

monday.



CHRISTIAN BENJAMIN

Preface

This book is not a collection of my ideas or philosophies.
It was born from waking up to the light. Once I did, I couldn't return
to the dark.

Act I: Sunday

When the night is darkest.

Lost

Sunday was the worst day of my life.

An irony that isn't lost on me—because in the house where I grew up, Sundays were sacred.

I was adopted as an infant by a Baptist preacher and his wife, a foster mother to many children who passed through our home. Each week, I sat on the front pew of the church beside my younger brother and sister, listening to sermons that stretched for hours. They were filled with words meant to heal people of all ages and backgrounds who were drowning in pain, trauma, and secrets I was far too young to understand.

Our reward for not falling asleep during the sermon—or at least not getting caught—was a home-cooked Sunday dinner. And if my dad had a little extra money in his pocket, maybe even a trip to Red Lobster. Nothing said, “*The Lord has blessed us this week,*” quite like a basket of Cheddar Bay biscuits.

Whether I fully understood everything being preached or not, Sundays always felt different. No one seemed to leave church with the same attitude they walked in with. People I'd just seen weeping moments earlier were now hugging each other, slipping candy to kids,

and praying together outside of the sanctuary on bright Sunday afternoons.

I saw real people receive real miracles.

So I couldn't understand why my family couldn't receive the one miracle we'd been praying for on that dark Saturday night.

We were a faithful family. We had done everything right—at least as right as we knew how. My father had spent decades working tirelessly to keep us afloat as my mother's health declined. My kind little brother was still trying to find his way. My baby sister was innocent, full of love and light. None of us were prepared for that dark day.

"God, please heal her," we pleaded. "Lord, please protect us," we cried.

I was a young man in my early twenties, weeping like a child, begging for the clouds to open and for just one single miracle to drop onto my family.

But when heaven finally opened, no miracles fell. Only tragedy.

And we were drenched. Not in blessings, but in heartbreak.

That night, I sat beside my mother's hospital bed, scared. What was supposed to be a routine surgery had turned into something else. She was non-responsive, but I spoke to her anyway. I told her how much I loved her. I promised her that I'd protect our family. And through the tears, I spoke the hardest words of my life. I told my own mother that if she really had to leave us—if she just couldn't hold on any longer—that it was okay to finally rest.

And then, as I watched her face—a single tear roll down her cheek.

My mother had been listening all along.

A few hours later, I drifted asleep in the passenger seat of my father's car outside the hospital. He and my aunt had told me to rest there, because I was barely coherent, exhausted from the tears of the night.

Suddenly, there was a tap on the window.

And a low voice I didn't recognize spoke to me through the thick window pane. "Your mother has died."

Act I: Sunday

I jolted upright, looked around—but saw no one.

The morning was still, the air quiet, almost beautiful.

But I had no time to take it in.

I threw open the car door and ran into the hospital, nearly punching the elevator button. When the doors opened, my mother's room was directly ahead. Every doctor on the floor was running toward it.

To this day, I don't remember my feet touching the floor or walking into her room. I was just...there.

A doctor screamed for me to leave, but a nurse said, "It's okay—this is her son."

To my left, I could see my father and aunt pacing in another room. To my right, doctors surrounded my mother's bed. It was too much to take in at once, but I couldn't leave the spot where I stood.

I was standing directly beneath a monitor above my mother's head, filled with numbers I didn't understand. But I could see them dropping.

Every time I looked at her, the doctors worked harder. Every time I looked up at the monitor, the numbers were lower.

Until finally, there were no numbers left. Because zero isn't a number.

And as quickly as the doctors had rushed in, they walked out, silent and finished. The nurse touched my shoulder and whispered that she was sorry.

And just like that, my mother was dead.

It felt as if something had held me there, made me stand beside her and watch it happen.

Alone.

On a Sunday afternoon, around the same time we would have been thanking the same Lord who had just forsaken us.

Mourning

I stood motionless beside my mother's lifeless body, staring out the window at trees bending in a slight breeze on a beautiful Sunday morning.

Over the next few hours, family members came in to say their final goodbyes.

I remember my cousin touching my shoulder and whispering condolences that I can't recall. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. So I just stood there, staring out that window.

I do remember what I was thinking. "Why would God take *both* of my mothers away from me?"

Later that evening, as we drove home from the hospital, the questions wouldn't leave me.

Why had we danced, worshiped, and prayed if God wasn't going to help us when we needed Him most?

The answer seemed simple: God was not with us. Because if He had been, my mother would have lived.

At twenty-three years old, I had already lost two mothers, while people who lived faithless, reckless lives still had thriving families, completely intact.

Act I: Sunday

When the clock struck midnight that summer Sunday, I was still the firstborn son of two mothers, one who raised me and one I had never met.

When the clock struck midnight on Monday, I was a motherless son.

A cruel symmetry.

I cried myself to sleep and prayed one final prayer.

That I would never wake up again.

Awake

On Monday morning, I woke up to yet another unanswered prayer.
Because I woke up.

I don't remember much about that first motherless day, or the ones that followed.

But I do remember one thing. There was nothing left inside me.

I won't pretend I had inner strength, wisdom, or resilience. I was lost.

As the years passed, I tried to fill the space where my heart once lived. I used everything I could find to get better. Work. Success. Relationships. Even spirituality.

Sometimes, these distractions worked. For a while.

But none of it *healed* me.

Sure, I looked complete. I sounded wise. I even inspired people.

Yet a hole remained, that I was dying inside of.

Because every time I thought I had found peace, no matter what day it was, I always woke up on the same Sunday morning. The day I lost my mothers. And I lived there for many years.

Act I: Sunday

Until one day—I *woke up*.

And this book begins here.

Table of Contents

Act I: Sunday

Lost	3
Mourning	6
Awake	8

Act II: Seasons

Act I

Spring

1. As the Day Begins	15
2. You Are Not the Source	17
3. The Illusion of Progress	20
4. Addicted to the Glow	24
5. Built to Prove, Not to Last	28
6. The Idol of Productivity	32
7. You Don't Need Another Plan	36
8. The Talent You Buried	39
9. Your Body Collects Its Debt	42
10. The Algorithm of Your Soul	45
11. Inadequacy Is a Lie	49
12. The Lust That Calls You	52
13. You're Being Discipled	56

Act II

Summer

14. You Will Rise	61
15. Altars of Wealth	63
16. The God in Your Wallet	67
17. You Can't Edit the Cure	71
18. Faith Has Sight	75

19. The Idol of Reputation	78
20. When Sacred Needs Applause	81
21. Sacrifice or Self-Care	85
22. The Emptiness of Peace	89
23. Beyond Your Kind	93
24. The Invisible Thread	97
25. You Are Not the Answer	100
26. The Seat You Didn't Chase	104

Act III

Fall

27. Open Your Eyes	111
28. You Are Not Their Savior	113
29. Obedience Isn't Leverage	116
30. Chained to Their Silence	120
31. Betrayal Is Not Your Identity	124
32. The Idol of Symbolism	128
33. Examples Over Everything	132
34. You Don't Live There Anymore	136
35. Freedom Needs Form	139
36. The Cost of Comfort	142
37. Keep Your Guard Up	146
38. Knowing Isn't Obeying	150
39. Uprooted by Fear	154

Act IV

Winter

40. Do Not Be Deceived	159
41. Not Every Angel Comes from Heaven	161
42. The Gospel of Self-Love	165
43. Prophets For Hire	169
44. The Cost of Change	173
45. The Lie of Self-Manifestation	177
46. What You Left Open	181
47. The Danger of Vacancy	184
48. Healed but Not Saved	187
49. You Are Not the Creator	191
50. The Living Remains	195

51. Written on Your Heart	200
52. The End of the Day	203

Act III: Monday

Denial	207
Hiding	209
Fire	210
Son	212
Restored	214
Symmetry	216
Eternal	218
Epilogue	220
Acknowledgments	223

monday.

MONDAY is not a motivational or self-help book. It is a confrontation with the truths most of us avoid until life leaves us no choice.

Each chapter is designed to reveal something hidden—not to make you feel better, but to help you see more clearly. This is not comfort writing. It is clarifying writing.

The book is structured as 52 short chapters, meant to be read one week at a time. Each begins with a short story, followed by its meaning. This is not writing meant to be rushed. It is meant to be sat with, returned to, and wrestled through over time.

If what you've read here stirred something—if it named what you've felt but couldn't articulate—the full book continues that work.

You can [purchase the complete edition here](#).

Thank you for reading.

Christian Benjamin