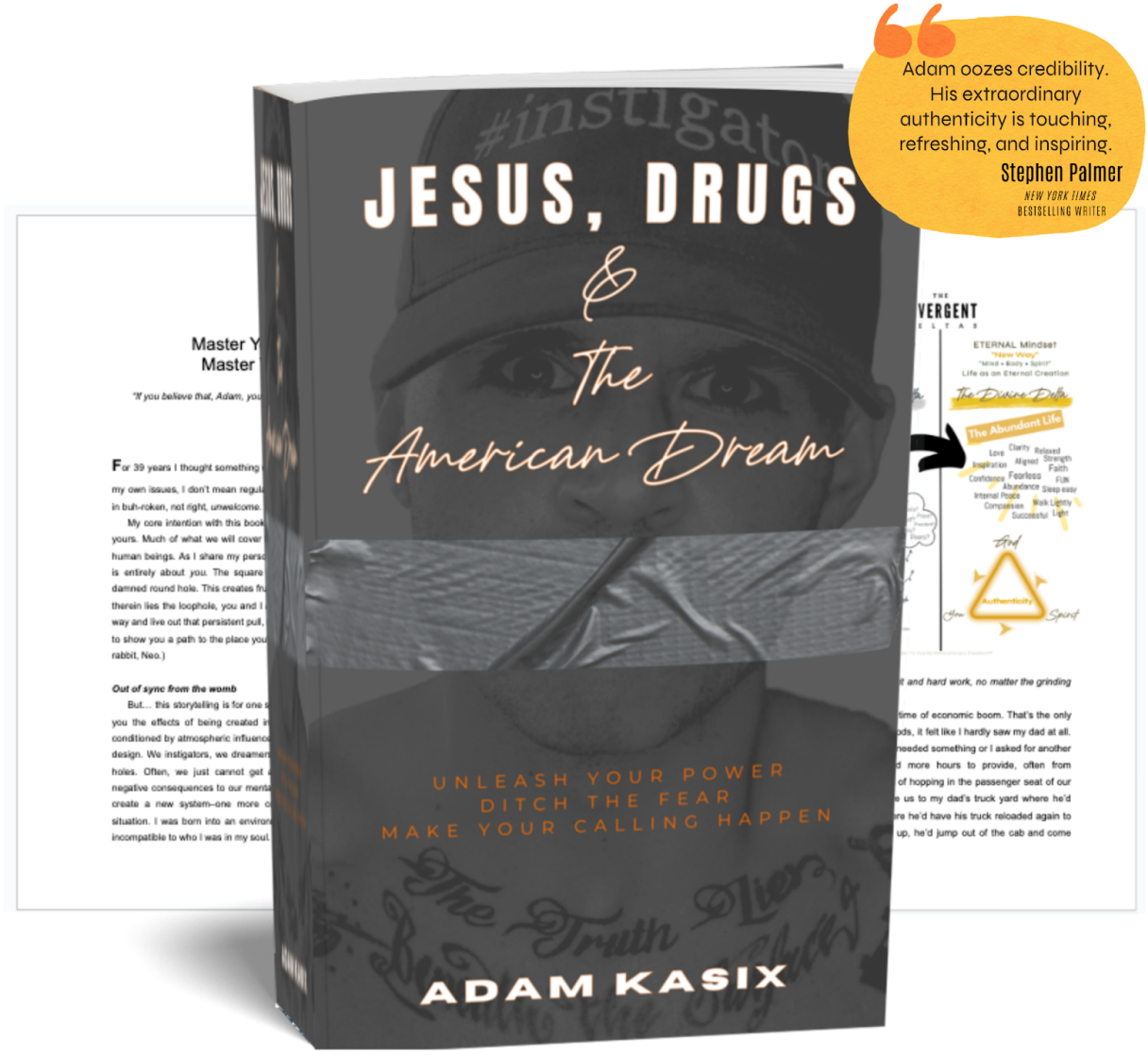

Adam oozes credibility. His extraordinary authenticity is touching, refreshing, and inspiring.
Stephen Palmer
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING WRITER
#instigator
JESUS, DRUGS & The American Dream
UNLEASH YOUR POWER
DITCH THE FEAR
MAKE YOUR CALLING HAPPEN
The Truth Lies
ADAM KASIX
Master Y
Master
"If you believe that, Adam, you
For 39 years I thought something
my own issues, I don't mean regul
in buh-roken, not right, unwelcome.
My core intention with this book
yours. Much of what we will cover
human beings. As I share my perso
is entirely about you. The square
damned round hole. This creates fru
therein lies the loophole, you and I
way and live out that persistent pull,
to show you a path to the place you
rabbit, Neo.)
Out of sync from the womb
But... this storytelling is for one
you the effects of being created i
conditioned by atmospheric influenc
design. We instigators, we dreamers
holes. Often, we just cannot get
negative consequences to our menta
create a new system-one more c
situation. I was born into an environ
incompatible to who I was in my soul.
VERGENT
ETERNAL Mindset
"New Way"
"Mind + Body + Spirit"
Life as an Eternal Creation
The Divine Delta
The Abundant Life
Love
Clarity
Relaxed
Inspiration
Aligned
Strength
Faith
Confidence
Fearless
Abundance
Sleep easy
Internal Peace
Compassion
Walk Lightly
Successful
Light
Authenticity
Spirit
t and hard work, no matter the grinding
time of economic boom. That's the only
ds, it felt like I hardly saw my dad at all.
needed something or I asked for another
more hours to provide, often from
of hopping in the passenger seat of our
us to my dad's truck yard where he'd
re he'd have his truck reloaded again to
up, he'd jump out of the cab and come

Taken from Chapter 2 of

Jesus, Drugs & The American Dream™

By: Adam Kasix

© Kasix, LLC. All rights reserved.

Souls Intertwined

She was different. She has always been different.
I fell in love with her courage, her sincerity, and her fiery self-respect.
I loved her soul and that was the beginning of eternity.
--adapted from F. Scott Fitzgerald

Full of 18-year-oldness and *all* about it, I had just graduated. She was headed into her junior year. To this day, she wonders why in the world she gave me her number that night. But I'm glad she did! And given the future ahead of her–as she attached herself to my untamed heart–it would prove to be the second riskiest move she'd ever make.

It was a postcard-perfect first day of summer in the suburbs of Detroit, a minor miracle in itself. Something divine was hovering, just beyond naked sight. But it was there. There is no explanation that makes more sense than some graceful being mercifully inserting themselves in the mix in order to guide a date with destiny. Maybe the Almighty had to get involved… because I already was. I couldn't even stand on my own feet when we pulled in the single-car driveway.

We met as high school kids do. My buddies, Trent and Will said, "We're taking you to Stacey's. She's got friends over."

I'd be remiss if I snuck by the fact that the boys, earlier that day, had nudged me over the cannabis edge for the first time. I was really high. Now look, I didn't "experiment" with any substances in high school until my first beer on senior spring

break - in Cancun. I would hang out at parties but didn't risk it because I was too scared of my dad, or more accurately provoking his gangster alter ego, *Chops*.

Splat

As Nikki (a perfect stranger to this point) was stepping out of the house, I was sloppily groping the passenger door. *Where the hell is that door handle?* Don't get me wrong, I'd been in lots of vehicles by that point in my life. Usually, the passenger's door handle is right there on the right. I began emotionally begging to find it. *Come…ON…please?* An early happy hour had clearly claimed majority ownership of my physical condition. On the way to meet the ladies, Will had been directly behind me in the back seat with a roll of duct tape, tearing off littles pieces and sticking them to my back. As each tear struck my eardrum, I was getting more confused, *what IS that sound?* Pshttt…pshttt... With every press of his thumb into my back, tiny silver squares were affixed to my Tommy Polo shirt. I was raging against the dying of the light, desperately clawing my way back to earth with some coherence.

Finally! I've got it!…and fell straight onto the concrete driveway. I spilled out of that little red Honda Civic like I had done somebody's family wrong. I landed on my right side with an *Uggh…man*. Everyone began to laugh as they realized what was happening.

That was precisely the moment when Trent, with his still-in-development intellect, thought it a great idea to introduce me to the girls, for the first time, EVER! I can still hear him trying to talk through his own laughter, "Hey Nikki… this is our friend… *Adam*… uh-huh-huh… help me get him inside."

And just like that, there we were. Trent had grabbed my left arm and helped brace me enough to get off the concrete. Nikki approached from the front left, angling to my right side to take up that slack. She was simply helping the boys with their buddy who had fallen off the proverbial rails. Hanging on her left side like it was a castaway raft at sea, and with an inebriated *Hey! What's up!* Nikki had unwittingly embraced the future father of her children before even saying a word. Looking back, it was divinely poetic.

The real beginning

Once inside the house, I began to sober up. My very first impression, as I actually laid my eyes on her for the first time, was that of quiet strength. She didn't carry herself loose or wild, as did so many girls in that era after Mickey Mouse Club when Britney lost all her clothes. I was intrigued, captured even. She had a tumbling mountain of rich, walnut hair that intensified and when the sun pressed against it. Her natural shades of brown swirled like a rich Italian cream being mixed into dark-as-night coffee. It flowed naturally with her fair complexion, shimmering hazel eyes and her steady into-your-soul type of gaze.

Nikki, from the moment I sensed her energy, displayed a difference in just her way of *being*. I'd find myself staring, and lost, as I eagerly searched for a read. She was quiet and somewhat meek, but I've since learned that still waters often run *deep*. Her way of absorbing the environment around her and "playing chess" with it in her mind, was counterbalanced by my way of outward expression in a more direct kind of way.

Of course, I couldn't have articulated it like that back then. I barely realized the difference between my sitting pad and a hole in the ground. But by retracing our steps, replaying those days in the theater of my mind affords me the gifts of clarity and fresh appreciation for how special those delicate once-in-a-lifetime moments actually were.

The afternoon settled in and mostly consisted of maybe a dozen teens that came and went, but Nikki and I never strayed far from each other over the course of about ten hours. I remember clearly how immature I acted, thinking at the time I was being cute… *charming* even. Ha! As she tells it, not even close. But we kept talking, mostly about nothing and high school rivalries and teenage innuendos. The first thing she asked me was, "What's with all this tape on your back?"

I was immediately drawn in by her gravity, and since I was ignorantly cocky, I asked for a massage of my neck and shoulders. She said no. Now, in my world that simply meant I didn't ask right. So I asked again. Nada. Since I figured that we were flirting, I carried on a bit longer and then made some lame excuse about leaving for the Army in three months and somehow that got her. She gave in.

Nikki was on the couch facing the big front window in her maroon fuzzy sweater and boot cut jeans. That robust dark hair just past shoulder length rested easily onto her shoulders. I sat between her legs, on the floor, with my back to the couch. I wanted her to be comfortable, ya know? As her hands squeezed, I relished.

I started feeling like we had a little something special happening that no one else did, other than the obvious massage. This strengthened our embryonic connection, even if it was just the story I was crafting in my mind. I wasn't thinking of taking it further,

physically, or anything like that, which was not normal for testerone-tipsy Adam. I just sensed this confidence building in me about us having a connection.

Something different

The afternoon continued to unfold and I continued to clear up. We talked, joked, and compared thoughts on different things. The draw to her I felt kept increasing in its intensity. Just the way she was…not typical, not flaunty, not aggressive, not *easy*…she felt oddly amazing to me. Here was no stereotypical girly-girl, but a tough four-year varsity soccer player. She was no diva afraid of breaking freshly manicured French tips in order to fix a toilet, but a young Queen with strong femininity who craved being craved all while "getting shit done".

Nikki didn't fall for my arrogant, teenage posturing. She didn't melt when I flashed that "million-dollar smile" with the eyes that had led me to some success with the ladies prior. She didn't fall over at my attempts to appear witty or make her laugh. She wasn't agreeable "just because". However, she did *accept* me *despite* me, or at least who I portrayed myself to be that day, and I could feel that from her. It's like she saw past my facade and into my authenticity that I was still far from realizing myself.

I was hooked. I didn't fully understand why yet. But I wanted more. Time evaporated like summer's morning mist and the hangout-turned-party was winding down, I started feeling like *I can't lose touch. Omg, how will we ever see each other again if this ends and we're separated? I WANT MORE.* When we all got up to go, I tried to keep a discreet eye on her. One body after another passed through the front door into the front yard. The adults were coming home to their house. As I took my turn,

briefly pausing in the doorway, I subtly looked back over my shoulder, hoping Nikki was following close by.

She wasn't.

Damn! What am I going to do?

Nikki was playing it cool, watching us leave from the living room as she talked and laughed with girlfriends, pretending to not notice. She was acting like she hadn't rubbed anybody's shoulders that day. Naturally, this made me worried, but even more so *intrigued*, in my confusion. *WHO IS THIS CHICK?* And why is she not holding my hand right now?

Nikki's friend, however, stopped me near the front porch stairs to ask me for my phone number. (You know what momma teaches about that kind of girl.) Even still, I wasn't interested.

Instead, I waited around until finally, Nikki's cute, mysterious self came outside. I mean, I was ready to camp under the tree in the front yard, waiting for her like a Star Wars fanatic sheltering on the street waiting for that next big release. With butterflies dancing in my belly like synchronized swimmers, I asked Nikki for *her* number. Looking at me straight-faced, eye to eye, with barely any body language to speak of, she said nothing. I felt like she was telepathically assessing my intentions, "Why does this guy want my number?" Then, just before what felt like a dry heave rising inside me, she grabbed a pen, grabbed my right hand with her left, lifted it to belly button level, and proceeded to write it on my hand.

YES!

That was the moment that sealed us for eternity. Neither of us had a clue what we were getting into- and we thank God for that. That moment of connection set the course of multiple lifetimes. One heart's request. One heart's acceptance. One divine day.

A foundation for forever

From that day, we began hanging out nearly every day, becoming best friends fast, who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company. My dad had secured me a summer job through one of his buddies who managed a landfill. That would fill the bulk of my precious sunlight hours before I left for the Army. Before work, I'd slip into the drive-thru where she worked. I drove seven miles out of my way for *that* McDonald's… and it wasn't for their fries. Nik would take my order and hand it to me through the window, along with an ever-increasing affectionate smile. As I headed out I'd often notice an extra hash brown. That made me smile, thinking in my mind that maybe I had found the 'Bonnie' to my 'Clyde'…that is if Bonnie and Clyde were not psychotic killers but dreamy teenagers looking to find their way, together.

I loved looking at her face through that open drive-thru glass. She made me feel good, good in ways that only people that **like you for you** can. My jagged square peg to the world's perfect round hole was finally finding a home. We'd meet up after work, sit in my little black Chevy S10 pickup truck in the John F. Kennedy Ice Rink parking lot facing the passing traffic and simply continue building on that connection birthed at the edge of Stacey's couch.

Those experiences formed the initial strands in the DNA of what has become an unbreakable and divinely covered relationship. I believe we share a spiritual connection that we won't fully realize until after we leave this earth. While she's not quite the mystic I am, it's a special thing to find someone in this lifetime that has proven their loyalty with their life. Jesus told us there is no greater love. Nikki is that kind of woman, to everyone. She's had friends bail on her, ironically enough, for staying with me. But she's one of the rare ones, as I've called her for years. She doesn't bail. She doesn't buy into headlines. Her backbone doesn't crumble in the chaos of crisis. You can trust her. Solid, true, authentic. *Proven*.

Fortunately for me, we both realized there was something between us. Three months after meeting, we shared our first kiss in the bottom bunk of her sister Kimmie's dorm room at Eastern Michigan University. Ten days later, I left for Basic Training, immediately followed by an 18-month training program. The "odds" have been stacked against us from the moment I splattered onto that driveway.

Desperate at a distance

For the next nine weeks, it was Nikki who wrote hand-written letters to me nearly every day while I was cut off from the outside world. She'd sign them with a hand-drawn heart above an "A.G". My chest would swell just knowing she donned herself as Adam's Girl. Sometimes she would include empty Snickers wrappers within the letter so they'd fall out when I opened it, like cash does from a birthday card. Snickers is the nickname her dad gave her when she was little because she loved 'em! I'd use the vacant

wrappers as bookmarks in my books and journal, just to get the feeling of her presence…keeping us connected across state lines.

We snuck phone calls. This always had my heart racing out of my chest, palms sweating and nerves on edge. Still, with all the risk of running across base to get to the pay phone mounted on the outside brick wall of the only on-post theater (literally sneaking around buildings and hiding by bushes to avoid detection of the Military Police or MPs) those few minutes of verbal interaction each Sunday kept me going.

Contrary to surface appearances, I am much more of a rule-follower than Nikki is-even though I'm not a rules guy. Weird, I know. Call it conditioning but I grew up driven to behave out of fear. I had highly ordered careers for the first ten plus years of adulthood, which served to strengthen the hold of the matrix I was in. It can be a terribly difficult road for a divergent-from-the-norm type of personality to be also driven by fear to follow the rules of a system he or she doesn't fit in with. If you can relate to that, you're not alone, my friend. Nikki, on the other hand, wasn't all that concerned about your "consequences". She'd even been kicked out of band class for offering the bird to her instructor…in 10th grade. Not quite the meek soul I thought I met that summer day. I imagined what dear ole Dad, aka *Chops,* would have had in store for me for a stunt like that.

Band teacher: "Uh, yes, Mr. Adam's dad?

Dad: "Yeah?"

Band teacher: "Ummm, sir, I'm sorry about this but your son just told me to…ahem… fuck off, in sign language."

Chops: “It’ll be handled.” … “AAADUUUUMM!!!!”

Me: *O…M…G. I’m gonna die.*

It’s a good thing we found each other. We both share the same desire to go against the mainstream of the world and its ways. Folks that are good at living in this place, going with the program, obeying directives from the News…I make those people nervous, and oftentimes nauseous.

It was Nikki who came to my bootcamp graduation in Missouri. It was Nikki who I went to directly after arriving home for Christmas leave. Nikki, Nikki, Nikki. She began consuming more and more of my imagination, and even more of my heart.

But I was still brimming with a robust teenage hormonal drive. Nikki stayed in the forefront of my mind. However, I was not ready to be the man she deserved. Let alone the man I was proud to be. My outward choices (my behavior) were not aligned with what I really stood for on the inside…in my soul…my heart. But I didn’t have a clue about that yet.

Ahoy Cap’n, stormy seas ahead.

Thanks for reading!

Keep an eye out for more exclusive book content available only for subscribers up to and beyond publication.

Adam

Get exclusive content, **free** when you register your email for the *Instigator Inner Circle*, also free.

AdamKasix.com