

This is my about me section.

Before trading, I was a professional motocross athlete.

I spent years training like my life depended on it — because it did.

I lived in a world where risk was real, and discipline wasn't optional — it was survival.

That mindset didn't disappear when I stopped racing. I brought it to the charts. And it changed everything.

Achieving something I had dreamed of since I was 4 years old is truly an indescribable feeling.

But so is breaking my arm, both legs, collarbone, nose, wrist, and foot.

Tearing my ACL four times. Ripping my thumb off. Separating my shoulder. Dislocating my elbow. Three concussions. Over ten surgeries to put it all back together.

That's the price I paid to chase my dream — and I never once thought, "*Maybe it's time to stop.*"

Eventually, the injuries started to catch up to me. I broke my wrist — which, at that time, felt like a relatively mild injury.

But during my recovery, two friends of mine were paralyzed in the same season.

Seeing that happen, while trying to heal myself, forced me to realize something I had always buried deep.

As much as I loved this sport... how long could I keep paying this price?

After that, something shifted. I no longer felt the same fire when I lined up to race.

Instead, I felt fear — and I knew it was time to walk away.

Walking away from motocross didn't just end my career — it shattered my identity.

Every moment of my life since I was four years old was spent chasing that dream.

Every day revolved around racing, training, dreaming, and pushing to be the best.

When that was gone, I no longer knew who I was.

I fell into a dark, dark place.

I didn't let on to my friends or family, but this was the lowest point of my life.

I lived day to day in deep depression, often wondering if there was any way out.

The worst mistake I could have ever made crossed my mind more than once.

Working dead-end jobs after leaving racing behind was unbearable.

I no longer had fire in my heart.

I wasn't living — I was barely surviving.

And then, I discovered trading.

I saw a few friends brag about making enormous amounts of money online. Curious, I asked them what they were doing.

They told me they traded forex. My interest was piqued.

After a brief introduction, I threw live funds into a trading account — and lost it almost immediately.

But I felt something familiar.

Pressure. Risk. Precision.

This spoke my language.

I soon realized it was just like motocross — minus the broken bones.

For the first time since racing, I felt the fire in my soul again.

Here was something new I could conquer.

Trading gave me a reason to wake up with intent again.

It gave me structure. It gave me something to fight for.

And once I realized that, I was all in.

But before the discipline and structure came, I got humbled.

I blew multiple live accounts.

Passed funded challenges, only to lose them the next day.

I can't even count how many accounts I lost that first year.

I fell for all the marketing — the fake flexers, the rented cars, the “traders” who don't actually trade.

I was sold a dream, and I bought it — hook, line, and sinker.

I spent thousands on courses, memberships, and signal groups run by people who couldn't back up a single word they said.

I was frustrated, broke, and completely lost.

But when I hit that low, I turned back to the one thing I knew better than anything else:

Relentless, unwavering hard work.

I stopped chasing signals.

I stopped looking for a miracle strategy.

I stopped expecting someone to give me a handout.

I poured thousands of hours into the charts — backtesting, refining, strategizing.

And I took a hard look in the mirror.
Where had my discipline gone?
Why was I making the same mistakes over and over?
Where was the version of me that raced with precision and absolute focus?

That's when the shift happened.
Discipline. Reps. Execution.

I started to win — not just in my trades, but in my mindset.
I realized the true path to success isn't about mastering the charts.

It's about mastering yourself.

I'm not here to sell you a dream.
I created Tee Time Trading because I lived the pain of doing everything wrong — and fought like hell to get it right.

I built this for the version of me from four years ago.
The one who was lost, frustrated, and hungry for something real.

I looked around and realized: to help the most people — the ones just like I was — I might have to go out and build it myself.

If you're a dreamer, you've found the right place.
If you're serious, you've found the right place.
And if you're ready to put in relentless hard work — you've found your new home.

I don't promise shortcuts.
I don't promise easy wins.

But if you're ready to work, grow, and get real with yourself — you belong here.

This is Tee Time Trading.
Master the Markets. Design Your Life. Live Without Compromise.