A CHRISTIAN RECOVERY WORKBOOK & JOURNAL

THE FOUR PILLARS

A 90-Day Recovery Journey

STANDING STRONG

Volume Three · Days 61–90

Body, Mind, Heart, and Spirit — Standing in the Life You Were Made For

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THE FOUR PILLARS: A 90-DAY RECOVERY JOURNEY

Volume Three — Standing Strong (Days 61–90)

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D E D I C A T I O N

First and foremost, I dedicate this book to **God**, for giving me another chance at life.

I also dedicate this book to every person who has been by my side through this journey and in my life: my **parents**; my sister, **Mona**; my brothers, **Eddie**, **Remington**, and **John**; my children, **David**, **Breanna**, and **Kayla**; my granddaughter, **Rei Aura**; David's wife, **Kassandra**; all those in the recovery community; **Brandon**, for supporting me and caring about me through all of this; and every other person who has touched my life and helped guide me in the right direction.

I love you all with all my heart.

And to you — the one holding this book, wherever you are on the road: this is for you, too. You are not too late, and you are not alone.

The Final Stretch

Welcome to the third book of the journey. If you have come through **Laying the Foundation** (Days 1–30) and **Raising the Pillars** (Days 31–60), then you already know the shape of this work: a life is held up by **four pillars** — **Body**, **Mind**, **Heart**, and **Spirit** — and if one of them is crumbling, the whole structure leans. For sixty days you have laid a foundation and raised the pillars, one honest day at a time. This book is about what comes next: **standing** in the life you have been building.

WHAT STANDING STRONG MEANS

Standing is not the end of recovery, and it is not a victory lap. Standing is a posture: grateful for the ground, honest about the weather, guarded where you are vulnerable, and generous with what you have been given. In these thirty days the questions grow up. Not “Can I survive today?” but “How do I live well here — in this body, with this mind, with this heart, rooted in this God — for the long road?” And one more, the question that finishes the journey: “Who is behind me on this road, and how do I reach back for them?”

HOW THE WEEKS FLOW

Week 9 — Body. Standing in the body God gave back: rest as discipline, food as building material, movement as celebration, health guarded like treasure.
Week 10 — Mind. A mind at peace: naming who you are becoming, guarding the gates, wisdom for the long road, plans held with open hands.
Week 11 — Heart. A heart big enough to give: reaching back, forgiving deep, loving without losing yourself, and honoring what peace cost.
Week 12 — Spirit. Rooted in Christ: abiding instead of striving, a prayer life for your real life, worship as a stance, testimony, and guardrails for the road ahead.
Days 89–90 — The Completion. We look back over the whole ninety days, count the stones, and send you out standing — with a blessing for everything after.

HOW EACH DAY WORKS

Every day follows the same gentle rhythm you already know: the **Four-Pillar Dashboard** (one honest word for each pillar) · a **Scripture** to carry with you · an **Affirmation** to say out loud · a short **Reading** · **Today's Work** — writing that matters · a **Small Practice** and a **Peer Tip** · and a short **Close the Day** before you rest. About fifteen to twenty minutes. Some days go deeper; the gentle days are deliberately light. Both kinds count — by now, you know that in your bones.

A WORD BEFORE YOU BEGIN

You do not have to feel strong to do this book; you have to keep showing up, and sixty days say you know how. Go at the pace of honesty, not hurry. If a day is too much, do the dashboard and the affirmation and call it done. And remember what this book is: **peer**

support from someone who has lived it — not treatment, therapy, or medical advice. If you are struggling, reach out to your people, your community, or a professional; if you may harm yourself, contact emergency services or a crisis line (in the U.S., call or text 988) right now. Standing people ask for help. It is part of how we stand. Now — take a breath. Feel your feet. Let's finish this journey standing.

Contents

Dedication
The Final Stretch

WEEK NINE — THE BODY PILLAR
Day 61 — Standing on Your Own Two Feet
Day 62 — Rest Is a Discipline Now
Day 63 — Food for the Life You're Building
Day 64 — Movement as Celebration
Day 65 — Guarding Your Health
Day 66 — A Gentle Day — Sunlight, Senses, and Slow
Day 67 — Steady on Your Feet
Week Nine Review

WEEK TEN — THE MIND PILLAR
Day 68 — A Mind at Peace
Day 69 — Naming Who You Are Becoming
Day 70 — Guarding the Gates of Your Mind
Day 71 — Wisdom for the Long Road
Day 72 — When Old Thoughts Come Knocking
Day 73 — A Gentle Day — Quiet Mind, Open Hands
Day 74 — Plans With Open Hands
Week Ten Review

WEEK ELEVEN — THE HEART PILLAR
Day 75 — A Heart Big Enough to Give
Day 76 — The Hand That Reaches Back
Day 77 — Forgiveness, Settled Deep
Day 78 — Loving People Without Losing Yourself
Day 79 — Peace, and the Goodbyes It Brings
Day 80 — A Gentle Day — Joy Without Apology
Day 81 — Your People, Your Circle
Week Eleven Review

WEEK TWELVE — THE SPIRIT PILLAR
Day 82 — Rooted: Who You Are in Christ
Day 83 — Abiding, Not Striving
Day 84 — A Prayer Life for Your Real Life
Day 85 — Worship as a Way of Standing
Day 86 — Tell the Story
Day 87 — A Gentle Day — Sabbath and Stillness

Day 88 — Guardrails for the Road Ahead
Week Twelve Review

THE FINAL DAYS — ALL FOUR PILLARS

Day 89 — Look How Far You've Come
Day 90 — Sent Out Standing
Ninety Days — A Final Review

BACK MATTER

Resources — You Are Not Alone
About the Author
The Four Pillars — The Series
Your Next 90 Days
A Blessing for the Road

WEEK NINE

STANDING IN THE BODY GOD GAVE BACK

The Body Pillar — Week nine of the journey's final stretch

Sixty days ago, your body was the emergency. This week it becomes something else: the evidence. Week Nine treats the body the way a standing life must — not as a problem to solve or a project to perfect, but as a home to keep: rested on purpose, fed like it matters, moved in gladness, guarded by honest medicine, and slowed down often enough to taste and see that the Lord is good. Nothing this week is dramatic, and that is the point. The dramatic work got you here. The keeping work is what lets you stay — standing on your own two feet, in a body that has become, day by day, trustworthy again.

THIS WEEK'S DAYS

Day 61 — Standing on Your Own Two Feet

Day 62 — Rest Is a Discipline Now

Day 63 — Food for the Life You're Building

Day 64 — Movement as Celebration

Day 65 — Guarding Your Health

Day 66 — A Gentle Day — Sunlight, Senses, and Slow

Day 67 — Steady on Your Feet

Before this week begins — one honest word for my body, and one hope I hold for it:

DAY 61

Standing on Your Own Two Feet

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay. He set my feet on a rock, and gave me a firm place to stand."

Psalm 40:2 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I am standing — and I did not get here by accident.
God set my feet on solid ground.

DAY 61 — TODAY'S READING

Welcome to the final stretch, friend. Sixty days are behind you. Read that again: sixty days. There was a time — and you remember it, even if it feels far away now — when one day felt impossible, when you could not have imagined a week, let alone two months. And yet here you are, opening the third book of this journey, still standing. That is not a small thing. That is the whole thing.

Standing Strong is what these last thirty days are about. Not arriving — nobody arrives this side of heaven. Standing. A person who is standing is not finished, but they are upright. Their weight is on their own two feet. The ground under them holds. In the first book you laid a foundation; in the second you raised the pillars. This month, you learn what it feels like to live in the house you have been building — to stand in your own life with gratitude, purpose, and a heart big enough to give some of it away.

We begin, as this whole journey began, with the body — because the body is where standing literally happens. Think about what your body has done in sixty days. It has detoxed and steadied. It has slept real sleep and eaten real food. It has carried you into meetings, onto walking paths, through hard phone calls and harder anniversaries. The body that addiction used as a battleground has become, day by day, a home again.

I know something about a body coming back. When I woke from a coma on February 5, 2025 — after being found unresponsive, after meningitis and sepsis had run through me — standing was not a metaphor. It was a goal my legs had to relearn. I remember what it cost just to be upright, and I remember the morning it stopped costing so much. If you are early enough in this that standing still feels shaky, hear me: shaky standing is still standing. Wobbling is not falling. Hold on, and let the days do their work.

So today, before we plan or push or strive, we do something simpler: we notice. Notice your feet on the floor. Notice breath coming easier than it did on Day 1. Notice the ordinary miracles — hands that shake less, mornings that start clearer, a body that is becoming trustworthy again. Gratitude for the body is where standing strong begins. You are not where you are going yet. But look down, friend. Those are your feet. And they are on the rock.

TODAY'S WORK

Stand somewhere quiet and feel your feet on the floor. Then write: what can my body do today that it could not do sixty days ago? Be specific and be generous — list everything, from sleeping through the night to climbing stairs to simply waking up clear. This is your evidence file for the hard days.

One sentence of thanks to the body that carried you here:

GO DEEPER

One more word about standing: nobody stands by accident twice. The first time, grace carries a person further than they know. But by Day 61, standing has become something you participate in — a daily, almost ordinary miracle of cooperation between God's strength and your willingness. That is worth pausing over, because it means your standing is not a lucky streak waiting to end. It is a structure, and structures can be maintained.

Write about your cooperation: what is God's part in your standing, and what is yours? Name both honestly — the mornings He carried, the mornings you chose. Where have you been tempted to hand Him your part, or to steal His?

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE SOLID-GROUND PAUSE

Three times today, stop and do this thirty-second practice. Put both feet flat on the floor. Press down gently, as if you were testing whether the ground is solid. It is. Breathe in and say in your mind, “I am standing.” Breathe out and say, “And I am not standing alone.” Morning, midday, and before bed — three small appointments with solid ground. This is how a standing life is maintained: not in one big moment, but in small returns to the truth, all day long.

PEER TIP

> Take a photo of yourself today — just for you. On the hard days coming (they come for everyone), a picture of you standing strong at Day 61 is powerful medicine. Future you will thank present you for the evidence.

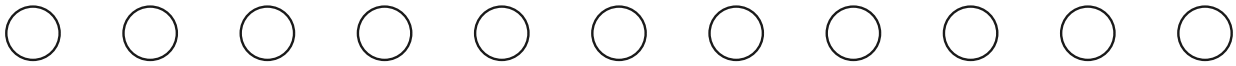
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I noticed three things my body can do now

☐ I did the solid-ground pause at least once

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 62

Rest Is a Discipline Now

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Come to me, all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will give you rest."

Matthew 11:28 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Rest is not quitting.
Rest is how I stay standing.

DAY 62 — TODAY'S READING

By Day 62, something has quietly changed in most people: rest is no longer an emergency. In the first weeks, sleep was a rescue operation — you collapsed into it, or fought it, or feared the dreams that came with it. Now rest can become something else: a discipline. A chosen practice, kept on purpose, the way you keep a promise. That shift — from crashing to resting — is one of the surest signs that a life is being rebuilt.

Children fight sleep. Adults in addiction crash. But a person standing strong treats rest the way a builder treats a level: not optional, not a reward for finishing, but part of how the work gets done straight. Your body repairs itself while you sleep — healing tissue, sorting memories, steadying the emotions you will need tomorrow. Skimp on rest long enough and every pillar starts to lean: the mind races, the heart gets thin-skinned, the spirit goes quiet, and cravings find the cracks.

Jesus' invitation in today's verse is not to the lazy; it is to the laboring and heavily burdened. Notice that rest, in his words, is a gift he gives — not a wage you earn. Many of us spent years believing we had to deserve rest, that we could sleep when everything was handled. Everything is never handled. The standing life rests anyway, on purpose, in the middle of an unfinished life. That is not weakness. That is trust with a bedtime.

So let us get practical, because disciplines are practical things. A kept wake-up time. A wind-down hour with the screens dimmed and the day reviewed instead of rehashed. A bed that is for sleeping, not for scrolling through other people's lives. And when your body asks for rest in the middle of the day — a chair, twenty minutes, eyes closed — the standing answer is yes, without apology. Exhaustion dressed up as dedication is still exhaustion.

Tonight, practice receiving rest the way you would receive any gift from a friend who loves you: without earning it, without guilt, with thanks. Tomorrow's strength is being built tonight, in the dark, while you do the bravest nothing there is. Sleep well, builder. The pillars hold while you rest — that is what pillars are for.

TODAY'S WORK

Describe your rest the way it honestly is right now — sleep, naps, downtime, all of it. Then write your rest discipline for the final thirty days: your wind-down, your wake-up time, your plan for the tired days. Make it kind enough to keep and firm enough to matter.

One thing I will stop doing in the last hour before bed:

GO DEEPER

Rest, practiced long enough, becomes a form of faith with the lights off. Every night you sleep, you preach a sermon to your own soul: the world is not held together by my wakefulness. Addicts rarely believe that; controllers never do. The standing life believes it in bed, in the dark, on purpose — and wakes up less afraid than it went to sleep.

Write the sermon your soul needs to hear at bedtime: three truths about God, your life, and tomorrow that make rest possible. Write them as if to a beloved friend who happens to be you — because that is exactly who is listening.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE WIND-DOWN HOUR

Tonight, one hour before bed: lights lower, phone on its charger outside your reach, day reviewed on paper instead of in your head. Write tomorrow's top three tasks, then close the notebook — the list will keep them so your mind doesn't have to. Wash your face, stretch for two minutes, and say the verse out loud: “Come to me, all you who labor... and I will give you rest.” Then receive it.

PEER TIP

> If racing thoughts keep you up, keep a pad by the bed. Dump every thought onto it — the brain often lets go of whatever it believes is safely written down. It is not journaling; it is unloading cargo.

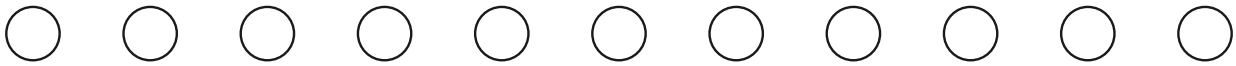
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I kept a wind-down time before bed

☐ I rested without apologizing for it

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 63

Food for the Life You're Building

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

> *"Whether therefore you eat, or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God."*
>
> 1 Corinthians 10:31 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I feed my body like it matters —
because the life I'm building lives here.

DAY 63 — TODAY'S READING

Somewhere around the second month, food changes meaning. In the beginning it was basic rescue: eat something, anything, because a fed body craves less and rages less. By now you have probably noticed your own patterns — the hours you get shaky, the skipped breakfast that costs you by noon, the sweet thing that helps at 3 p.m. and the crash that follows it. Today we stop treating food as an accident and start treating it as building material.

You do not need a perfect diet, a program, or anyone's rules about your plate. You need something simpler and stronger: regularity. A body in recovery runs on steadiness — steady sleep, steady people, steady meals. Three real meals, eaten at roughly the same times, will do more for your mood and your cravings than any amount of willpower applied to an empty stomach. Hunger is a liar's best friend; it whispers that everything is worse than it is. Fed, you can hear the truth again.

There is also a kindness question here, and I want to ask it gently: are you feeding yourself the way you would feed someone you love? Many of us learned to feed everyone else and live on leftovers and coffee. Standing strong includes sitting down to your own plate — food you chose, on purpose, eaten slowly enough to taste. That is not indulgence. That is a woman or a man caring for the house they live in, and it preaches to your own heart every single day.

Keep it simple and keep it stocked. A few foods you can make with your eyes half closed: eggs, oats, rice, beans, fruit, something green, something with protein. A water bottle that travels with you. A snack in the bag for the meeting that runs long. Planning food is not about control; it is about removing one more emergency from a life that has had enough emergencies.

[Angela — your story piece for this day goes here: a piece of your own story with food — what eating looked like in your using years, and one small food kindness that helped you in early recovery]

TODAY'S WORK

Plan your eating the way a builder plans: simply, and in advance. Write out your next three days of meals — nothing fancy, just real food at real times. Then write your emergency list: the three quick things you can eat when the day falls apart, so hunger never gets to make your decisions.

One food kindness I will practice this week:

GO DEEPER

There is a reason so many of God's kindnesses arrive as meals. He fed Israel in the desert daily, Elijah by a brook, crowds on hillsides, and His own Son cooked breakfast for tired friends on a beach. Feeding is one of heaven's native languages. When you feed yourself steadily and without drama, you are not being soft on yourself. You are speaking the language back.

Remember a meal that meant more than food in your recovery — where, who provided it, what it said to you. Then write: what does my table say about my life now, and what do I want it to say a year from today?

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE FIRST PLATE PRACTICE

For the next three days, make your first meal a seated meal. Not standing at the counter, not in the car — seated, at a table, even if it is only ten minutes. Before you eat, one breath and one sentence: “Thank You for this food and for the body it will strengthen.” Notice how different the morning feels when it starts with being cared for — by you.

PEER TIP

> Keep a “rescue snack” where your old supplies used to be — the glove box, the work drawer, the bag by the door. Recovery grows in the same places addiction used to live; fill those places with better things.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I ate three real meals

☐ I drank water through the day

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 64

Movement as Celebration

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

> *"This is the day that Yahweh has made. We will rejoice and be glad in it!"*
>
> Psalm 118:24 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

My body was made to move,
and movement can be joy again.

Somewhere along the road, movement stopped being punishment. Maybe it happened on a walk when you realized you were not dragging yourself anymore. Maybe it was dancing in a kitchen, or keeping up with a grandchild, or finishing a workday without that old bone-deep exhaustion. However it arrived, I hope you have tasted it: the body in recovery does not just survive movement — it can celebrate with it.

For years, many of us knew our bodies mainly as problems: too much, too little, too broken, too ashamed. Exercise, if it appeared at all, arrived as a sentence — penance for what we ate or what we were. Recovery rewrites that completely. Movement in a standing life is not penance. It is proof of life. It is the body saying yes to the morning. The psalm does not say “this is the day Yahweh has made, so endure it.” It says rejoice. Gladness is allowed in the body. Gladness is, in fact, the point.

So the question for this week is not “how much can you do?” but “what movement makes you glad?” The walk at the good hour. The swim. The stretch on the living-room floor with music on. Yard work with dirt on your hands. Dancing badly and laughing. A standing life is not built on the movement you hate; it is built on the movement you will still be doing in five years because some part of you loves it.

Keep the dose honest: regular beats heroic. Twenty glad minutes most days will carry you further than one punishing weekend a month. And on the days your body says no — illness, pain, the heavy tiredness that still visits — rest is the celebration of a different kind: the celebration of being listened to at last.

Today, move like someone who is glad to be alive in the body God gave back. Because you are. Sixty-four days ago, this body was in question. Today it carries you into a morning that Yahweh made. Rejoice and be glad in it is not a command to feel something fake. It is an invitation to notice something true.

TODAY'S WORK

Name your glad movements — the ones that feel like celebration instead of sentence. Write at least three, and be honest about the ones you only pretend to like. Then schedule your movement for the next seven days: which glad movement, on which days, at what time. Joy keeps appointments better than guilt does.

A movement from my old life I am officially retiring:

GO DEEPER

Somewhere today there is a version of gladness your body has not tried yet in this new life. Recovery keeps surprising people that way: pleasures return wearing different clothes than the old life promised — quieter, cleaner, and somehow larger. Movement is one of its favorite disguises. The invitation of this week is not to become an athlete. It is to become a person surprised by joy in their own skin again.

Write a small catalog of your body's returned pleasures — the walk, the stretch, the dance, the work done well. Beside each, one line: when did I last let myself have this? Circle the one you will give yourself this week, and schedule it like it matters.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE TEN-GLAD-MINUTES WALK

Walk for ten minutes today with one assignment: notice gladness. The working of your legs. Breath going deeper than it used to. Something beautiful — light through leaves, a neighbor's garden, the sky doing its evening work. If a song you love is on your phone, let it play. Ten minutes. That's all. Celebration is a practice, and practices can be small.

PEER TIP

> Put your walking shoes where you will trip over them — by the coffee maker, by the bed, by the door. Recovery is built on a hundred small designs like that. Make the good choice the easy choice.

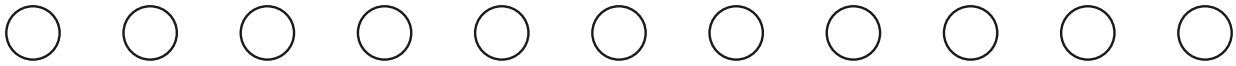
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I moved my body in a way that felt like joy

☐ I noticed one thing my body does well now

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 65

Guarding Your Health

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Beloved, I pray that you may prosper in all things and be healthy, even as your soul prospers."

3 John 1:2 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

**Caring for my health is part of my recovery,
not a break from it.**

DAY 65 — TODAY'S READING

John's prayer for his friend is one of the most practical verses in the Bible: may you be healthy, even as your soul prospers. Notice the pairing. In a rebuilt life, soul health and body health are not rivals competing for your attention. They rise together. By Day 65, your soul has done sixty-five days of prospering. Today's work is making sure your body gets the same honest attention.

Here is what guarding your health actually looks like at this stage: the checkup you have been postponing. The dentist. The blood work. The medication conversation you owe your doctor — the honest one, where you say the words “I am in recovery” out loud, because that sentence protects you: it changes what gets prescribed, what gets suggested, what gets watched. A doctor who knows your story is a guard on your wall. A doctor who doesn't is guarding blind.

I speak from my own road here. After a heart attack and congestive heart failure, my heart became something I could not afford to ignore — and addiction had trained me to ignore everything. Recovery has meant learning the opposite habit: showing up for appointments, taking what is prescribed the way it is prescribed, asking questions until I understand, and letting my heart get stronger on schedule instead of on hope. My heart is improving. It improves because it is guarded — by me, by my doctors, and yes, by God, who often does His healing through ordinary faithfulness.

So make the calls. Write the list of what your body is owed — screenings, follow-ups, the thing that has been hurting that you have been explaining away — and put dates next to it. If fear is the blocker, name it and bring someone. If money is the blocker, ask your clinic about options before you decide it is impossible. Guarding your health is not a side quest from recovery. For many of us, it is the recovery — the proof that this body is worth keeping, and so are we.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your body's honest list: every appointment you owe yourself, every symptom you have been ignoring, every medication question you need to ask. Beside each one, write the next step and a date. Then choose the first one and make the call today — or write exactly when you will.

The health fear I am handing to God today:

GO DEEPER

Guarding is different from fearing. Fear watches the body for disaster; guarding watches over it like something entrusted. You were entrusted with this body — its history, its scars, its surprising resilience — the way a keeper is entrusted with a house that does not belong to him but is his to protect. That is why the appointments matter, why the honest sentence to the doctor matters: they are the keeper doing his rounds.

Write to your body as its keeper: an honest status report and a promise. What have you neglected? What will you tend first? Keep the tone of a good steward — no shaming, no flattery, just care with a calendar.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE ONE-CALL PRACTICE

Make one health phone call today — the appointment, the question, the prescription refill you've been putting off. Before you dial, breathe and say: “This call is me guarding the life God gave back.” If you reach a machine, leave the message. If fear rises, remember: information is almost always kinder than imagination. One call. Today.

PEER TIP

> Keep a one-page health card in your wallet or phone: your conditions, your medications, your doctor's number, your emergency person, and the words “in recovery — please no opioids/sedatives without discussion.” In an emergency, that card speaks when you can't.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I made one health call or appointment

☐ I took any medication exactly as prescribed

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 66

A Gentle Day — Sunlight, Senses, and Slow

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Oh taste and see that Yahweh is good. Blessed is the man who takes refuge in him."

Psalm 34:8 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I can slow down. The world will not fall apart while I breathe.

DAY 66 — TODAY'S READING

Every week of this journey has a gentle day, and by now you know why: a life cannot be all renovation. Some days the work is to receive. Today we work through the senses — taste and see, the psalm says — because the senses are how the body learns, slowly and in person, that the world God made is good and that you are safe in it.

Addiction narrowed the senses. Everything became either the substance or the search for it; food lost its flavor, music lost its color, and ordinary pleasures went quiet one by one. Recovery turns the volume back up, gradually. A gentle day is where you practice noticing: the smell of rain or coffee, sun warm through a window, the exact taste of something you actually enjoy, the sound of a house at rest. These are not distractions from the real work. For a body relearning safety, they are the real work.

So today, be deliciously unhurried. Take your drink outside. Let sunlight touch your face for a few minutes — morning light especially has a way of resetting a body's clock and mood. Eat one thing slowly enough to actually taste it. If you enjoy scent, choose one pleasant scent for your quiet moment — a candle, a cup of tea, a drop of a favorite essential oil on a tissue to breathe in — and let it become your signal for “I am safe right now.” (A scent is a comfort and a ritual, never a medicine — enjoy it simply, the way you enjoy a song.)

Slow is not the same as stuck. Slowing down is a skill the addicted years never taught us, and like every skill it grows with practice. Today, practice it on purpose. The emails can wait an hour. The list can wait until tomorrow. Your body, however, has been waiting years for a day like this — a day where nothing is demanded of it except to be alive and paying attention.

TODAY'S WORK

Today's writing is a noticing list. Fill these lines with what your senses report today: what you saw, heard, smelled, tasted, and touched that was good. Small things count double. By the end of the page, you will have a record of an ordinary day being quietly miraculous.

The sense that feels most “awake” again in recovery:

GO DEEPER

The senses are little missionaries of the present moment. Addiction dragged us between a regretted past and a feared future until the present became uninhabitable. A gentle day is rehabilitation for time itself: this smell, this light, this taste — now. People who learn to live in the present discover that it is the only tense where God, gratitude, and peace are ever found.

Write a field guide to your own present: five specific, ordinary things in your actual daily geography that reliably return you to now — a window, a corner, a sound, a flavor, a route. This is your map home. Somebody may need it someday; today, you do.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE FIVE-SENSES MINUTE, ONE MORE TIME

You learned the 5-4-3-2-1 arrival practice on Day 1 of this journey. Today, do it slowly — as a feast instead of a rescue. Five things you see. Four you hear. Three you can touch. Two you can smell. One you can taste. Take a full minute on each sense. Sixty-six days ago this was a lifeline. Today, notice: it has become a way of tasting and seeing that the Lord is good.

PEER TIP

> Build a small “senses basket” for hard evenings: a soft blanket, a favorite tea, a candle or scent you love, music that settles you, something smooth to hold. When the night gets loud, you won't have to think — just reach for the basket.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I spent time in sunlight or fresh air

☐ I did one thing slowly, on purpose

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 67

Steady on Your Feet

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"But those who wait for Yahweh will renew their strength. They will mount up with wings like eagles. They will run, and not be weary. They will walk, and not faint."

Isaiah 40:31 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Steady is strong.
I don't have to be fast to be faithful.

DAY 67 — TODAY'S READING

Listen to the order of the promise in today's verse, because it is backwards from what we expect. Mount up with wings. Run. Walk. We assume the miracle is the flying — but anyone who has lived through addiction knows the deeper miracle in that list: they will walk, and not faint. Ordinary walking. Daily walking. The unglamorous, no-one-applauds walking of a Tuesday. Isaiah saves it for last like the best wine, because sustained walking is where a rebuilt life actually happens.

This body week, we have not chased transformations. We have practiced standing, resting, feeding, moving, guarding, slowing. None of it photographs well. All of it is the structure. A body that is rested, fed, moved, medically guarded, and treated with kindness is a body that cravings have to work much harder to hijack. The basics you learned in Week 1 have become, by Week 9, something better than basics: they have become your normal. That is what steady means.

Notice, too, where the strength comes from: those who wait for Yahweh. Not those who hustle for Yahweh, perform for Yahweh, or panic for Yahweh. Waiting — the active trust that God is moving even when you cannot see it — renews strength the way sleep renews the body. Some of your growth this week happened in the resting and the slowing, in the meals eaten sitting down, in the call you finally made. Heaven counts those things even when the world only counts mountains.

Tomorrow we turn to the mind. Tonight, stand still for one honest minute and take inventory of this pillar: a body that has carried you sixty-seven days into a new life, that is fed and rested and increasingly trusted. You may not be soaring today. You are walking, and you have not fainted. By Isaiah's accounting, that puts you in the miracle — not waiting for it.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your body's story of this week as if you were testifying in court — facts only, no spin. What did you do for rest, food, movement, and health? Where did you keep the discipline, and where did it slip? Facts are kind; they show you exactly what to practice next, without a drop of shame.

The body habit I am most proud of right now:

GO DEEPER

Walking and not fainting deserves a theology of its own. The world celebrates takeoffs; heaven seems to celebrate people who are still walking in year three, in the rain, at an ordinary pace, with nobody watching. If your recovery feels unremarkable today, consider that unremarkable may be the exact temperature of faithfulness — and that God, who authored Isaiah's list, saved the walking for last on purpose.

Write your walking orders for an ordinary week: the unremarkable, repeatable things that keep you upright when nothing exciting is happening. Make them so plain a tired person could follow them — because some Tuesdays, that tired person will be you.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE EVENING WALK OF THANKS

Take a short walk today — ten minutes is plenty — and spend it thanking God for your body, out loud if you can, silently if you must. Thank Him for specifics: these legs, this breath, eyes that see the evening, hands that are steady. Gratitude spoken over the body, while the body moves, stamps the lesson in twice. Walk, and do not faint — you are literally doing the verse.

PEER TIP

> Keep a “steady list” on your phone: the basics that keep you standing (sleep by 11, breakfast, walk, meeting, call). On wobbly days, don't redesign your life — just read the list and do the next item on it.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I kept my body's basics today

☐ I thanked God for my body, specifically

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

END OF WEEK NINE

WEEK NINE REVIEW

The Body Pillar — standing in the body God gave back

What moved this week? (A small shift counts. Name it.)

What wobbled? (No shame — wobbling is information. What does it teach you?)

Body basics I practiced this week — check every one you did, even once:

☐ I slept — really slept, and rested on purpose
☐ I ate real food, at real times
☐ I moved my body in a way that felt like joy
☐ I drank water through the day
☐ I guarded my health — a call, an appointment, a question asked
☐ I slowed down and let my senses feast on a gentle day

Three things my body did for me this week:

1.

2.

3.

One goal for next week (Week Ten is the Mind Pillar — make it small and keepable):

Seven more days of standing. Your body carried you through every one of them — fed, rested, and increasingly trusted. Thank it tonight. Next week, we go to work on the mind.

WEEK TEN

A MIND AT PEACE

The Mind Pillar — Week ten of the journey's final stretch

In Week Two, you learned to survive your own thoughts. Week Ten asks the grown-up question: what does a mind do when it no longer has to survive itself? It makes a home. This week is about the keeping of a peaceful mind — naming who you are becoming until the old names lose their vote, posting a kind guard at the gates of your attention, borrowing wisdom for a road that is longer than any book, and making plans the way free people make them: clearly, and with open hands. Peace is not the prize at the end of this week. It is the practice inside every day of it.

THIS WEEK'S DAYS

Day 68 — A Mind at Peace

Day 69 — Naming Who You Are Becoming

Day 70 — Guarding the Gates of Your Mind

Day 71 — Wisdom for the Long Road

Day 72 — When Old Thoughts Come Knocking

Day 73 — A Gentle Day — Quiet Mind, Open Hands

Day 74 — Plans With Open Hands

Before this week begins — the weather inside my mind today, and the peace I am asking God for:

DAY 68

A Mind at Peace

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"You will keep whoever's mind is steadfast in perfect peace, because he trusts in you."

Isaiah 26:3 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

My mind can be a peaceful place.
I am learning to live there.

DAY 68 — TODAY'S READING

Welcome to Mind week — the second time this journey has circled to the mind, and what a difference sixty-eight days makes. In Week 2, the work was triage: naming triggers, interrupting loops, building a plan for the 2 a.m. hours. Those tools still matter, and you will use some of them this week. But the question has grown up. It is no longer only “how do I survive my thoughts?” It is now “how do I live in a peaceful mind — as my home, not my emergency shelter?”

Isaiah's promise has a condition tucked inside it, and it is a gentle one: perfect peace belongs to the mind that is steadfast — stayed, fixed, kept — because it trusts. Peace, in other words, is not the absence of hard thoughts. It is the presence of a kept mind: a mind with somewhere to return to. In the addicted years, our minds were kept by the next fix, the next lie, the next crisis. Now your mind can be kept by trust — by a God who has proven, sixty-eight mornings in a row, that He shows up.

A peaceful mind is not an empty one. Thoughts still come: bills, grief, other people's choices, the ordinary static of a real life. The difference is what happens next. A kept mind notices the thought, weighs it against the truth, and sets it in its proper place — the way you set a cup on a shelf instead of carrying it around all day. Peace is less about controlling what enters and more about practicing where things are allowed to live.

This week we will name who you are becoming, guard the gates of your attention, borrow wisdom for the long road, face old thoughts without obeying them, and make plans with open hands. Underneath all of it runs this one aim: a mind at peace — not because life got quiet, but because you learned where to put your trust when it gets loud. Take a breath, builder. Week Ten begins on solid ground.

TODAY'S WORK

Describe the weather inside your mind today — storm, drizzle, clearing skies, calm. Then write: what does my mind return to when it wanders? Be honest about the old default settings, and name the new anchors you are building — the verses, people, and practices your mind can come home to.

The thought I am practicing setting down this week:

GO DEEPER

A peaceful mind is not inherited; it is hosted. Peace is a Person's presence welcomed into a real house with real clutter. That is why the practices matter more than the moods: you cannot schedule a feeling, but you can open the door — verse, prayer, quiet, an honest word — and peace, being who He is, tends to come in. Your part is the door. It has always been the door.

Write the house rules of your mind as if you were posting them by the door: what is welcomed in, what is shown out, who has a key. Keep it kind and keep it short — rules you cannot remember on a hard day are decorations, not guardrails.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE RETURN PRACTICE

Choose one short anchor phrase for this week — “You keep me in perfect peace” works well. Today, every time you notice your mind sprinting (in the shower, at a red light, mid-conversation), pause, breathe, and say the phrase twice, slowly. You are not scolding your mind; you are leading it home. Count your returns if you like — each one is a repetition, and repetitions are how minds get strong.

PEER TIP

> Peace grows where the phone is not. Try one phone-free hour a day this week — the first hour after waking is the most powerful. Your mind will fill the quiet with itself at first. Let it. That's the sound of it settling.

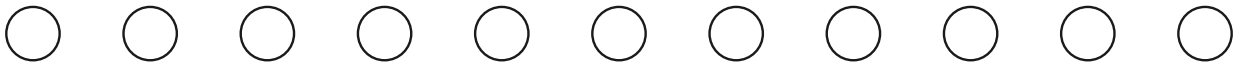
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I practiced returning my mind to my anchor

☐ I gave my mind one phone-free hour

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 69

Naming Who You Are Becoming

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Therefore if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new."

2 Corinthians 5:17 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I am not who I was.
I am becoming who God says I am.

DAY 69 — TODAY'S READING

Addiction gave you names, and it was thorough about it. You know the list — it played on repeat for years, in other people's voices and then, worse, in your own. Part of early recovery is refusing those names. But refusal alone leaves a silence, and silence gets filled by whatever shouts loudest. Today's work is the stronger move: naming, on purpose and out loud, who you are becoming.

Paul's words in today's verse are not a wish; they are a report. If anyone is in Christ, he is — present tense — a new creation. Not “will be someday, if the record clears.” Is. The old things have passed away, the way winter passes: not because you argued it out of existence, but because a new season arrived and did its work. Your sixty-nine days are not a down payment on a new identity. They are the new identity, already under construction, already yours.

Here is why naming matters so much: we live up to — or down to — the names we answer to. Answer to “hopeless” long enough and your feet learn the path to the old places by themselves. Answer to “beloved,” “redeemed,” “trustworthy,” “a person who keeps promises now,” and something in you stands a little straighter to match. Identity is not a reward you receive after enough good behavior. In God's economy, it is the starting point: He names us, and then we grow into the name.

This does not require pretending. You are becoming — the word itself holds both truths at once: already renamed, not yet finished. The standing life learns to hold its names the way it holds its plans: firmly, and with open hands. So today we practice. Not the names addiction gave you. Not even the names you hope for someday. The true ones — the ones God speaks, the ones your sixty-nine days agree with.

[Angela — your story piece for this day goes here: a moment when you first caught yourself believing you might actually be a new person — something said, seen, or done that made the new name feel true]

TODAY'S WORK

Write your name statements — at least five, in this pattern: “I am a person who _____.” Fill each blank with a truth your recovery is proving: keeps promises, tells the truth, shows up for family, prays, asks for help. Only write what God and your days can back up. These are your names now.

The old name I am formally retiring today:

GO DEEPER

Names grow like seeds: planted once, watered often, harvested for years. The most dangerous gardening mistake in recovery is letting the old names go unchallenged in the soil — they are weeds with deep roots and fast seasons. The discipline is not complicated, but it is daily: when the old name rises, answer with the new one, out loud if you can. Identity is defended in sentences before it is proven in years.

Write the courtroom scene: the old name makes its best accusation against you, in its own words. Then answer it — not with your achievements, but with who God says you are and what your sixty-nine days show. Let the verdict be the last paragraph.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE MIRROR MINUTE

Once today, stand in front of a mirror, look yourself in the eyes, and read your name statements out loud — all of them, slowly, like roll call at a graduation. It will feel awkward. Do it anyway. Your ears have heard the old names ten thousand times; your own voice speaking the new ones is how the count starts to change.

PEER TIP

> Write your strongest name statement on a card and put it where the old day used to start — the bathroom mirror, the coffee maker, the car visor. Identity grows where it is repeated, so repeat it where life happens.

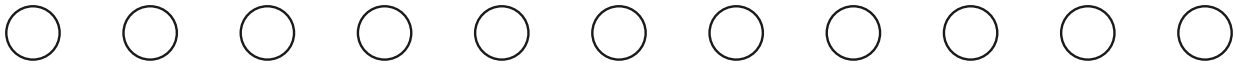
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I spoke my new names out loud

☐ I answered to who I am becoming, not who I was

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 70

Guarding the Gates of Your Mind

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Finally, brothers, whatever things are true, whatever things are honorable, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there is any virtue, and if there is any praise, think about these things."

Philippians 4:8 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I choose what gets my attention.
My mind is worth guarding.

DAY 70 — TODAY'S READING

A standing house has doors, and doors have locks — not because the house is afraid, but because the house is valuable. Your mind is the same. Everything you watch, scroll, listen to, and linger on walks through a gate and takes up residence in your thinking. By Day 70, the question is not whether things will try to move in. They will, daily. The question is whether anyone is posted at the gate.

Paul posts the guard with a checklist, and it is a kind one: true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, of good report. He is not handing you a list of forbidden things; he is handing you a filter for welcomed ones. Think about these things, he says — aim the mind at what builds. It is the difference between a bouncer and a gardener. A bouncer only keeps things out. A gardener also decides what gets planted, watered, and given the good light. Your attention is sunlight. Guard where it falls.

Be honest about the everyday invaders, because they rarely arrive looking dangerous. The feed that leaves you angry at strangers. The show that makes the old life look glamorous and the new one look small. The gossip that feels like bonding and functions like poison. The news cycle that keeps your spirit braced for disaster from morning to night. None of these have to be banned from the earth. But a guarded mind notices what they cost — and decides the price is too high for daily admission.

Guarding the gates also means stocking the shelves. A mind fed on worship, good teaching, real books, honest conversation, and quiet will not go hungry enough to snack on poison. You have been building that pantry all journey long — the verses in these pages, the people in your circle, the practices in your days. Keep stocking it. A guarded mind is not a closed mind. It is an open house with a wise keeper at the door — and the keeper, finally, is you.

TODAY'S WORK

Audit your gates. List the five things your mind consumed most this week — shows, feeds, music, conversations, inner loops. Beside each, write what it planted: peace or static, gratitude or envy, courage or craving. Then choose one gate to guard differently starting today, and write exactly how.

One lovely, true thing I am giving my mind more of:

GO DEEPER

Every gate you guard is a gift to a future version of yourself you will never meet — the one having the hard week, the flat month, the anniversary you cannot yet see. That person will live downstream of everything you let in this week. Guarding is not suspicion of the world; it is loyalty to them. Think of them kindly today. They are counting on your Tuesday choices more than you know.

Write a letter of instruction to your future self, from the gate: what to let in when life gets loud, what to shut out first, and the three inputs that have proven themselves friends. Seal it in these pages. Future you will know where to find it.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE GATE CHECK

Three times today, before you open an app, a show, or a news page, pause for five seconds and ask one question: “Will this leave my mind more peaceful or less?” Then choose like a keeper, not a consumer. You will not catch every gate — that's fine. Catching some of them, on purpose, is the discipline. Notice tonight how the day felt different.

PEER TIP

> Curate ruthlessly and without drama: unfollow, mute, and unsubscribe are not acts of war — they are acts of gardening. You owe no algorithm your attention, and no old voice a daily audience.

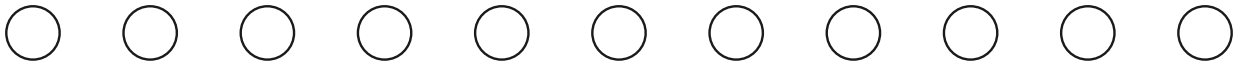
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I did the gate check before consuming media

☐ I fed my mind one true and lovely thing

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 71

Wisdom for the Long Road

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"But if any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask of God, who gives to all liberally and without reproach; and it will be given to him."

James 1:5 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I don't have to know everything.
I can ask, learn, and grow.

Ninety days is a beginning, not a graduation. The road ahead of you is long — years of it, God willing — and it will ask questions this book cannot answer: decisions about work and money, about people from the old life, about how much to carry and what to set down. Nobody walks that road on the wisdom they had at Day 1. The standing life has a renewable resource, though, and James names it: ask God, who gives liberally and without reproach.

Sit with those two words, because they heal something. Liberally: not in drips, not with a sigh, not after you have proven yourself — generously. And without reproach: God does not roll His eyes at the question you should have known by now. Many of us stopped asking questions years ago because every authority in our lives charged us shame for not knowing. Heaven's economy is different. The asking is welcomed. The lack is not the problem; the silence is.

God's wisdom also arrives through people, and a standing life builds a small council on purpose: a sponsor or mentor who has walked further, a friend who tells you the truth in love, a pastor or teacher, the peers whose recovery you can watch up close. You do not need a crowd. You need two or three voices you have decided in advance to trust more than your own mood of the moment — and the humility to call them before the decision, not after the damage.

There is a difference between information and wisdom, and the long road needs the second. Information is everywhere and much of it is noise. Wisdom is what remains standing after the noise dies down: the counsel that agrees with Scripture, with your own hard-won experience, and with the peace of God. Collect it like provisions. Write down what the road teaches you. The journal you have been keeping in these pages is quietly becoming a wisdom book — your own, for the miles ahead and for the people who will one day ask you how you did it.

TODAY'S WORK

Build your council. Write the names of two or three people whose wisdom you trust for the long road, and beside each, what they are wise about. Then write the question you are currently carrying — the one you have been trying to answer alone — and note who you will ask, and when.

One piece of wisdom I never want to forget:

GO DEEPER

Wisdom compounds like interest. A lesson banked at Day 71 pays out at Day 171 in a decision made well under pressure, almost without thinking. That is why the small habits — the journal line, the asked question, the mentor called before the crisis — outrank every dramatic insight. Drama fades. Deposits remain. Your wisdom account is quietly becoming one of the richest things about you.

Start (or continue) your wisdom ledger here: five deposits — lessons bought with experience in these ninety days, written in one sentence each, dated in your mind. Under each, one line: where will this pay out in the year ahead?

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE ASK-FIRST PAUSE

Today, when a decision shows up — any size — practice the pause: stop, breathe, and ask silently, “Lord, what is the wise thing here?” Then wait one full minute before acting. Wisdom often arrives in the second half of a quiet minute, after urgency has said its piece. Tonight, note whether the pause changed anything you did.

PEER TIP

> Keep a “wisdom page” at the back of this book: one line per lesson, dated. A year from now it will be one of the most valuable things you own — the record of a mind being rebuilt by God and experience, together.

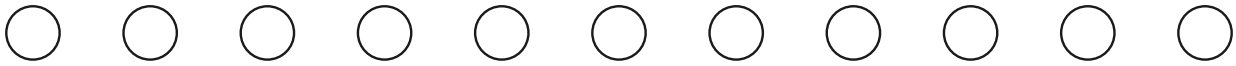
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I asked God for wisdom before deciding

☐ I wrote down one lesson from the road

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 72

When Old Thoughts Come Knocking

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"No temptation has taken you except what is common to man. God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted above what you are able, but will with the temptation also make the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it."

1 Corinthians 10:13 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

An old thought is not an order.
I can let it pass and stay standing.

DAY 72 — TODAY'S READING

Let us say the quiet part out loud: old thoughts still come. At Day 72. On good weeks. In the middle of gratitude, in the middle of church, in the middle of a life that is genuinely better — the knock comes: the memory that glows warmer than it should, the euphoric little highlight reel that edits out the hospital, the heartbreak, the cost. If that has happened to you recently, nothing is wrong with you. Something is normal about you. Temptation, Paul says, is common to man. Common. Not a sign of secret failure — a feature of the road.

What has changed is not the knocking. It is the house. In the old days, a thought like that found the door wide open and nobody home but craving. Now the house is occupied: pillars standing, gates guarded, people who know your name and your story a phone call away. A thought can knock all day; it cannot enter a house whose keeper answers with truth. And the first truth is the one in the verse: God is faithful, and He has already built the way of escape into the moment. Your job is not to be stronger than the temptation. Your job is to find the exit He made — and take it early, while it is still easy to take.

Exits look ordinary. Leaving the conversation. Changing the route home. Texting your person before the thought finishes its first sentence — not after the tenth. Eating something, sleeping, getting to a meeting, getting outside. Every experienced person in recovery will tell you the same secret: the battle is won or lost in the first two minutes, and it is won by movement, not by wrestling. You do not argue with a knocking thought. You open a different door and walk through it.

And if a day comes when the thought gets further than you'd like — a near miss, a close call, a plan half-formed before you caught it — that is not the end of the story either. That is a debrief, not a verdict. Tell your person. Tell God. Write it here. A thought brought into the light loses the only power it ever really had: secrecy. You are seventy-two days into standing. Knock all it wants — the house is occupied now.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your personal exit list — at least six specific escapes that work for you: names, places, routes, actions. Then write the first-two-minutes plan: when the knock comes, what are the exact first three things you will do, in order? Rehearsing peace is how peace shows up on time.

The exit I reach for too late — and how I'll reach earlier:

GO DEEPER

It helps to know that a knock is not a compromise. The thought arriving is weather; what you build is climate. Too many people confess the knock itself as if it were a fall, and shame — not craving — ends up doing the damage. Keep the categories clean: temptation is an event, not an identity. Your identity is the person who learned where the exits are and uses them without apologizing for the fire drill.

Write your after-action review of the last strong knock: when it came, what it promised, which exit you took (or didn't), and what the exit cost and gave. Then write the upgraded first-two-minutes plan in the past tense, as if your future self already did it well.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE TWO-MINUTE DRILL

Practice your exit while nothing is wrong. Stand up right now, put your shoes on, walk outside, and text or call your person one ordinary sentence: “Practicing my two-minute drill — all is well.” Feel how un-dramatic it is. That is the point. On the loud day, your body will remember this drill the way it remembers a fire exit — because you walked it once in the calm.

PEER TIP

> Rate the knock, don't debate it: “That's a 3 out of 10 — noted.” Naming a craving's size shrinks it from a monster to a measurement. If it climbs past 6, that's your pre-set signal: person called, feet moving, no negotiations.

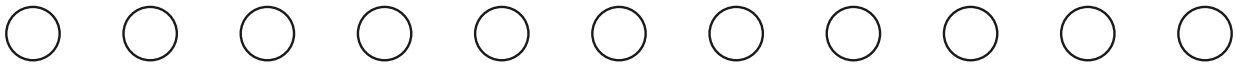
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I know my first-two-minutes plan by heart

☐ I told the truth about my thought life to someone

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 73

A Gentle Day — Quiet Mind, Open Hands

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the nations. I will be exalted in the earth."

Psalm 46:10 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I can be quiet without being empty.
Peace is productive.

The gentle day in Mind week is not a day off from the journey; it is the journey, at its deepest. Be still, and know that I am God. Notice what the verse does not say. It does not say be still and figure everything out. It does not say be still and feel better immediately. It ties stillness to knowing — the deep, settled kind of knowing that only grows in quiet, the way roots grow in the dark. Some of your recovery's most important work will be done by a mind that has finally stopped sprinting.

Many of us fear quiet because quiet is where the backlog waits: the memories, the regrets, the unanswered questions. So we kept noise going the way we once kept a supply going — always within reach, never quite enough. Seventy-three days in, you are strong enough for a different experiment: letting the quiet come, in small doses, with God in the room. Stillness with Him is not the same room as stillness alone with the backlog. He is bigger than the backlog. He has already carried most of it.

Open hands is the posture of the day. Clenched hands hold plans, grudges, outcomes, other people's choices — and clenching is exhausting work that fools us into feeling productive. Open hands are how a mind says: I have done my part today; the rest is carried by Someone stronger. You will practice it physically today, because the mind believes what the body shows it. Unclench, and watch your thoughts unclench a half-step behind.

So let today be soft. Read the verse slowly a few times. Sit with one cup of something warm and no screen. Let a thought arrive and leave without chasing either motion. The God who has kept you for seventy-three days is not in a hurry, and — this may be the gentlest news of all — neither do you have to be.

TODAY'S WORK

Today's writing is slow on purpose. Write about the quiet: What does my mind do when it gets still? What surfaces? What am I clenching that open hands would set down? There is no structure to satisfy today — just honest lines, written at the speed of breathing.

One thing I am opening my hands and releasing today:

GO DEEPER

Stillness is the only spiritual discipline that cannot be faked by effort, which is precisely why strivers avoid it. In stillness there is nothing to show, nothing to count, nothing to post — only a person and God, and the slow discovery that the person is loved in the absence of all production. If this journey has a graduation skill, it may be this one: being with God, empty-handed, unafraid.

Write about your relationship with emptiness: what rushes in when the noise stops, which of those things are grief, which are fear, which are simply tiredness wearing a costume. Then write what you are learning to say to each of them from inside the stillness.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE OPEN-HANDS SITTING

Sit comfortably and rest your hands in your lap, palms up, fingers loose. For five minutes, breathe slowly and repeat with the breath: in — “Be still”; out — “and know.” When a thought grabs at you, picture placing it in your open palms and letting it sit there, held by God instead of gripped by you. Five quiet minutes. That is the whole assignment, and it is not a small one.

PEER TIP

> If stillness feels too big today, shrink it: two minutes counts. Ninety seconds counts. The standing life is built by people who learned to start smaller than their pride wanted — and therefore actually started.

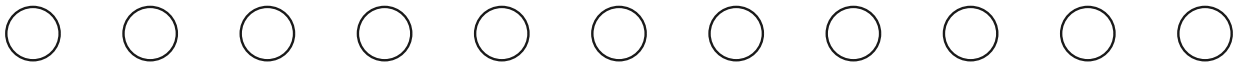
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I spent five minutes in deliberate stillness

☐ I practiced open hands about one real thing

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 74

Plans With Open Hands

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Commit your deeds to Yahweh, and your plans shall succeed."

Proverbs 16:3 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I make my plans —
and I hold them with open hands.

DAY 74 — TODAY'S READING

Mind week closes with the most grown-up skill of all: planning like a person who trusts God. That sentence holds two truths that used to fight in us. Planning matters — the addicted years were proof of what a planless life costs, drifting from crisis to craving with nothing built and nothing kept. And plans must be held loosely — because the other proof is just as real: clenched, white-knuckled control is its own kind of addiction, and it breaks the same hearts.

Proverbs gives the order of operations: commit your deeds to Yahweh, and your plans shall succeed. Commit first. The Hebrew picture is of rolling a burden onto someone strong enough to carry it. You roll the plan onto God — the timeline, the outcome, the parts you cannot see — and then you work the part that is actually yours: today's deeds. Plans committed become assignments. Plans clenched become idols, and idols always eventually demand the sacrifice of your peace.

So plan — clearly, honestly, in writing. The next season's work: your recovery rhythms, your people, your money, your rest, the dream that has been quietly growing in you as you stand. A standing life does not drift; it aims. But aim the way an archer holds the bow: firm grip on your part, and a clean release of the rest. If God edits the plan — and He will, some — the edit is not the failure of the plan. It is the plan, being handled by better hands than yours.

Tonight you will write plans with a pencil, not a chisel. That is not a lack of faith in them. That is faith in the One you committed them to. Seventy-four days have taught your mind something priceless: it can think about the future without dreading it or gripping it. That is a mind at peace doing its best work. Tomorrow, the heart — and what a standing heart is finally free to do: give.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your plans for the season after this book — in pencil-spirit. Three sections: My recovery rhythms (what continues daily/weekly). My people and responsibilities. The dream I am moving toward. Beside each plan, write the part that is mine to do, and the part I am committing to God. Both columns matter.

The plan I hold most tightly — and need to loosen:

GO DEEPER

Plans held with open hands have a strange advantage: they can be adjusted without breaking your heart. The clenched plan makes every detour a betrayal; the committed plan treats detours as mail from headquarters. You will not walk the next season on the map you drew today — nobody does. But you will walk it steadier for having drawn the map and handed over the pen.

Write the two futures honestly: the season as you hope it goes, and the season if God edits heavily. For the second one, write where your recovery's non-negotiables remain untouched in both versions. Those untouched things are your true plan. Everything else is itinerary.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE COMMITTING PRAYER

Read your plans aloud, one at a time. After each, open your hands flat on the table and say: “This one is Yours, Lord. Show me my part, and I'll do it gladly.” Then close the book. The practice is the release as much as the planning — your body should learn the feeling of a plan leaving your grip and landing in God's.

PEER TIP

> Date your plans and keep them. In six months, reading today's page will show you two things: how faithful God was with the commits — and how kindly He edited the ones you would have clenched yourself into misery over.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I wrote my plans and committed them to God

☐ I did today's part and released the rest

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

END OF WEEK TEN

WEEK TEN REVIEW

The Mind Pillar — a mind at peace

What moved this week? (Where did your mind feel most like home?)

What wobbled? (Which thoughts knocked loudest — and what did you do?)

Mind practices I kept this week — check every one you did, even once:

☐ I returned my mind to its anchor instead of chasing every thought
☐ I guarded my gates — I chose what got my attention
☐ I asked God (and my council) for wisdom before deciding
☐ I knew my first-two-minutes plan and my exits
☐ I made plans — and held them with open hands

The new name statement that fits me best now:

One goal for next week (Week Eleven is the Heart Pillar — make it small and keepable):

A mind at peace is not a mind with no weather — it is a mind with a home to return to. You built more of that home this week. Rest it well. Next week, the heart — and the joy of giving.

WEEK ELEVEN

A HEART BIG ENOUGH TO GIVE

The Heart Pillar — Week eleven of the journey's final stretch

The heart you tended in Week Three was a patient. The heart of Week Eleven is a giver — and the difference between those two is the whole story of recovery. This week the heart learns its standing work: reaching back for the person still in the dark, forgiving until it settles deep, loving people without handing them your whole life, grieving honestly what peace cost you, and gathering your people close like the treasure they are. Bring your tenderness; you will need it. Bring your honesty too. A heart big enough to give was never an unbroken heart. It is a healed one — healed wide.

THIS WEEK'S DAYS

Day 75 — A Heart Big Enough to Give

Day 76 — The Hand That Reaches Back

Day 77 — Forgiveness, Settled Deep

Day 78 — Loving People Without Losing Yourself

Day 79 — Peace, and the Goodbyes It Brings

Day 80 — A Gentle Day — Joy Without Apology

Day 81 — Your People, Your Circle

Before this week begins — what my heart has received in this journey, and what it is ready to give:

DAY 75

A Heart Big Enough to Give

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

> *"It is more blessed to give than to receive."*
>
> Acts 20:35 (words of the Lord Jesus) — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

What I have received, I can give.
My story is not wasted.

DAY 75 — TODAY'S READING

Welcome to Heart week — the third time this journey has circled to the heart, and the visit is different now. In Week 3, the heart was a patient: grief to name, shame to answer, wounds to tend with both hands. It still deserves tenderness, and it will get some this week. But a healed heart does something a hurting heart cannot: it starts to overflow. This week is about the overflow — gratitude with somewhere to go, love with hands on it, a recovery that has grown big enough to give away.

There is a secret every long-standing person in recovery knows, and it is time you were told it plainly: giving is not what you do after you are healed. Giving is one of the ways healing finishes its work. The ride given to a newcomer. The meeting coffee made without being asked. The phone call answered at the inconvenient hour. Each act tells your own heart a story it desperately needs to hear: I am not only a person who needed rescuing. I am a person who rescues a little now, too. Identity like that cannot be thought into existence. It is built, one given thing at a time.

Jesus' words in today's verse are not fundraising language; they are a description of how joy actually works. The blessedness of giving is not a wage God pays later — it is built into the act itself, the way warmth is built into sunlight. People in early recovery often ask when they will start feeling like the people they admire. The honest answer, most of the time, is: somewhere in the middle of pouring coffee for people who cannot yet pour their own.

You do not need money to start, or a title, or permission. You have the two currencies this kingdom runs on: time and a true story. This week we will spend both carefully — reaching back, encouraging, forgiving, loving without losing yourself, grieving what peace cost, and gathering your people close. A heart big enough to give is not a heart that was never broken. It is a heart that healed wide. Yours is getting there. Let's go give something away.

TODAY'S WORK

Inventory your overflow. Write what you have received in recovery that could now be given: experience, time, a skill, a story, a spare chair, a working car, a listening ear. Then name one specific person or place that could use exactly one of those things this week — and the day you will offer it.

The gift I have been underestimating:

GO DEEPER

There is a moment in many recoveries when the question quietly changes from “How do I stay?” to “Who can I bring?” It rarely announces itself. It sounds like staying late to stack chairs, like remembering a newcomer's name, like praying for somebody whose chaos reminds you of your own old weather. If you have felt that turn, mark today. It is one of the surest signs the heart pillar is not just repaired but load-bearing.

Write about the turn: when did you first notice yourself thinking about somebody else's recovery instead of only your own? Who were they? What did the shift feel like — relief, fear, joy, all three? Let the page witness it.

ANGELA'S WORDS

Helping people can't be about praise or recognition. It has to come from your heart — from a soul that truly wants to see others succeed, and to help build them up.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE FIRST POUR

Before this day ends, give one small thing entirely on purpose: make the coffee, send the encouragement text, hold the door of a conversation open for someone newer and let them talk. Do it without announcing it. Then notice — honestly — how it lands in your own chest. That warmth is not a bonus. It is the blessing Jesus described, arriving right on schedule.

PEER TIP

Start where you already stand. The best service in the world grows out of your actual life — your meeting, your workplace, your block, your family. You don't need a program to begin; you need a person and a yes.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I gave one thing on purpose, without announcement

☐ I noticed what giving did in my own heart

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 76

The Hand That Reaches Back

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

> *"Let us consider how to provoke one another to love and good works, not forsaking our own assembling together, as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as you see the Day approaching."*
>
> Hebrews 10:24–25 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Today, my hand can be
the hand that reaches back.

Somebody reached for you. Before we go one line further, stop and remember them — the hand on the shoulder in the worst week, the person who answered the phone you were terrified to pick up, the one who said “me too” and “keep coming” like those words were a rope. You are standing at Day 76 in no small part because somebody who had been helped decided to become a helper. Today is about the simplest, bravest turn in all of recovery: becoming that somebody for the next person.

Reaching back is not a graduation ceremony; it does not wait until you feel ready, qualified, or impressive. In my own life, the road from the hospital bed to today ran straight through other people's hands — and then, sooner than I expected, God started putting people in front of me. I work now in re-entry, walking beside men and women coming home to rebuild, and I am helping build a home where women in recovery will be able to heal. I did not wait until I felt finished to start reaching. Nobody does. The reaching is part of the finishing.

Hebrews says something almost mischievous: consider how to provoke one another to love and good works. Provoke — stir up, spark off. A reaching hand is not passive kindness; it is a deliberate spark. The text you send before they think to ask. The seat you save. The “I was just thinking about you” that lands, though you will never fully know it, on the exact afternoon it was needed. God is remarkably good at aiming encouragement sent in faith.

And here is the mercy inside the work: every time your hand reaches back, your own grip on the standing life gets stronger. It is nearly impossible to drift from a recovery you are busy giving away. So reach — awkwardly, imperfectly, without a script. Behind you on this road is someone at Day 6 who thinks Day 76 is a fairy tale. Your hand, extended, is how fairy tales become directions.

TODAY'S WORK

Write the names of the hands that reached for you — every one you can remember, with what each one did. Then turn the page of your thinking: who is behind me right now? Write the name of one person earlier on this road than you, and plan your reach: what you will say or do, and when. Specific beats sincere-but-vague, every time.

The reaching-back I keep postponing — and why:

GO DEEPER

Reaching back runs on a holy economy: the hand you extend costs you almost nothing and can be worth everything to the one who grabs it — while somehow, mysteriously, leaving your own supply larger than before. This is why the old-timers are so free with their time. They are not being noble. They have done the math of the kingdom, where what is given away in love is the only wealth that multiplies.

Write the words you needed to hear at your lowest — the exact sentences, from the person (or the Person) who said them or should have. Then write how you will say them onward: your version, in your voice, ready for the next person who needs them in the dark.

ANGELA'S WORDS

No life is worth less than another. Every life has value, and every recovery matters — and there should always be a hand reaching out to help us up when we need it most.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE REACH-BACK TEXT

Send it today: one honest message to someone earlier in recovery (or earlier in anything hard). Keep it simple and true — "I've been where you are. It gets sturdier. I'm proud of you for still being here." No advice unless asked, no spotlight on yourself. Then put the phone down and let the seed do what seeds do.

PEER TIP

Save one seat. At your meeting, your table, your group — literally or figuratively, keep a seat next to you open for the newcomer, and watch for them like you were once watched for. Being expected is a form of being loved.

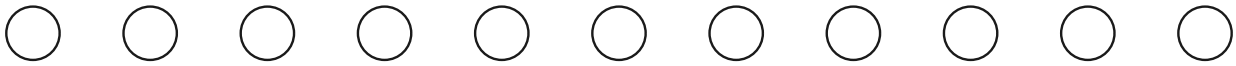
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I sent one reach-back encouragement

☐ I thanked God for the hands that reached for me

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 77

Forgiveness, Settled Deep

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"And be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving each other, just as God also in Christ forgave you."

Ephesians 4:32 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Forgiveness frees me first.
I don't have to carry this anymore.

DAY 77 — TODAY'S READING

By the eleventh week, most of the big forgiveness work has been faced — the amends made, the apologies spoken, the people released in the earlier books of this journey. But hearts keep a back room. In it are the older, quieter debts: the person you forgave in principle but still rehearse arguments with in the shower; the one you have decided to let God handle while privately keeping the file open; and — the heaviest file of all for many of us — the one with your own name on it.

Settled deep is today's phrase, and it matters. There is a forgiveness that lives in the head: decided, announced, correct. And there is a forgiveness that has settled into the heart, where it stops needing to be re-decided every time a memory surfaces. The second kind is not achieved by trying harder. It settles the way sediment settles in water — when the stirring stops. Every time you re-argue the old case, you stir the glass. Settled forgiveness is what happens when, by grace and practice, you finally let your hands off the spoon.

Paul's reason is the only one strong enough to carry this: forgive each other, just as God also in Christ forgave you. Not “forgive because they deserve it” — often they don't. Not “forgive because it didn't matter” — it did. Forgive the way you were forgiven: at cost, on purpose, by a God who knew the whole file and opened His hands anyway. Forgiveness like that is not a feeling you wait for. It is a door you walk through, sometimes daily, until one day you notice you live on the other side of it.

And if the file with your own name is the open one, hear this from someone who knows: you do not get to hold a higher court than God's. He has ruled. In Christ, forgiven — not on probation, not pending review. Agreeing with His verdict about you is not pride; it is the humility of letting God be right. A standing heart cannot carry a grudge against itself and reach back for others at the same time. Set the file down, friend. Both your hands are needed for the life ahead.

> *[Angela — your story piece for this day goes here: a forgiveness moment from your own road — someone you had to forgive more than once, or the day you first believed God had truly forgiven you]*

TODAY'S WORK

Open the back room on paper. Write who is still in it — every name, including possibly your own — and beside each, where things stand: decided in my head, or settled in my heart? Then choose one file and write the release: what happened, what it cost, and the words “I forgive, and I am setting this down” in your own hand.

The argument I rehearse that I am retiring today:

GO DEEPER

Forgiveness keeps office hours in the heart long after the papers are signed. Expect revisits — an old song, a familiar street, a name in a conversation — and do not mistake a revisit for a reversal. You are not back at the beginning when a settled thing stirs; you are at the place where the settling is tested and deepened. Each time you decline to re-open the file, the verdict gets quieter and stronger at once.

Write the verdict in full sentences, as a judge would: the case, the cost, the ruling, and the reason (Christ forgave me). Sign it with today's date. On the revisit days, you will not have to re-try the case. You will only have to read the ruling, already handed down.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE SET-IT-DOWN RITUAL

Find a small stone or coin. Hold it while you name, out loud, the one file you are setting down today — squeeze it the way you have been gripping this thing. Then set it somewhere outside your home — on a path, by a tree, at the meeting-house door — and walk away without it. When the memory knocks this week, answer: “I set that down. It's not mine to carry anymore.”

PEER TIP

> Forgiveness and access are different things. You can fully forgive someone and still keep wise distance — the door of your heart can be open while the door of your house has a lock. Both can be love.

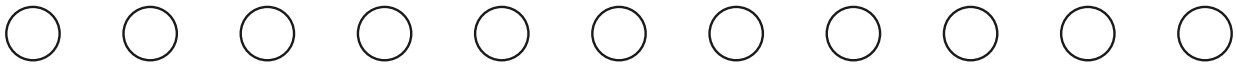
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I named what is still unsettled in my heart

☐ I set down one file, on purpose

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 78

Loving People Without Losing Yourself

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Galatians 6:2 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I can love people deeply
and still keep my peace.

Here is the shadow side of a giving heart, and Heart week would be lying to you if it skipped it: people who love helping can lose themselves helping. It rarely looks like failure. It looks like being needed — the phone that only you can answer, the crisis that only you can carry, the person whose recovery has quietly become your second job. Underneath it, an old belief often runs the show: that your worth is measured by how much of other people's weight you can hold before you fold.

Paul draws the line with a poet's precision, and you have to read the whole neighborhood of the verse to see it. Bear one another's burdens — yes, fully, gladly. And a few breaths later: each man will bear his own burden. Both are Scripture. Both are love. The difference is between a burden — the crushing, temporary load a friend cannot lift alone, where your hands belong — and a load, the ordinary pack each person is built and called to carry themselves. Love helps with the first. Love refuses to steal the second, because carrying someone's pack for them does not strengthen them. It only empties you.

Boundaries, then, are not the opposite of a big heart. They are how a big heart stays alive long enough to keep loving. Sleep is a boundary. “I can't tonight, and I will call you tomorrow” is a boundary — and a promise kept inside it. Letting someone face the consequence you could rescue them from, while staying close enough to love them through it, is sometimes the heaviest and holiest work of all. Ask anyone who has watched a person they love finally stand because nobody would carry them anymore.

You are building a life meant to last decades, and decades require a heart that is cared for — including by you. So audit your helping the way you audited your gates: what you carry, what it costs, what is actually yours. Set down what God never handed you. Keep, with joy, what He did. A heart that loves without losing itself is not a smaller heart. It is a heart that will still be beating — warm, willing, and standing — for the people of year ten, not just the emergencies of month three.

TODAY'S WORK

Draw your two columns. Left: burdens I am rightly helping carry — the God-given ones. Right: loads I have picked up that were never mine — other people's packs. Be honest; nobody grades this. Then choose one item from the right column and write the kind, clear sentence you will use to set it down, and when you will say it.

The “no” I am most afraid to say — and what it protects:

GO DEEPER

The helpers who last are not the ones with the biggest hearts; they are the ones with the clearest edges. Edge is not coldness — a river without banks is a swamp, and a heart without edges eventually cannot find itself to give anything at all. Your boundaries are the banks that let your love run deep and in a direction, instead of spreading thin and disappearing into everybody else's emergencies.

Write your boundary charter: the standing rules of your helping — hours, loads, the things you never carry, the people who can overrule your no when you are too tired to mean it. Keep it loving and keep it legible. A charter you cannot read on a hard day will not hold on one.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE WEIGHT CHECK

Once today, before you say yes to any request, do the weight check: pause, breathe, and ask three questions — Is this mine to carry? What will it cost my standing? Would I still say yes if no one ever knew? Answer honestly, then answer the person. A considered yes is worth ten reflexive ones, and a clean no protects every yes you'll give for years.

PEER TIP

> Keep one part of your week un-rescuable: a block of hours that belongs to rest, family, and God, defended like a meeting you'd never skip. Helpers who guard a Sabbath of the heart rarely burn out; helpers who don't, almost always do.

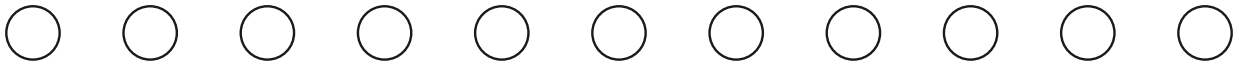
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I did the weight check before a yes

☐ I kept one boundary without apologizing for it

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 79

Peace, and the Goodbyes It Brings

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"For his anger is but for a moment. His favor is for a lifetime. Weeping may stay for the night, but joy comes in the morning."

Psalm 30:5 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Every goodbye made room for the life I have now.
I can grieve and be grateful at once.

DAY 79 — TODAY'S READING

Nobody warns you about this part, so let this book do it kindly: peace has a price, and part of the price is goodbyes. Not only the dramatic ones. Also the slow ones — the friend who stopped calling when you stopped using, the places that quietly fell off your map, the version of you that certain people preferred and will keep asking for, long after she or he is gone. You chose peace. And peace, it turns out, rearranges the furniture of a whole life.

Grief for those goodbyes is not a relapse of the heart, and it is not ingratitude for the new life. It is the honest cost of a real exchange. You can hold both truths in one chest — I would never go back, and sometimes I miss it — the way the psalm holds weeping and joy in one verse: weeping may stay for the night, but joy comes in the morning. Night and morning are both real. The promise is not that the night won't come. The promise is that it does not get the final word.

So today we honor the goodbyes instead of hurrying past them. Some were righteous and still hurt. Some were losses addiction stole outright — years, people, chances that do not come back in this life. Naming them is not wallowing; it is the difference between grief that moves through and grief that moves in. What gets named can be mourned. What gets mourned can, in time, be carried lightly — as memory, not as a wound that still runs the house.

And look — really look — at what the goodbyes made room for. The mornings. The people who know the real you now. The self-respect you can feel in your own shoulders. The empty space where chaos lived is not empty anymore; God has been furnishing it. Weeping may stay for the night, friend. But you are reading this in the morning. Joy came. It is still coming.

[Angela — your story piece for this day goes here: the goodbye peace required of you that cost the most — and what has grown in the space it left]

TODAY'S WORK

Write your goodbye list — people, places, habits, and the old version of you. Beside each one, write two honest sentences: what it cost me to let this go, and what has grown in the space it left. Let the page hold both columns without arguing with either.

The goodbye I am still arguing with God about:

GO DEEPER

Some goodbyes are doors and some are graves, and a mature heart learns to treat each correctly — doors get walked through without looking back every hour; graves get visited, honored, and laid flowers on, without moving into the cemetery. Much of this week's peace work is simply sorting: which of my goodbyes needs a key, and which needs a wreath? Both answers are love. Confusing them is where the ache stays stuck.

Sort your goodbyes on paper: DOORS (walked through; peace chosen; what opened on the other side) and GRAVES (honored losses; what I still lay flowers on). Write one honest sentence to each list. Let both lists be true at the same time — that tension is called a human heart, standing.

ANGELA'S WORDS

When you choose peace, it comes with a lot of goodbye.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE MORNING PRACTICE

Tonight, before bed, speak Psalm 30:5 out loud over your own life — personalize it: "Weeping stayed some nights, Lord. And joy came in the morning. It is here again today." Then name three morning-things — evidence of joy that has actually arrived. Sleep on the list. A grieving heart that goes to bed counting joy is doing holy math.

PEER TIP

Mark the hard anniversaries on a calendar before they mark you. A goodbye with a date on it can be planned for — a meeting, a call, a quiet hour — instead of ambushing you in a grocery store aisle in month four.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I named my goodbyes honestly

☐ I counted three morning-things — joys that arrived

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 80

A Gentle Day — Joy Without Apology

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Don't be grieved, for the joy of Yahweh is your strength."

Nehemiah 8:10 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Joy is allowed here.
I don't have to apologize for smiling.

DAY 80 — TODAY'S READING

The gentle day of Heart week has one assignment, and for many of us it is the hardest of the month: receive joy without apologizing for it. Somewhere in the addicted years, most of us absorbed a quiet rule — that happiness had to be justified, that feeling good was suspicious, that if we laughed too loudly the bill would come due. Recovery keeps handing us moments that break that rule: an ordinary evening that feels like a gift, a belly laugh with safe people, a morning with nothing wrong in it at all.

Nehemiah spoke today's words to a people who were weeping over their past — and his instruction was not “grieve longer.” It was, in effect: eat the good food, drink the sweet drink, send portions to those who have none, and do not be grieved — for the joy of Yahweh is your strength. Notice: joy is not the reward for strength here. Joy is the source of it. The people were not told to celebrate once they were strong. They were told that celebrating — feasting, sharing, rejoicing — is itself how strength comes.

So today, practice joy as a discipline of the standing life. Not the loud, performative kind. The receiving kind: let the good meal taste good. Let the joke land all the way. Let yourself be glad about how far you have come without immediately discounting it with everything you haven't done yet. Joy received with thanks cannot be taken from you by a bad week — it becomes part of the structure, mortar between the pillars.

And if a shadow of guilt crosses the day — the old thought that you don't deserve this — answer it the way this whole journey has taught you: with the truth. You did not earn joy, and you don't have to. It was never wages. It is weather in the country God moved you to. Open the windows, friend. Let it in.

TODAY'S WORK

Write a joy inventory: ten specific joys of your current life — small counts double. For each, one line: what it is, and when you last actually received it (tasted it, noticed it, thanked God for it). Star the ones you have been walking past without receiving, and choose one to receive on purpose today.

The joy I most often apologize for — and why:

GO DEEPER

Joy, practiced deliberately, becomes evidence in the case your future self will argue on hard days. That is why the inventory matters: written joys cannot be cross-examined away by a gray mood. When the old lawyer in your head says nothing good has come of this new life, the joy file enters its exhibits — dated, specific, in your own handwriting. Build the file like it matters. Someday it will be the whole defense.

Write the defense's opening statement: “Members of the jury, the claim is that nothing good has come of this life. The defense presents Exhibit A...” — and list the evidence with dates and details. Have a little fun with it. Joy is allowed in the courtroom.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE SEND-A-PORTION PRACTICE

Nehemiah's joy always travels outward: send portions to him for whom nothing is prepared. Today, send one portion of your joy to someone who has none to spare — a meal dropped off, a note, an invitation, a sincere compliment to someone running on empty. Joy shared does not divide. Ask anyone who has tried it: it multiplies, and the sender keeps the strength.

PEER TIP

> Keep a “joy file” — photos, texts, screenshots, the ticket stub, the card. On the flat gray days (they visit every recovery), open the file before you open your mouth to say nothing good ever happens. Evidence first, feelings second.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I received one joy on purpose, without discounting it

☐ I sent a portion of joy to someone else

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 81

Your People, Your Circle

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him who is alone when he falls, and doesn't have another to lift him up."

Ecclesiastes 4:9–10 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

**I am not standing alone. God gave me people,
and I let them stand with me.**

DAY 81 — TODAY'S READING

Heart week closes with an audit of the most practical asset in a standing life: your people. Ecclesiastes does not romanticize it — two are better than one for a hardheaded reason: because people fall. Not if. When. The wise writer assumes falls the way a builder assumes weather, and the whole strategy of the verse is arrangement: make sure that when you fall, someone is close enough to lift. Solitude is the only unforgivable floor plan.

So take stock of the circle as it actually is tonight. Who are your lifters — the ones who would notice your silence, answer the ugly-hour call, tell you the truth when flattery would be easier? Who are you a lifter for? And who is in the circle out of history or habit whose influence quietly leans against your pillars? A standing life does not collect people carelessly. It tends its circle the way it tends its gates: with gratitude for the good, honesty about the costly, and open chairs for the new.

Notice, too, that circles are built, not found. Every strong circle in your life is the result of small repeated acts: showing up to the same rooms, making the second call, accepting the invitation you almost declined, letting someone see the unedited version of a hard day. If tonight's audit shows a thin circle, that is not a verdict — it is a building plan. One room, attended faithfully, will grow a circle around almost anyone willing to be known.

Eighty-one days ago, you may have been the person the verse pities: alone when he falls. Read the verse again and feel how far the mercy reaches — God has been answering that pity with people, all journey long. Some He sent. Some He grew you into becoming for others. Tonight, thank Him for your circle by name. Then text one of them. Circles stay strong the way pillars do: by being tended on ordinary days, not just leaned on in emergencies.

TODAY'S WORK

Draw your circle in words: inner ring (my lifters — I would call them at 2 a.m.), middle ring (my people — steady, good, growing), outer ring (kind but costly, or not yet known). Write names, honestly. Then write the tending plan: one act this week for each ring — gratitude inward, presence in the middle, wisdom at the edge.

The chair I am keeping open — and who might fill it:

GO DEEPER

A circle is a technology for surviving falls, and like all technologies it needs maintenance: names updated, numbers saved, gratitude expressed before it is overdue. Neglected circles do not usually explode; they evaporate — one unanswered text, one skipped gathering at a time — until the day somebody falls and the floor is very far down. The tending you do this week is not social. It is structural. It is a pillar with faces.

Write your circle's maintenance schedule: who gets a call weekly, who gets a meal monthly, who gets the honest version when they ask how you are. Then write the risk column: which relationship is quietly evaporating, and the one small repair you will make this week.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE GRATITUDE ROUND

Message three people from your circle today — one from each ring if you can. Keep each message short and specific: what they have actually done, what it meant. Not “thanks for everything,” but “thank you for answering on the night I wanted to give up.” Specific gratitude is the strongest mortar a circle has. You will likely feel its effect before the replies even come.

PEER TIP

> Be findable. Keep your phone on for your people the way you once kept it on for the old life. Availability is a spiritual discipline in a community — and your future lifter may be testing whether anyone answers, tonight.

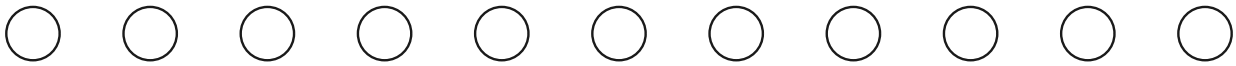
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I audited my circle honestly

☐ I sent specific gratitude to my people

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

END OF WEEK ELEVEN

WEEK ELEVEN REVIEW

The Heart Pillar — a heart big enough to give

What moved this week? (Where did your heart overflow?)

What wobbled? (Where did giving cost too much, or grief run deep?)

Heart practices I kept this week — check every one you did, even once:

☐ I gave one thing on purpose, without announcement
☐ I reached back to someone behind me on the road
☐ I set down a file I had been carrying
☐ I kept a boundary and loved someone anyway
☐ I named my goodbyes — and counted my mornings
☐ I tended my circle with specific gratitude

Three people I am grateful for this week:

1.

2.

3.

One goal for next week (Week Twelve is the Spirit Pillar — make it small and keepable):

A heart that was once a patient has become a giver — without skipping a single honest grief on the way. That is not a small miracle. One week remains. We go to the roots now.

WEEK TWELVE

ROOTED IN CHRIST

The Spirit Pillar — Week twelve of the journey's final stretch

The final full week goes to the roots. Week Four was a reunion — finding the God who never let go. Week Twelve is about living planted in Him for the long haul: abiding instead of striving, praying in the middle of a real life, worshiping as a stance rather than an event, telling the story that overcomes, resting like someone who believes the Sabbath was made for them, and setting guardrails while the weather is calm. Roots are not glamorous. They are simply the reason some trees are still standing in the morning after the storm. This week, yours get tended by name.

THIS WEEK'S DAYS

Day 82 — Rooted: Who You Are in Christ

Day 83 — Abiding, Not Striving

Day 84 — A Prayer Life for Your Real Life

Day 85 — Worship as a Way of Standing

Day 86 — Tell the Story

Day 87 — A Gentle Day — Sabbath and Stillness

Day 88 — Guardrails for the Road Ahead

Before this week begins — where my roots feel deepest, and where I most need to sink them further:

DAY 82

Rooted: Who You Are in Christ

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"I have been crucified with Christ, and it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me. That life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me."

Galatians 2:20 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I am rooted in Christ.
That is who I am, whatever the weather.

DAY 82 — TODAY'S READING

Welcome to the final full week — Spirit week, the third time this journey has circled to the spirit, and the visit has a different weight now. In Week 4, the work was reunion: finding a God who never let go. This week is about roots. A tree does not decide every morning whether to be a tree. It simply draws, all day and all night, from where it is planted. Eighty-two days in, your faith is becoming like that: less a series of decisions you perform, more a place you live.

Paul's words today are the deepest identity statement in the Bible, and they are worth memorizing slowly. I have been crucified with Christ — the old life did not get reformed; it got buried. It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me — the standing life is not you trying harder to be spiritual; it is Christ, resident and active, in an ordinary person on an ordinary Tuesday. And the engine under all of it: the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me. Me. Paul makes it personal, and so should you. This is not theology about everybody. It is roots about you.

Roots are invisible, and that is their strength. Nobody applauds a tree for its root system; they notice it in the storm, when it is still standing in the morning. Your roots have been growing in the dark all journey long — in every prayer nobody heard, every page nobody saw, every no you said when yes would have been easier. Week 12 is not about growing a whole new root system. It is about knowing where yours are, trusting them, and letting them do in public weather what they have been doing in private all along.

So when the old names knock this week — and they may, at the sound of the finish line — answer from the roots. Not “I am trying to be a new person,” but “I am crucified with Christ, and Christ lives in me.” That is not arrogance; it is address. You know where you live now. The final days of this journey are not about becoming someone else. They are about standing, at last, as who you already are.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your rooted statement. Begin with “In Christ, I am...” and write the truths your eighty-two days agree with — forgiven, beloved, new, held, sent, strong in Him. Use Galatians 2:20 in your own words somewhere on the page, with your name in it: “the Son of God, who loved _____ and gave himself up for me.” Write it like you mean it. You do.

The root that has grown most in the dark:

GO DEEPER

Roots do their deepest work in seasons nobody sees — winter, drought, the long ordinary stretches where nothing about the tree looks alive. If your faith feels wintry this week, consider that roots are winter specialists. The visible tree rests; the invisible system drinks deep and spreads. You may be in your strongest season precisely when you look the least impressive. Heaven keeps different books than the eye does.

Write a winter report: what looks dormant in your spiritual life right now, and what might the roots be doing underneath it — in prayer, in the Word, in quiet obedience? End with one sentence of trust written as if spring were a scheduled fact, which, in God's calendar, it is.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE ROOT CHECK

Go outside today and find a tree — any tree, the older the better. Stand under it for two minutes and think about what you cannot see: roots as wide as the branches, drinking in the dark. Then say, out loud if you can: “Christ lives in me. My roots are in Him. Weather doesn't change where I'm planted.” Come back to this tree in your mind whenever the week gets windy.

PEER TIP

> Memorize today's verse this week — one phrase a day. A verse carried in the memory is a root you take with you: into the hospital waiting room, the hard meeting, the 2 a.m. hour. Paper books stay home; memorized ones travel.

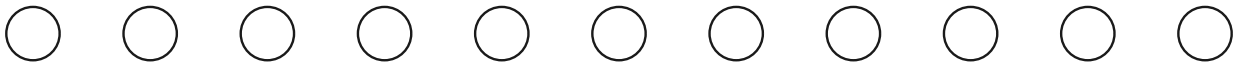
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I said my rooted statement out loud

☐ I spent two minutes remembering where I'm planted

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 83

Abiding, Not Striving

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Remain in me, and I in you. As the branch can't bear fruit by itself, unless it remains in the vine, so neither can you, unless you remain in me."

John 15:4 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I don't have to strive to be loved.
I can abide and bear fruit.

Here is a sentence that could have saved many of us years of exhaustion: the branch does not produce the grape; the vine does, through the branch that stays connected. Jesus does not tell the branch to squeeze, strain, or perform fruit into existence. He tells it to remain. Abide. Stay attached. At Day 83, with the finish line of this journey in sight, it is worth asking whether your faith has quietly become another arena for striving — more praying, more serving, more improving, all of it powered by a fear that if you stop pushing, you will stop being loved. Jesus has a word for that fear, and the word is remain.

Striving and abiding can look identical from the outside — same church, same service, same open Bible — and feel opposite from the inside. Striving feels like holding your breath. It keeps score, compares harvests, and treats rest as falling behind. Abiding feels like exhaling. It obeys and serves, yes — but from rest, not for it; from love received, not love being auditioned for. Fruit is the proof of the difference: striving produces exhaustion that looks impressive for a season. Abiding produces fruit that lasts, because the vine never gets tired.

This matters for recovery more than we usually say. Many relapses do not begin with craving; they begin with depletion — a person striving spiritually at full sprint until the tank is empty and the old relief starts looking reasonable. A standing life protects the connection before it protects the calendar. Time with God is not one more obligation on the list of a busy recovery. It is the root appointment, the one the rest of the list draws life from.

So today's practice of faith is almost offensively simple: attach, and stay. Open the Word without an agenda. Pray without a performance. Sit in God's presence the way a branch sits in the sun — doing nothing productive except the one thing everything else depends on. The fruit of these ninety days did not come from your grip on God. It came from His grip on you, and from you, day after ordinary day, remaining where His life could reach you. Keep remaining. The vine has plans for branches that stay.

TODAY'S WORK

Be honest about your inner weather: where has my faith become striving — score-keeping, comparing, breath-holding? And where have I known real abiding — rest, trust, fruit I didn't force? Write both lists. Then write what abiding will practically look like in your next season: the rhythms that keep you attached, at a pace your soul can actually keep.

The striving I am laying down today:

GO DEEPER

The math of abiding is offensive to the striving heart: connection first, fruit later, effort redefined as staying. It is also the only math that survives year five. Striving can borrow against the future for a while, but the bill arrives with interest — in exhaustion, resentment, and a strange anger at the God we were supposedly serving. Abiding pays as it goes. That is why Jesus put it at the center of His last teaching before the cross: remain.

Write your fruit inventory: what has actually grown in your life these ninety days that you did not manufacture — the patience that surprised you, the peace that arrived unforced, the love that showed up while you were busy staying attached. Attribute it correctly: the Vine did that. Let the page preach to your striving.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE TEN-MINUTE ATTACH

Set a timer for ten minutes. Open your Bible anywhere in the Gospels, read slowly until one sentence touches you, then stop reading and just stay: talk to God about that sentence, then sit quietly with it, saying nothing. No journaling, no notes, no output. When the timer ends, the exercise is over — that is the lesson. Some holy time produces nothing but connection, and connection is not nothing. It is everything.

PEER TIP

> Watch your language for striving leaks: “I should pray more, I'm behind, God must be disappointed.” Translate each one into abiding language: “He's here. I can return. The vine isn't anxious, so I don't have to be.”

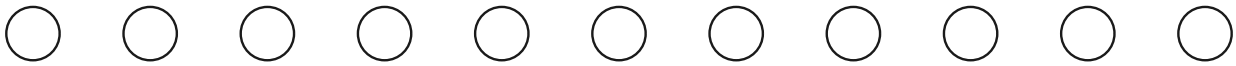
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I spent ten minutes abiding, with no output required

☐ I did one act of faith from rest, not for approval

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 84

A Prayer Life for Your Real Life

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"In nothing be anxious, but in everything, by prayer and petition with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God."

Philippians 4:6 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Prayer is not a performance.
God hears me in my real life.

DAY 84 — TODAY'S READING

By now you have prayed in more places than you expected to pray when this journey began: kitchens and cars, hospital corridors and meeting rooms, the bathroom floor of a hard night and the front seat of a good morning. That is exactly right. A prayer life for your real life is not a special event with special language. It is a running conversation with a God who is already in the room — every room — and it is one of the strongest signs that the spirit pillar is standing: you talk to Him like He's near, because you have learned that He is.

Paul's instruction in today's verse is wonderfully unspiritual-sounding: in nothing be anxious, but in everything, by prayer... let your requests be made known to God. In everything. Not in the church-shaped things — in everything: the bill, the craving, the child's trouble, the ache in your back, the coworker, the fear you cannot say out loud anywhere else. Anxiety, in Paul's economy, is not a sin to confess; it is a signal to convert. Every anxious thought is a prayer waiting to be prayed — raw material, handed over.

And notice the seasoning: with thanksgiving. Not thanksgiving after the answer — thanksgiving braided into the asking. That is the prayer life of a person who has watched God move for eighty-four days: you can thank Him in advance, in the middle, out of a track record. Your journal pages are full of that record. If you ever doubt whether prayer does anything, this book is your evidence locker — go back and count the mornings.

So build the next season's prayer life the way you have built everything else: honestly, simply, sustainably. A morning anchor. A midday breath-prayer. The evening review on paper. Spoken prayers with your people, and silent ones in the grocery line. No performance, no special voice, no waiting until you feel holy. Just a person, talking to God, in a real life — all day, on purpose, for good.

[Angela — your story piece for this day goes here: a prayer from your own road that God answered in a way you did not expect — or the prayer you are still waiting on, and how you keep praying it]

TODAY'S WORK

Design your real-life prayer rhythm for the next season: your morning anchor (when, where, how long), your midday practice, your evening close. Then write one actual prayer here, in your plainest words — for the thing you are most anxious about today — with thanksgiving braided in, the way Paul describes. Pray it as you write it.

The worry I keep taking back after handing it over:

GO DEEPER

A prayer life for your real life will be judged by one metric only: whether it is still alive in your real life a year from now. That is why the design must be honest — sized to your actual days, your actual energy, your actual seasons. Ambitious prayer plans that collapse by February help no one; a small rhythm kept in all weathers becomes, over years, one of the great structures of a life. Build yours like a keeper, not a sprinter.

Write your honest prayer audit: when do I actually pray (not should — do)? What helps, what hinders, which prayers of these ninety days were answered, which are still being carried? Finish with the one-sentence version of your rhythm — the one you could keep on your worst week of the year.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE ANXIETY CONVERSION

Every time anxiety spikes today, treat it as a doorbell instead of an intruder: stop, name the worry in one sentence, speak it to God as a request, add one sentence of thanks from your track record, and go back to your day. Count your conversions. By evening you will have data: anxiety came — and every single time, it had somewhere to go.

PEER TIP

> Keep prayers embarrassingly short when life is loud. “Lord, here” is a complete prayer from a full tradition. God is not grading length; He is keeping company. The conversation matters more than the composition.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I converted anxiety into prayer at least once

☐ I prayed with thanksgiving, not just requests

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 85

Worship as a Way of Standing

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Oh come, let's worship and bow down. Let's kneel before Yahweh, our Maker."

Psalm 95:6 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Worship is my stance.
I praise from solid ground.

There is a posture inside today's verse that tells the whole story of this journey: we bow down — and yet, in this book, that bowing is what people who are standing do. Worship is not the opposite of standing strong. It is the source of it and the shape of it. The one who kneels before God is the one who does not have to kneel before anything else: not craving, not shame, not other people's opinions, not the old life calling from the old places. Worship puts the weight of your life on the only knees that were built for it — in the right direction, downward before God, so that you can stand upright before everything else.

Notice who the psalm says we kneel before: Yahweh, our Maker. Worship is remembering who made you — and therefore whose you are, and what you were made for. Addiction preached a different maker: it said you were made by your worst moments, assembled out of damage. Worship corrects the record at the level of identity. You were made by God, on purpose, in love — and the eighty-five days behind you are not you remaking yourself. They are the Maker restoring His work, with your cooperation, one day at a time.

Worship also refuses to wait for feelings. The psalm is an invitation — oh come — issued to people mid-journey, mid-trouble, mid-ordinary. Some of the most powerful worship of your recovery happened on days you felt nothing, sang anyway, and discovered that the singing carried what the feelings could not. That is worship as a stance: a chosen orientation of the whole person toward God, feelings invited but not required to lead.

So let worship take its standing place in your next season — sung and spoken, alone and gathered, in cathedrals and in kitchens. A song on the morning drive. A psalm read aloud at the table. Hands open during a hymn instead of arms crossed in self-protection. You are not performing for an audience. You are a person, standing on the rock, facing the Maker — and discovering, again, that from that position, everything else in life looks its proper size.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your worship story so far: the songs, verses, and moments where worship carried you in this journey — be specific. Then plan your worship rhythm for the next season: gathered worship, personal worship, and one deliberate addition (a playlist, a psalm at breakfast, sung prayer on the drive). Worship planned is worship kept.

The song that has become “mine” in recovery — and why:

GO DEEPER

Worship is the only activity in the Christian life that is both the journey and the destination — we will do it forever, which means every kitchen-table hallelujah is rehearsal for eternity. That reframes the flat days entirely: the song sung through tears is not a lesser offering. It is the same species as heaven's music, played on an earthly instrument that is still learning to stay in tune. Stay in the song. The tuning comes.

Write about a time worship carried what words could not — the exact song, place, and season, and what shifted while you sang or listened. Then write what you want your worship to sound like in the next season of this standing life.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE ONE-SONG WORSHIP

Choose one song of worship you love. Play it (or sing it) once through, standing, with your hands open and your eyes on nothing but the words. Do not multitask it. When it ends, speak Psalm 95:6 aloud as your own: “I come, I worship, I bow down — before Yahweh, my Maker.” Three minutes. A whole stance, rehearsed.

PEER TIP

> Build a “standing playlist” this week: the songs that have carried you, in order of your journey. Future hard days are coming, and a playlist like that is a sermon you already believe, preached in your own history's voice.

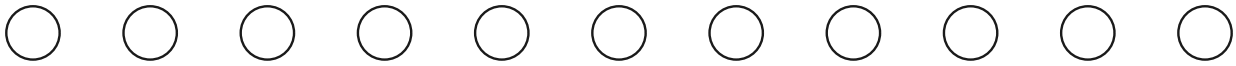
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I worshiped on purpose, standing and unhurried

☐ I remembered who made me — and whose I am

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 86

Tell the Story

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"They overcame him because of the Lamb's blood, and because of the word of their testimony."

Revelation 12:11 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

My story is proof: God rebuilds lives.
I will tell it with courage.

DAY 86 — TODAY'S READING

Revelation gives testimony a startling job description: it overcomes. Not decorates, not inspires — overcomes, listed right beside the blood of the Lamb as a weapon that wins. Your story is not the soft part of your recovery, the bit you share if there's time at the end. In heaven's accounting, the word of your testimony is one of the ways the enemy loses ground. Today we treat it that way: as something to prepare, to honor, and to tell.

You know my story by now, because this journey has carried it in pieces — and because standing strong includes telling it plainly. Twenty months sober from methamphetamine. Fourteen years sober from alcohol. A body found unresponsive in January 2025 — my friend Brandon found me — and a week in a coma with meningitis, sepsis, and infection while my family prayed at a bed I couldn't see. A heart that has survived a heart attack and congestive heart failure and is, by grace and care, growing stronger. A woman who woke up with nothing and now spends her days helping men and women in re-entry rebuild — and building a home where women will heal. I do not tell that story because it is impressive. I tell it because every hopeless place in it is a place God proved He goes.

Your story has the same architecture: what it was like, what happened, what it is like now. You do not need to tell all of it to everyone — testimony has audiences and seasons, and wisdom chooses both. But you need a version you can tell without flinching: honest about the pit, specific about the rescue, clear about the standing. Somewhere ahead of you is a person at their Day 1 who will not believe a word of Scripture you quote until they hear where you were standing when you learned to quote it.

So practice today, on paper, the way you would practice anything that matters. Your story is the one sermon nobody can argue with, because it is not an argument — it is evidence. And evidence, in a world full of people quietly deciding whether change is real, is worth more than gold. Tell it with courage, friend. It was never only yours.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your testimony in the three movements: What it was like (honest, brief, no glory in the pit). What happened (the turning — who, where, Who). What it is like now (the standing — specific and current). Aim for a version you could say aloud in three minutes. Underline the sentence you most want a suffering person to hear.

The part of my story I am still afraid to tell — and to whom it might matter:

GO DEEPER

Your testimony will keep growing chapters, and that is its glory: it is the only part of your witness that the enemy himself cannot dispute, because it is not an argument — it is a record, with your name on the events. Treat the record well. Tell it accurately, neither shrinking the pit to seem respectable nor inflating it to seem dramatic. The truth, plainly told, is the most powerful version there has ever been.

Write the director's cut of one scene from your story — one specific moment, with its place, its people, and its turning — in present tense, as if it were happening. Then write one line: where God was in that scene, visible only in hindsight. That line is the testimony's beating heart.

ANGELA'S WORDS

Built my foundation on the promises of God.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE THREE-MINUTE TELLING

Read your written testimony aloud, timed, once — to an empty room, a trusted person, or a voice memo you keep. Notice where your voice shakes and where it strengthens; both are data, not disqualifications. Then pray one sentence over it: "Lord, use this story where it will overcome." You have just done the thing Revelation describes. It counts in heaven's ledger, starting now.

PEER TIP

Keep your testimony current. The "what it's like now" section should never be more than a season old — a living story gets new chapters, and the freshest chapter is usually the one the next suffering person needs most.

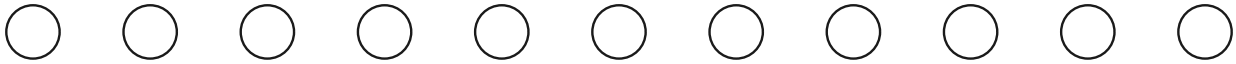
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I wrote my three-minute testimony

☐ I told some part of my story out loud

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 87

A Gentle Day — Sabbath and Stillness

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

Mark 2:27 (words of Jesus) — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Stillness is strength.
I receive the rest God gives.

The gentle day of the final week returns to the oldest rhythm in the book: Sabbath. Jesus' words about it are tenderer than we expect — the Sabbath was made for man. Made, like a gift is made: deliberately, by someone who knew what the receiver would need. God did not rest on the seventh day because He was tired, and He did not command rest because He is strict. Rest is built into creation the way sleep is built into a body: as mercy, scheduled in advance, for people He knew would try to outrun it.

Addiction knew no Sabbath. Every day was a working day for the disease — hunting, hiding, recovering from, planning. Many of us carried that rhythm straight into recovery without noticing: meetings stacked on striving stacked on serving, until the standing life started to feel like the using life at a higher altitude. Sabbath is God's interruption of that pattern. One day — or one protected stretch of hours — where you are a human being instead of a human doing, and where the world demonstrably keeps turning without your management.

Stillness, in Sabbath, is not emptiness. It is fullness of a different kind: a table eaten at slowly, a walk taken without a destination, a nap taken without a verdict, worship without a watch. It is the weekly practice of the truth that holds the whole journey together — that you are loved before you produce, kept before you achieve, and God's before you are anyone else's anything.

So keep today gently. Let the striving muscles unclench. Receive the day the way it was made to be received: as a gift with your name on it, from a Maker who knew exactly how much you would need it. Tomorrow we build guardrails for the road ahead. Today, we simply stand in the stillness — and discover that we are, somehow, stronger for having stopped.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your Sabbath design for the next season: which day or stretch of hours, what it includes (worship, food, people, rest, delight), and what it excludes (work, striving, the phone's demands). Then write the honest obstacle list — what will try to steal your Sabbath — and one sentence you will say to protect it.

The hardest part of stopping, for me:

GO DEEPER

Sabbath-keeping in a standing life is counterintelligence against the oldest lie: that you are what you produce. The lie followed many of us out of addiction and into recovery, where it puts on church clothes and calls itself dedication. Sabbath answers it weekly, in the vernacular of naps and long meals and unhurried worship: I am God's before I am useful. A person who believes that can stop. A person who can stop can last.

Write your lie-and-answer page: the productivity lie in its exact words as you hear it, and the Sabbath answer in God's words — Scripture and your own experience braided. Keep it where you will find it on the weeks you try to skip rest and call it faithfulness.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE UNHURRIED HOUR

Take one full hour today at Sabbath speed: no phone, no list, nothing to accomplish. Eat something slowly, sit outside, wander a short distance, or simply be in a room you love with people you love. When the urge to be productive rises, answer it the way Jesus framed it: “This hour was made for me.” An hour of receiving is the practice. Receivers are who we are.

PEER TIP

> Tell your people your Sabbath plan. A rest nobody knows about gets scheduled over; a rest your circle knows becomes a rest your circle protects. Let community guard your stillness the way it guards your sobriety.

CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I kept an unhurried hour

☐ I received rest as a gift, not a reward

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯	◯

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 88

Guardrails for the Road Ahead

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

> *"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."*
>
> Psalm 119:105 — King James Version

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I know my guardrails,
and I will honor them before I need them.

DAY 88 — TODAY'S READING

Every mountain road has guardrails, and nobody resents them. They are not there because the road's builders doubted your driving; they are there because the builders knew about weather, darkness, fatigue, and the occasional oncoming surprise. At Day 88, on the edge of completing this journey, the wisest thing you can build is not another resolution. It is guardrails: the pre-decided boundaries that will protect your standing on the days your judgment is tired, hurried, emotional, or fooled.

Guardrails work because they are decided in advance, in the calm, at full strength. You have met all the raw material this week and this whole book: your triggers and your gates, your exit list and your circle, your rest and your rhythms. A guardrail is simply one of those truths given a hard edge: I don't drive past the old neighborhood. I don't keep alcohol in my house. I don't make big decisions after 10 p.m. or on an empty stomach. I don't skip my meetings two weeks running, for any reason, ever. Small, concrete, unglamorous — and exactly the things standing people are still standing because of, years from now.

Notice the psalm's equipment for the road: a lamp unto my feet. Not a floodlight over the whole valley — a lamp, for the next steps. God rarely shows the whole road; He lights the part your feet are on. Guardrails pair perfectly with a lamp faith: you don't need to see the year. You need to see tonight's stretch clearly enough to stay on it — and to have decided, before the dark stretch, where the edge is.

Write them today like you mean them, because the day is coming when you will lean on them — and lean is exactly what guardrails are for. Leaning is not failing. The car that touches the rail and stays on the road is a success story, and so is the person who calls the friend, skips the event, leaves the situation, and wakes up standing. Two days remain in this book. Finish it the way you have walked it: honestly, and with both hands on the life God gave back.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your guardrails — at least seven, concrete enough to obey on a bad day: places, people, substances, situations, and the recovery rhythms themselves. Beside each, write what you will do instead when you reach it. Then choose the two that protect the most, and tell your person about them today. Guardrails witnessed are guardrails kept.

The guardrail I am most tempted to call “unnecessary”:

GO DEEPER

Guardrails deserve a ceremony of their own, because they are promises made by your strongest self to your weakest one — across time, in writing. That is a profound act of self-knowledge and self-love, and people who make such promises calmly, in daylight, rarely have to make desperate ones at midnight. The you of some future hard night is already grateful to the you holding this pen. Write like you believe them.

Write the letter that goes with the guardrails: from today's strong self to a future struggling self — what to remember, which rail to lean on first, who to call, and the evidence that standing is worth the embarrassment of asking for help. Seal it with today's date.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE LAMP WALK

Tonight, take a short walk after dark with a flashlight or your phone's light (safely, in a safe place). Notice how far the light reaches: just the next steps. Walk the whole way anyway, one lit stretch at a time, and pray for the road ahead in those terms: “Lamp for my feet, Lord — that's enough. I'll walk the lit part and trust You for the rest.”

PEER TIP

> Review your guardrails every season, the way you'd service a car before a trip. New seasons bring new roads — new jobs, new stresses, new joys with their own edges. Guardrails are not set in concrete; they are set in honesty, and honesty gets updated.

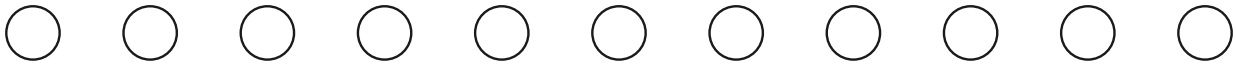
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I wrote at least seven guardrails

☐ I shared my two most important guardrails with my person

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

END OF WEEK TWELVE

WEEK TWELVE REVIEW

The Spirit Pillar — rooted, abiding, standing

What moved this week? (Where did you feel most rooted?)

What wobbled? (Where did striving creep back in?)

Spirit practices I kept this week — check every one you did, even once:

☐ I abided — time with God with no output required
☐ I converted anxiety into prayer, with thanksgiving
☐ I worshiped on purpose, standing
☐ I wrote and told my testimony
☐ I kept Sabbath stillness
☐ I wrote my guardrails and shared the biggest two

My rooted statement, in one line:

One goal for the final days and the road after them:

Body, mind, heart, spirit — all four pillars have now been tended, twice around, for twelve weeks. Two days remain in this book, and they are not a test. They are a look back, and a sending. Rest tonight. Tomorrow, we count the stones.

THE FINAL DAYS

THE COMPLETION

All four pillars — looking back, and being sent

Two days remain, and they are unlike the eighty-eight before them. Day 89 is a looking back — a slow, honest walk through the whole ninety days, gathering the evidence and piling the memorial stones. Day 90 is a sending: the commissioning of a person who no longer only receives help, but carries it. Do these two days slowly. You have earned the right to finish unhurried — and the road ahead deserves a beginning this deliberate.

Day 89 — Look How Far You've Come

Day 90 — Sent Out Standing

Before the final days — what I most want to remember, and what I most hope for:

DAY 89

Look How Far You've Come

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Being confident of this very thing, that he who began a good work in you will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Philippians 1:6 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

Ninety days. I showed up, and God carried me.
Look how far I've come.

DAY 89 — TODAY'S READING

Today we do the thing the whole journey has been quietly training you for: we look back — not with shame, not with the old editor's eye that only kept the failures, but with the clear, kind eyes of a witness. Eighty-nine days. In the old life, eighty-nine days was a length of time that happened to you. In this life, it is something you built: morning by morning, page by page, pillar by pillar, with a God who never once missed a day of it.

Paul's confidence in today's verse is the frame for the whole look-back: He who began a good work in you will complete it. Began — past tense, settled fact. Will complete — future tense, settled promise. You stand today in the middle of that sentence, and the middle is not a waiting room; it is a workshop, full of evidence. The sobriety that was measured in hours is measured in seasons now. The body that begged for rescue is cared for like a home. The mind has anchors. The heart reaches back. The spirit is rooted. None of that is theory anymore. It is your address.

Look back honestly, though — the witness tells the whole truth. There were wobbling days in these ninety: days the dashboard words were ugly, days the craving meter rode high, days you did the minimum and called it done because the minimum was all you had. Those days are in the record too, and they do not diminish the standing; they explain it. A life that stands through its wobbling days is stronger evidence than a life that never wobbled. Your ninety days are not a performance review. They are a testimony with dates on it.

I count my own milestones the same way — by mornings. The woman who woke from a coma in February 2025 with nothing has now watched a great many mornings arrive, each one mercies-new, and has learned to stack them like stones: this day sober, this day honest, this day useful to somebody else. Milestones are not vanity. They are memorial stones — the Bible's people piled them up precisely so that on future hard days, nobody would have to rely on feelings. The stones say: God did it here. He can be trusted there.

So today, pile your stones. Write the look-back with both hands — the victories and the wobbles, the people and the prayers, the mornings that proved the promise. Tomorrow you will be sent out from these pages. Today, stand still in the middle of your ninety days and say the truest sentence of the whole journey, the one Paul said first: He began it. He is completing it. Look how far you've come.

[Angela — your story piece for this day goes here: the moment in these ninety days you would choose as your memorial stone — the one you will describe to someone someday as "the day I knew it was real"]

TODAY'S WORK

Write your ninety-day testimony of facts: the strongest evidence in each pillar that a good work has begun — Body, Mind, Heart, Spirit. Two or three dated, specific proofs per pillar. Then write the wobble that taught you the most, and what it built in you. This page is a memorial. Make it accurate enough to lean on.

The sentence I want to remember on my next hardest day:

GO DEEPER

Memory is a ministry. What you choose to memorialize today becomes the story you will tell at year one, year five, year twenty — to yourself first, and then to everyone your hand reaches back for. Choose the stones carefully: not the polished version, not the shamed version — the true one, where God is faithful and you are human and both of those facts are good news. A truthful memorial can carry weight for decades.

Write the story of these ninety days as you will tell it in five years — three short paragraphs, beginning “In those ninety days, God...” Speak of yourself with the kindness you'd use for a beloved friend. This is not vanity; it is rehearsal for every telling to come.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE MEMORIAL STONE

Find an actual stone today — from a path, a garden, a shoreline. Hold it while you read Philippians 1:6 aloud. Then put it somewhere you will see it daily: by the sink, on the dash, beside this book. Let it be what Israel's stones were: a question-answerer. When a hard day asks, “Has God really done anything for you?” — the stone answers before your feelings can.

PEER TIP

> Celebrate in a way your future self will respect: a meal with your people, a meeting where you say the number out loud, something small and shining bought or made for the purpose. Marked milestones get remembered; remembered milestones get leaned on.

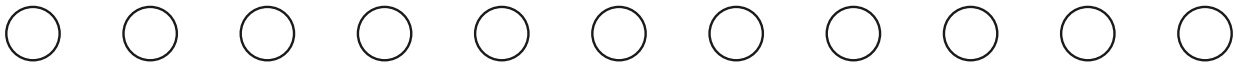
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today

☐ I piled my memorial stones — in writing and in fact

☐ I thanked God for specific days, by name

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

DAY 90

Sent Out Standing

FOUR-PILLAR DASHBOARD

☐ **BODY** — one honest word for your body right now:

☐ **MIND** — one honest word for your mind right now:

☐ **HEART** — one honest word for your heart right now:

☐ **SPIRIT** — one honest word for your spirit right now:

TODAY'S SCRIPTURE

"Haven't I commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Don't be afraid. Don't be dismayed, for Yahweh your God is with you wherever you go."

Joshua 1:9 — World English Bible

TODAY'S AFFIRMATION — SAY IT OUT LOUD

I go out standing — strong, courageous, and not alone.
God goes with me.

DAY 90 — TODAY'S READING

This is the last day of the book, and it is not an ending. Joshua heard today's words standing exactly where you are standing: at the edge of everything promised, with a whole journey behind him and a whole land ahead, and a leader's worth of reasons to be afraid. God's commission to him was not “feel brave.” It was be strong and courageous — a calling, not a mood — and underneath the calling, the only foundation courage has ever had: for Yahweh your God is with you wherever you go. Wherever. The land ahead of you counts. So does the grocery store, the courtroom, the family table, the hard anniversary, the ordinary Tuesday of year two.

Look at what you carry out of these ninety days. A body you care for like a home. A mind with anchors, gates, and exits. A heart that has grieved honestly and grown big enough to give. A spirit rooted in a God who has never once let go. Four pillars, standing — not because you never wobbled, but because you learned, pillar by pillar and morning by morning, what to do when you wobble: tell the truth, reach for your people, get back to the basics, and let God be God. That knowledge is not fragile. It travels.

And hear this, because it is the deepest difference between Day 1 and Day 90: you do not leave this book as a person who was helped. You leave it as a person who helps. Somewhere behind you — you know this now — is a road with people still walking it in the dark: the one at Day 6, the one who has not found Day 1 yet, the one who will sit down next to you in a meeting some ordinary week and not know that your hand, your story, your saved seat is the very thing they have been praying for without words. You are part of how God answers prayers now. That is not pressure. That is the graduation.

So go out standing, friend. Keep the dashboard habit somewhere in your days. Keep your people close and your gates guarded and your hands open and your Sabbath holy. Keep telling the story. And on the days — they will come, and they will pass — when standing feels like too much to ask, remember that you never actually stood alone: the same God who carried you through a coma-dark night and ninety bright mornings will be with you wherever you go. He said so. He has a track record now — ninety days of it, in your own handwriting.

This book closes. Your standing does not. Built your foundation on the promises of God — now go live on it. I am so proud of you. Keep coming back — and now, go bring somebody with you.

TODAY'S WORK

Write your marching orders — your personal commissioning page. My non-negotiables for the road. My people and my rhythms. My guardrails, repeated. And one sentence of blessing over the person I am becoming, written as if from someone who loves me and has watched all ninety days. Because someone has — and He does.

The first thing I will do as a person sent out standing:

GO DEEPER

Sent is the right final word. You were never meant to be a monument — evidence that stands still to be admired. You were rebuilt to be a messenger: a walking, working, hand-extending proof that God raises the fallen and steadies the standing. The commission is not a burden laid on your recovery; it is your recovery, arriving at its purpose. Everything given to you these ninety days was always meant to be carried onward, in both hands, to people still in the dark.

Write your sending page: who is my “whoever” — the people, places, and rooms where this standing life is being sent? What will I carry there: my story, my seat-saving, my steady presence? Close with the promise you are standing on, in your own hand, one more time.

A SMALL PRACTICE — THE COMMISSIONING

Read today's verse and your marching orders aloud, standing up — actually standing — somewhere that matters to you: your doorway, your meeting place, a spot under the sky. Then take one deliberate step forward as you say: “I go out standing, and God goes with me.” A small ceremony, done on purpose. Your body should get to attend your graduation too.

PEER TIP

> This book is not finished with you: keep it. The Final Review ahead will point you back to your own pages — your name statements, your exit list, your guardrails, your testimony. On the wobbling days of year one, your own handwriting is the peer support that knows you best.

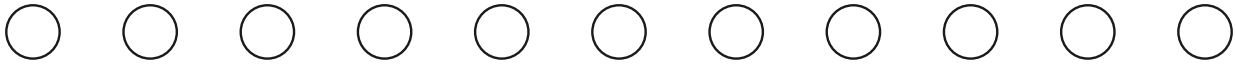
CLOSE THE DAY

☐ I stayed sober today — Day 90

☐ I read my commissioning aloud, standing

☐ I thanked God for ninety days, and for the road ahead

Craving right now — circle one (0 = none, 10 = strongest):



What today taught me:

Tomorrow's one thing:

THE FULL JOURNEY

NINETY DAYS — A FINAL REVIEW

Look back over the whole road before you step onto the next one

The pillar that grew strongest in ninety days — and the proof:

The pillar that still needs my gentleness — and my first step:

Three moments I never want to forget:

1.

2.

3.

What I release at this finish line (the name, the number, the old story I am done carrying):

WORDS TO CARRY WITH YOU

“Recovery isn’t just about getting sober. It’s about healing the trauma underneath, changing how you live, and rebuilding your life on a stronger foundation.”

“Give yourself one short season to put yourself first. Heal what hurts, rebuild your foundation — and the rest of your life can change.”

“Getting sober is the first step. The real work is healing, rebuilding, and learning to live on stable ground.”

— Angela Martini

MY NINETY-DAY DASHBOARD — THEN AND NOW

On Day 1 of this journey (Book One), you gave each pillar one honest word. Do it once more, from Day 90 — and write the Day 1 word beside it, from memory. The distance between those two columns is the book you have been living.

BODY — Day 1 word / Day 90 word, and one proof:

MIND — Day 1 word / Day 90 word, and one proof:

HEART — Day 1 word / Day 90 word, and one proof:

SPIRIT — Day 1 word / Day 90 word, and one proof:

The number that tells my story (days sober, mornings kept, meetings attended — whichever count is yours):

A short letter to my Day One self — the one who was scared, shaky, and brave enough to begin. Tell them what you know now:

What I carry forward — check the ones that are yours now:

- ☐ The daily dashboard habit
- ☐ My people's names on speed dial — and I actually call
- ☐ My guardrails, written and witnessed
- ☐ A prayer life that fits my real life
- ☐ Rest, food, and movement as non-negotiables
- ☐ A story I can tell in three minutes
- ☐ A hand that reaches back

> Ninety days. You showed up for every one of them that you could, and God carried every one of them that you couldn't. The foundation is laid. The pillars are raised. And you — you are standing. Keep standing, builder. The road ahead is yours, and you do not walk it alone.

Resources — You Are Not Alone

KEEP THIS PAGE. Recovery is not a solo project, and hard moments are not the time to go searching for phone numbers. Fill in your local details in the spaces provided.

IF YOU NEED HELP RIGHT NOW

United States: Call or text **988** — the Suicide and Crisis Lifeline, free, 24/7. For emergencies, call **911**. **Crisis Text Line:** text HOME to 741741. **Anywhere else:** contact your local emergency number, or find a crisis line for your country at findahelpline.org. If you are withdrawing from alcohol or drugs, withdrawal can be medically dangerous — please seek medical help rather than going through it alone.

FINDING TREATMENT AND SUPPORT

SAMHSA National Helpline (U.S.): 1-800-662-HELP (4357) — free, confidential, 24/7 referrals for treatment and support; also findtreatment.gov. Your local recovery community organizations, hospitals, and churches can also connect you with treatment, detox, and peer recovery support in your area. Outside the U.S., search “addiction treatment” or “recovery support” with your city or region, or ask a local hospital, clinic, or faith community where to begin.

MEETINGS AND COMMUNITY

Alcoholics Anonymous — aa.org · Narcotics Anonymous — na.org · Celebrate Recovery — celebraterecovery.com · Online meetings around the clock — intherooms.com. Many other fellowships (including faith-based and family groups such as Al-Anon) meet in most communities and online. If one room doesn't fit, try another — the right room exists.

SAFE, SOBER HOUSING

If you need recovery housing, ask treatment centers, recovery community organizations, and local fellowships for referrals. In the U.S., state chapters of the National Alliance for Recovery Residences (NARR) list certified sober homes. Wherever you are, a safe place to live is worth asking about out loud — people in recovery communities answer this question every day.

MY NUMBERS (FILL IN)

My person:

My sponsor / mentor / peer support:

My meeting place & time:

My doctor / clinic:

My local crisis line:

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Angela D. Martini is a woman in long-term recovery who writes from the road she has walked herself. A Certified Peer Recovery Specialist, she is the author of Unyielding Grace and Rebuilding the Pillars and the founder of Pillars of Grace Healing Home. Her heart is simple: no one heals alone, and no life is beyond rebuilding.

Built my foundation on the promises of God.

THE FOUR PILLARS — A 90-DAY RECOVERY JOURNEY

Volume One — Laying the Foundation (Days 1–30)

Beginning again: the basics of body, mind, heart, and spirit, and the first honest footing of a rebuilt life.

Volume Two — Raising the Pillars (Days 31–60)

The building days: deeper work in all four pillars, pillar by pillar, until the structure of a new life rises.

Volume Three — Standing Strong (Days 61–90)

The final stretch: gratitude, purpose, identity in Christ, guarding the new life — and reaching back for the next person on the road.

Four pillars. Stable ground. New life.

Your Next 90 Days

This journey ends on paper. Yours doesn't. Before you close this book, sketch the next ninety days — lightly, in pencil-spirit, with open hands. You already know how: one pillar at a time, one day at a time.

My daily non-negotiables (the rhythms that keep me standing):

My people and my gatherings (who, where, how often):

My warning signs — and my plan when I see them:

One dream I am moving toward (the God-sized one, not just the safe one):

My service — how I will reach back (the room, the role, the person):

My rest — the Sabbath I will protect:

One relationship to build or repair — and my first step:

On the hard days, my first three moves (decided now, while I am strong):

When you finish, do one thing: tell your person the plan exists. A plan spoken out loud becomes a plan with a witness — and witnesses, as you have learned, are how standing people stay standing.

A BLESSING FOR THE ROAD

May the God who found you in the dark
keep you in the light you have learned to love.

May your body be cared for like a home,
your mind be kept in perfect peace,
your heart stay soft enough to give,
and your spirit remain rooted where the weather cannot reach.

May you always have a hand to hold on the hard days —
and may yours become that hand for someone else.

May you stand, all your days, on the promises of God.

> *"Haven't I commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Don't be afraid. Don't be dismayed, for Yahweh your God is with you wherever you go."*
>
> Joshua 1:9 — World English Bible

— Angela

Built my foundation on the promises of God.