



NIGHTMARE

SUCCESS

Loyalty, Betrayal, Life Behind Bars, Adapting,
and Finally Breaking Free: A Memoir

BRENT CASSITY

Published by
Hybrid Global Publishing
301 E 57th Street
4th Floor
New York, NY 10022

Copyright © 2022 by Brent Cassity

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by in any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the Publisher, except where permitted by law.

Manufactured in the United States of America.

Cassity, Brent

Nightmare Success: Loyalty, Betrayal, Life Behind Bars, Adapting, and Finally Breaking Free: A Memoir

ISBN: 978-1-951943-95-0

eBook: 978-1-951943-97-4

Cover design by: Jonathan Pleska
Copyediting by: Dea Gunning
Interior design by: Suba Murugan
Author photo by: David Evans

Disclaimer:

While this is a work of nonfiction, some names of people have been changed.

Brentcassity.com

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Intro: Nightmare Success

Chapter 1: The Wonder Years

Chapter 2: The Severe Winds of Change

Chapter 3: The Basketball Life

Chapter 4: Dad Goes to Prison

Chapter 5: Move West

Chapter 6: Forever My Girl

Chapter 7: A Second Wind

Chapter 8: High School Lessons

Chapter 9: Mizzou Strong

Chapter 10: Tyler

Chapter 11: Joining the Family Business

Chapter 12: As Big as Texas

Chapter 13: Building and Winning

Chapter 14: Building an Idea

Chapter 15: Coming to My Senses

Chapter 16: A Funeral Home Owner

Chapter 17: Kicked Out Before I was In

Chapter 18: The Secret Growth Formula

Chapter 19: Competitors Revenge
Chapter 20: New Focus
Chapter 21: Good Times
Chapter 22: The NPS Way
Chapter 23: Hollywood or Rose Hill
Chapter 24: Acquisition Idea
Chapter 25: Positive Press
Chapter 26: Julie's Stroke
Chapter 27: NPS Internal Divorce
Chapter 28: New Company, New Success
Chapter 29: New In-House Counsel Hired
Chapter 30: 2007 – The Beginning of a Nightmare
Chapter 31: The Thunder of the Crisis
Chapter 32: The Ugly Holiday Season
Chapter 33: Misinformation Snafu
Chapter 34: A Game and a Prayer
Chapter 35: Death by Perception
Chapter 36: What Was Left to Survive?
Chapter 37: The PLICA Disaster
Chapter 38: Parents Marriage Woes
Chapter 39: So I am Indicted?
Chapter 40: Get a Job
Chapter 41: Winghaven Safe Haven
Chapter 42: Bank Calls Our Loan

Chapter 43: National Sales Manager of PURUS Vodka

Chapter 44: Messy Friend Deal

Chapter 45: The Car Business

Chapter 46: Hanging by a Thread

Chapter 47: Finally Giving Up...The Plea

Chapter 48: Waiting for Sentencing

Chapter 49: The Day of Sentencing

Chapter 50: Preparing for Prison

Chapter 51: Prison: Day One

Chapter 52: Adapting

Chapter 53: The Family Prison Visit

Chapter 54: The Dark Side of Prison

Chapter 55: Leavenworth Entertainment

Chapter 56: Visiting Day SNAFU

Chapter 57: Serving in Prison

Chapter 58: Doing Time in RDAP

Chapter 59: The Civil Case Nightmare

Chapter 60: Golf in Prison

Chapter 61: Me, the Veteran Inmate

Chapter 62: The Show American Greed: Featuring the Cassity's

Chapter 63: Oh No...The Piss Test

Chapter 64: Freedom!

Epilogue

CHAPTER 1:

The Wonder Years

I was born at St. John's Hospital in Springfield Missouri. My Mom, Rhonda Leigh Roller, was 20 years old. My Dad, James Douglas Cassity, was 21. They were high school sweethearts at Buffalo High in Buffalo Missouri--population maybe 4,000--and everyone knew they were destined to be together. Dad was the basketball star and valedictorian, and Mom was the beautiful girl on the Buffalo Gal squad. They had one thing in common, they wanted to get out of their little town and conquer the world. Dad was a year ahead of Mom in school, but as soon as she graduated, they planned to marry.

Dad was born outside of Buffalo in an area the Cassity clan had named Red Top. His ticket off the family farm was to focus on basketball, and he got a golden ticket, a full ride athletic scholarship to Missouri State. As the papers wrote, '...young Doug, "Cat-like" Cassity led the Buffalo Bison's to the 1964 State Championship', it earned him the recognition he needed to jump in his Ford convertible and put the dreaded farm life in his rear-view mirror forever.

Mom entered her senior year cheering Dad on. Once he arrived on campus, his basketball coach told him that girls were only a distraction, so he promptly ended things with Mom.

She was having none of that. She was determined to get out of Buffalo, ASAP. And if Doug wasn't going to step up to the plate, she was a beautiful 18-year-old girl who had several interested suitors. Her brother JR had a good friend, Jerry, who was always hanging around the Roller house. Jerry presented Mom with his big plan. He would join the Air force, marry her, and they would be stationed in West Germany.

Word of this spread quickly to Doug. One day, he rolled up to Rhonda's house in his convertible, and they drove out to one of their favorite country roads where he asked her to leave right then and there; to elope. But, they

were underage and needed a parent's consent. Now they had to tell their parents. Mom's parents, Jeanne and Ralph Roller, were not big fans of Doug Cassity. They much preferred JR's friend, Jerry.

Dad's parents believed it was moving too fast, too, but all sides caved and threw a small wedding at Ralph and Jeanne's house. And so, the kids with big dreams from a small town, settled in Springfield, Missouri, in the kind of neighborhood where we could ride bikes all over town, and safely stay out until dark. Behind our neighborhood were dirt paths with a creek running through it; our own private world. My neighborhood friends and I were always building forts and rafts by borrowing lumber from the new construction sites. We never could figure out how to make our homemade rafts float. Playing in the neighborhood, I started to figure out I was a pretty good athlete. I was getting picked by the older kids to be on the neighborhood football, basketball, or baseball teams. Sports became a big part of my life. I was always so proud of my Dad winning a State High School Basketball Championship and playing on a scholarship in college. I wanted to do all of that too.

After getting his law degree, my Dad's career blossomed. We moved from smaller houses to bigger houses nearly every year, and they were always in the same school district. Mom found she had a flair for design. She would put her special touch on a house, sell it, make a profit, and we'd move again. As the years went by, my Mom became recognized nationally, making the cover of *Traditional Home Magazine* along with several other design magazines.

Dad was making a splash in high-profile cases against companies like Blue Cross Blue Shield. As his reputation grew, he began acquiring businesses, and putting together partnerships for several apartment complexes, a cattle ranch, a hotel in Branson just down the street from the popular Silver Dollar City theme park, a medical malpractice company for doctors, and the well-known regional bank named Empire. The only business he owned that made a difference in my world was when he opened Wet Willy's Water Slide, the coolest, most popular destination in town. My Dad got some good advertisement by sponsoring our Boys Club Basketball team with our light North Carolina blue uniforms, with the popular Wet Willy logo emblazoned on the front of our jerseys. We were styling with the best uniforms, and the best teams at the Springfield Boy's Club league.

I was always observing the sales and business world. My grandparents on my Mom's side, Ralph and Jean, had a shoe store on the Buffalo town square called R&J Shoes. I loved the shoe store. Grandma Jean was an incredible saleswoman, and people would come from miles around in Dallas County to be fitted up for her shoes. I helped her after school and she showed me where the shoes were in the back. "Brent Douglas," she'd say. "I need a Connie Shoe in a 6, 6 1/2, and 7." At day's end, she would pay my brother and helper, Tyler, and me a few dollars for an ice cream cone.

I thought that the idea of selling could work in my neighborhood. I would drag Tyler into my scheme, and we would take my parents shoes and clothes and set up an outdoor store at the end of the driveway. We even made some signs directing the neighbors to our sale of my parent's stuff. The neighbors would call mom and say, "Your boys are at it again, trying to sell your stuff."

Grandma Jean would never miss an opportunity to get the adults together to play cards, and whatever game they played involved money and gambling. She also loved the sport of bad-mouthing her husband, Ralph. She had one saying for him that slowly rolled off her tongue..." You dirty rotten low life son of a bitch."

If my grandpa really wanted to get her ramped up another octave, he would drop the F-bomb, which she hated. I was very close with Grandpa Ralph. I always thought of my grandpa as a real old-fashioned cowboy. When he was dressed for going out, he wore the starched white shirt, pressed wrangler jeans with the crease down the middle, with his cowboy hat always kicked to the side. I am not sure if it was because I was the first grandchild, but we had a special connection all the way up to the end of his 85 years. These family gatherings, coupled with some neighbors who would drop by were loud and rowdy events. Often a fight could break out on the family room floor. This was a very common occurrence on the holidays once the drinking got revved up.

Grandma Jean's mom, my Great-grandmother Katherine, known as GG, was Chinese. GG met my great-grandfather, Clarence Newton, when he visited China as a Christian missionary. He was 51 and GG was 17. Well-educated, GG had taught English in her small Chinese village, and when she decided to leave China, GG never saw her family again. Clarence promised her that he was going to take her to Manhattan, and they ended up

not too far from the other Manhattan, this one in Kansas, not New York, in a town called Chetopa.

Grandma Jean loved gambling, fishing, and business. She was always self-conscious about being part Chinese. People thought she looked more Native American or Mexican. She never wanted to get too much sun in fear that she would be discriminated against in some form or fashion in a small town.

Tyler and I also spent part of our summers down at the Cassity farm with my Grandma Ruth, who lived to have her family and grandkids around her, and my Grandpa Bill Cassity, who worked the farm. Grandma Ruth, by everybody's account was a "saint," and the best country cook. You could say she was a farm-to-table cook harvesting and putting up produce from her garden, and slaughtering and eating cows and chickens from the farm. In the summer, that meant feeding a crew of young guys who bailed hay in the hot fields. We would join them for a country breakfast. Grandpa Bill took the farm to table one step further, eating the squirrels he caught, fried in bacon grease that Grandma kept in a plastic milk jug.

Grandma Ruth was not a stickler about too many things except attending Sunday church. The little Red Top Missionary Baptist Church, along with the small cemetery of mostly Cassity relatives, was literally right next door. There was no hiding not going to church. Only a white fence divided the gravel church parking lot and the Cassity's front yard. Grandma was the piano player.

As a young boy, I was always so proud that Grandma was the one sitting playing the piano for everyone. The preacher would get up for his sermon with the Bible in one hand, and his other arm flaying with all kinds of gestures. "The Lord is thy Shepherd," he would say, and sometimes shout and yell his sermon at the obliging congregation.. It seemed to me he was mad at everyone.

Time moved like molasses with those Sunday summer church services. I could not wait to get out of there and get those Sunday clothes off and eat some more of Grandma's home cooking.

People say that opposites attract. My Grandpa Bill could not have been more opposite than Grandma Ruth. She was a hard worker, always busy with something. Grandpa Bill fancied himself as a gentleman farmer. He was a tall, tanned, good-looking man. I always thought he looked like he had just walked out of a western movie. He often drove around in his truck

watching the farm hands work or admiring his herd of cattle. He treated Grandma like she was part of the hired help barking orders at her from “his” chair parked in front of “his” TV. No one sat in his chair, and no one turned the channel from his daily shows.

The only exercise I remember my Grandpa Bill doing was hunting. He would sometimes take Tyler, our cousin Scott, and me out hunting with him, telling us to run and scurry the squirrels up the trees, so he could shoot them. All I can say is that we were lucky grandkids. Grandpa Bill had good aim!

You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>