

The No Spot: How to Reframe Risk & Open Invisible Doors

The Universe is malleable to the degree we're willing to dance with it.

Our life is drenched in opportunity. At all times the universe is testing us to see if we'll bite. It's seeing if we're ready to take the plunge into a more magical life. These big life decisions could revolve around a new job, a new lover, or a new town. Maybe we're in the habit of considering the leap, but keep staying put. We keep staying with what we know and denying what we could be - **what we could become.**

We're afraid of rejection. We're afraid of the unknown. We're afraid of what would happen if it didn't work out, if things don't go as planned. So, we *turn down* these opportunities. We *refrain* from taking advantage of what's presented to us. And thus, **we sit in our own detention, staring out at the playground wondering when the bell will ring for recess.**

Ah, but the bell is *our* hands!

The truth is, if we take the time to imagine and think through the worst outcome of risky decisions, we will realize that there's way more to gain than we might lose.

Well, unless you're skydiving.

Planes, Parachutes, and Perspective

We aren't formally taught risk management. The best we get, if we're lucky, is how our parents led by example. I grew up in a crabs-in-a-bucket town of 3,000 people with a destiny bound to involve beer, four-wheelers, & muddin'. That future scenario was completely scrapped when I got my first job at 16 packing parachutes for a bunch of crazy people at a local skydiving dropzone. **#PlotTwist**

Instantly, my worldview bubble popped and I was surrounded by a whole different breed of humans. These people were cultured, cussing, and coming Alive. They were wide awake head to Soul and I couldn't get enough.

It was an intense amount of responsibility to not fuck it up and the peer-pressure to jump out of a plane myself was too much to bear too. As if I was their little brother, my friends put me through never-ending harassment until I reluctantly climbed on the airplane. Strapped up to a homie, I was absolutely terrified. Even on the way to altitude they didn't hold back with the

jokes. “You’re taking Mitch on a jump?” “I thought you weren’t allowed to do tandems anymore after what happened last time.”

After silently monitoring my heart rate and crumbs of courage on the ride up, it was time to make my first jump. **Ready, set.....We were out.** He didn’t even way to say go. Bastard. The freefall itself went by in what felt like 2 seconds, but when the parachute opened 5,000 feet in the sky and my friend said, “**Welcome to my office**”, I was hooked.

Before I knew it I was a licensed skydiver and jumping throughout my work day. My highschool friends wanted me to come steal road signs and chase girls. My skydive friends wanted to cloud surf at 13,000 feet during sunset then watch each other do whippits and run around naked wearing nothing but 1-800-SKYDIVE stickers at the after-party.

I’ve been spoiled from the start.

Worst-Case First

The training to get certified to skydive solo focuses primarily on what to do in the worst case scenarios. The goal is for the emergency procedures to become muscle memory. **It’s How to Save Your Life 101.**

Worse-case principles are liberating because they shed light on the unknown and give us the confidence to make things right *if* they lean wrong.

Once we’ve jumped out of a plane a few hundred times with your heart beating in your throat while your brainstem yells “This ain’t no game playa!” -- the typical day-to-day risks don’t seem so daunting.

Security and safety is largely an illusion that we white knuckle with all our might as we smile and nod our way across the mundane prologue of our lives. Early on, those skydivers snapped me right out of that dreadful place and now, like that creepy stoned guy on the beach with the metal detector, my soul and I are on the hunt for the next invisible door.

The moment when we step through and nothing’s *ever* the same.

Most of the perceived risk we experience in our day-to-day life revolves around asking; asking big questions, for big things, to big people. **The key to remember is that we’re almost always in the No Spot already.** Want to ask that girl on a date? You already don’t have a date and so if she says no, nothing changes. Want to ask for time off? If your boss says no, well you planned to be working anyway.

When we remember that we're already in the No Spot, we're willing to take more shots on goal. We're not afraid to ask for what you want.

"Only those who ask for more will get more. Only those who know there is more, ask."

Magic of The No Spot ✨

This has opened up so many invisible doors in my life, that it's now a rule I live by and use frequently.

Here's a few personal examples to highlight what's possible:

- My partner and I packed up all our belongings in a U-haul and moved *2,000 miles* across the country to a [state](#) we'd never been to with a newborn baby. Worst-case scenario, we'd end up back in her mom's house. We were already living in her mom's house, i.e., the No Spot. The benefit though, is that we'd come back with more experience and know-how. Luckily, this invisible door worked out and led to the most life-changing 5 years of my life to date!
- Soon after arriving in Washington jobless, I had been turned down for a position at a weed shop after 3 amazing interviews due to my lack of cash register experience. I sent the owner a letter about why it was actually a good thing I lacked cash handling experience. I didn't have to unlearn any bad habits and they could train me on exactly what to do. Worst-case, she'd say no. (She'd already said no!). When you realize you're asking from the No Spot, there's nothing to lose and all to gain. The owner ended up *giving me the job* and I'm now 5 years deep into the cannabis industry.

Another invisible door opened.

- After a few years of adventures in the Pacific Northwest, we wanted to move back to Tennessee. The default backup plan was to live in a camper and get a job in real estate, but not before I knocked on an invisible door. I was already in the No Spot, so I asked my boss at the time if I could create a remote position out of thin air and work from Tennessee. *He said yes* and it allowed us not only immense relief, but, because there was no break in employment, even the ability to buy our first home!

The serendipity doesn't even stop there.

- A few months ago, I asked Rick Doblin from [MAPS](#) directly if he'd sponsor my side project, [Psychedelic Grad](#). He was already not sponsoring it (No Spot). *He agreed* and now the community is taking off!

AND, to really drive this point home if it's not already...

The whole reason I'm in this Write of Passage cohort to begin with is because I won a scholarship from Home Depot's [Frank Blake](#). He sent out the application link for a full scholarship and...well, I was already in the No Spot.

You never know until you ask.