

From Broken to Balanced

My Testimony of God's Power

My Journey from Chaos to Clarity

By Gilbert Lawson.

Introduction

There are stories that begin with victory. Mine begins with brokenness.

Before the world knew my name, before people knew me as a leader, a father, a husband, or a man of discipline... God knew the child I once was. He saw the confusion, the wounds, the dreams, the battles, and the silent tears I carried for years.

This book is not written to glorify me. It is written to glorify the God who rebuilt me.

There were moments I could have disappeared. Moments I could have lost everything, even myself. Times when life felt heavier than my shoulders could carry. Times when destiny fell far away, and survival was the only thing I could think about.

But God had another plan.

He took the chaos of my past and transformed it into balance. He took the pain in my heart and turned it into purpose. He took a young man running from himself and turned him into a man who now leads others.

This book is my testimony, not of perfection, but of transformation.

Every page you read is real. Every chapter carries a piece of my journey. My victories, my failures, my discipline, my spiritual battles, my dreams, and my awakening to the truth that changed everything:

God does not choose the qualified. He qualifies the chosen.

I am living proof.

If you are holding this book, it is not by accident. Maybe you are searching for balance. Maybe you are carrying wounds people don't see. Maybe you feel lost, or your dreams feel impossible. Maybe you want to believe that God can still do miracles.

This book is for you.

My journey will show you something important: You are not broken; you are being built.

Welcome to my journey. Welcome to my testimony. Welcome to Equilibre.

Chapter 1: Born in a World of Contrasts

I came into this world between two realities: the beauty of a land rich with culture, color, and community... and the harshness of a life that demanded strength long before I understood its meaning.

Growing up in Africa is a blessing many don't fully appreciate until they leave. The warmth of the sun, the sounds of the streets, the rhythm of conversations, the laughter, the resilience, they shape you. They train your spirit before your body grows strong. But at the same time, life comes with challenges that teach you early that nothing is guaranteed.

I was a child of contrasts, surrounded by love, yet acquainted with struggle. Surrounded by people yet often carrying silent questions inside myself. I learned to smile even when my heart was wrestling with things I didn't have the words for. I learned to keep walking, even when the path wasn't clear.

Every family has its battles; every child has his own storms. Mine were a mix of emotional wounds, financial limitations, and the pressure to become "someone," even when I didn't understand who I was supposed to become. I watched people fight to survive. I saw dreams die in front of me. I learned early that life will either build you or break you and sometimes it does both at once.

Yet, in the middle of all this, God planted something inside me. A fire. A conviction. A voice that whispered, even when everything around me felt heavy:

"You are meant for more."

I didn't understand it then. I didn't know what "more" meant. All I knew was that I felt different, like I was being shaped for something bigger than the environment I grew up in.

But being "different" is not always comfortable. It creates distance. It awakens questions. It makes you feel like you're walking through life with a secret you don't even know how to explain. I often felt like my body was in one place, but my spirit was reaching for another.

My childhood gave me joy, laughter, memories, strength but it also gave me wounds. Wounds that followed me into adulthood and shaped the man I would become. Some wounds I understood. Others I carried without knowing their names.

But through it all, God was watching. He was preparing for me. He was building the foundation.

Everything I lived back then the chaos, the love, the confusion, the struggle became the soil where my testimony would one day grow.

I didn't know it yet, but the journey toward Equilibre had already begun.

Chapter 2: The Invisible Wounds

Pain does not always scream. Some pain learns to whisper. Some pain becomes so familiar that you begin to carry it like a shadow, believing it is simply part of who you are.

The wounds of my childhood were not the kind that left marks on the skin. They were the kind that lived in silence

emotionally, invisible, hidden beneath smiles and strength. These wounds don't ask for permission; they grow inside you quietly until one day you realize they have shaped your decisions, your reactions, your relationships, your identity.

Growing up, I learned to hide what hurt me. In my culture, you don't always speak about emotions; you endure. You don't ask for help; you survive. You don't break down; you keep moving. Even as a child, I understood that life demanded resilience, not explanations.

But silence has a price.

Every unspoken fear becomes a wall. Every unexpressed pain becomes weight. Every moment you pretend to be strong becomes a memory that hardens your heart just a little more.

I carried wounds from rejection, misunderstanding, pressure, emotional distance, and the fear of not being enough. I didn't know how to explain them, I only knew they were real. They shaped the way I looked at the world. They shaped the way I looked at myself.

I became used to holding everything inside. Used to smiling when I was hurting. I used to act strong when I felt lost. Used to pretending that nothing touched me, even when everything did.

But God sees what people don't. While others looked at me and saw a child growing, God looked at me and saw a heart breaking. He saw the trauma I didn't know how to name. He saw the battles I fought alone. He saw the loneliness behind my smile.

Invisible wounds are dangerous because they don't heal with time, they heal with truth. And at that age, I didn't have the truth yet. I didn't understand who I was. I didn't understand why life felt heavy. I didn't understand why pain followed me like a silent companion.

All I knew was that something inside me was searching, searching for love, for clarity, for identity, for belonging.

These wounds would follow me into my teenage years and adulthood. They would influence friendships, choices, dreams, fears, even the way I loved. They would become the roots of my chaos, the kind of chaos you don't see, but you feel.

But these wounds, as painful as they were, became part of my preparation. Because the same wounds that once weakened me would one day become the testimony that strengthens others.

God never wastes pain. Even invisible pain has purpose.

And mine was only beginning to unfold.

Chapter 3: Running, Searching, Escaping

There comes a moment in life when the environment you grew up in no longer matches the person you feel inside. A moment when your spirit begins to outgrow your surroundings, even if you don't yet understand why. That moment came for me long before I had the courage to act on it.

I didn't know it then, but I was running not from people, not from responsibilities, but from the version of myself that pain had created. I felt trapped between who I was expected to be and who I secretly hoped to become.

My teenage years were a mix of confusion, frustration, searching, and inner conflict. I wanted more from life, but I didn't know what "more" meant. I wanted clarity, but every answer led to more questions. I wanted freedom, but I didn't know what I needed to be free from.

So, I ran.

Not physically at first emotionally, mentally, spiritually. I ran into distractions, into noise, into anything that kept me from facing my internal storms. When life feels overwhelming, escape becomes a habit. You convince yourself that moving fast means progressing, but sometimes you're just running in circles.

For me, escaping became a survival mechanism. I escaped into dreams of traveling the world, dreams of becoming successful, dreams of escaping poverty, dreams of becoming someone different. These dreams were both my protection and my prison.

Eventually, the desire to escape became literal: I wanted to leave my country, my environment, my limitations. I thought that distance would heal what was broken. I believed that a new place would give me a new life.

But life follows you. Wounds follow you. What you don't heal becomes luggage you carry across borders.

Still, leaving felt like the only option. My spirit was restless. My heart was searching. My destiny felt bigger than the streets I grew up on. God was pulling me toward a land I didn't know, toward a future I couldn't see, toward a version of myself that pain could no longer control.

Leaving home was one of the hardest decisions of my life. There is a special kind of fear that comes from stepping into the unknown with nothing but faith and a dream. But there is also a special kind of strength that arises when you realize staying the same is no longer possible.

I left with hope. I left with fear. I left with wounds. I left with dreams. I left with uncertainty. I left with God watching over every step even when I didn't know it.

I thought I was escaping my past.

I didn't know I was walking straight into the fire that would refine me.

Chapter 4: The Night God Found Me

There are moments in life when everything seems to collapse at the same time, emotionally, mentally, spiritually. Moments when you feel like you've reached the limit of what a human heart can carry. Moments when you are face-to-face with the truth: you cannot save yourself.

That moment came for me on a night I will never forget.

It wasn't dramatic on the outside. No crowds. No thunder. No lightning. Just silence... and a heaviness in my spirit that felt impossible to bear. It was the kind of night where your thoughts are louder than the world around you, where every wound from the past feels alive, where every mistake feels unforgivable, and every fear feels permanent.

I wasn't just tired, I was empty.

For years, I had been running from my wounds, from my memories, from my emotions, from the truth buried deep inside me. I thought distance could heal me. I thought starting a new life in a new place would erase everything I carried. But pain does not disappear just because geography changes. Brokenness travels with you until you face it.

That night, the weight of my past finally caught up to me.

I sat alone, thinking about my life, my childhood, my struggles, my future and for the first time, I admitted to myself that I was lost. I truly lost. Not lost in the world but lost inside my own soul.

And then... something happened.

A presence. A calmness. A whisper in my spirit that did not come from me.

It wasn't loud, but it was unmistakable. It wasn't visible, but it was real. It wasn't emotional, it was spiritual.

It felt like God stepped into the room.

Not to judge me. Not to punish me. Not to remind me of what I had failed to become.

But to rescue me.

In that moment, I felt seen for the first time in my life. Seen beyond my mistakes. Seen beyond my wounds. Seen beyond my fear. Seen beyond the strong face I showed the world.

God saw the child inside me, the one who had been hurting for years.

I didn't hear words with my ears... I heard them with my soul:

“COME HOME.”

Three simple words.

But they broke up with me.

I cried in a way I had never cried before. Not because I was weak but because I was finally ready to stop pretending to be strong.

That night, I surrendered. I surrendered the pain. I surrendered the confusion. I surrendered the fear. I surrendered the version of myself I had created just to survive.

And in that surrender, God met me.

I didn't instantly become whole. I didn't transform overnight. But something shifted permanently.

A seed was planted. A calling awakened. A new beginning started.

That night was not the end of my struggles. But it was the end of fighting them alone.

It was the night God found me or maybe... the night I finally allowed myself to be found.

Chapter 5: Healing the Broken Pieces

Healing is not an event; it is a journey. A slow, intentional, painful, beautiful process that requires courage, honesty, and surrender. After the night God found me, I expected everything to change immediately. I thought the heaviness would disappear, the wounds would close, and the confusion would fade. But healing doesn't begin with miracles, it begins with truth.

The first truth I had to face was this: I was broken.

Not weak. Not hopeless. Not worthless. Just broken like something valuable that had been mishandled, dropped, or ignored for too long. Brokenness is not the absence of strength; it is the evidence of battles fought alone.

For years, I had been carrying emotions I never understood, wounds I never expressed, and fears I never confronted. These wounds had shaped my reactions, my relationships, my decisions, even the way I viewed myself. I thought I was fine because I was functioning. But functioning is not healing. Surviving is not living.

Healing began the moment I stopped running and allowed God to show me the truth about myself.

Piece by piece, God began to reveal the parts of my heart I had buried: • the anger • the fear • the shame • the confusion • the emotional walls • the survival mindset

And with every layer removed, a new piece of me was restored.

Healing requires honesty, the kind of honesty that feels like surgery. Healing requires patience, the kind of patience that feels like starting over. Healing requires surrender, the kind of surrender that feels like losing control.

Some days I felt strong. Other days I felt like I was falling apart. But what I didn't realize was that falling apart was part of the process. You cannot rebuild what you refuse to break open.

Healing also demanded responsibility. I had to learn new habits, unlearn old patterns, forgive people who never apologized, release memories I kept replaying, and let go of identities built on trauma instead of truth.

Most importantly, I had to forgive myself for not knowing better, for carrying too much, for pretending to be strong, for the mistakes I made while trying to survive.

Healing is not linear. Some days felt like progress; others felt like going backward. But every day was part of the transformation. God wasn't rushing me. He was rebuilding me.

The man I am today is the result of that reconstruction. The peace I have now is the result of that surrender. The clarity I walked with today was born in that process.

Healing didn't make me perfect; it made me whole.

And once I became whole, I was finally ready for the next revelation:

Balance.

Chapter 6: Finding Balance (Équilibre)

Balance. A word so simple, yet the very thing I lived without for years.

My life had been a constant swing between extremes emotionally, mentally, spiritually. I didn't know how to rest. I didn't know how to slow down. I didn't know how to stand still inside myself. Everything felt like a battle, and I lived as if survival was my only purpose.

But when God began healing me, He didn't just restore my heart. He rebuilt my foundation. And at the center of that new foundation was one revelation:

Balance is strength. Balance is clarity. Balance is mastery.

For the first time, I understood that my life didn't have to feel chaotic. I didn't have to live on the edge of exhaustion. I didn't have to fight every battle alone. I didn't have to sacrifice my peace to chase success or love or approval.

Balance became the bridge between who I had been and who I was becoming.

It started internally. I learned to sit with myself, to understand my emotions instead of running from them. I learned to slow down my thoughts, to quiet my mind, to breathe. I learned to see the difference between being busy and being productive, between reacting and responding, between fear and wisdom.

Then balance became spiritual. I put God at the center not on the side. I sought His voice not my impulses. I followed His direction not my fears.

And then balance became physical. I structured my life. I organized my goals. I disciplined my habits. I protected my peace. I guarded my time.

The more I embraced balance, the more I understood myself. The more I understood myself, the more my life transformed. People around me noticed the change the calmness, confidence, the clarity. They saw a new man emerging, a man who was no longer led by chaos but by purpose.

This transformation became so real that it needed a name.

One day, in my thinking, I felt something rise in my spirit like a whisper, a revelation, a calling:

EQUILIBRE.

The word came with weight not just as a concept, but as a destiny.

Equilibre became more than balance. It became:

- a philosophy • a lifestyle • a message • a brand • an identity • a mission

It was the core of my transformation, the language of my healing, the destiny God was forming inside me.

God wasn't just teaching me to balance my life. He was preparing to teach me the world.

Equilibre was born inside me before it became a brand, long before it became a vision. It was born in the moments where God rebuilt me piece by piece.

Balance didn't remove my challenges; it gave me the strength and wisdom to face them.

Equilibre became the lens through which I now saw life and myself.

And it was the doorway to the next stage of my journey:

Leadership.

Chapter 7: Becoming a Leader

Leadership did not begin the day someone gave me a title. It began long before that in moments of silence, in private battles, in situations where I had to guide myself before I could ever guide others.

True leadership is not about being followed. It is about becoming someone worth following.

Before anyone trusted my direction, God was shaping my character. Before anyone relied on me, God was teaching me reliability. Before anyone called me a leader, God was molding the man I needed to become.

My training ground was not a classroom. It was life itself.

I learned leadership in: • moments of pressure • moments of responsibility • moments of conflict • moments where giving up looked easier • moments where I had to stand alone

Every challenge strengthened me. Every failure taught me discipline. Every victory humbled me. Leadership was being built in the shadows, long before it showed in the light.

When I finally stepped into positions of responsibility, I didn't feel ready, but God knew I was. People began to look to me for answers, for stability, for direction, for motivation. Not because I was perfect, but because I had learned how to remain calm in storms that once controlled me.

Leadership taught me the power of presence.

A leader's presence can: lift a team • calm a stressful environment • inspire confidence • create unity • build trust I discovered that leadership was not about ego or authority, it was about service. It was about showing up with consistency, speaking with clarity, acting with integrity, and leading with love.

I refused to lead through fear. I refused to lead through pride. I refused to lead through pressure.

I chose to lead through: balance • discipline • patience • empathy • example

People don't follow instructions, they follow energy. And my energy came from a deeper place: my healing, my faith, my vision, my balance.

Leadership changed me. It matured me. It humbled me. It forced me to grow.

And through all of it, I realized something powerful:

God was preparing me not just to lead in the workplace but to lead in life, in my family, in my purpose, and in the movement that would one day become Equilibre.

This chapter of leadership was not the destination. It was preparation for the person I was becoming a man of destiny.

Chapter 8: Building a Future Bigger Than My Past

Healing gave me clarity. Balance gave me strength. Leadership gave me purpose. But vision... vision gave me direction.

For the first time in my life, I was no longer trying to escape my past. I was building a future. A future shaped not by survival, but by intention.

I began investing in myself, my mind, my spirit, my habits, my finances, my discipline. I realized something powerful: your future expands at the same speed as your mindset. When I started thinking differently, my life began changing differently.

My work life has evolved. My ambition evolved. I evolved.

What used to feel like pressure became opportunity. What used to feel impossible became reachable. What used to break me now built me.

I learned to structure my life, set goals, create routines, manage my energy, and walk with purpose. I wasn't just working for today. I was working for the future man I was becoming.

America became the place where my transformation accelerated a land of challenges, but also a land of clarity. Every struggle refined me. Every setback redirected me. Every small victory confirmed that I was stepping into destiny.

My finances became part of my transformation. No more chaos. No more survival mode. I learned budgeting, saving,

investing, building credit, and creating long-term stability. Stability became a form of leadership. Discipline became a way of life.

Slowly, everything in my life started aligning: • mentally • emotionally • spiritually • financially • professionally

I wasn't perfect, but I was progressing. Growing. Becoming.

The more I grew, the clearer my vision became. I saw a new version of myself a disciplined man, a visionary, a leader, a builder, a protector, a man rising with intention.

My past was not prison, it was preparation.

My struggles were not obstacles, they were ingredients.

My wounds were not weaknesses, they were lessons.

Everything in my life was pointing toward one truth:

I was becoming the man God had designed me to be.

And the future waiting for me was bigger than anything my past had ever shown me.

Chapter 9: Love, Family & Generational Transformation

Love has a way of revealing who you truly are. Family has a way of exposing what you still need to heal. And parenthood

has a way of awakening the parts of you that were sleeping for years.

As I continued to grow, I realized something life-changing: your personal transformation becomes meaningless if it does not impact the generations coming after you.

My journey was no longer just about me. It was about the family I would build. It was about my wife. It was about my children. It was about the legacy God trusted me to create.

Love entered my life not to fill a void, but to partner with my growth. My wife became both a mirror and a blessing, someone who reflected my strengths, exposed my weaknesses, and inspired my evolution. Relationships are not just romance; it is responsibility, maturity, and self-awareness.

Family forced me to mature emotionally. Love forced me to communicate clearly. Fatherhood forced me to be intentional.

When God blessed me with a child, everything changed. I was no longer living for myself. I was living for the world my child would inherit. I understood the weight of generational trauma... and the power of generational healing.

I decided: The pain that started with me would end with me. The healing that began in me would continue through my children. The discipline I built would become their foundation. The balance I discovered would become their example.

I refused to let my son grow up with the same emotional wounds I carried. I refused to pass down fear, confusion, instability, or silence. I wanted him to inherit strength, clarity, confidence, faith, and purpose.

I realized that being a father is not just about providing it is about becoming a blueprint.

A blueprint of: • emotional stability • spiritual leadership • discipline • peace • guidance • accountability • love Every choice I made begin to shift. Every habit. Every reaction. Every plan. Every dream.

I wasn't just building a life. I was building a lineage.

And the more I grew, the more I understood that **<<generational transformation begins with one person who decides to change the story.>>** God chose me to be that person in my family.

Love made me softer. Responsibility made me stronger. Fatherhood made me wiser.

And together, they shaped a new mission within me:

To break cycles. To build foundations. To raise leaders. To create a legacy of balance.

My family became the living proof that God had not only transformed my life. He was transforming the generations after me.

This chapter of love and fatherhood was not the end of my transformation. It was the beginning of the legacy I would leave behind.

Chapter 10: God, Destiny & the Power Within Me

As I walked further into the man I was becoming, I realized something profound: destiny is not a moment, it is a becoming. It is not the place you arrive at. It is a person you grow into.

My past tried to break me. Life tried to distract me. Fear tried to limit me. Pain tried to silence me.

But God had a plan that was larger than all of it.

He was shaping my destiny long before I understood His presence. He was guiding my steps even when I felt lost. He was preparing my heart even when it was wounded. He was developing my strength even when I felt weak.

Destiny begins the moment you stop living by fear and start living by purpose.

I began to understand that everything I had lived the struggles, the heartbreak, the confusion, the silence, the victories had a divine pattern. God was not punishing me. He was preparing me.

Every delay had a purpose. Every disappointment was protection. Every storm built spiritual muscle. Every breakthrough had perfect timing.

And as I grew into my purpose, I realized that God had placed power inside me long before I knew how to activate it.

Power to rise. Power to lead. Power to create. Power to heal.
Power to inspire. Power to break generational cycles. Power
to transform my entire lineage.

This power was not ego. It was spiritual inheritance.

A man aligned with God becomes a man aligned with destiny.

My alignment created clarity. Clarity created discipline.
Discipline created confidence. Confidence created vision.

And vision created impact.

I realized I was not just surviving anymore. I was walking in
divine assignment. God had given me a testimony not just for
myself, but for others. My journey carried a message, a
calling, a responsibility.

Equilibre was not just a brand, it was a spiritual movement
born from my transformation. A message meant to reach the
world. A philosophy meant to wake up the sleeper within
people. A reminder that healing is possible, balance is
essential, and destiny is real.

I began to see myself the way God saw me: not as a victim of
my past, but as a vessel for His purpose.

I began to walk differently. Speak differently. Think differently.
Lead differently. Believe differently.

Destiny changed my identity. It changed the way I saw
challenges. It changed the way I made decisions. It changed
the way I carried myself. It changed the way I loved and led.

And through it all, I learned one truth:

You do not chase destiny. Destiny emerges when you become the person God designed you to be.

Everything I lived prepared me for this moment the moment I recognized the power God placed within me.

The power the world didn't give me. A power the world cannot take away.

And the story is still unfolding.

Conclusion: A Letter to the Dreamer

If you are reading these last words, it means you have walked with me through darkness, healing, discovery, discipline, leadership, faith, and transformation. It means you have seen the man I was... and the man I have become.

My story is not perfect. My journey is not finished. But my testimony is real.

I wrote this book for every person who is silently fighting, who is questioning their worth, who is carrying invisible wounds, who is searching for meaning, who is trying to rebuild themselves one piece at a time.

I wrote it for the dreamer inside you.

If you learned anything from my journey, let it be this:

You are not broken beyond repair. You are not forgotten. You are not too late. You are not too damaged.

You are becoming.

God sees what others don't. He hears what you cannot express. He understands the battles inside you. And He knows the person you are destined to become.

Your healing will take time. Your growth will require discipline. Your transformation will demand sacrifice. But your destiny is worth it.

The same God who lifted me will lift you. The same God who restored me will restore you. The same God who guided me will guide you.

Equilibre is not just my story, it is an invitation. To find your balance. To master your discipline. To listen to your spirit. To trust God's timing. To rise into the person, you were created to be.

Your past is a chapter not the whole book. Your pain is a lesson not your identity. Your destiny is calling not from the outside, but from within.

I pray that this book awakens something in you. A desire to grow. A desire to heal. A desire to change. A desire to lead. A desire to believe again.

May God guide your every step. May balance protects your life. May discipline strengthens your character. May purpose gives you direction. May peace becomes your home.

This is not the end of my story. And it is not the end of yours.

With faith, courage, and gratitude, Gilbert Lawson