ten, and me leaving home when he was...

fourteen... I wonder if he's pushing away older men who are father figures..."

And just then something occurs to me... if Dave is pushing away these men who he'd like to have training him and believing in him, and they just go away... my younger brother is not going to achieve his dream. I feel sadness rising.

"Well, I'm not going to leave." My heart resonates with the powerful feeling I recognize as Honor. "That's who I am for my brother. The one who believes in him. The one who stays. The one who won't turn away. Even in the face of feeling disrespected, unappreciated and hurt.

My heart is saying YES.

In the face of feeling hurt and disrespected, who I am for my brother is the one man who stays. Who I am is the one who stands for him. Who I am is his older man in his life who he sees him, believes in him and has his back. No matter what. Who I am for him is his ally."

More honor fills me as I voice this aloud. I have certainty in my heart and my body. I have found my place to stand. And now my heart can see... I see my brother and I continuing to train together, powerfully. I see him pursuing his dream and realizing it. I see us growing closer, both growing stronger. And seeing this only increases the sense of honor I feel.

I can't wait for tomorrow morning!

Early the next morning...

I'm racing across the city, the sun is still sleeping as are most of the city's inhabitants, and racing through my mind are visions of

training the next champion. I can hear the every beat and word of Eye of the Tiger.

Before I know it I'm pulling into his driveway. I jump from my truck, run up to the front door, enter my brother's house and run up the stairs. I can see the Rocky montage and old Mickey pushing his underdog fighter.

Entering his room, I see he's still sleeping. I'm not disappointed this time. I just turn on the stereo and crank up the fighting music, louder than I usually do. He sits straight up with a scowl.

"Time to go, champ!"

"What the hell! Turn that shit down!"

He's not liking me right now. Plenty of attitude.

"Come on champ, time to train!" I'm unfazed.

Soon enough we're downstairs training and I'm pushing him harder than usual. I'm training a champion, and taking no bullshit.

I feel his resistance and resentment building, but I just keep on.

Finally it comes out, he blows up, and says something that triggers deep hurt in me.

Fuck this. I turn and head for the door. I'm done.

I take three steps towards the door and suddenly feel a sense of inspiration rise up through me. My heart asks me, Who I am for my brother?

I stop.

I'm the one who's not going to walk away, even in the face of feeling hurt or unappreciated.

Flushed with this feeling of honor, I have deep clarity in my heart and body. I inhale, turn back around, I walk up to face my little

brother.

Feeling my love for him and this sense of honor, I stand before for him. I tell him who he is for me, how I believe in him, who I am for him and how much I simply want to support him in realizing his dream. I tell him I feel hurt and unappreciated, but I'm not walking out. Tears fill my eyes. I tell him I want to create a way to support him that works for both of us.

He's upset but he softens... I can tell he's hearing me with this heart.

We talk it through it, and he speaks his truth to me. What he was feeling, and what it was about how I was being that didn't work for him. He softens, and we chuckle about the older brother—younger brother dynamic.

A bear hug later, and we're back at it. I've made some adjustments in my coaching style, and I'm training him harder than ever. He's fully in.

In the face of my pain and my judgments, I had found a place to stand in my heart such that there was no suffering, no struggling and no resentment, but rather a profound sense of heart-opening honor and a moving vision.

Several years later...

Dave and I have been out on the town and had a few drinks, and we're pulling in to the local 7/11 to get some grub. We're reminiscing about the good ole days, when out of the blue Dave begins, "Mike... I just want to thank you, man."

I turn off the truck and look at him. “When everyone else gave up on me... you didn’t. You believed in me. And I really appreciate it. I really appreciate it.”

I pause and take it in.

“Of course man,” I respond, “We’re brothers.” Feeling deeply seen and honored by my brother, I turn to open my door.

Just then I feel Dave’s hand slap my chest, grab my shirt and turn me back to face him. “No.” He looks me in the eye to make sure I get it,... “Mike... even when I gave up on myself, you didn’t give up on me.”

He wants to make sure I really get who I am for him. I look at him a few moments longer. Smiling big now, tears fill my eyes... I do. I get it.

The hours of physical training, the hours I sacrificed not doing other things, the struggles and the disappointments—none of it was suffering. In relation to my brother, I had with me the profound feeling of Honor.

Dave has since moved on from boxing, choosing to invest in his career and his family. And my stand for my brother, and his for me, remains.

him.

END OF SAMPLE CHAPTER

Finding A Place to stand is part of what we do in the Honor Window and other honor work that this book invites people into.

Once this book is published, we’ll also publish a book/workbook specifically on the Honor Window work. This will also be a downloadable gift for those who desire it.

With your help, we can release these books and tools as a gift sooner rather than later. If you'd like to be a patron and support these books and this work, please...

[Please Support Our Visionary Heart Campaign](#)

Make a contribution to the campaign.

Share the campaign on blogs, social networking sites, etc.

HELPFUL LINKS:

[Another Sample Chapter: Seeing Through My Walls](#)

[VisionForce](#)

[Follow Michael Skye on Facebook](#)

[Follow Michael Skye on Twitter](#)

[Visionary Heart Campaign on Indiegogo](#)