



BeliefBusters

NEW Lesson 10

A New Definition of Belief

Because for most people, the old one isn't working very well.

be·lieF (bɛ-lye) *n.* **1.** The mental act, condition, or habit of placing trust or confidence in another. **2.** Mental acceptance of and conviction in the truth, actuality, or validity of something. **3.** Something believed or accepted as true, especially a particular tenet or a body of tenets accepted by a group of persons.

[Middle English *bilieve* alteration (influenced by *belūfan*, *belTfan* to believe;);

See **believe** of Old English *gelTafa*; See **leubh-** in Indo-European Roots.]

leubh-. Important derivatives are: *livelong furlough belief believe love libido*
To care, desire; love. **I.** Suffixed form **leubh-o-*. LIEF; LEMAN, LIVELONG, from Old English *ITof*, dear, beloved, from Germanic **leubaz*. **II.** O-grade form **loubh-*. **1. a.** LEAVE², from Old English *ITaf*, permission (< “pleasure, approval”); **b.** FURLOUGH, from Middle Dutch *verlof*, leave, permission (*ver-*, intensive prefix, from Germanic **fer-*; see per 1); **c.** BELIEF, from Old English *gelTafa*, belief, faith (*bi-*, about; see ambhi), from Germanic **galaubÁ* (**ga-*, intensive prefix; see kom). **a, b,** and **c** all from Germanic **laubÁ*. **2.** BELIEVE, from Old English *gelTfan*, *belTfan*, to believe, trust (*be-*, about; see ambhi), from Germanic **galaubjan*, “to hold dear,” esteem, trust (**ga-*, intensive prefix; see kom). **III.** Zero-grade form **lubh-*. **1.** Suffixed form **lubh-E-*. LOVE, from Old English *lufu*, love, from Germanic **lubÁ*. **2.** Suffixed (stative) form **lubh-T-*. QUODLIBET, from Latin *libTre*, to be dear, be pleasing. **3.** LIBIDO, from Latin *libhdÁ*, pleasure, desire. [Pokorny *leubh-* 683.]

Once upon a time (began the writer). . . I wrote a book called *The Greatest Networker in the World*. It was a story about a young man—he was an aspiring, but misfiring network marketer—and his mentor and the lessons and learning they exchanged on a very quick journey from failure to success.

The book was blessed (as was I) to sell over one million copies around the world. It was successful enough people "demanded" a sequel, so I wrote *Conversations With The Greatest Networker*. . . Some said it was a "much better" book. The sales didn't prove that assertion, and. . . there were some pretty neat ideas in it.

This (below) is one (or two) of them I trust that you'll find valuable and useful.

Once again, this is NOT the truth. Simply another way of looking at things. . . a different and perhaps new paradigm for you to try on, learn if it fits you, and if it does, put it to work and play in your life and see what happens.

"That's great," he said. "Tell me, what do you mean when you use the word *belief*?"

"Hmmm," I thought out loud. "That's a good question."

"Thank you," he said smartly. "I love asking good questions."

"Well, what I mean is that I *know*," I answered. "Like with my goals, I *trust* that what I'm thinking about will come true. It's kind of like— no, it's exactly like having *faith*."

"My turn," he said. "Hmmm. That's a good answer."

"Thank you," I quipped. "I love having good answers."

"Bright boy. Charming boy," he smiled and added, "and learns so quickly, too. Seriously, though, I've been thinking about this a lot recently— this business of belief. I know it's at the source of success. Belief is the essence of creativity. It's imperative for us to *believe*."

"Clearly *lack* of belief— in themselves, their products, company, the industry, their abilities— is a big stumbling-block that stops so many people in our business. As it was for you, yes?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Now, you said that for you, belief was *knowing*. Is that right?"

"Yes, like having faith. I *know* this or that is so, and because I know it will come true I can do it."

"Great," he said, obviously warming to the conversation. He leaned forward setting down his chopsticks, and bored into my face with that intense gaze of his. "Okay, *how do you know*?"

"What do you mean *how*? I *know*, that's all." I could feel a hint of defensiveness come out through my voice.

He put his hand up, gently, in a gesture that clearly meant 'stop.'

"Look, stay with me on this. Help me take a look at this, 'cause I'm really fascinated by the notion of belief and I think I may be on to something really important. Will you do a little exercise with me?"

"Okay," I volunteered.

"I warn you, this could get a little rough for you for a moment or two. It is what someone once described to me as the most uncomfortable exercise he'd ever done. If I guess right, we're going to have your defenses up real quick. But don't worry. It won't last longer than a minute or two— max."

That *charming* introduction really had me afraid of doing the exercise— and already plugged-in— and I told him so.

He simply smiled that knowing smile of his and raised his eyebrows in invitation.

"Okay," I exhaled and began to sing, "Too late to turn back now . . . I believe. I believe. I believe I'm falling . . ." and let the song trail off. "Let's get it over with."

"Cool," he exclaimed with excitement, rubbing his hands together. "So tell me a fact— something you absolutely *know*."

"The world is round," I said convincingly.

"Great!" he almost shouted. "How do you *know* that?"

"I've seen the pictures of the Earth the astronauts took from space."

"And how do you know *that*?"

"What, that I've seen the pictures? Or that it was really Earth . . . or really a photograph. . . . What?"

"Please," he said, with a beseeching quality in his voice, "try not to become *too* clever here." He smiled at me. "Just look at the question and tell me: How do you know that?"

I was only on my third answer to his questions and already my uneasiness was all too clear and much too present— and, my expectation was this discomfort was only going to get worse. In my mind I was already racing ahead in the conversation, wanting to get to the exercise over with as fast as possible.

How did I know?

I saw the pictures, the photographs.

How did I know *that*?

I'd seen them with my own two eyes.

How did I know *that*?

I'd *seen* them, that's how. Looked right at them right in front of me right in the pages of some magazine or on TV. *That's how!!*

And how did I know *that*?

The picture of the Earth enters the eyes and is focused on the retina as tiny bits of light upside down, and the brain sets it right-side up again, and the electrical impulses of the pixel pieces of the photo travel through the neurotransmitters and synapses of the cerebral cortex and. . . . *Man, I have no idea how I know. I just know.* The Earth is round. I *know!* That's all!

"I can see you reached the most uncomfortable part of the exercise already," he said softly, his face expressionless.

"Let me guess— you're now at the point of insisting that you *know*, and yet not being able to say why. Just, '*I know!* and let's quit fooling around.' Right?"

He didn't wait for me to answer. "Or, perhaps you're over at the opposite side, realizing that you absolutely *don't know*. Which is it— or is it both?"

I sighed, long and slow. I'd been here before with him. Impossible questions. Baffling thoughts.

"I guess I don't *know*. I don't *know* anything! I don't know that I don't know!" I blurted out, my frustration obvious to us both.

We sat in silence for a time. His gaze never left my face. His expression simply wasn't.

Finally, he said, "*Ri-ight*," drawing the word out long and slow as if to make it its own complete sentence.

"I sympathize, my friend. I, too, found the exercise most uncomfortable. After I did it, I had the thought that I simply didn't know *anything*," and as he said this, The Greatest Networker shook his head and seemed truly saddened by the remembrance. "And that didn't sit well with me. I am— or was— the kind of person who really *needed to know*, and to *be right*, too."

He looked away as he often did when he was recalling something and said almost to himself, "Do you mean to say all I ever thought I knew, I really didn't? I just made it all up? And all anybody else knew, that was all made up as well? Whew! Boggles the mind. . . . Absolutely."

"*Bu-ut*," he said and then paused to take a deep breath, "let's keep it simple for the moment. Given our at best confused relationship to *knowing*, where does that leave us with *believing*?"

"I can see the thought puzzles you, too," he said smiling his agreement with me. "Your definition of belief had a lot to do with knowing what you believed was right and true— yes?"

I nodded that it did.

"So did mine. Once. But I've got another meaning for the word, now, and I'm certain that I'm really on to something. Given the very real possibility that we make all of this stuff up anyway," he said, his hand sweeping wide across the table, "I think I'll stick with this new thought of mine for a while. It's far more empowering. Here's what I'm thinking about. . . ."

"The word belief is made up of two parts," he told me. "*Be* is the first part, and you and I have already talked a bunch about being— yes? In order to *have* success and *do* successful things, you have to be *being* successful— right?"

Two questions, two nods from me in the affirmative.

"Great. Now here's the fun and insightful bit. The second part of *belief* is *lief*, which comes from the Indo-European *leubh*, which means . . ." and he paused dramatically, punctuating the moment with his hands spread open and apart, palms up, ". . . *love*."

As he said that, he raised his knees up under his chin wrapping his arms around them and looking at me with an almost impish twinkle, asking, "And what do you think of that, my young friend?"

"Be . . . love. You're saying to believe means to *be love*?"

“What if it did?” he asked quickly in return. “What if instead of having to know for a fact in order to believe in something, all you had to do was love it?”

That was indeed an idea I wanted to think about. What if when I believed, I simply loved the notion? What if. . . .

“Talk to me,” he said, pulling me out of my thoughts. “Life is a conversation. As Plato said, ‘The truth is revealed in dialogue.’ Talking to yourself like there’s somebody there to talk to won’t cut it. Talk to *me*. Tell *me*, what you just thought you were thinking?”

“Okay,” I said, shaking my head at his odd, yet welcome tenacity.

“I was thinking about how when we first met, you asked me about my goals. At the time, I remember *thinking*. . . .” and I stressed the word and looked across the table at him with a raised eyebrow to show I used the statement advisedly.

He smiled. I continued.

“I remember thinking that there was no use in having goals, because I didn’t believe I could ever achieve them.”

“*Bingo!*” he exclaimed nearly jumping forward. “So, what do you suppose the constant message you were giving your subconscious mind was with *that* thought?”

“Not good.”

“No kidding.”

“Imagine for a moment,” he asked thoughtfully, “how many people in the world don’t make goals, don’t have a vision, have stopped dreaming, all because they just don’t *believe* it’s true— in the conventional sense of the word— that it, whatever *it* is, will ever work out for them?”

“You know,” he continued, “a Harvard research project years ago revealed that only three percent of the U.S. adult population had written goals. Do you suppose the other 97 percent would be more interested in writing down their dreams for the future if they knew they didn’t have to have unshakable *belief* that they could and would achieve them? They just had to be *in love* with them— they just had to fall *in love* with their goals and dreams?”

“Wow,” I thought and said— then said again. “Wow.”

“As I said,” he confided, “I really think I’m on to something here.”

I couldn’t help myself. I became lost in a swirl of thoughts. I began talking to myself about *be loving* my goals— as if there was somebody there to talk to.

Amazing.

Questions

1. How do you know what you know?

2. What's the connection for you between knowing and belief?
 3. In what way(s) would this "new definition of belief" serve and empower you?
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Answers

1. How do you know what you know?

That's a tough one. Drill down on that question and you end up in one of two deep places: Either you just *know*. . . or, you just *don't know*.

The dictionary isn't much help.

know (nÅ) v. **knew** (ná, nyá) **known** (nÅn) **know·ing knows** v. tr.
1. To perceive directly; grasp in the mind with clarity or certainty. 2. To regard as true beyond doubt: *I know she won't fail*. 3. To have a practical understanding of, as through experience; be skilled in: *knows how to cook*. 4. To have fixed in the mind: *knows her Latin verbs*. 5. To have experience of: *"a black stubble that had known no razor."* William Faulkner 6. a. To perceive as familiar; recognize: *I know that face*. b. To be acquainted with: *He doesn't know his neighbors*. 7. To be able to distinguish; recognize as distinct: *knows right from wrong*. 8. To discern the character or nature of: *knew him for a liar*.
v. intr. 1. To possess knowledge, understanding, or information. 2. To be cognizant or aware.

Really puts the kibosh on having to *know how* before you attempt something, or knowing what to do or where to go or. . . and it sure makes a mess if you're a person who likes to—or has to—be *right*.

Think back to **Lesson 01, The Importance of What's Important** and one of the key discoveries from Dr. Roger Sperry's Nobel Prize winning research.

When the analytical mind is surgically separated from the intuition. . . it is completely incapable of distinguishing

truth from fiction.

And remember what Kurt Wright wrote about how our analytical mind is completely vulnerable to being deceived into thinking it can judge right or wrong, good or bad. In truth, it simply cannot execute the judging function.

So the part of the mind that's supposed to *know* a thing or two, doesn't really know. Uh oh. . .

The rational/analytical "conscious" mind, the head, is NOT the part of the mind that *knows*. That's the heart, the intuitive/imaginative part of your mind.

Allow your heart to *know*, because it's the only part of you that does. . .

Your heart is directly connected to The Source of All That Is. That's why, when we can't explain something, we say, "God knows. . ." (Because God is the only one who does.)

2. What's the connection for you between knowing and belief??

This is one you get to answer for yourself, of course. What I found was that as long as I needed to *know* in the "true beyond doubt" way of the dictionary before I could believe in something or someone. . . well, I *always* had a doubt or three.

And the more life experience I racked up. . . and the more hugely successful men and women I interviewed. . . the more I came to understand that that kind of rational/analytical knowing wasn't what was most important.

I learned that what I *know* isn't a matter of my mind-set. It's about my heart-set. And that's where the *be lief* > *be leubh* > *be love* thing started.

3. In what way(s) would the "new definition of belief" serve and empower you?

Again and of course (again), this is one you get to answer for yourself. But before we complete this Lesson there's an idea you may find useful. . . even insightful.

What are the specific steps in the process of creating?

In The Law of Attraction it goes like this:

1. **Desire**
2. **Manifestation**
3. **Receiving**

First step is having the desire for something. . . wanting to have something come into existence. This step is up to you. Imagineering at it's finest and most fun. And, you just make it up.

So, a great question in any and every moment is:

What do you want?

Now, there is more to say about this: When the desire is heart-felt, aligned with your values and life's purpose—what Napoleon Hill called a "Burning Desire"—it's got the juice and jazz (creative energy) that The Law of Attraction just loves to tango with. Ho hum, kinda', maybe wanting doesn't cut it.

So. . .

You stack the odds in your favor by having what you desire be on fire.

Step 2 confuses a lot of people, because MOST people think they have something to do with bringing things into existence. In one impolite word. . . Wrong!

Look at a tree (or imagine one). Now. . . go make one. Go create a tree. . .

I didn't say buy one, plant one. I said "Go *create* a tree."

Trust you got that bit pretty quickly.

Step 2 is God's job. Creation (call it what works best for you) does the creating, NOT you and me. Oh yes. . . we push and pull and effort all over the place, but it's futile and foolish. That's just not OUR job.

Make a tree, make a bird, make money. . . No. The good and great news about Step 2 is, this will be done for you.

So, what about Step 3, Receiving?

Ball's back in our court. Receiving is up to you and me, but there's a subtle trick to it most of the LOA (Law of Attraction) folks are missing.

Abraham-Hicks speaks of Step 3, Receiving as "Allowing". To receive is to allow whatever has been created to show up in your life. . . and, they say, you do *that* by vibrating with the same energy as the creation itself has: "Like attracts like", they say. . .

Okay. . . so what can you do to be movin' and shakin' with the exact same energy that the object of your desire is vibrating with?

Rather than debating what I think are all the short-comings and goings of things like affirmations, intention goal setting and thinking thoughts that feel good. . . let me cut to the chase and simply suggest you *believe* as in BE LOVE that which you desire. . .

If "Like attracts like". . . what can "Love attracts love" do?

Can you imagine a more perfect or powerful way to be on the exact same wavelength with your heart's desire than to *be love* it?

That's the new definition of belief. Hopefully useful.

Next up: **Ready, Set, Grow**. Then, we'll really start getting into it.