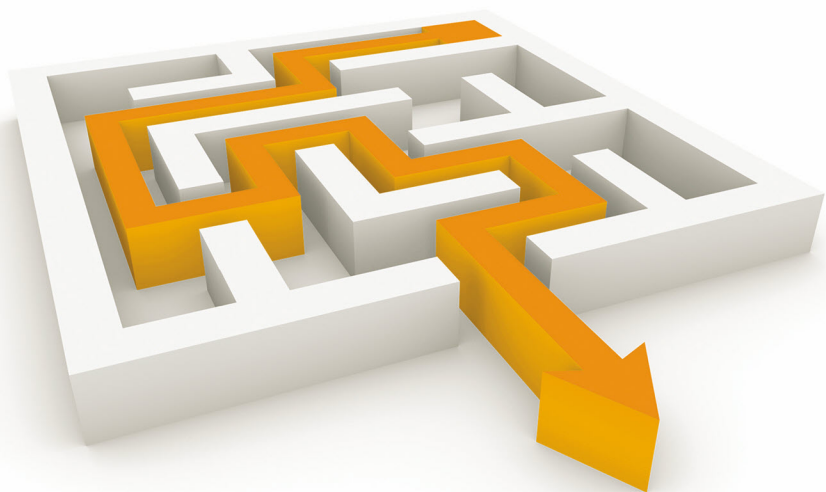


FOREWORD BY BESTSELLING AUTHOR JUDY CARTER

GET OUT THE DOOR!

HOW TO **OVERCOME OBSTACLES**
ON THE ROAD TO HIGH PERFORMANCE



DAVID HOLLINGSWORTH

Foreword By Bestselling Author Judy Carter

GET OUT THE DOOR!

How To Overcome Obstacles On
The Road To High Performance

David Hollingsworth



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CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Foreword | .xi |
| Preface | .xiii |
| | |
| PART ONE – IDENTIFY THE OBSTACLE | 1 |
| Chapter 1: What Just Happened? | 3 |
| Chapter 2: Mid-life Crisis | 7 |
| Chapter 3: Hitting the Wall | 13 |
| Chapter 4: Shattered | 17 |
| Chapter 5: Rough Ride | 27 |
| Chapter 6: Breathe | 31 |
| Chapter 7: The New Abnormal | 35 |
| Chapter 8: Standing, Still | 39 |
| Chapter 9: Life Happens | 45 |
| | |
| PART TWO – START WITH A SINGLE STEP | 49 |
| Chapter 10: First Steps | 51 |
| Chapter 11: Hulking Out | 57 |
| Chapter 12: Peace Out | 61 |
| Chapter 13: Back Home Again | 67 |
| Chapter 14: Mailbox to a Mile | 71 |
| Chapter 15: Adjusting to the New “Normal” | 75 |
| Chapter 16: As Easy as Riding a Bike | 79 |
| Chapter 17: The Longest Journey | 83 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| PART THREE – COMMIT TO CHANGE | 85 |
| Chapter 18: Climbing and Crashing | 87 |
| Chapter 19: Falling Apart. | 95 |
| Chapter 20: Rock Bottom | 99 |
| Chapter 21: What Will it Take? | 103 |
| | |
| PART FOUR - GET OUT THE DOOR! | 105 |
| Chapter 22: David, Killer of Fitbits | 107 |
| Chapter 23: 5k to Halfway. | 111 |
| Chapter 24: Bucket Lists | 117 |
| Chapter 25: Row, Row, Row | 121 |
| Chapter 26: Take the Stairs. | 127 |
| Chapter 27: Last Place Finish. | 135 |
| Chapter 28: Tri, Tri Again | 143 |
| Chapter 29: Semper Fi! | 151 |
| Chapter 30: The School of Hard Knocks | 157 |
| Chapter 31: The Road Ahead. | 161 |
| Chapter 32: What About You? | 165 |
| Chapter 33: Get Out the Door! | 169 |
| | |
| APPENDIX | |
| Acknowledgements. | 175 |
| About the Author. | 177 |
| Event List. | 179 |
| Organizations/Locations. | 181 |
| Photo Credits. | 185 |

1

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

*“You’ve been in an accident.
We’re taking you to the hospital.”*

I opened my eyes and tried to make sense of what just happened. I could see clouds and eventually figured out I was looking up toward the sky. The air was so thick and muggy that it was hard to breathe, and underneath, it felt like I was being cooked in a skillet. I could not hear well. My head was weighed down and seemed like it was inside a giant pillow. It took me a few minutes to understand that someone was talking loudly and a bit longer to figure out he was asking questions.

“Are you all right?”

“Are you okay?”

My eyes finally focused on a face looking down at me. Even though he tried to sound confident and reassuring, I could see the look of worry in

his eyes. I had no idea who he was, where I was, or how I got there. All I knew was that someone was looking down at me, yelling and telling me not to move. Nearby, I could hear a small engine sputtering along.

While I was held down, I attempted to assess what was going on, but nothing seemed to make sense. It was hot outside, but I felt like I was overdressed. I had on long pants, a jacket, gloves, and something keeping my head and face warm. I was hot, sweaty, and covered from head to toe in gear that felt out of place for the middle of July.

As I tried to figure things out, I started to do an inventory of what I could do without getting yelled at by the person who was talking to me. I could move my eyes back and forth. I could wiggle my fingers. I worked my way down, flexing and relaxing muscles to see if I could tell what was going on. My legs seemed like they were being held down, so I didn't try to move them. I tried to wiggle my toes. My left toes seemed to work just fine, but when I tried to wiggle my right toes, I was interrupted by what seemed to be some voices getting louder.

As the voices got closer, I could tell there were several people, but because they sounded muffled, I could not make out what they were saying. I heard snippets of something like, "Who is that?" and "Is he going to be okay?" The hot surface underneath me became identifiable as asphalt, but I didn't know why I'd willingly lie on my back in a parking lot. At that point, I could hear a siren getting louder and louder. I heard a large truck pull into the lot, with doors opening and closing.

The face I'd looked up to was replaced by a couple of different faces. These faces looked just as serious but much more businesslike. Both people were wearing identical shirts, with a flag on one sleeve and a patch on the other that said, "FIRE & RESCUE DEPARTMENT." One kept looking at my face while talking to me, as the other started

looking up and down my body and started feeling body parts with gloved hands. I wondered what he was trying to do with all the poking and prodding.

The first questions were replaced by a new set of questions.

“Do you remember what happened?”

“Tell me where you hurt.”

“Do you have any allergies?”

“Have you taken any medications?”

“Do you have any medical history we should know about?”

“Is there anyone we should call?”

I mumbled some replies, not sure what I was saying. Neither the questions nor answers seemed to make any sense, at least compared to what I wanted to ask, like, “Who are you?” or “How did I get here?” I wanted to get up and see what was happening around me, but a pair of hands held me down, preventing me from moving. I couldn’t turn my head or see what was going on. The duo continued to work in an efficient manner, poking, prodding, and relaying numbers to each other as they recorded the information.

I tried to answer as best I could, but it was still hard to hear, and it was difficult to move my head or open my mouth. I could feel them taking my pulse and checking to see if I had any broken bones or bleeding. A pair of gloved hands fumbled under my chin, pushing and pulling on something. When I felt them pull away, I could breathe a bit easier, but I didn’t know why my head felt so heavy. I took some comfort in realizing that all my teeth seemed to be intact.

The duo made a couple more checks, noted their findings, and strapped me to a board of some kind. For some reason, I didn't seem to be wearing any shoes. Starting with my ankles, they strapped my legs down so I could not move them at all. Next, they strapped my hips down, then my chest, then each arm. I could wiggle my fingers, but with the straps, I could not move anything else.

At this point, I hurt all over, but being strapped down, it didn't hurt when I moved because it was impossible to move from my neck down. One person put what felt like a plastic brace on my neck, while the other strapped down my head. I realized why I couldn't feel the strap on my head was because I was wearing a helmet, which explained why my head felt heavy, and it was hard to hear. I was strapped down so tightly, and I couldn't turn my head left or right. All I could do was look up and try to catch things in my peripheral vision.

As I was loaded into the back of the ambulance, out of the corner of my eye, through the small crowd, I recognized the parking lot of a local elementary school. I saw a number of people whose faces reflected a sense of being worried. A few of them relayed information to others on their phones. When I glanced to the other side, I saw a pair of boots; some broken glass; a helmet; and a pile of twisted plastic, rubber, and metal that my brain eventually recognized as my motorcycle. The front wheel was bent but still turning when someone reached down and shut off the engine.

I was buckled into the back of the ambulance. One person climbed in with me, and the other climbed into the front of the vehicle. The doors slammed shut, the truck rumbled to life, and the siren wailed. I asked the attendant, "What happened?"

"You've been in an accident. We're taking you to the hospital."