

It was the quietest part of the night as I hunched over the small keyboard in that dimly lit office, not knowing what I was going to write . . . but knowing, *beyond belief*, that I *needed* to write something. It was my valley of the shadow of death, my dark night of the soul... that point we're all somehow familiar with where life is hardest. *This wasn't how life was supposed to go*. Something had to and was going to change. This is what God gave to me in that moment...