

Braden Roofing
“The One With the Great Reputation™”
8414 W 98th Street
Overland Park, KS 66212
Tel. 913-341-0200
Fax 913-341-0203
www.bradenroofing.com

WELCOME TO BRADEN ROOFING NEWS™ VOLUME VII, A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Welcome to BRN VII. As always, we appreciate your interest in Braden Roofing, THE ONE WITH THE GREAT REPUTATION™. It is our sincere hope that these news articles continue to educate the general public about roofing products and installation. Our long-term goal is to make the roofing trade into a more respected institution for generations to come.

We always like to hear your input on what parts of the roofing trade you would like to learn more about. Past issues of BRN have included written requests for customer suggestions on future BRN topics. When I asked for suggestions, I had visions of great masses of people wanting insight on the minutiae of nail patterns, wind uplift tables, flashing constructions, and other obscure data.

It has always been my belief that the roofing trade tends to not get the same kind of respect as other construction trades. My perception has been that the public at large often thinks of us as a bunch of drunk, crude, criminal-minded goons. The foil to this perception is to educate the public about the complicated technical skill-set required to do this physically demanding work.

It sounds goofy, but at Braden Roofing, we really derive pleasure from learning and teaching this kind of information. You can imagine my surprise when a number of individuals actually asked me about...

...Myself. Yep, yours truly.

Eegads!

To quote Daffy Duck, “What a revoltin’ development!”

Yes, customers have asked me a number of personal questions such as...

“How did you get started in the roofing trade?”

“You seem like you’re really smart! Why did you decide to become a roofer!?” Note: I never really know whether this is a compliment or an insult.

And...”Do you feel like the work you do interferes with the creative side of your personality?”

Well, it sure has been a long strange journey. Let me BRIEFLY tell you about it...

As a kid, I wanted to be an astronaut. Unfortunately, I had a yet undiagnosed health problem which prevented me from being able to physically perform well. Years later, I would get an actual diagnosis: a rather nasty condition called fibromyalgia.

For the benefit of others whom have suffered from this awful condition and their families, I will give a little more information on fibromyalgia at the end of this writing.

In any case, being an artist and musician fit my physical health and talent level better, so I put in a stint at the Kansas City Art Institute (on the President’s Scholarship, no less) before eventually getting my sheepskin in music from UMKC.

I am a classically trained guitar player. Although my training has been largely classical in nature, but I have always been driven to the loud stuff, too. I always admired the musicians who could smoothly change keys and meters, or could shift between alternately obscuring a time signature and clearly articulating it. The last few years the jazz bug has bitten me hard.

While I no longer actively practice music anymore, I do have the joy of being able to participate in the musical education of my beautiful children.

In short, there are no regrets, folks. I love my musical education, but I also love what I do.

When I first graduated from music school back in 1992, I had to make a living while waiting for my music career to take off (knock on wood). As such, I made the same career move that countless wannabe artists, actors, writers, and musicians had made before...

...I began waiting tables.

Unfortunately, I had a habit of speaking my mind to the middle managers at the places where I worked. While it is true that they undoubtedly WERE pinheads, for some strange reason, they didn’t seem to appreciate the fact that I actually TOLD them that they were pinheads. I guess my courageous honesty did not endear me to them.

...So I was kind of just bouncing around between jobs, and my resume wasn’t looking very good in that my employer was changing about every two to three weeks. It’s not the kind of thing that potential new employers get excited about.

Money was starting to get tight. My crummy but reliable old Datsun finally called it quits, so I spent my last \$500 out of the bank to buy a new used car which promptly blew up after about a

week. Shortly thereafter, I found out that my half of the rent money had been going up my loser roommate's nose. I had been paying him half of the rent and he had been supposedly paying the landlord. ...Except that the rent money took a little detour to the local cocaine dealer.

Look, folks, I grew up in the country. My hometown is Warrensburg, Missouri. When I came to the city and had to live on my own, I just didn't yet have the street savvy to see when scumbags were looking to hose me. Boy, did I learn, though.

So there I was with no money, no car, no place to live, no job, no job prospects, and no marketable job skills. Welcome to the big city, country boy.

At that point in time, I kinda figured that Braden needed to make some changes.

I had heard that a hard worker could make good money in roofing, and I had never been afraid of hard work, so I figured I would give it a go.

I started with Bordner roofing in Raytown, making \$6 an hour. For what I really knew about roofing, they probably overpaid me.

My new living and transportation arrangements were one and the same: I spent that winter living in the back of my parents' van.

I can honestly say that I have been homeless.

With my old boy scout camping gear, I was comfortable enough despite the winter cold even though it wasn't exactly the lap of luxury. ...And because I was actually sleeping on the jobsite every night, it was very easy for me to be at work on time every morning.

You can imagine any young man with a sense of basic pride might not feel terribly satisfied with such a situation. That certainly was true in my case. With hopeful discontent, I attacked the roofing trade with an aching hunger to improve myself. When others quit early or took sick days, I continued busting my butt to improve my own physical roofing abilities.

Every day, my poor skinny body ached from the intense work it was forced to do (in addition to the normal physical pain associated with fibromyalgia). That winter I put on twenty pounds of muscle, and the skinny musician quickly became a stout and expert roofer.

By that following spring, circumstances had changed considerably. My roofing skills had developed dramatically, and my pay had followed closely. Soon came the means to purchase a small car and rent money to share a house with some more honest roommates. I even got to buy a few really nice guitars—the first time I had EVER had any good guitars!

Shortly thereafter, I began tucking money away in order to start my own roofing company, which I would begin in just another two years.

...And THAT is another story altogether...

A NOTE ON FIBROMYALGIA

I sincerely thank all the wellness practitioners, chiropractors, massage therapists, nutritionists, and assorted “witch doctors” whom have helped me overcome the horrible condition commonly referred to as fibromyalgia. I also thank my Yoga and martial arts teachers.

There are two persons that stand out.

Dr. Jeff Roberts (chiropractor and wellness practitioner), (913) 385-5444

Dr. Mehdi Koshe (natural wellness practitioner), (913) 345-0060

Any individual unfortunate enough to have suffered from fibromyalgia and wishing to have better health and wellness would do well to begin by consulting with these two great healers.

I wish you and your families health and happiness.

Sincerely,

Braden Castaner, Braden Roofing