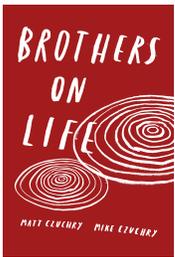
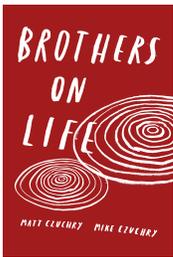


Brothers on Life™



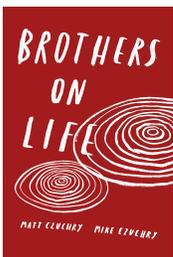
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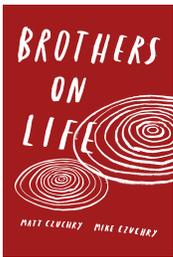
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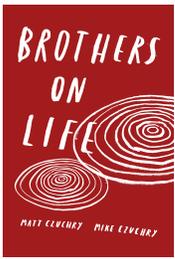
## [ I N T R O D U C T I O N ]

Johnson City, Tennessee, 1995. Counting the days till high school graduation. Watching the seconds on my alarm clock tick over. Hurrying life forward by waiting. Desiring a new life to come but not seeking it. In the face of rushing, my brother Mike quietly reminds me that we are promised no new day and each moment must be treasured because one will never know when death may come.

Into my right hand Mike slips me some of his original thoughts titled GEMS. These words on pieces of white notebook paper ring the alarm in my head. Buzzzz. I am up. Mike made me see as I was moving toward adulthood, I had forgotten an essential cornerstone of my childhood; the beauty of life embraced through imagination, dreams, and living in the moment.

My big brother Mike will always be my greatest friend. In our early youth after spitball fights and before our days became our dreams, we would end the night with a journey into our imagination. Surrounded by Beatles posters with Matt on the top bunk bed and Mike on the bottom one we would continue the family tradition by asking each other, "What story do you want to hear? The one about the motorcycle gang, the one about the gun, or the one about..." and then upon noting the story of choice, we would dive into a world without bounds. The fantastical characters we created within these stories would follow us into our dreams and continue to spark our creativity into our days.

Our summers in adolescence were spent on the beach even further away from the confines of reality. Dreams in the middle of the day were king as the chores on the sands were: 1) live fully 2) be in the moment 3) come up with a cool new superhero name, power, and cape. In these days where the salt air flowed through our veins, the only stress to endure



## [ I N T R O D U C T I O N ]

was the unwelcome challenge of removing the beach sand from our bed sheets before sleeping.

As adults the lives we have individually created are quite different in appearance. Shaped through contrasting careers. Formed by distinctive cities and life experiences. Cultivated with a variety of loves. Our lives unique, yes. Opposing, no. Beginning with our first stories told from bunk beds through the book you have in your hand today, we both embrace the core perception that life is beautiful, challenging, precious, and an experience that interconnects us all.

In BROTHERS ON LIFE™ we share our stories with you as a vehicle to tap into the universal connectedness we all feel when experiencing the complexities of the mind and soul. Each piece is what you see. Each piece is what you need. All in an effort to unlock the dreams and imagination of that child within. Yearning for a life created, lived, and loved in the moment.

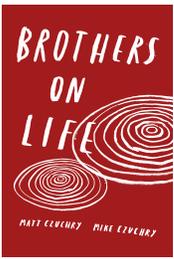
This book is dedicated to you.

Please begin.

New York City, 2012

*Matt Czuchy*

*Mike Czuchy*



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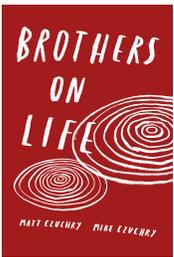
Johnson City, Tennessee, 1995.

## GEMS

Don't rush by the gems of today

To get to your tomorrows

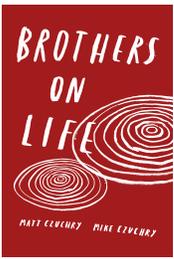
That robbed yesterday



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## BULLDOZERS: PROLOGUE

I am walking in the middle of the road, splitting the white lines on the street while making my way to the set for work. It is pitch black at twelve o'clock at night. It is pouring rain and I am avoiding the puddles on my approach. I look up to see a giant bright yellow bulldozer creeping its way directly toward me. A couple of steps ahead I hear my friend say, "Oh my gosh, if my son saw this right now, he would be so happy!"



---

## BULLDOZERS

Remember

Trucks, robots, dinosaurs, bulldozers

When we were kids

All we cared about

Were those fun horns, futuristic friends, silly feet, giant shovels

Those magical look up moments

Those bigger than us wow moments

No need as children to color inside the lines

No need to keep the sand within the boxes

Nothing could pause our spirit, except freeze tag

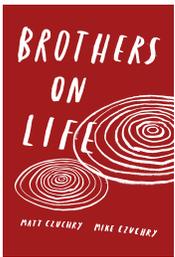
But things change when the world grows up

Fun horns become too loud

Futuristic friends turn into job takers

Silly feet become just plain silly

Bulldozers turn into traffic



---

Inevitably we grow  
Does that mean the magic has to slip through our fingers  
To be chased away and lost forever

Because actually  
No matter the age  
Dinosaurs are still pretty cool  
And coloring between the lines at work will get you nowhere

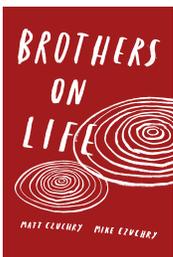
Bulldoze my pretensions  
Down to my essence  
To the child within

To those magical moments  
To those bigger than us wow moments

Remember







---

## ENOUGH

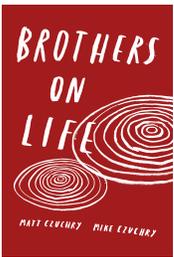
No matter the love  
No matter the hate

I just go on  
Being me

And that  
Is enough







---

## SPOTLIGHT

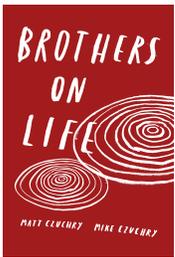
With the filament pops  
Come magic  
Endorphins spike  
Palms sweat  
And the marrow within your bones begins to stir

In the spotlight

When the light begins to shine  
It will at once humble you  
And well you up enough to burst

In the spotlight

Some  
Will be moved by your light  
And run to your side  
To give you shoulders to stand on  
And hearts to lean on  
Because they want to see you through to even brighter days



---

Others

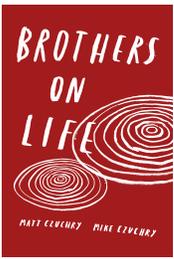
Will have their reasons for darkness  
They will run to your side  
With their loose tongues  
Rip through you and tear you down  
Pushing you into the shadows  
As they hoard your light for their own ends

Yet no matter what you do  
Or who you are  
Life will always give you both shields and arrows  
Shoulders to perch on  
And those loose tongues to cut you

You have heard it before  
I'm here to echo the voices  
And mirror the reflections

Don't be fooled by fools  
All the jesters  
May indeed be weeping behind their masks

Because  
Life is never what it seems  
In the spotlight



---

## PATHWAYS

Many of us wish  
We had more than one life to live  
Even a million

Because each storyline we changed  
Or failed to follow  
Could have been seen through

Even better to rewind and reset buttons  
Correcting our imperfections  
While contributing to the well-being of those we loved  
Felt ambivalent toward  
Or even hated

But perhaps  
Life has meaning  
Because we must live with all of our faults  
And the bittersweet reality  
That none of us  
Got it just quite right