From Elizabeth Gilbert’s book: Big Magic: Creative Living Beyond Fear, p. 25-26

It seems to me that the less I fight my fear, the less it fights back. If I can relax, fear relaxes, too. In fact, I cordially invite fear to come along with me everywhere I go. I even have a welcoming speech prepared for fear, which I deliver right before embarking upon any new project or big adventure.

It goes something like this:

“Dearest Fear, Creativity (we’re substituting “My Shaklee business”) and I are about to go on a road trip together. I understand that you’ll be joining us, because you always do. I acknowledge that you believe you have an important job to do in my life, and that you take your job seriously. Apparently your job is to induce complete panic whenever I’m about to do anything interesting ­––and, may I say, you are *superb* at your job. So by all means, keep doing your job, if you feel you must. But I will also be doing my job on this road trip, which I to work hard and stay focused. And Creativity (my Shaklee business) will be doing its job, which is to remain stimulating and inspiring (substitute whatever speaks to you – “a vehicle of love and opportunity”). There’s plenty of room in this vehicle for all of us, so make yourself at home, but understand this: Creativity (My Shaklee business) and I are the only ones who will be making any decisions along the way. I recognize and respect that you are part of this family, and so I will never exclude you from our activities, but still––­your suggestions will never be followed. You’re allowed to have a seat, and you’re allowed to have a voice, but you are not allowed to have a vote. You’re not allowed to touch the road maps; you’re not allowed to suggest detours; you’re not allowed to fiddle with the temperature. Dude, you’re not even allowed to touch the *radio*. But above all else, my dear old familiar, friend, you are absolutely forbidden to drive.”