

James Kubik

THE AWAKENING OF I

IM

POSSIBLE

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Imprint

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Many years ago a friend of mine, Ivette Reyes Campbell, had a dream of writing a book named "The awakening of I." Recently Ivette asked me if I would like to use the name for my book. I felt that was the most perfect name for this book because it relates my awakening and hopefully yours.

I would like to thank my brother, Tony Kubik, and my sister, Susie Kubik, who pushed past the doubt and believed in me. I am sure it was a difficult task, but it goes on to show that all things are possible. Good luck on your journey through this life.

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Chapter One

THE AWAKENING OF I

I went to a Catholic grade school, and I was pretty sheltered from the outside world. My entire world consisted of about eight blocks and back home. When I graduated grade school, my parents asked me if I wanted to go to a Catholic high school or a public high school. I wanted to go to a public high school; after all, that was where all my friends were going. At the very least I would know someone at this new school. Little did I know that I would consider this new school a new universe. I was definitely out of my element. I didn't fit in anywhere, and my old friends moved on to new friends. I definitely had low self-esteem, and finding new friends did not come easy. It was so easy to smoke pot or drink to be accepted in this new world. I did make one new friend, but looking back now, my new friend had no idea what friendship was. I'm sure he was happy to have a tag-along buddy. This guy was so much more worldly intelligent than I was, and I was so naïve about the world, I would follow him anywhere. My parents tried to warn me about my new friend, but come on, what did my parents know? Not much that I could see at sixteen.

I remember when I was sixteen years old my mother wanted me to watch this show that came out called "Scared Straight." It was about these young teenagers like myself who happened to be on the road to destruction; my friends were questionable too. It was obvious that my parents could sense that I was one of those who needed to see the show. On the show, these young teenagers were brought to prison and the inmates did their absolute best to scare

these teenagers so they would re-evaluate their lives and friends and straighten out. I watched that show, but it was too late; the show didn't affect me at all. I was above all that, and I certainly wouldn't get caught doing anything wrong.

At fifteen I was introduced to drugs. At sixteen I figured out that my parents didn't know anything and my friends knew a whole lot more. It was just so much easier to smoke pot and drink or do harder drugs than to do the things my parents wanted me to do. Like working and going to church and helping out around the house. What teenager wants to do that when we can go out and have fun, meet girls, hang out with friends and get high? After all, we only have one life, so why waste it doing boring things? I often wonder if teenagers or young people in general are like me and have this mental block that disables them from listening to anybody except their friends. At the age I am now, I'm all for listening to people and the advice they have for me. I can accept or reject what they are saying; at least I realize I am not the all-knowing young man I once was and what they have to say could be important to me. I have become smart enough to know that I don't have to live through every situation to learn from it. I can learn from others and what they have gone through. This has saved me a lot of heartache.

The road that everybody travels down is different than the one that I've traveled down then and now. What is important to know is that ONE MISTAKE IN YOUR LIFE CAN AFFECT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, AND IT USUALLY DOES. I can easily say the life that teenagers and people in general live now is drastically different than the life that I lived as a teenager in the 1970s.

It just seems to me that the life we now live is spinning out of control. What we thought was important then has been replaced with what is important now. Rightfully so; each generation changes, and what worked then may not

work now, but *one thing that has never changed is the way that God loves me and the way that God loves you.* I know what you're thinking: *Here's another God saved me story.* Sure enough, but give me a chance – better yet, give God the chance to open your eyes because I know a secret.

It's not time for the secret now because you have to know a few things about me. Once all the drugs and alcohol left my system, my conscience was bothering me, and I was angry. I knew better; at least I was supposed to know better. It seemed to me that when I didn't do drugs, I could easily say no to anything that was wrong and I had a higher resistance to people who wanted me to do anything wrong. When I was high I couldn't say no. I needed the approval of my peers or my so-called friends. I was miserable because I thought I was supposed to be miserable and I was going to stay that way forever. I hated myself. I tried to kill myself numerous times because that was the only way to make up for my past.

I have since figured out that THERE IS NO WAY POSSIBLE TO MAKE UP FOR YOUR PAST. If there was, I would have found it by now. If you do something wrong to someone, no matter how sorry you are, it doesn't take away the wrong that you did. The wrong does not go away. Even if you are forgiven for the wrong that you did, it still doesn't go away. Since there is no way to make up for your past, you have to find a way to let it go or believe that there is a higher power or the universe itself that can help you live peacefully with this baggage that we all insist on carrying around with us.

For twenty-five years, I was miserable. I would not allow myself to feel happiness, I would not even watch a comedy show on television. I wanted to be miserable. I made my own conscious choice to be miserable, and no one was going to change my mind. Fast forward: After twenty-five years of misery, I called my parents and said *I can't do this anymore. I can't be miserable any longer. Twenty-five years*

is enough! There has got to be some reason to be happy, to find a way to live with this past of mine. Hence the first step on my road to recovery. My misery was not over yet; it was true that I had trained my sub-conscious brain to always see the negative. I convinced myself that in every situation I had to figure out all the bad things that could happen, and then what did happen was usually not as bad as what I was thinking. I felt like I was living multiple lives; first with all the bad things that *could* happen, and secondly what really did happen. This was truly miserable, but it was the process that I lived by. It was the only thing that would work so life would not be so bad. In all actuality, it was worse. I was living a hundred different negative lives to my one real life. I had just moments of happiness here and there. For example, there might be something funny on television, or you might lift more weights at one time than you ever have before, and you feel a level of accomplishment.

I was so miserable that I truly believed that there was a battle going on in the world between good and evil and for sure evil had won. I was in the deepest hole of despair, and I couldn't dig my way out. I couldn't believe why, if there was a God, why was I still alive? It would have been more merciful for me to die. I had no will to live, so I definitely was the perfect candidate for the graveyard. I refused to have hope. Hope was just another way to hurt yourself. Who made hope anyway? Why is it there? I cannot tell you the amount of times that I gave hope a chance and ended up regretting that decision. I can easily give you a hundred reasons why not to hope, and I can give you only one reason to hope: because God loves you. As negative as hope can be, on the other end of the spectrum, hope can be equally positive. Where there is hope, there is a chance for a positive life. There is power in hope, and hope leads to belief.

Still, there was no end in sight for my misery, and what

made matters worse was I kept seeing on the television all these ministers who were happy. It was a slap in the face to me. I'd prayed my brains out, and I was still miserable. What did they have and what was I lacking?

I decided right there that I was going to give God one hundred percent; then when I was still miserable *I knew it wasn't my fault*. It was God's fault, and he was just a mean old God who didn't care or didn't exist. I dove right into reading and studying the Bible. None of it made sense, but still I read it. Then sure enough, I got knocked down. *I knew I was right*. I'd given God one hundred percent and still I was down here in the hole of despair... I started thinking that maybe it wasn't exactly one hundred percent. I had to admit that maybe it was eighty percent. So I would give God another chance to get right with me. *Hey, I'm doing the best I can, so now I can show God how to be merciful*.

What was happening was that God was rescuing me from being in this unhealthy situation. I was going to church, reading my Bible, and doing whatever I could to give God my one hundred percent. I even started a Bible course in the mail. *Now I know I'm on the right track - what more can I do?* I went to college, and I got a degree and diplomas in horticulture and custodial maintenance. Then whack, I got knocked down again. *What the heck? I'm in trouble again*. Now I knew I'd given God one hundred percent. *I don't understand, I'm getting in trouble and it's not even my fault...* Well, was I really giving God a hundred percent? Maybe it was ninety percent? Not only that; I had the opinion that if I gave God one hundred percent, then nothing bad would happen to me, and I could breeze through life with no problems. Now I know that bad things in life happen to everybody, regardless of your beliefs.

I decided right then that the hair-like thread that was connecting me to God would not be broken. I knew inside that if I believed my life would work out, then I could be