

RADICAL ACCEPTANCE AS LEADERSHIP



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True strength is not in fighting—it's in allowing.
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How accepting the end revealed what truly begins.

-----Chapter Preview -----

Do you stand in your own way—in your career, leadership, team, your marriage, your health?

I did. Not because I lacked willpower, mastery, or discipline. I stood in my own way precisely because I had so much of it. I could outwork almost any obstacle. I could push through pain. I could make things happen. Until the day I couldn't—and the story I'd lived by finally cracked.

The days after the diagnosis moved fast. Munich. Doctors. The University Hospital. Oncology, dermatology, tumor boards. I kept moving—not to outrun fear, but to channel energy. Six weeks before my wedding, the to-do list was full of details no one else could decide: guests, music, rings, logistics. And I kept serving clients. Not as an escape—but as a practice of staying connected to purpose when life feels fragile. Impact steadied me.

And there was a second current running through me, older than medicine and more intimate than thought. It came from years of reading the Bible and attending a free evangelical church in Catholic Bavaria—not from belonging to a church, but from belonging to something larger than myself. Over time, I had learned to trust a living relationship with God through Jesus—divine love and guidance toward truth.

You may name it differently—Spirit, Higher Self, the Universe, Love. In my work with leaders, I've watched countless high performers meet a point where strategy, speed, and stamina are not enough. A ceiling, a crisis, a diagnosis, a collapse of the plan. We fall to our knees. That moment is not a failure; it is an invitation. The questions arrive without politeness: What is the meaning of my life? Why am I here? What do I truly contribute? What energy has been driving me?

At such forks, we choose a path. One option is the “I am right” path—obsess about what I could have done better, invest in guilt, double down on control, push harder, compensate more. The other option is the learning path—becoming aware that more is at play than I can understand or manage. That path asks for humility, listening, and a *willingness* to make space for something greater than ego. It asks me to allow.

Back in 2015, I had a profound encounter with God that changed my operating system. Friends began to call me “the miracle man,” because improbable alignments kept appearing when I stopped fighting and started allowing: a client's impossible timing, a

needed conversation that arrived on the minute, provision when I had no plan. The more conscious and willing I became, the more life seemed to say, “I’ve got you.” Not as a promise of comfort, but as a call to presence.

“Allowing sounds passive. It is anything but. Allowing is disciplined openness. It is consent to reality as it is, paired with commitment to serve what wants to emerge. It is the leader’s rarest courage: I release my grip so the right thing can enter my hands.”

The Practice of Allowing (Before I Had Words for It)

Years before the diagnosis, I practiced allowing without knowing that’s what it was. My first marriage ended when our son was three. My second long partnership ended when our daughter was five. Two endings carry enough grief to make any person try to prove the opposite. And I did—plenty of effort, fixing, striving to show I could be “the right partner.” The more I tried, the more it slipped away.

At fifty, I surrendered. I released the idea that partnership would define my wholeness. I stopped scanning rooms to see if someone might be “the one.” I befriended my own company. I cooked for friends, sailed, built my business, and enjoyed the quiet of a life that didn’t need to perform. I allowed life to be enough.

Four years later, on a Sunday in the Bavarian Alps, I went to a brunch with a group of friends trained in the same consciousness school founded by Dr. Chuck and Lency Spezzano. Martina arrived late. She walked down the stairs and hugged everyone, as is the custom. When she hugged me, something flashed—too subtle to name, too definite to ignore. It wasn’t a *veni-vidi-vici* moment. No conquest. No “tiger’s claim.” It was a shy knowing, like a fawn—*come close, but don’t chase. Allow.*

The old me would have tried to get clarity, to push for a yes, to secure an outcome. This time, I let love unfold. I practiced patience. I listened more than I spoke. I didn't try to upgrade status; I nurtured presence. I didn't force momentum; I protected the conditions where trust grows. Slowly, the small plant took root. A commitment emerged that was not forced into being; it revealed itself. *Allowing taught me this: what is real does not need pressure—only protection.*

When Leadership Meets Sacrament

After the diagnosis, I called a friend, Father Gregor, a priest. I asked for the anointing of the sick. Not as a ritual of “final things,” but as a yes to healing power I could already feel was available. We had lunch, then entered a small chapel—a room of stillness. He lit a candle. He read a few verses. Not to lecture me, but to ground me. Each word landed in my body as if my cells were listening. I opened my heart, then my mind, then both again.

Gregor took out a small vessel of chrism oil. Drop by drop, he anointed my forehead, praying, fully present. Goosebumps rose and stayed. Time loosened. I left the chapel after ninety minutes as if wrapped in a quiet strength not of my making.

I drove home. I wasn't on autopilot; I was on “divine pilot.” Still in a trance, I noticed a red Audi A3 in front of me. It turned where I needed to turn—repeatedly across twenty turns on the forty-five-kilometer drive to my town. I didn't think much of it until we were nearly home. I glanced at the plate and the letters struck like a bell:

IN-RI 90

Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Iudaeorum.

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Ninety.

It hit me—not as superstition, but as message: “I am in front of you. I am bringing you home. You will be healthy to ninety.”

Could it have been coincidence? Of course. What's the probability two cars make the same sequence of twenty turns across that distance? Tiny.

“But leadership is not a casino of odds; it is a stewardship of meaning. I chose to live by the meaning that chose me.”

That is what allowing looks like in the wild. No fireworks. No convenient certainty. A quiet, precise alignment that meets you when you stop wrestling reality and let grace lead for a while.

Radical Acceptance in the Boardroom

What does any of this have to do with leadership? Everything. We resist whenever we demand the world confirm our plan. We allow when we face reality fully and meet it with presence, not panic.

“Radical acceptance is not resignation. It is the refusal to waste energy on wishing the present were different. It is the leader's decision to see clearly, feel honestly, decide cleanly, and act courageously from here—not from fantasy.”

When Old Tools Stop Working → The Liberation Leader Is Born

In a world trying to fix tomorrow with yesterday's habits, I met a truth on a hospital corridor: facing death rewired my operating system—and revealed purpose. Not magic. **Radical acceptance.** Acceptance that isn't passive courage that lets reality in so we can lead what's real. The result?

MY HEALING CODE - AN INNER UPGRADE IN EIGHT LEVELS



MY HEALING CODE

EIGHT REVEALS

I RESIST → ALLOW

Stop fighting reality; let truth land so action can be clean.

II JUDGE → JOIN

Move from labeling people to linking with them.

III BE RIGHT → KEEP LEARNING

Curiosity over certainty— always.

IV DEFEND → INTEGRATE

Hold multiple perspectives; expand the frame.

V BLAME → GIFT

Stop hunting underperformance; ignite each person's unique contribution and start with yourself.

VI EGO-PATH → PURPOSE-PATH

From smallness to stewarding greatness.

VII REACT → RESPOND

Choose responsibility and accountability over reflex.

VIII DO → BE & LISTEN

Presence first – then the right move reveals itself.