

## **CHAPTER-1- Dead man talking**

So I got up one morning and was going to weed eat a lot for a customer that was getting too tall, so I decided to wear cowboy boots to keep the burrs from stabbing my ankles, but for some reason, my right boot was difficult to pull on. Still, I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. It was going to be 105 degrees so I filled my ice chest with Red Bulls and Gatorades but around lunchtime, I felt a little lightheaded so I took a break and drank a 16 oz. Redbull and went back to weed eating, but you have to understand that I have been working in 100-degree weather for 50 years and it never bothered me before. All of a sudden I had a shortness of breath and I knew something was wrong. So I loaded up my tools and drove to Mather A.F.B. emergency where they took some blood and put something into my IV to make me piss like a racehorse and after I filled that bottle 3 times I could breathe again. The doctor came in and said they wanted to keep me overnight for observation but I refused saying I had to work the next day. I'm living on the job site and sleeping in my truck but here's where I explain that I have been using Cocaine and Meth for 50 years and It had finally caught up with me. I was smoking ¼ oz a week which cost me 150.00 dollars, prices went up when Covid hit lol. A week later I had a mild Heart Attack, I knew because I had, had a major one driving from Sacramento to Sonoma CA. seven years earlier. It's a 60-mile drive with not much in between when about halfway I get this excruciating Pain in my chest and I start sweating profusely and trembling my friend said to pull over and let him drive, except he had never driven a stick shift before and, a voice in my head said if you pull over you're a dead man. I was sweating from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet so I just kept driving and just as we saw the town of Sonoma 20 minutes later the pain started to subside and my clothes were so wet you could have rung them out with your hands. The funny thing was that we were there to install an M.R.I., and I installed all the leaded drywall I asked a doctor if that was a Heart Attack I had had and he said he was sure it was but I wouldn't let him check me out. In my first book, I explained that I had been raised an Atheist throughout my life so it never entered my mind that god Had saved my life that day. But as I reflect I remember a voice telling me if you pull over you'll die. Have you ever woke up with a cramp in your calf, and it hurts so bad that you have to get up and walk it off? well, Imagine that in the center of your chest, except it is the size of a dinner plate and you can't walk it off. So a word to the wise if one morning It's hard to put on your shoes, you have shortness of breath, or you start sweating for no apparent reason get to a hospital ASAP it could save your life. So back to Mather A.F.B. they did all the tests and said I had Congestive Heart Failure and the Doctor said I would be lucky to live another 3 years. Well, a week later I got a call from a friend who said he had bought a house and wanted to remodel the entire thing and he would pay for room, board, and salary, so I finished up the deck I was building and headed to Oregon with a ¼ oz. I figured when that was gone I would have to clean up, except the guy he had hired to help me, as I was pretty sick turned out to be a meth dealer lol I

spent 6 months remodeling his house, and by the time I got back to Sacramento 10 people I knew had died from drug-related illnesses 2 of them were homeless people who I always gave change to and 3 were family members. I'm working at a job and sleeping in my truck and while watching a movie, I start sweating profusely and I realize that I'm having a Heart Attack again, but only with mild chest pain now this is where I show my stupidity because I grab my pipe and take 3 hits and go back to watching my movie thinking if it's my time to go so be it lol. A week later it all happened again but when I woke up that morning I could hardly breathe, so I dove 2 blocks to the donut shop to get a coffee, hoping it would make me feel better but just walking in made me feel like I was about to pass out the owner noticed and wanted to call the paramedics, I told her I was going to the Hospital and here's where I show my stupidity once again I could only take sips of air but still drove myself to the hospital they took me into the emergency room where they confirmed that I had another heart attack they insisted I stay overnight for observation. They gave me an x-ray and an ultrasound and took me upstairs. The next day my Doctor and Cardiologist came in. They said that I had tested positive for Meth and that I had, Congestive Heart Failure, a weak Heart Aorta, Kidney Failure, Borderline Diabetes, Edema in both feet, High Blood Pressure, and my heart was only working at 20%, my Cardiologist was very concerned and was blunt and to the point and said, they didn't think I'd live another 3 months then added that one more line could kill me. Now death has never scared me but I couldn't help thinking about how many people I might be able to help by telling my story. Then the nurse added that I should be careful going to the bathroom, getting excited, getting angry, or lifting anything heavy because my Heart could burst, I know, I didn't even know that was possible. When they released me that day I had to take a hard look at my wasted life and I didn't like what I saw, so I went to my mother and explained my problem and she said I could sleep on her couch as she lived in a 1 bedroom apt. But she was 85 with dementia and had started seeing large spiders and mice in her room that weren't there and had a habit of leaving the stove on so she was happy to have me around as I started doing all the cooking. You have to understand that I had distanced myself from my family because of my drug addiction only visiting once in a while, it was like getting to know each other all over again because I was the black sheep of the family and I remember when that song came out I could relate lol. As I couldn't work anymore and the fact, that I was flat broke and going stir-crazy I applied for SSA and started receiving 900.00 dollars the next month which allowed me to help out a little. Then I had an Epiphany well I was watching YouTube and decided to write that book about my life and how I had wasted a lifetime in what now seems like the blink of an eye and the journey began. The only problem was I couldn't spell, And had no idea how to type, I couldn't tell you the difference between a noun and a verb because I hated English in school. But I did some research and I got the free version of Grammarly and just sat down and started 2 finger typing lol about everything I could remember in my life, I made sure to

write it exactly as it happened because I had read somewhere that you can't remember a lie. After all, I knew my family would read it, I didn't want someone to say that, that had never happened, and no one ever has. The most amazing thing was that once I started writing I knew I would never use drugs again because my book would serve no purpose and I might as well just throw it in the trash the book became my strength, and by the time I had finished it 3 months later, I was sure. The thing was my father had raised me as an atheist and I was never even allowed to enter a church as a young man after my father had died then fifty years later I realized he might be wrong about religion as we didn't speak for 2 years before he died because of things he had done, my mother said he had gotten baptized and confessed his sins while he was in the hospital dying, but trust me he left a lot out I bet. As I wrote the book I had a lot of near-death experiences and overcame sicknesses that have killed many people. I came to the conclusion that although I had never believed in god, he had never stopped believing in me and I became a Christian which added to my ability to just say no to drugs. In the past 3 years, I watched 30 people die of drug-related illnesses some were homeless people I would give change to, some friends, some family, and 3 connects, and I almost made 31. The funny thing was, I would see my connects at the bar and some were 10 years younger, going through the same heart problems I had and I would tell them, to just stop using and everything would get better but they wouldn't listen and they died before my book was published even tho I doubt they would have read it. Now you have to understand that I went from making 200.00 dollars a day to 900.00 a month and my truck broke down so I bought a car and the payments were 370.00 a month and my publisher costs were 360.00 a month plus phone and car insurance there was only 50.00 dollars left over each month which was gone within 2 days. So I would spend 14 hours daily on YouTube and Facebook watching videos and promoting my book. But after 9 months and thousands of hours, I sold a total of 51 books and made 161.00 dollars so I had a long talk with god, and explained that I couldn't understand why he had saved me from more near-death experiences than I have fingers and toes, to just watch me fail. So every night for a week I asked him, to just take me in my sleep because death has never scared me and I was just tired of trying. I told my friends on Facebook that I was closing my page, and sent 20 messages to publishers and book marketers I had contacted to help but couldn't afford their price. So I said I was quitting and would take my book off the market. But one marketer called me back and said not to quit on something that took a lifetime to create, he asked what my budget was and I explained that I had finished paying my publisher and could only afford 300.00 a month to build a website to sell my book and market it, he was honest and replied that he could help but it might take a little more time to build sales on that budget but was willing to work with me and it was like this giant weight was lifted off my shoulders and I could now figure out how to become a coach and speaker. I couldn't afford a pack of

cigarettes, which was a good thing as It was harder to quit smoking than drugs. I know, who new.