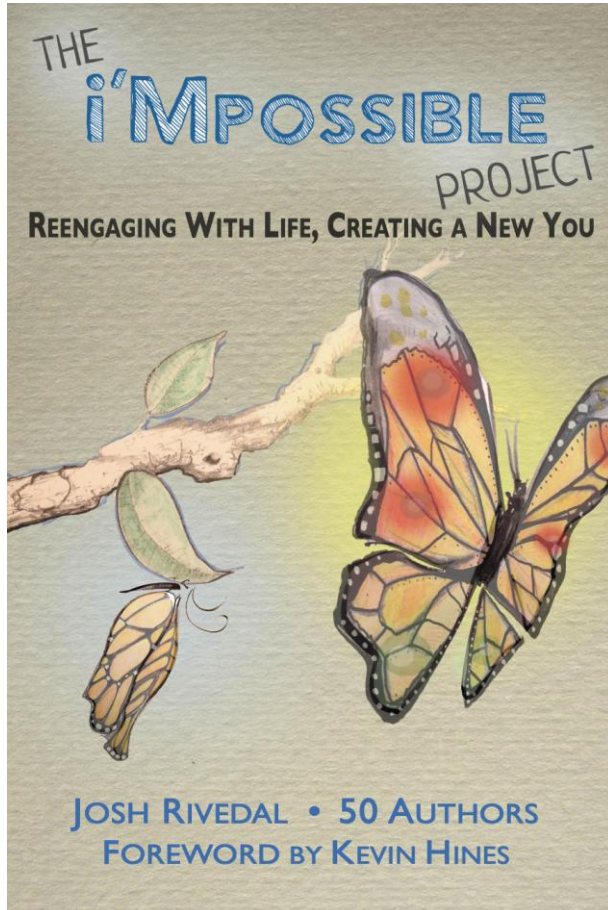


The i'MpossibleProject:Vol. 1—*Reengaging With Life, Creating a New You*

Sample Chapters

Survivors of Suicide Loss



For release January 13, 2016

Pre-order available September 16, 2015

Skookum Hill
Astoria, New York City

Pre-Order: www.iampossibleproject.com/one

Table of Contents

<u>Inspiration for The i'Mpossible Project</u>	3
- Josh Rivedal	
<u>A Word from Kevin Hines</u>	7
<u>Pain With a Purpose</u>	
10	
- Barb Smith	
A woman dedicates her life to suicide prevention and awareness in honor of the memory of her brother.	
<u>Music: A Bridge to and Through my Soul</u>	15
-Jennifer Burton	
A woman's ex-husband takes his life; she begins to drink heavily to numb the pain; and heals through family, therapy, and music.	
<u>More than a Survivor</u>	21
- Marcia Resnick	
A mother loses three of her four children and overcomes through helping other parent survivors of loss	
<u>Author Biographies</u>	24
<u>More info on the book</u>	26

My Inspiration for The i'Mpossible Project

FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TELLING my personal story via an autobiographical thirty-character, one-man play *Kicking My Blue Genes in the Butt* (yes, I get along with the rest of the cast just fine). I've toured internationally with my one-man show in theaters, high schools, universities, juvenile detention centers, and one unfortunate college biology lab. In my story, following my father's suicide in my early twenties, a lawsuit from my mother over my father's inheritance, and a break-up with my long-term girlfriend—all in the span of twenty months—I fell into isolation, silence, and melancholy that eventually had me hanging out of my fourth-floor bedroom window contemplating taking my life.

But I pulled myself back inside and got help—first from my mom and then through trusted friends and professional counseling, all because I took a risk and opened up about my pain.

Now, after each presentation I talk about my recovery process and how I found a way to reengage with life.

After nearly every show, incredible people—complete strangers who might feel voiceless or worthless or simply unheard—confide in me powerful, personal stories on how they've overcome tremendous odds in their lives. These stories not only changed my life for the better, but also the life of the storyteller.

Josh Rivedal & 50 authors

At one point or another in our lives, I—along with millions of other storytellers—took a chance on myself and said “I am possible.” But why do a book about people’s stories?

STORIES PROVIDE A TEMPLATE FOR SUCCESS

Whenever I’m feeling particularly uninspired or low, one of my favorite activities is to read the biography of someone famous and look for the part of their life story where they had struggled. I find that I learn a lot more from a person’s low points—my own included—rather than a highlight reel of their greatest achievements.

I’m deeply curious about how people reengage with life after a difficult, traumatic, or tragic event. How did they get back on the horse? In what ways did they succeed? What did they do that was “unsuccessful?” (Quick tangent: the word “fail” should be replaced in the English language with “lesson I learned on my way to success.” Boo-yah.)

“If that woman can overcome her paraplegia to become a famous painter by using her teeth, then holy cow, I can do just about anything!”

“That guy lost his wife and daughter in a car accident and fell into tremendous grief, but then rebounded, found love again, and became the Vice President of the United States. If he can keep fighting on then, oh snap, I can keep on fighting, too.”

When people give of themselves through the telling of their stories it makes the seemingly impossible in our lives tangible and attainable.

STORIES BREAK DOWN STIGMA

The world becomes much smaller. “That black guy,” “that lesbian-chick,” “that snarky-writer-guy who talks about suicide prevention” they all now have a name. David. Jamie. Josh. Each of these people has wants and needs to live, to love, to survive and thrive... just like every other human being.

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But why include these particular stories in the book? Some of the topics inside this book are not ones typically found in an inspirational-style book: murder, post-traumatic stress disorder, and a transgender recording artist. Each story displays its own beauty and with each, the author uncovers a piece of themselves, showing us a moment in their lives where they've overcome a tremendous obstacle, transformed, or changed for the better. By doing so, they allow us to peel back and examine a layer of our own soul.

STORIES ARE A DEMAND FOR OUR CIVIL RIGHTS.

Slow down, Rivedal. Don't get so preachy. It's only the second page of the book.

I know. I just get really excited about this idea.

Once stigma is broken down because of the courage of the "abnormal" person telling their story, they are now viewed as a human being. They now have a seat at the proverbial table of equality. Jim Crow is repealed. Women's suffrage is enacted. Mental health laws are passed that empower and aid people with illnesses rather than traumatizing or criminalizing them.

That's the kind of world that I want to live in. Bam.

A COUPLE OF THINGS TO NOTE

This book is not written entirely by polished authors—some are and some are not. (A few of the authors might want to kick me in the shins after reading that last sentence... but I'll take my chances) Each story is unique, powerful and inspirational; a love letter of sorts to you, the reader, on how they've dealt with tremendous hardship and found a way to reengage with life in the aftermath.

Josh Rivedal & 50 authors

I've edited each of the stories to a certain extent—not to fit my writing style, but rather to make sure the story arc of each is crystal clear. I hope I've done you a service with this.

Each story is no more than one thousand words. Sometimes we get bogged down in unnecessary details not imperative to the heart of what the story is actually about. The word limit is to give the story arc a laser-like focus and is for the reader with a short attention span (like me).

How should you read this book? Some of these stories are lighter and some are pretty heavy—take your time with it. Read it out of order. Focus on one story a week, and savor the deeper meaning, figuring out how it speaks to you... or not. Read it however you want. If one (or more) of the stories inspires you and you want to pass it along—go right ahead.

QUIT YOUR YAKKING, JOSH

I actually had ten more pages and a couple of haikus to share, but fine... without further ado, I present to you fifty fantastic authors and *The i'Mpossible Project: Volume 1—Reengaging With Life, Creating a New You*.

(Cue the thunderous applause)

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A Word From Kevin Hines

IN 2013, JOSH RIVEDAL released *The Gospel According to Josh: A 28-Year Gentile Bar Mitzvah*—his first book of what will surely be many. Josh found his voice expressing his family's terrible loss from his father's suicide, his own internal mental struggles, his suicidal ideations, his family's woes, and how he put himself back together. Josh's *Gospel...* is based in part on his acclaimed Off-Broadway show, first produced in New York City, now entitled *Kicking My Blue Genes in the Butt*, a unique one-man show, in which he plays thirty characters, sings seven songs, and spans his lifetime. Yep, it's just Josh. The stories he shares throughout this one-man show, keynote address, and memoir are taken directly from the real characters woven throughout his life. The book and show have both had astounding success.

All of Josh's endeavors have been nothing less than intriguing, educational, and highly entertaining! This thirty-something comedic entrepreneur never ceases to amaze. He shows us that it does not matter what pains you have experienced due to your own mental, emotional, and physical health. No matter such difficulties, and despite struggles, you can find hope, move forward, and give back to your community. He

planted the seeds in countless hearts and minds, empowering individuals to look within themselves. He wants those his story touches to be the catalyst in saving their own lives. With his frequent blogging, his educational performances, his current social media project, his company, forthcoming books, plays, seminars, and his workshops, Josh is not slowing down anytime soon. This is his sophomore book and it's aptly titled *i'Mpossible*. It is clear not much is impossible for Josh Rivedal and those who heed his inspirational message.

The i'Mpossible Project, Reengaging With Life, Creating A New You captures the true essence of storytelling. Inside this book are fifty stories from people who have reached the brink of the proverbial cliff. Many of these authors came to a juncture in their lives where they firmly believed it was, in some manner or another, the end of the road. Some even attempted to die by suicide, but survived. Others have lived through devastating trauma. But in the aftermath of harrowing odds, each author learned and continued to thrive.

These are stories of “lived experience,” and each one is unique and compliments the next. Each of these true tales are incredible—now helping shape the lives of so many people, and in part, preventing others from reaching their own dead end. Today, everyone who is featured in *The i'Mpossible Project* is actively fighting day in and day out for their mental, and physical well-being, pushing toward hope, and working tirelessly on themselves so they can inspire others.

The i'Mpossible Project is dedicated to capturing life at its worst, at the middle of the road, and eventually, at its best. These stories share with countless people the idea that, “If I can do it...so can you!” Josh epitomizes this very notion. He is a sounding board for their woes and is often a giant shoulder to

lean on for people living through the roughest of mental health and suicidal conditions. In a time when suicide, mental and behavioral health problems, and taboo physical health conditions are becoming more and more talked about, this project shines. It is giving the average Joe and Jane a platform to share their lives with others, as well as the opportunity to help hundreds, thousands, and even millions. Every author and story in the book finds a new and innovative way to relate to people from all walks of life.

When you read this amazing literary feat, you may just walk away with an uplifting feeling that changes your entire perspective on the world and the seven billion who reside within it. Your empathy may also be tested, and your view on the ones closest to you may even be enlightened. Now, as each writer shares their story with the world, they not only guide others to a more well-balanced life—they have discovered the catharsis that guides each of them to the hope that helps heal. This book is imperative to the aid of so many onto #TheWayForward, onto a future lived well.

- Kevin Hines

Storyteller

Founder, 17th& Montgomery Productions

Pain With a Purpose

Barb Smith

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY as I drove home from the beaches of Tawas, Michigan. I noticed my then-boyfriend in my rear view mirror, motioning for me to pull over. I did, and he walked up to the car looking devastated. He had been trying get in touch with me all day.

“You need to get home,” he said. I asked why, but he wouldn’t tell me. I knew it wasn’t good, but being strong-willed as I am, I wouldn’t let it go until he said those horrible words. “John took his life.”

John was twenty-years-old, my older brother by two years. He was my friend, confident, and the prankster in the family—and I decided this was just another one of those pranks.

I drove as fast as I could to get to my parents’ house. All I could hear when I walked in was my mother’s wail—a mournful howl that pierced all the way through to my heart. Mom was sitting at the kitchen table where we had many family dinners—we were a good family, and this wasn’t supposed to happen in good, Christian families.

My seven other siblings were all standing in silence—no one spoke. But I wanted answers. I wanted to know where he was and I demanded to see him. He would not do this. He would never hurt himself or anyone in our family. This was not true, it couldn’t be, dear

God, let me wake from this nightmare. It was like watching a movie in slow motion.

I found out John had gone to both his friend's and his girlfriend's house, saying he couldn't live without her. Both of them tried to find him, but waited to call my family. By then he had driven to his favorite hunting spot to end his life. He stopped on the way to write us a "note" saying how much he loved us, but that he hated the world and he wanted to end his pain.

Recently, John had been laid off from his job, and his friend had canceled their big parachuting trip—but the final disappointment for him was his girlfriend breaking up with him. In my eighteen-year-old mind, I thought, "You get another girlfriend, you get another job, you reschedule with your buddy, but *you don't kill yourself.*"

So my grief journey began, one for which I was not prepared. I searched for answers to the "whys" by going to conferences, researching suicide, and educating myself as much as I could. During the 1980s there was very little written about suicide, and not many people were talking about it.

The day John ended his pain, our pain began. I was determined to not let this destroy me as it did my father. Tragedies can make you bitter or better—it's a choice. I was going to be a better friend, mentor, and person in every way. When someone suicides, it changes you, but it doesn't have to destroy you.

I started a support group, "Survivors of Suicide," for loved ones left behind. I learned so much from the participants who were willing to share their stories—but still this wasn't enough. I thought, "We can sit around this table talking about the 'whys' and our grief for the next twenty-five years, or we can take our grief and educate others."

I got certified in the Yellow Ribbon Suicide Prevention Program and have since spoken to more than 65,000 people about the warning signs and risk factors of suicide. I empower teens and ask participants

to come forward after the presentation to ask for help for themselves or someone they have a concern about. We de-stigmatize mental illness, one of the major factors in a suicide.

I trained for our Victims Services unit, where I have the opportunity to be with the newly bereaved in the early hours of a tragedy, so families like mine are better equipped than I was for questions like “Where do I turn next?” and “How do I prepare for something like this?”

Being recognized as an “expert” in suicide prevention and intervention, I thought I could help prevent every suicide within my region of the world. But one evening while sitting at the dinner table with my family, my phone rang. It was my brother Larry yelling into the phone, “We need you. Jackie killed herself.”

Not again. This time I was angry. How dare she? My own sister-in-law. She didn’t have the right. She knew about the work I do. I took this personally. I had “missed” the signs I was so well-trained to recognize. The first time I was ignorant to suicide, but this time I should have known.

I had to quit my work in suicide prevention. How could I teach others when I couldn’t even save my own family?

But not long after Jackie’s death, I received a call from my friend Julie, whose fourteen-year-old daughter was talking about ending her own life. And so, I went into intervention mode, and I became passionate about suicide prevention once again. I was determined to help save her. I strongly advocated that she get professional help, and a month later, she called to thank me for saving her life.

Helping to save Julie’s daughter taught me a lesson about myself and Jackie: even though we are aware of the signs of suicide and do everything right, we will still lose people.

And though my brother John left this earth, he will never truly leave us. He will continue to touch the lives of thousands of people. The greatest way to honor someone’s life is to do good work in his or

her memory. Share who they were and the gifts they left you. Whether it's being a coach, mentor, or musician, do it with love and passion from the bottom of your heart, for it's through you that they will live on and touch the lives of others.

Music: A Bridge to and Through My Soul

Jennifer Burton

AS A TEENAGER OF THE 1980S, my inner wild child has always been a part of who I am. I proudly proclaim myself a music-obsessed soul. It was my senior in high school when I attended my first rock concert. Motley Crüe was in their heyday when my friends and I traveled to St. Louis to witness them rock the house at the legendary Kiel Auditorium. That concert was the loudest performance I have ever experienced; my ears rang for days with guitar riffs.

Growing up with two sisters, six and eight years older than me, my love of music began at a young age. My eldest sister bought me the soundtrack to “A Star is Born” with Barbara Streisand and Kris Kristofferson for my twelfth birthday.

Music speaks to me on a spiritual level. Throughout my life it has been a medium of communication, a way to express feelings, to heal struggling relationships, and to dance like no one is watching (and even when they are). During the darkest period of my life, my relationship with music would literally save me.

Twelve years ago, my husband Mark and I had just become proud parents of a fourth child—another beautiful daughter. I have always

referred to our home as “Hectic House” and we were overjoyed with our new family of six.

I distinctly remember the phone ringing one morning after we had just sent our other three children off to school. As he answered the phone, I realized that something I had always known could happen ... had happened. As tears rolled down my husband’s face, before I could even scream the words “What’s wrong, is it Ronnie?” I knew the answer... Ronnie had taken his own life.

Ronnie and I met and fell in love in high school when I was fifteen and he seventeen. Three weeks into our new and exciting love affair, Roger dropped thirty pounds and soon after was diagnosed with a very severe case of Type I diabetes. At fifteen, I became a partner in fighting this terrible disease with my new boyfriend.

We eventually married and had two sons. Our relationship was tumultuous at times, and over the years, through the struggles he faced with fighting his disease—and later, an undiagnosed and untreated depressive disorder—things became unbearable. I had to make a choice between being a good mother and staying in a tempestuous relationship that could damage my sons’ future stability.

Ronnie had threatened suicide during our relationship many times. I wasn’t sure if he would be okay if I left, but I knew I had to do what was best for our sons. That is why when the phone rang on that fateful morning, I knew in my soul what had happened before my husband, Mark, could tell me.

My young sons were in fourth and sixth grades at the time. They loved their daddy and had spent many fun weekends with him. Many years had passed since our divorce, and my husband Mark and I enjoyed more of a familial relationship with Ronnie than the unfriendly dynamic one would expect between exes. We all loved him.

Bringing our sons home from school to tell them the news was gut-wrenching. I was given the best advice of my life before they arrived.

Both my pastor and the children's pediatrician urged me "tell them the truth of how their daddy died."

They came running in the door knowing something was terribly wrong because Mark had picked them up early from school. With tears already streaming down their faces, I gave them the news. "Daddy has died."

"How?" they screamed. "Why?"

"Daddy's mind was not working correctly. Just like you can catch a cold and become very sick, sometimes the brain can become sick and not work correctly. He shot himself."

From that moment on, my number one priority was the emotional well-being of our sons. Our hearts were broken at the loss of Ronnie and for the horror that our innocent, beautiful sons had to face.

It was easy to busy myself with my family of six. It was easy to stuff my own grief and survivor guilt deep within my soul and forge ahead as self-appointed savior of my children. Making sure they were "okay" in spite of this trauma became my mission.

Sure, there were many times when, after tucking the kids in bed, I would retreat to my computer, put on my headphones, pour one, two ... four glasses of wine, and just lose myself in music. But the sun would come up the next day and, hangover or not, I would forge ahead.

Music was the very beginning of a means to process what my soul was begging me to deal with. But I didn't realize that by pairing music with excessive alcohol, I was ignoring my own grief. My avoidance of dealing with my emotional pain would bring me to a very dark place years later.

A once optimistic, self-reliant gal slowly became a self-destructive person I didn't know. As my children began to grow up and my sons eventually went away to college, my self-destructive drinking became worse. I would stay up late at night, drinking heavily, listening to music and singing (badly, I might add) at the top of my lungs with my

headphones on. I was purging some sort of demon that I didn't understand. At times, I was surprised the next morning to find that I was still alive.

I begged God to help me. I didn't understand why I was doing what I was doing. I had dear friends who were put in place in my life during my early descent into self-destruction. A struggle such as mine couldn't be hidden for long. At the point of begging for answers, desperately wanting a solution to and escape from the self-destructive pattern, I asked a friend, who also happened to be a counselor, "Why am I doing this?"

She answered, "Jennifer, you are in pain!"

Another precious friend helped to keep my self-loathing above an unbearable place. I remember him saying to me, "You have everything inside yourself to beat this." These friends, along with many others, came alongside with support and love, and no judgment in their eyes or hearts.

My survivor's guilt had turned into self-loathing and binge drinking. My soul was crying out for help, begging and finally demanding for me to deal with my own pain. Music was the medium my soul used to wake me.

Today, I am no longer in that place of self-destruction, through the help of therapy, dear friends, and family, as well as my ability to be honest with others and myself about the truth of my struggle. Music allowed my soul to process what my brain wasn't able to accept, and I am a person I once again know and love. Our Hectic House family is thriving and stronger than ever, and I am so thankful for surviving the painful journey.

In literal terms, a "musical bridge" can be described as a contrasting section in music, which prepares for a return to the section of the original material. My musical bridge carried me through my darkest

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journey with the language of love, hope, and faith, right back to the “original material” of me.

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More Than a Survivor

Marcia Gelman Resnick

IT IS OFTEN SAID, AND I BELIEVE, that you are only as happy as your least happy child. I am a mother who buried three children. My only surviving child had Hodgkin's disease within two years of the death of his brother. Now I am the happiest I have ever been.

Married when I was not quite twenty-one, after a few years, I wanted to have a child. My two older sisters already had children. Every year on Mother's Day, my dad would take the whole family to a hotel to celebrate the mothers in our family. I was the only one who was not a mother, and it hurt.

My first child, a son, was born in February 1974. He lived until the age of twenty-eight. However, he was born severely brain damaged, microcephalic—a condition when a person's brain does not grow. He could not speak, hear, or talk, and was totally unaware of anything. All he had was a strong heart. We kept him at home for about six months and then put him in a home where he could get proper care. I still wasn't really a mother.

In August 1976, after taking fertility drugs, I gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. The twins were a little premature, but were doing well in the hospital. They were almost ready to go home when my daughter stopped feeding. The doctors could not figure out what was wrong. They tried absolutely everything, but she was failing. She died when

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she was three weeks old. I was twenty-eight at the time, picking out a coffin and cemetery plot for my daughter. Thankfully, my son, Doug, did come home.

After all we had been through, we finally had our precious child. I was a mother. Two-and-a-half years later, we were blessed with another healthy son. After all the tragedy, I believed that my share of loss was over, and that my two sons would grow up to be happy, healthy adults... boy, was I in for a rude awakening.

At the age of twenty-two, on the day his girlfriend broke up with him, my son Doug took his life. We did not see this coming. When people are depressed, many put on a mask. I did not even know that he and his girlfriend were having any problems. Whenever I asked him how he was, his answer was “excellent.”

How does a parent feel when they lose a child to suicide? I felt like my world had come to an end. I was just a normal, regular person. I had buried one child, and one child was severely brain damaged. Why me? I was on a planet all by myself. How could this happen to me? What would I do now? I was totally clueless as to what to do to continue on with my life without Doug.

My friends helped me find support groups with other “normal” parents like me who had also lost their children to suicide. They were on this strange new planet with me. I went to every in-person support group available. I joined an online support group, Parents of Suicides (POS). We grieved together, we supported each other, and we understood each other. We were in a club that no one wanted to be in.

I gave up my law practice. I had to take care of both myself and my only surviving child.

Then my surviving son was diagnosed with Hodgkin’s disease. We had to get through this as well, and we did. He went through chemotherapy, which was successful. He was only twenty-two, but he handled the situation with grace and humor.

I have buried three children. It is still surreal when I go to the cemetery and see the names of my three children on graves. No parent should ever have to see that.

Where am I now? I still am active in POS, and many of my closest friends are people I met through that group. I have traveled to New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa several times, and to Georgia (U.S.A.) often, to spend time with my fellow “sisters” who have lost children to suicide.

I have facilitated a support group for “Parents Who Lost Children to Suicide” for nearly five years. I participate in a volunteer outreach program run by the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention (AFSP). When a newly bereaved family requests services, two outreach volunteers go to their home and offer support and guidance. My husband and I participate every year in an eighteen-mile overnight walk for AFSP— a nonprofit organization that raises money for suicide education, research, and support.

Why do I do this? There were wonderful people who helped me get through the shock of losing Doug and who helped me to start living again. Now I want to be there for others who are just starting out on this journey of grief. Giving back and helping others is the only way to give meaning to Doug’s death.

Who am I now? I recently turned sixty-five. To celebrate my birthday, I had a girls’ weekend at a spa, and we had a great time. I love to travel, go to the theater, ski, and play tennis. I have a wonderful family and dear friends.

Best of all, my son and his wife gave me the most amazing gift ever— a grandson who is now three months old. I could not be happier. Life is good right now.

Josh Rivedal & 50 authors

Author Biographies

In Order of Appearance

Barb Smith is the founder and facilitator of the Saginaw Survivors of Suicide, which has been supporting families left behind after suicide for the past twenty-five years. Barb has received training and certifications from numerous experts in the field of suicide prevention, intervention, and the aftermath of suicide including Bill Steele, Iris Bolton, AFSP, and AAS. She has been recognized as the “Saginawian” of the year, and in 2003 she received the “Volunteer of the Year Award” from United Way.

Jennifer Burton is a passionate mental health advocate and has worked in the field for ten years. She finds joy in her cherished husband, Mark, and her children Nathan, Jonathon, Jenna, and Mikayla. Her free time is spent enjoying music, writing, good books, and laughter. She resides with her family in Missouri.

Marcia Resnick is a wife, mother, and grandmother to her grandson and grandpuppy. Professionally, she has been a math teacher and a lawyer. She is also a survivor. She has buried three of her four children, the most painful being her son who took his own life. She is active helping others who have lost a child to suicide, facilitating a support group for parents. She is also active in The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention. She skis, plays tennis, and loves the theater and traveling. Most importantly, she loves her family, her many friends, and life.

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Josh Rivedal is an author, actor, playwright, and international public speaker. He has spoken about suicide prevention, mental health awareness, and diversity in more than ninety locations across the U.S.,



Canada, the U.K., and Australia. He has served on the board of directors for the New York City chapter of The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention. He wrote and developed the one-man play, *Kicking My Blue Genes in The Butt* (KMBB), which has toured extensively throughout the U.S., Canada, and the U.K. His memoir *The Gospel According to Josh: A 28-Year Gentile Bar Mitzvah*, based on KMBB and published by Skookum Hill in 2013, is on The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention's recommended reading list. He writes for the Huffington Post. He is the founder and executive director of Thei'Mpossible Project—a non-profit media company designed to entertain, educate, and engage on suicide prevention, mental health, diversity and social change. Coming soon in conjunction with The i'Mpossible Project: *Living Mentally Well and Crushing it While in College*, and *Winning the War on Depression and Living Mentally Well*.

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Josh Rivedal & 50 authors

About the Book

It's finally ready.

I am excited to share that the first [i'Mpossible Project book *Reengaging With Life, Creating a New You*](#) (January 13, 2016) is available for pre-order... today. Like, right now (#word). At all the major outlets where books are sold (click the links):

Go to www.iampossibleproject.com/preorder to order an autographed paperback or an e-book at Barnes & Noble, iBooks (Apple), and Kindle (as of October 15).

I'll be honest: This is pretty big. I've been curating this book for more than two years—fiddling with the right combination of stories, authors, and concepts. If you've followed along on the [blog](#) then you know the truth already: I put my everything into this book. Absolutely everything. And you're getting a little of me and fifty incredible authors and stories when you get this book. It was exhausting and wonderful and a once-in-a-lifetime process to produce this book and I am just now getting the confirmation I hoped for: *It was all so incredibly worth it. Thank you for that.*

So Here's the NittyMcGritty

Pre-order sales matter a ton. They show booksellers and publishers that there is interest in what I and these 50 authors have written. It would mean the world to me and to these authors if you would [preorder a copy](#)

As a thank-you for pre-ordering, the first 200 people to pre-order will get a “thank you” in the book—forever, in the front where everyone can see.

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Not satisfied with a “thank you” in the book? I’ll also send you a free download of my first book *The Gospel According to Josh: A 28-Year Gentile Bar Mitzvah*—also on The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention’s recommended reading list.

#holyguacamole ... that’s some good readin’

All you have to do is send in a proof of purchase—a scanned receipt, a screenshot, a selfie with your receipt—to tony@skookumhill.com. You have no idea how much the fifty authors and I have been encouraged by your comments, your tweets, your emails, and letters. Thank you for inspiring me, and us, to keep pushing forward with this book. I’m so grateful to have you in this community and I don’t know if I say it nearly enough. Thank you... and thank you for helping make this “i’Mpossible” book, possible.

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Paperback ISBN/SKU: 978-0-9860964-7-1

E-book ISBN/SKU: 978-0-9860964-8-8

Publication Date: 1/13/2016

Pre-order Date: 9/16/2015

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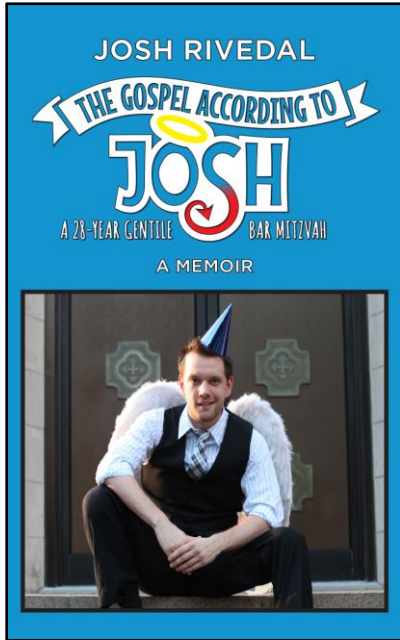
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