

"MOM! Come Home!"

A cry that rings in a Mom's ears forever! The year was 1980. Our two sons were high school age by then. At ages 15 and 16 years old, they were pretty mature, independent and involved in many school-related activities that kept them (and us) on a busy time table. Our daughter was just 11 years old.

I had been privileged to be a "stay at home" Mom for 14 years while my husband was a career air traffic controller in the Air Force. We didn't have a lot of money or material things, but we did travel all over the world and had incredible experiences, but planted no roots until 1979 when we returned to CA and Chuck decided to retire from Air Force life.

We knew that retirement income would not match that of active duty, so we had prepared a plan of action. We would each get real estate licenses, so we could be independent contractors. That way we could choose our work hours, and one of us could stay close to home when the other was working - to keep a watchful eye on the children. How naive a conception of the real estate industry is that? Any successful Realtor knows it's more like a 24/7 job with potty breaks.

It soon became apparent that with the CA real estate market boasting interest rates upward of 10-12% on home mortgages, choosing our hours was not an option. To make any money at all, we had to follow every lead, answer every call, volunteer for office phone time, host numerous open houses and generally work seven days a week, all hours and especially on weekends when buyers wanted to see property. In other words - at the beck and call of every client and always on their terms. It was a frantic and stressful way of life and still the sales were few and far between.

Then it happened one Saturday. The call. Chuck was showing property - I was strapped to the R.E office - the only one there to answer phones, deal with walk-in traffic etc. Our boys were at home babysitting our daughter. The phone rang and I answered it, fully expecting an inquiry on an ad. Not likely! It was our daughter. She was screaming and crying out incoherently. Something about the boys killing each other. My blood ran cold. Something really bad must have happened. She was not prone to cry or even call me at work. As any scared Mom would do, I screamed "calm down". But she wasn't going for it. Between the sobs, I gathered the boys had been pitted against one another by a mutual friend and were on the front lawn fighting. One was on top of the other and giving his brother a pounding. What? Surely not MY boys, not her brothers, they couldn't possibly be fighting! "Do you see any blood I asked?" She didn't think so. I told her to go in the house and stay there. "Just come home Mom - I'm scared", she lamented. "I'll be there soon" I reassured her.

The client in front of my desk must have seen my face pale and sensed my tone because he asked if I was okay. I found myself answering "yes - I'm fine". But I wasn't. Her frightened cries haunted me for a long time. I managed to cut the appointment short (no it obviously didn't end in a sale) and called home. All seemed calm and no one was badly hurt, but I was shaken up and had made a vow to find a money-making opportunity that truly would allow me to be at home.

The opportunity came in the form of Shaklee in 1981. Some dear friends had the foresight to introduce us to the products and compensation plan. By 1983 I was at home full-time and had replaced my real estate income. The income grew incrementally every year and before long we (Chuck was part-time) were earning a six figure income with Shaklee - from home. What a wonderful journey it's been. I truly can work my own hours, come and go as I please and help others do the same...and I've been doing it for over 20 years now - and LOVE it.

My real passion now is to team up with Moms who have the desire to earn a significant income while being at home with their children. Does this sound like anyone you know? Oh BTW - our daughter? She's a busy corporate executive but she has an ace in the hole. Yes - you guessed - she also has a flourishing, part-time Shaklee business.

Anthea

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