An excerpt from:

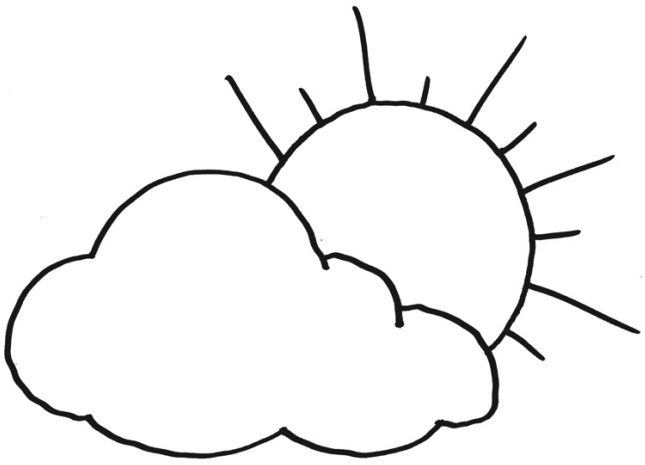
"STRIP: Lose Fat, Find Yourself - The Stupid Simple Road Home"

By John Sheaffer

Preface

GENESIS

GIVE US ONLY THE SUN



THE FIREFLIES

Rainy days were hell for a child of the 1980s.

Our backyards were portals to the world gifted us to explore. We were dayshift fireflies, ablaze in the electric flame of a thousand possibilities. We drank of life in reckless gulps, each a toast to neon dreams and endless summers spent with friends who never move away.

We were heroes of sunbaked ball fields, skinned knees, and Saturday mornings. We won world heavyweight titles with figure-fours and DDTs in rings stretched with canvas spun of the trampled grass that birthed the stains our mothers cursed. John Rambo fought beside us as we battled faceless bad men and freed forgotten prisoners of the wars our grandfathers didn't talk about.

Imagination was the gate to reality; play was a way and the meaning of life. Not angels, but something close, our innocent greed demanded God give us only the sun.

Rain meant missed adventure… a thought as crazy as believing those times would ever end.

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Dire Straits played just as loud in the checkbook as they did on the radio but I would have called you a liar if you'd told me.

My dad worked eight days a week and still played ball with me every night when he got home. On Sunday mornings he'd wake to a splash or an elbow drop and plead for coffee before heading to the shed to make me yet another sword from the scrap lumber he brought home from job sites. There was nothing that man couldn't do.

The table he built was the stage on which my mother made food sing each night around 5 PM. Season to season, the call for dinner meant either a pause or an end to the day's adventure, but it was always worth it.

80s food was different.

The bread was white, the milk was whole, and we ate spaghetti by the poor man's pallet. We drank homemade iced tea in glasses slick from fried chicken-flavored fingers, feasted on bluefish and venison the neighbor boy passed over the fence, and breathed in smoky backyard burgers and dogs; sacrifices to freedom on the charcoal pyres of the fourth of July.

Nothing of the modern world tastes quite like the Reagan era.

My heart and my belly stayed swollen with warmth and abundance, yet my body was wiry and lean- all sinew and speed, built for chasing the wind and tomorrow. A four-foot furnace, I burned it all forging memories in my workshop of that green grass I'll sooner die than forget.

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The dying embers of a golden decade burned to life in the dawn sun of the 1990s. The morning sky thundered an echo of promise that drowned the rumble of a gathering storm.

By noon my world had fallen to gray as middle school ushered in a dark new chapter. Old friends were lost as "cool" became coin of the realm. I kept to my room and gained a great deal of weight. It was the cruelest of makeovers.

The same boy who had worn suspenders to keep his pants up while he ran the bases at tee-ball, now faced merciless, daily ridicule for the pointy things on his chest. Self-esteem was a non-existent luxury. This was the most painful time in my life.

Gray skies held well into high school. The teenage experience I'd grown to expect from years of *Saved by the Bell* reruns left me at the bus stop breathing diesel fumes. Teen romance was not on the table and the cool kids had no room at theirs. No one let me past their secretary. Hope was a dream and I couldn't sleep. I prayed for change until it hurt.

My deliverance arrived in the realization that my savior was alive in the bathroom mirror.

Days became marathons of exercise. I ate little food and did endless sit-ups as I ignored the protests of my stomach. At night I shook my arms and legs in bed to keep the calories burning. Doing everything wrong I lost seventy-five pounds in about three months' time.

I had beaten the scale but my reflection showed a vessel far from its port of destination. I had oceans to travel and miles to learn, but I had earned the first victory in the war for my identity. I had drawn my first breath as the man I was born to be and I'll chase that high all the way home.

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I joined a gym and developed an obsession with bodybuilding. I read all of the books and magazines I could get my hands on, often camping out for hours on the floor of the bookstore. I trained daily. I adopted a strict diet, tracking macronutrients, and weighing and measuring every bite.

I believed I was working to pack on slabs of muscle. In reality, I wasn't eating nearly enough. I was fanatical about my intake. I spent the majority of the money I made on supplements promising the map to the holy grail. I went from "skinny-fat" back to just plain skinny in no time.

People started saying I was “wasting away” or needed some “meat on my bones". My clothes had become comically oversized.

I wanted muscles like my idols but was terrified of getting fat again. It was maddening. The frustration burned, but fire tempers. As is constant in life, the lesson was in the ashes.

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I weighed 147 pounds when I enlisted in the Army at seventeen. Life as a paratrooper meant constant running, rucking, and playing hard. I was back to eating everything in sight and I packed on twenty solid pounds in no time.

I was surrounded by real friends, brothers born of the bonds of shared experience. A wayward constellation of souls, hurled together by the gravity of a common love for God and country.

News broke of an act of terror one Tuesday morning as I returned from the showers. Thousands were dead in a series of devastating attacks on U.S. soil. Our silence masked our sensations of impotent rage as the desecration played out live on TV.

It was our time.

Our grandfathers had buried a beast in silence and drink, but the earth does not hold such things forever. Monsters don’t die so easy. I was our turn to see it. It was time we learned its name.

Before us was a journey that would claim each of our souls in one way or another.

Yellow ribbons painted our hometowns, echoing the prayers of hopeful mothers, while John Rambo watched his boys with pride from the bones of long-abandoned treehouses.

We were American Gladiators, sons of freedom reared on He-Man, Hulkamania, and the Legion of Doom. A proud and vengeful nation stood behind us, the feral youth of the 80's summer sunshine. The fireflies, now ablaze with something wholly different.

Thousands of miles from childhood, with the hot familiar sun above us, we brought all of the magic of our backyards, to theirs.

THE DEATH OF THE RAIN

I went to work with my dad when I returned home after the war. Homecoming was a difficult adjustment. Sleep was impossible. I sat for hours in the dark thinking of everything and nothing at once.

I dabbled with weights and the occasional run but struggled to find motivation to train. My body turned soft, and with it my mind. I felt myself slipping away.

The lesson I'd learned through my efforts in high school bored a hole in my conscience. Peace has a cost and my dues were delinquent. I would not be lost again.

I owed it to my brothers who would never kiss another girl or get drunk on their twenty-first birthday.

I took to the road on a cold morning and breathed fire back into my lungs. This became ritual. Church was every morning at 6.

God took notice and gifted me a compulsion to build the site of my own salvation. I was the boy in the window, beaming at the death of the rain as the backyard called me home.

I once again called on my dad to help me build something. This time it wasn't a sword. I'd had my fill of those for a while.

With a blue sky, hope, and a few lengths of pipe, construction began on the rest of my life.

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In time my yard evolved into a full-fledged gym. I called it "Greyskull", in tribute to *He-Man* and those halcyon '80s days of blissful innocence.

I trained morning and night, callousing my mind and body. Chinning bars, sandbags, and Craigslist weights furnished the safe house I built to hide from my demons. My mind grew clear, my body lean and hard.

I started a blog where I posted my musings and documented my workouts. My words attracted others who saw themselves in them. They began to come to me in search of a similar peace. It soon became evident that my union of sun and steel had birthed a healing contagion.

There was life in that grass.

This was my road. The certainty of purpose powered me forward, but only the road knew what was to come.

TURNING PRO

As my backyard flock grew, I became obsessed with learning and mastering my craft. I immersed myself in the subject. I read countless books and began to travel to learn from leaders in the industry.

My first big trip took me to Minnesota, where I was trained, tested, and certified by a tough Russian coach who helped popularize kettlebells in America. While there, I met some guys from a gym near my home. Their gym was a posh place, in a rich neighborhood, but had a gritty, military branding. They ran big outdoor classes and indoor personal training sessions.

They offered me a job teaching a 6 am boot camp on a field nearby. I started driving there every weekday. I would teach the class, then rush out to make it to work with my dad.

The style suited me. The clients loved the real military feel I brought. They couldn't get enough of push-ups and flutter kicks in the mud. Soon, I was asked to teach another class, mid-morning, three days a week.

It was in one of these classes that I met Cate.

Cate was a stay-at-home mom with two kids. She had joined the class to lose some leftover pregnancy weight and make some new friends. The regulars in the 9:30 class had their own clique. She wasn't part of it, and their passive-aggressive actions made this clear.

One morning, I paired everyone up for assisted chin-ups. When it was Cate's turn, her partner rolled her eyes and said Cate was "too heavy" to lift over the bar. Some of the others laughed. Cate's face burned with embarrassment. I saw the hurt in her eyes. I knew that pain. I had lived there before.

I stepped in and took over the role of her partner. I helped her through the movements, but I knew the damage was done. The way the others treated her made me angry. I felt protective of Cate.

At the next session, she approached me and asked if I would train her one-on-one.

Taking her on meant giving up a day of work and a day's pay. The gym charged $75 per session. Of that, I got $25. I couldn't afford it. But something inside me told me to do it anyway.

I agreed. We set a time to start the next week.

Up until then, I had never really trained someone one-on-one, short of teaching a movement here and there. The people in my backyard workouts just followed along with what I was doing. The same was true for my boot camp classes. Individual attention was only for catching people up or fixing big problems.

I had watched the other trainers at the gym as they worked with their clients. I had even endured their boring training video on how to run a private session. Objective improvement, when it happened at all, seemed to come by way of happy accident. The clients showed up, got somewhat sweaty, the trainers recorded their hours, and the front desk ran the credit cards. As Cate's first session neared, I knew I wasn't going to follow their rules.

I was going to help her find the strength she forgot she had.

Cate had been humiliated that day on the playground. The others poked fun at her weight. But what they ignored was this… none of them could do an unassisted chin-up either.

Yes, I would help Cate lose the weight. But more than that, I was going to help her get her first real chin-up.

That would be our mission from day one.

I knew what it was like to not be able to do a chin-up. I couldn't do one myself until after I was in the army. I was the kid that dangled from the bar while the other kids snickered during the Presidential physical fitness tests in grade school.

When Cate came in for her first session, I shared my plan with her. We focused on building the strength needed for proper chin-ups, push-ups, and other basic movements. I used the progressions that I had used myself, and a few new ones I had created for her. In each session we gained a bit of ground. We also talked about her diet and habits, and I gave her a simple document I had created on food choices, in an *"eat this, not that"* style.

Cate put in the work, both in and out of the gym. She was fired up.

At the end of the third week of meeting once or twice per week, Cate nailed her first chin-up. It was in the gym's front room, and a crowd of other women and trainers were watching. Some of those women had been on the playground on that infamous day that started it all. I recorded the moment and the video made its rounds in the days to come.

Cate was thrilled. She was more motivated than ever to keep going. She was losing weight, and it was clear she was getting stronger.

Soon, other women at the gym started asking to train with me. They had seen what Cate had achieved and wanted the same for themselves. Cate became something of a star. Several women befriended her and started asking her for advice.

I took on new clients, many of whom left their old trainers to work with me. While I hadn't solicited them, I understood why they wanted the change. One woman told me she'd been training for over a year with her old trainer and still could only do push-ups on her knees. Her trainer had said she needed to do 100 knee push-ups before she could do "real" push-ups.

My newfound popularity didn’t make me any friends with the other trainers. Some complained to the owner and accused me of stealing clients. I was called into the office to discuss it, and I explained what happened.

Being the businessman he was, the owner saw an opportunity to capitalize and created a new class around me. It was marketed as an "elite" class for those looking to make serious progress in a short period of time. The class grew rapidly in the first two weeks after its inception.

That was the final straw for the other trainers. They did not like me very much at all. I didn’t want to hurt anyone’s income, but I didn’t exactly feel bad for them either. People were paying for results and had not been receiving the value that they deserved for their money.

The pressure kept building. I was young, hot-headed, and tired of the passive-aggressive digs and tactics that were used by the others to show their displeasure. I decided it was time to leave.

When I announced my departure to the clients, everyone was shocked. They wanted me to stay, but I couldn’t continue in that environment. I was going back to work with my dad.

Cate came to me separate from the others and asked if I would keep training her. She offered to set up a gym in her garage and work around my schedule. I had gotten close to Cate, and I was so proud of what she had overcome. I couldn’t leave her. I agreed to meet with her twice a week at her place.

The next day, Cate called me. She’d reached out to all of my old clients, and every single one of them wanted to leave the gym and come with me. I was blown away. It meant so much to me. Without hesitation, I agreed to work with them.

When I met with the group, I made them a deal. They had been paying $75 for one-on-ones and a flat fee for classes. I suggested I charge $50 for one-on-ones, saving them $25 while giving me $25 more. It was a win-win.

They told me they had already discussed it and insisted they would pay me exactly what they'd been paying the gym. They wouldn’t dream of paying less for something better.

Overnight, my income more than tripled.

I ran two morning classes, one at 6 am and another at 9:30. I held private sessions during the day and evening classes a few nights a week. I soon became close with my clients and their families. I stayed for dinner, swam in their pools, and played with their kids. It was a wonderful time in my life.

My business kept growing. Clients brought me many referrals. I helped person after person get stronger, lose fat, and feel better about themselves. The work mattered. I was making a difference.

So much good had come from my own pain and my efforts to keep the demons away. I was amazed, and I was humbled.

INDUSTRY OUTLAW

As my training business continued to grow, I kept traveling, learning, and earning certifications.

My passion for the craft and ability to pick up and run with complex ideas didn't go unnoticed. Before long, I was invited to teach for several organizations, stepping into the role of instructor. I was on the road every other weekend, gaining experience and sharpening my skills along the way.

I cut ties with a well-known organization when I saw their standards crumble during a period of rapid growth. The brand had evolved into something I no longer wanted to have my name associated with.

I wrote a blog post to explain my decision to depart the group I had previously advocated for so strongly. It went viral. Overnight, I became the "bad guy" to the brand's loyal followers and something of a folk hero to those who felt the same way I did.

Many thought this move would be career suicide, but the impact was far from that.

Almost everyone with any connection to the brand knew my name. Whether they were cursing me or praising me for challenging the status quo, they were talking about me, and they were paying attention.

By then, I was working on staff for another big-name brand centered around barbell training. In time, I noticed major problems there too.

The man who built the brand had written a book that many considered to be the bible on the subject. His rise to fame came when the organization I had left promoted his work to their followers and partnered with him to teach a specialized curriculum based on his methods.

He was certainly knowledgeable, and I learned a lot from him. I traveled extensively by his side, teaching the way of the barbell across the U.S. and beyond. On his online forum, I ran a section as the "nutrition" guy, where questions and feedback poured in.

Patterns emerged. The same complaints surfaced over and over. They weren't hard to see, and they mirrored the observations I had been collecting along the way.

The root of most of the issues was the man's habit of being condescending to the followers who had made him a wealthy man, and being married to his method, to a major fault.

His demand for absolute adherence to his rigid program frequently left people frustrated and hitting walls in their progress. When these people asked questions, they would often be mocked or dismissed, told they just weren't eating enough to progress.

I couldn't understand how he thought they weren't eating enough… most of them were getting downright fat.

I dealt with these frustrated people every day. I felt their pain. I wanted better for them. I wanted better for the brand. I worked hard to develop solutions to help the brand evolve, but tensions rose, personalities clashed, and I was let go.

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After the split, I built a new website and forum: *strengthvillain.com.* It grew faster than I thought possible. I answered questions, wrote articles, and started a podcast. I spoke freely, more openly than before, without the shadows and rules of old brands hanging over me.

My business ran primarily on phone consultations offered through the site. I started running seminars, both at home and on the road. It was a time of exposure: fresh challenges and real, raw feedback. I listened. People spoke about their struggles. I learned what held people back. I recognized the patterns, honed my methods, and refined my approach with these common threads in mind.

On my platform I spoke openly about what I observed in the industry, especially the issues with the brands I'd once been a part of. I built a reputation for delivering clear, simple solutions to complex problems that accounted for both the mechanical and mental pieces of the puzzle.

Word spread. People started to trust me for cutting through the noise, offering something that actually worked for them. This, and my controversial departures from the big brands earned me a reputation as an outsider, an "outlaw" of sorts, in the fitness world.

One thread on my forum grew to several hundred pages of posts. The original poster had titled it *"The Greyskull LP".* It started with a simple question about how I would improve on the flagship program from the brand I had left. I'd spoken on it before, but never in a single, cohesive place. As the thread grew, so did the demand for more. People wanted it in writing. A book. I was on the fence about it. But the voices kept calling, so I wrote it.

The Greyskull LP was my response to the old guard. It was a massive success. People from every corner of the globe bought it and shared their appreciation of its message with others. The sales were beyond anything I'd imagined. The people loved the clarity, the flexibility, the

honesty. I wasn't selling dogma. I was giving them what they needed, and they were thriving. They were enjoying their training and progressing like never before.

During this time, I became obsessed with becoming as big and as strong as possible. I packed on loads of muscle. I pushed my weight up to over 250 pounds. I was strong, brutally strong. I was pressing more than 300 pounds overhead and benching north of 400. But along with the mass had come the fat. More than I wanted.

During my fat years in middle school, I'd developed pubertal gynecomastia, a somewhat common condition resulting in the development of abnormal breast tissue in males who are overweight during puberty. It usually fades with time, but if it does stick around, the only permanent solution is surgery. Mine had never faded. It tortured my mental state. When I was lean, it wasn't noticeable. But with damn near any fat at all, it was a problem.

I was massive; thick with muscle, but inside, I felt small. I looked great in a tank top, but I never went shirtless in public.

I had fallen into the same trap that had claimed the dreams of so many others: the false belief that I had to choose between being big and strong or being lean enough to feel good about my appearance. Or that I would have to sacrifice the strength I'd fought so hard for to lose the fat.

I was doing what I loved on a major scale. I was making more money than ever. Coaching people. Solving their problems. Helping them achieve their goals. Yet, I still couldn't escape the discomfort in my own skin.

I realized that in chasing arbitrary goals—my weight on the scale, the numbers on the bar—I had brought back a pain I'd long since forgotten. The perceived benefits didn't come close to outweighing the damage it did to my mind.

I had gained a deeper understanding of the people I was serving and had uncovered a new problem to solve, for myself and for all of them.

SABBATICAL LEAVE

A few major life events caused me to step away from the fitness industry for several years. My online presence faded. I disappeared. It was not failure or collapse. It was more of a drifting; like being caught in a current that pulled me away from myself.

I found successes, like forgotten acorns buried in the earth along the way. Opportunities presented themselves. Corporate consulting. Government work. Places that demanded sharp thinking, fast analysis, strong delivery. I did well. But the fire was gone. The voice that used to guide me had grown faint.

I endured a lot of mental ups and downs during this time. My interest in training came and went in waves. Sometimes I'd feel the pull again, the need to move, to rebuild. But I couldn't hold it. Family crises and ongoing complications from a serious spinal injury I'd suffered in the army added to the struggles. The iron no longer sang to me like it used to. As a result, I slowly lost a lot of the muscular size I'd built before.

The body I'd built softened. I ate like a "normal" person and was inconsistent with training for long stretches of time. The presence I carried dulled. It wasn't just muscle that I lost, it was a rhythm and resonance; the thread of memory that ties a man to what he is.

And still, whenever I couldn't take it anymore, when the discomfort with my appearance could not be ignored, I'd return. I'd shed the excess fat again, from my body and my soul. I'd get myself into some semblance of shape.

During these periods of repair, I would discipline myself to walk the path necessary to reach the destination. But time, as it always does, would wear me down. I would slip back into old patterns of behavior, the same habits, the same outcomes.

I was the king of the yo-yo.

My down times were written in my appearance, plain for anyone to read. But the real pain was not visible to the naked eye. It was a parasite, lurking in the shadows of my mind, feasting on my peace.

With each successive turn of this twisted dance, I learned. A pattern emerged that I couldn't ignore. Every time I stripped the fat, I found clarity. Not just in the mirror, but in my mind. My body wasn't just changing, it was like it was *remembering*. It was like I had a map buried in my cells. Each step, each rep, each clean day peeled back the layers of someone I was always meant to be.

I learned that when the rest of my life fell to pieces, working to strip the fat from my body could reset everything. It was the spark that ignited change, that pulled me back together, piece by piece. Not into someone whole, but into the most complete version of an incomplete man, still missing something I couldn't name.

And then, of course, I'd slip again. Life would swell like a tide and drag me under. And the cycle would begin anew.

Year after year, I experimented with countless methods for losing fat, trying to find a better way to create and hold onto the fleeting peace I found when I'd beaten the enemy. Or to reclaim it, quickly and consistently, when I fell off course again.

I knew the battle, and I knew I'd lose sometimes. But I was determined to become a better fighter.

THE STRIP METHOD

Like me, the method presented in this book was born under the sun of summer. Heat soaked, half-wild, and desperate to remember something it had never quite forgotten. The thing that lived with the fireflies. That moved like a prayer written with bare feet in fresh cut grass.

Summer was always my season. But while summer gave me life, the winters tried to take it. Again, and again.

Winter has always been hardest. On my body. In my mind. The cold gets in… and stays. While the world can carry weight in all seasons, winter is always the heaviest.

Winters became *"bulking*" seasons, whether I intended them to or not. The gray amplified the darkness. And with it came the slow slide from good habits to bad.

I am a child of the sun. I need its warmth. Its light. When it's gone, I wait. I endure. But I do not live the same.

At the first sound of a lawnmower the world around me turns young again, and so do I.

My greatest periods of repair took shape in these open windows. Only once in a dozen years did the drive find me in the fall or winter. It wasn't natural. I relied on restrictive dieting, even through the holidays. A ghost at the feast, I measured will-power and discipline by the spoonful.

I had a *"Why",* a deadline, an "event" to be ready for. I made it. I reached the finish line. I celebrated the hard-fought victory. Then the moment passed, and I watched all of my hard work and suffering unravel like a story told backwards. I rebounded within days. Like it never happened.

The next summer everything changed.

That summer was driven more by intuition than intention, a pull toward what brought me peace. I followed it. Moved more. Did more.

The days strung together like a current, each one carrying me farther than the last. I smiled at things I'd forgotten how to notice. The doing became its own kind of prayer, things I used to save for *"someday".* Somedays weren't somedays anymore. Weeks were seven somedays. A different kind of alive.

My body changed without permission, and without resistance. There was no force. No suffering. Only movement and ease.

Something deeper knew the way.

Change didn't come through discipline or precision. It didn't feel like work. I didn't set a plan in motion.

A memory I couldn't name set me on fire.

I ate for joy. Pizza and ice cream at the beach. Cheeseburgers from the grill. And still, my body leaned out. My muscles full, my skin tight. As if it had been waiting for this. I became allergic to shirts of any kind.

Sober from pain, I was drunk with love, but far too fucking *gone* to notice.

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Fall and winter came, dragging their shadows behind them. But this time, I held the line longer. The habits I'd built in the light stuck deeper than in any season before. Still the tide came back. And I gained a little flub as the gray settled in.

Elated by the prior year's magic, I set out to *improve* on my discovery. That next summer, I turned to *"the data"*. To the loudest voices in the fat loss world. I *"Optimized"*. I measured everything. I traded the fire for formulas and new neuroses.

As *"optimal"* as my approach had been tailored to be, the outcomes were anything but. My end result was a lean physique, yes, but the weight of the process?

Heavier than ever.

I had done so much more to live so much less. I burned the summer for firewood. And my body knew it. That summer, I learned a lesson that changed it all:

It was never about the method.

Not in the way I thought.

The idea for this book came about during that first summer. The effortless one. The proof that the path wasn't supposed to hurt. That the body remembers how to return when you give it light, warmth, play, and purpose.

I wanted to share what had helped me but wanted to deliver the best possible plan. The next several summers were spent engineering instead of observing and remembering. What followed was harder work with worse results.

I realized it was never about optimizing mechanics, it was about ***not*** disrupting the current.

What worked the first summer wasn't a tactic. It was **love.** A memory. Like a song I knew by heart but hadn't heard in years. A *frequency* I didn't find… but remembered.

The warmth behind the warmth. The light the sun serves. A familiar presence beyond the veil; known without knowing, felt but never held, sacred beyond words. I won't name it here, but it's in every line of this book.

That summer, I didn't just remember what to do. I remembered how it felt to be home.

What you're holding now is my attempt to **bottle that frequency**, to reverse-engineer what happened when I stopped forcing everything and started remembering what freedom feels like.

Over the last several years, I've tested and refined the *STRIP Method* with clients, peers, and even my parents, who lost over 80 pounds between them using only a fraction of what's in these pages.

That's when I knew this wasn't just a plan. It was a roadmap for resurrection.

The message is simple:

You do not need to suffer to come home to yourself.

You do not need to punish your way to peace.

You need a method that honors your humanity.

A spark that reminds you who you were before the world told you otherwise.

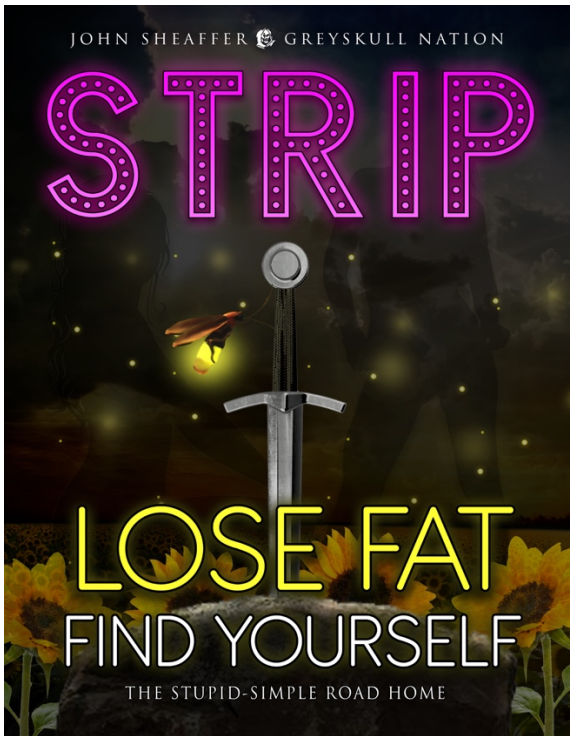
And for someone to hand you a sword and tell you to go find that little boy or girl you lost all those years ago.

Let this book be that for you.

Let's be fireflies again.

Let this be your stupid simple road home.

Thank You for Reading!



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