

**Full Episode Transcript** 

**With Your Host** 

**Becca Pike** 

Hey guys. It is time for a little Becca Pike storytelling. Today we are talking manifestation, how it works and how it doesn't. But before we do, I have a completely free offer for you. So I believe that the amount of clientele that your business has is in direct correlation with how well you speak about your service, how well you speak just in general, the words that you use, the strategy in which you have when you are speaking to clientele, the way that you make people feel with the things that you say.

Do you want to know what makes people buy from you in one simple sentence? It's this. How safe you make them feel to purchase from you when you're talking to them. That is it no matter which way you cut it. That is why testimonials work so well right? It makes people feel safe when they see that other people have bought and have had success. Even the colors of your branding can create safety or lack thereof.

So today as a bonus for those of you that are following the podcast and those of you that follow me on Instagram, I created a video that's basically a cheat sheet for you. I go into detail of exactly how to talk to people when discussing your service that is going to make them feel safe to buy from you. It will make them not only want to work with you but actually feel lucky that you have come into their life.

Because in this video you will learn exactly how to make your clients feel heard, feel like you are the expert that they've been searching for, and you will be able to turn more leads into paying customers. This is a free 18 minute video that you can go and grab off of my Instagram bio. So go find me on Instagram. My name is @1beccapike. Click on the link in my bio and choose the button that says Freebie Turn Your Leads Into Paying Clients. Go do it. Do it, do it. Now on to episode number 57. I am your host Becca Pike, and it is time for your weekly dose of Hell Yes Coaching. Let's go.

Hey, guys. I'm Becca Pike and welcome to *The Hell Yes Entrepreneur* podcast, the number one show for entrepreneurs looking to create their first six-figure year. If you've got the drive and you know how to hustle but you're not sure where to channel your energy, we've got the answers. Let's dive into today's show.

My husband Mark and I bought a house about a year into our marriage. It was a very small 1,100 square foot house in a subdivision on the outskirts of the city that we live in. Our whole lives were still in Lexington, which some would call a city, others would laugh at me for giving it that label. But we would drive into Lexington every day from that house to see our friends and to frequent our coffee shops and restaurants and manage the massage studio.

It was the cutest house, and we did a lot of work to it. I think people saw it for what it was. Like it was just a small three bedroom one bathroom house with a very modest little kitchen and modest little living room. We paid like \$90,000 for it when we bought it. But to me, it was the fucking best. It was the best house I had ever lived in. Like factually, it was definitely the best house I had ever lived in. I had never had a yard before. I'd never had that many bedrooms. It was like the cutest. We decorated it so nicely. We replaced the carpet with these like nice Pergo wood floors.

I think what people complimented on the most about that house was the way that we had it set up. Like we lived really minimally. You wouldn't know that there were six humans and two cats and a Great Dane living there. You wouldn't be able to tell. It was like Pinterest worthy at all times. We kept it sleek and minimal and never cluttered, right?

I gotta give all that props to Mark, by the way. Like he is the one that builds our furniture. He has like an eye for design. He can just look at a room and say like he already knows what color the cabinets need to be painted. He's just constantly working in his wood crafting shed just creating us this beautiful furniture. So it's all because of him. Honestly, like if it was up to me, we would have Amazon boxes as side tables. So I should give all the props here to him.

But I loved this house. I loved the way it looked. It was an awesome first house. Okay? It was our first like adult house. Every home before that was

just like a place that I lived with roommates where I would like crash in between my long hours. I thought of it like a crash pad in between the hours of waitressing right. But this house was where I had a husband, right? When I started to focus my energy on settling down and growing a family and love. I started my garden, and I wanted to cook every night, right?

But my friends, we were outgrowing that house like the minute that we moved into it. When I say it was packed, I mean it was packed. It was asses to elbows people. Asses to elbows. One toilet, one shower, six people, and we lived there for five years.

When Mark and I would get the kids tucked into bed, we had a lot of fun just talking about homes and houses for our future. Mark and I both have a love for architecture, home decor. He's really into remodeling projects. So talking our next house was really fun to us.

About three years into living in this small house, we began dreaming of exactly what we wanted in our next house. We would describe it as this home with a big yard filled with trees. Like not just a few, but like a forest. We would talk about the creek in the back that the kids could play, and the full sized finish carpeted basement that we would leave decently empty so the kids would have tons of room to like run and play safely.

We talked about the house we would live in one day having these massive windows in the living room and high ceilings and a wood beam going across the living room. We wanted to be in a neighborhood. We were talking about it being in a neighborhood. Not like a tight squeezed one, but like a neighborhood with big lots. We wanted neighbors, but we also wanted elbow room. Right. We had been asses to elbows for like five years.

We loved hosting big bonfires and wine nights. It's not out of the question for Mark and I to host pretty big feasts for people literally two to three times a month. We've been doing that since we got together. It's just a big part of the culture of our home. We dreamed that this future house would be perfect for that. It would be situated right inside of everything that we need

right in Lexington, right? Like where we can access grocery stores and restaurants and stuff super easily.

So this was our dream, and we could not 100% see how this could ever work out. I mean the criteria was ridiculous, but we talked about it a lot. We couldn't imagine how we could have like a creek and a wooded area, but also be inside of Lexington. Right? But, again, we were dreaming, so why not?

So in Kentucky in order to get a home loan as a small business owner, the bank requires two years of owning your business before they will even look at the income as a secure source. Like they won't even look at it, right. When we started looking for a house, we didn't know this, and we were terribly let down to realize that we couldn't get a loan for what we wanted at the time because Massage Strong was two years old, but it was in its infancy, right.? Hell Yes Coaching was doing really well, but it was only nine months old at the time.

Because of this we ended up not being able to get a loan, and we stayed in the smaller house way longer than we had originally planned while we waited out what we called the business loan period waiting for our income to become valid right in the eyes of the bank. So I was pretty let down to realize that once I got the itch to begin looking for a new house that it just wasn't an option for us. So we ended up staying put until our businesses got a little older, right?

But we spent that next year and a half looking at houses and figuring out what we wanted and doing walkthroughs and consistently talking about our dream home. The way that we described it never wavered from the way I just described it to you.

So we would often go on weekend car rides through neighborhoods just looking at homes. One day we came across this neighborhood right on the border of Lexington and Nicholasville, which is a suburb of Lexington, that I had never been in before. I'd never been in this neighborhood. It was tucked away back behind all these shopping centers.

Guys when my car pulled in this neighborhood, I did not understand what I was looking at. I mean I was right in the middle of the hustle and bustle of my area of town, the area of Lexington that I really loved to be in, the south side of Lexington. I right in the hustle and bustle of that when I pulled off of the main road into this big sprawled out neighborhood with these huge lots. Like two and three acre lots in the subdivision. Not just any lots, but forested like massive 100 year old oak tree lots okay. Trees everywhere. Like a forest of a neighborhood.

Every house that I drove past was modest in size but insanely unique, had character, right? Like wasn't just thrown up by a quick construction crew. Houses made of stone and cedar and natural colors with huge trees and huge windows, right? The roads in the neighborhood were really big and wide. To my amazement, they weren't like lined with cars like I was used to, right? Like it was just so crisp and clean. Like I just pulled into Pleasantville, but like less white picket fence-y and more like rustic and natural and beautiful and just manicured but forested. It's so hard to describe.

Mark and I fell in love with the neighborhood hard and fast. Like we became obsessed with the neighborhood just in general even though there was no houses for sale. One day, we actually stopped and were talking to a couple that was going on a walk in the neighborhood. They told us like, "Listen, someone's gonna have to die before a house goes up for sale because people move here and they just don't leave, right." We were like yeah, that makes a lot of sense.

So we spent the next several weeks driving through this neighborhood. Even sometimes we would like park our car and just walk around. We knew that we were going to live here. Like this is a type of neighborhood that we had been talking about when we dreamed of our next house. In fact, like we had to live here because I was completely spoiled by the idea that no other house or no other neighborhood would do at this point, right?

So several weeks we're passing in this blur of life of raising kids and companies and ripping and running through life and doing errands and just go-

ing through the motions. It was a random weekday when my Zillow app notified me that a new home was for sale. It was out of our price range, like pretty far out of our price range, but oh my god, it was in the Holy Mecca neighborhood.

It was a dark brown cedar wood site at home. It had floor to ceiling windows in the living room. It had character oozing out of its interior and exterior. It had over 200 mature trees on its two acre property. You could barely see the house it was so tucked inside of these trees. It had a freaking creek in the backyard flowing through the yard. That creek was like built up on the sides by these big stones and rocks. It was beautiful.

It had a full basement carpeted with large windows and natural light down in the basement. I don't even like to call it a basement. It's not a basement. It's just like a lower floor. Did I mentioned that it was in the subdivision? We were obsessed with it.

It wasn't just in the subdivision either. It was in a cul-de-sac right in the middle of the subdivision. So it wasn't even on the edge like near the busy roads or like near the shopping facilities. It was in the middle of this big subdivision. So the back yard backed up to someone else's back lot. Just more forest, right? The side of the house wasn't someone else's house. It was an open field. The other side of the house we had a neighbor, but we had this beautiful view of the pond right? They had this spring fed pond and like ducks floating around in it. It was fairy tale.

But y'all, here's the problem. It's for sale like now. We're still like 10 months away from our banks accepting our income as proper income. So someone was gonna snatch this house like right now. So I asked our realtor friend if they knew anything about the house and why it was empty. I knew it was empty because I had driven over to it and peeked in the windows the moment I saw it on Zillow. Okay.

So our realtor, Seth, said that it was much older people, maybe mid-80s. They had lived there for 35 years. They loved the property dearly. They kept up with it from the highest possible standards. The nicest roof you

could get, the nicest HVAC system you could get, the nicest garage flooring and storage that you could get. They had put \$100,000 into their backyard alone with the large rocks and the pavers and the pathways and the bridges that go across the creek.

But recently, the man's Parkinson's had gotten much worse, and they could no longer upkeep the property. They needed a home without a staircase, but they were very sad. Because Seth said they made it very clear that this home was their whole life, and they were very open about that fact. I loved that. I knew Mark and I had to live there.

So I did what any psychopath would do, and I wrote them a letter, a random letter. What I did was I did my best to speak to their hearts. I spoke to them about their home, I introduced who Mark and I are. I told them our situation about being new business owners and the banks. I told them about our kids. I told them about what we want to do with life and our dreams. I also told them that we had been describing their exact house for over a year not knowing if it even existed.

I feel like I went on a limb with that because they could have totally thought I was off my rocker if they weren't believers in like manifestation or a higher power, right. I told them Mark and I would take care of things. That we would be the couple that could keep this home up. That we would keep its bones strong, and we were able to fix things. That we were committed to keeping it up.

The purpose of this letter was not to ask for anything, but I just wanted to introduce our family who loved their house dearly, loved their neighborhood, and couldn't get it until next April. But if the house was for some reason still on the market in April, we would be the first in line, and we wanted them to remember our names.

So I sent it through my realtor to there's not really no one if it was going to reach them. Like Seth said sometimes their relators might not allow communication like this because it might influence them to pull it off the market

or it might influence them to like take a lower price or whatever. So we didn't hear back from that letter.

But about seven days after I sent it, the house got pulled off of Zillow. But it didn't sell. It had just been pulled down. I asked Seth and he said yes, in fact the letter did get to them. He hadn't heard anything else other than that, but he did go look it up and he sees that it did not sell, but the listing is no longer there.

So I spent the next several months wholeheartedly believing that they pulled it down for us, and they would put it back up in April just for us. No one told me that this was the case. I just decided to believe it, and I believed nothing else. In fact, I visited the vacant property and walked the yard and the trees like a lot. I started picturing myself in it. Sometimes I would even take the kids to this house and play in the creek and like have a picnic in the yard. Was this illegal? Probably. But also I just like fully believed that this house was mine.

I would look at the photos on Zillow, and I would plan what each room would look like. Mark and I had stopped looking at other houses. Sure enough when April came around, the house went back up on the market for the same price, same photos, same listing.

Our realtor told us that they contacted him. Our letter had worked. They had reached out, and they said they wanted us to live there and no one else. They were willing to wait until April, and they were going to put the listing back on in hopes that we would put in our offer. They said it seemed like we were meant to raise our family in that house.

So Mark and I put in our offer. It got accepted. We put our current house on the market. It sold in 16 hours for over asking price. It was happening, right? Like things were moving quickly. But here's the thing. It was the very beginning of the pandemic. This was April 2020. We had been cooped up in our small house for four weeks by the time it was moving week, right? So like we couldn't wait to be distracted by the process of moving and being cooped up in our new house.

I was at home one day. We were six days away from moving. Our house was completely packed up, boxed up, kids were excited. I'm over the moon. At the time, our kids were little, like two and five and seven and 11. It was exciting in our house. Like it was just tangible. We were moving out the next weekend. It is go time right?

Now I was at home when I got a call from Mark. He said, "Hey, babe. I just got a call from our loan officer. He said that he was very sorry to do this, but because Massage Strong has been shut down this month for the pandemic, he no longer could count that income at all. We no longer qualify for the loan. Every bank is kind of doing the same thing because the world and circumstances are just so up in the air right now. So they are pulling the loan."

I went first to anger. That was my first pitstop. Like our house is already packed up. The U-Haul is already called. The owners of the new house had already pulled the listing down and put it back up months later because they wanted us to live there. Like they had already helped us so much. Like we can't pull out. We had nowhere to go. Like get a hotel. Is that our option? Right? Like this can't be right. Like maybe the loan officer doesn't understand or maybe Mark didn't understand the loan officer, right?

I was so sick that day over it. I was sick with worry, sick with frustration. I was absolutely pissed at what was at hand in the world with a pandemic, having to shut down the business without wanting to, right? Like everyone remembers all those feelings, right.

So we began discussing options with our realtor. He and my husband both had kind of just decided our best bet here was to begin the search for a vacant house that we could rent and to hope that this one that we love was still on the market when our businesses opened back up. The loan officer had told us that he would give us our loan back pretty much immediately as soon as Massage Strong doors were open.

But y'all I was not having it. I couldn't imagine losing the house that we had fallen in love with. So I got out my pen and paper and began to write to the

owners, again. I told them exactly what had happened, how sick we were over it, and this time, I did ask them for help. I asked them to rent us the house until our doors opened back up at Massage Strong.

When we heard back from them, they were very sad about the situation, you can imagine. Like they didn't want to rent their house. They wanted to sell it. But they agreed. In fact, they asked if we would be willing to pay the monthly mortgage that they had paid. Like when it was calculated back in the 80s when they bought the house. It ended up equaling out to less than half of what we were expecting our pay for our monthly mortgage to be. We like laughed inside and agreed immediately, obviously. We moved in that Saturday.

I never considered the option that this house wouldn't be ours the entire time. Even before we ever saw this actual house or the neighborhood. I 100% believed that we would own this house and that we would live in the house that we had been describing blindly for years. We did. It took about three months for the loan to come back and to go through before we were the official homeowners.

We are still forever emotionally indebted to Georgia and Glenda who helped us get the house. They still come over sometimes to see their old house and to see our kids who they have fallen in love with. We named the creek ducks after them. Our kids go out and they feed George and Glenda often out back. The human George and Glenda, they keep up with us on Facebook. Although George has like contacted me and told me I need to stop cussing so much and get right with God.

But I believe 100% that Mark and I manifested this house. I mean that in the truest sense. You guys, I am just a huge believer that there is so much that we don't know. We walk around believing that we are 100% in control of our lives, and we just aren't. I think we just forget sometimes. There are too many stories like this one that I just told. There's too much proof that there is a force that is working with us and besides us, right?

I call it God. I also call it the universe. You may call it something different. But as humans and animals I believe that we can all feel it. Like we know this energy. We know that spirituality deeply like runs through us. We can tap into other results or other realms of possibility when we put our minds into it, when we believe, right? When we have that Michael Jordan belief. When we zero in on a goal and we don't stray from it, and we don't look up and we just focus like we can make things happen with our minds. It's insane.

This story of our home is one of many that I can tell you guys just about my life and like proof of manifestation. I've been manifesting things my whole life. I have been wholeheartedly believing that things would happen for me that have ended up happening for me.

I am no longer even surprised when it works out for me down to the details, like down to the finite details of how I imagined it. I have manifested my husband, the in-laws I married into, the lifestyle that I have, the work and the career that I have, the kids that I have, all of it. I think everyone manifests everything they have based on what they're attracted to in their lives and in their minds.

But here's my lesson for the day. Here's the caveat to all of this. I don't believe manifesting happens because we think about what we want. Manifesting has to have action behind it. I manifested this house, but I didn't just think it into fruition. I worked. I had to write that first love letter that took me hours. I used my words to paint a picture for George and Glenda and build rapport by going out on a limb and trusting my gut that this might help our cause and not hurt us.

We found that house because of the hours we put into scanning the neighborhood in scanning Zillow, right? Like we wrote that second letter going out on a limb we didn't deserve to ask them to rent to us after they had pulled out their listing for the better side of eight months for us, right?

Like we worked our asses off to qualify our company to open its doors back up by following the CDC policies at the time with the temperature checks

and the gloves and the masks and the retraining our staff how and when to isolate themselves after exposure. We were on the phone every single day with the banks, the massage therapy board to understand our new guidelines, our home attorneys, everyone just making shit happen.

Manifesting works, but you can't just watch from the sidelines and hope. You have to put your helmet on and stand right in the middle of the arena and fight for what you want. You can't just hope it works out. You can't just cross your fingers and say it's totally up to the universe. You can believe it's totally up to the universe while you dig your heels in the sand and go after what you want by taking action. In your health, in your relationship, in your business, in your home life, everything.

If your business isn't where you want it to be right now, are you going to stand on the sidelines and hope that it works itself out? Hope that people just like start asking for your business and asking for your service. Hope that you just randomly learn how to hire and manage teams? Hope, hope, hope and call it manifesting.

Or are you going to put yourself in the arena and like go find your answers? Invest in yourself and invest in your business and backup all that dreaming with actual grit. That, my friend, is the true power of manifesting.

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