A lighthouse stands on a rocky cliff overlooking the ocean at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm glow over the scene. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds, and the water reflects the golden light of the setting sun. The lighthouse is a white tower with a dark top section, and it is the central focus of the image.

The
View
From
Within

REORIENTING YOUR LIFE
FROM THE INSIDE OUT

DON JACKS

The View From Within

Legacy of Resilience

Written by: Don Jacks

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No book is written alone.

Even when the words come in quiet moments, they are shaped by conversations, relationships, and people who walk alongside you long before the page ever appears.

To my clients — past and present — thank you for trusting me with your questions, your businesses, and often your lives. You've taught me as much as I've ever offered in return. This book exists because of the honesty, courage, and commitment I've witnessed in you.

To my friends, thank you for the conversations that didn't need an agenda. The late nights, the hard truths, the laughter, the silence — all of it mattered more than you know.

To my daughters — Jessica, Marissa, and Alexandra — you have been a constant source of inspiration. Watching the women you've become has challenged me to grow, soften, and lead with more presence than I once knew how. You remind me what truly matters.

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To the mentors along the way — those who taught me directly, and those who led simply by example — thank you for asking better questions, modeling integrity, and showing me what a life of alignment can look like in practice.

It truly does take a village.

This book is a reflection of that village — and I'm deeply grateful for every part of it.

A note from the author:

This is not a book about starting over.

It's about noticing when the life you built no longer fits the person you're becoming — and having the courage to realign without burning everything down.

What follows is a story.

Not because fiction is safer than truth, but because sometimes truth lands more clearly when it's carried by someone else first.

If you recognize yourself in these pages, that's not a coincidence.

It means you're listening.

Read slowly.

Pause when something lingers.

You don't need to agree with everything here.

You only need to notice what won't let go.

That's usually where the work begins.

~ Don Jacks

Chapter One - The View

Michael Reed woke up before the alarm again.

Not because he was rested.

But because sleep had become shallow — thin, like it didn't want to stay.

He stood at the kitchen counter longer than necessary, the coffee growing cooler in his hands.

The house felt different in the mornings now. Not empty — just paused. As if it were waiting for something he hadn't named yet.

The calendar on the wall was full. Calls. Meetings. Commitments. On paper, life looked intact.

Inside, it felt thin.

Michael scrolled through his phone without really seeing anything. Messages from clients. A reminder about a call later that afternoon. Someone thanked him for advice he barely remembered giving.

He'd built a life where people looked to him for answers. Lately, he felt like he was living on old ones.

He set the phone down and leaned against the counter.

He thought about the years when the future felt wide open. When goals were written in ink and crossed out with

satisfaction. Back then, ambition had weight. Purpose had edges.

Now everything felt rounded off — safe, comfortable, dull.

The house creaked softly as his wife moved in the bedroom. He didn't turn around.

He loved her. That hadn't changed.

But love had grown quiet. Procedural. Conversations stayed on the surface — updates about her parents, medical appointments, logistics. He listened. He showed up. He fixed what could be fixed.

What he didn't know how to fix was the space grief had carved out in her.

Or the way he'd stepped back to give her room, only to realize he'd taken himself with him.

They hadn't drifted apart in anger.

They'd drifted apart in kindness.

Michael carried his mug into the living room and sat in the chair by the window — the one he rarely used anymore.

Outside, the street was still. A jogger passed. A car started. Ordinary life moving forward without needing his permission.

He closed his eyes.

Not to rest.

To listen.

Something stirred — faint, familiar. Not urgency. Not pressure. Curiosity.

When did I stop asking myself hard questions?

The thought landed heavier than he expected.

Michael opened his eyes and looked at the bookshelf across the room. Rows of old books. Notes scribbled in margins years ago. Lessons he'd once lived by.

Somewhere along the way, he'd stopped revisiting them.

Not intentionally. Just gradually.

Like you stop calling an old friend because you assume they'll always be there.

He stood and ran his fingers along the spines.

He wasn't looking for anything specific.

But he had the sudden sense that something — some version of himself — had been waiting patiently for him to come back.

And for the first time in a long while, Michael didn't turn away from that feeling.

He stayed with it.

Chapter Two — The Journal

Michael hadn't thought about the journal in years.

That was the strange part.

It wasn't hidden. It had been sitting in the same place it always had — on the second shelf, tucked between books he no longer opened and a framed photo that had faded slightly with time.

He pulled it down and felt its weight.

Thicker than he remembered. Worn at the edges. The leather softened by use and neglect — the kind of object that holds a season of life inside it.

Michael sat by the window and opened the cover.

The handwriting was unmistakably his. Sharper. More deliberate. Written by a man who still believed clarity was something you could decide on and then live out.

He smiled — half fond, half skeptical.

The first pages were practical. Goals. Notes from old seminars. Observations about leadership, money, discipline. Ideas he'd once taught with conviction.

Most of them still made sense.

That surprised him.

He flipped ahead.

Late-night entries. Ink darker where the pen had paused too long. Thoughts about providing. Responsibility. Becoming the kind of man his kids could trust even when they didn't understand him yet.

He lingered on one page.

Success is what you build.

Purpose is why you stay.

Michael exhaled slowly.

He didn't remember writing it.

But he remembered believing it.

In the margin, a question was underlined twice:

Who are you becoming while you're winning?

That one landed differently now.

He closed the journal halfway and looked out the window. Nothing had changed outside.

Something had shifted inside.

He hadn't lost his purpose.

He'd outgrown the version of it he'd been living.

The goals were still good goals. They just weren't big enough to carry him through this season.

He turned the pages again, slower now.

Lessons he'd forgotten he knew. Principles he hadn't rejected — just crowded out.

He saw patterns.

Intensity followed by quiet.

Growth followed by rest.

Expansion followed by refinement.

He'd mistaken refinement for decline.

The thought settled cleanly.

Maybe this isn't the end of something.

Maybe it's an invitation.

He closed the journal and rested his hand on the cover.

For the first time in a long while, he didn't feel behind.

He felt early.

And that changed everything.

He flipped to the back.

The final entries were shorter. Less frequent.

The last page held a single line:

When you stop growing, don't quit. Reorient.

Not restart.

Not escape.

Not blow it all up.

Reorient.

The word felt patient.

Michael returned the journal to the shelf — but not where it had been.

He placed it on the table near the door.

Where he would see it.

Where it wouldn't let him forget this season wasn't about proving anything.

It was about alignment.

Chapter Three — The Question

The call should have ended ten minutes earlier.

Michael noticed the time but didn't rush it. Rushing had been one of the first habits to go when urgency stopped feeling honest.

The client — Evan — was quiet now.

Not disconnected.

Thinking.

Michael recognized that silence. The sound of someone standing at the edge of a decision they couldn't yet name.

"You ever feel like you're building momentum," Evan said slowly, "but not direction?"

Michael didn't answer right away.

He remembered being Evan's age. Hungry. Sharp. Willing to trade sleep for progress.

Back then, momentum felt close enough to direction.

"I do," Michael said finally. "But I didn't always."

"What changed?"

Michael leaned back.

“I realized I could win at something and still feel like I was losing ground,” he said. “Just not in ways anyone else could see.”

Evan exhaled. “That’s exactly it.”

They sat there — two men connected by something neither had fully named.

“Can I ask you something personal?” Evan said.

Michael smiled. “You already did.”

Evan hesitated. “Do you still love what you do?”

The question landed clean and direct. Not sharp. Accurate.

“I love serving,” Michael said carefully. “I love helping people see clearly. But I think I confused success with obligation for a while.”

“How do you tell the difference?” Michael closed his eyes.

“You don’t at first,” he said. “You just notice when your work stops giving life back to you. That’s usually the signal.”

After the call ended, Michael stayed seated, phone still in his hand.

The question wasn’t Evan’s anymore.

It was his.

Chapter Four — The Walk

Michael didn't tell anyone he was going for a walk.

He didn't need witnesses for this one.

The air had cooled by the time he stepped outside — early evening quiet, the kind that didn't ask anything of him. He walked past the same houses he'd passed for years, but tonight he noticed what he usually ignored.

The accumulation.

Yards carefully maintained over decades. Others abandoned mid-effort. Evidence of people trying, stopping, starting again.

He thought about how many versions of himself he'd been.

The hungry builder.

The steady provider.

The fixer.

The coach.

The man who carried things so others wouldn't have to.

Somewhere along the way, he'd stopped asking whether he was still being carried by anything meaningful himself.

He reached the edge of the neighborhood and stopped.

The word from the journal surfaced again.

Reorient.

Michael had always believed reorientation came through action. New goals. New plans. Renewed intensity.

Standing there, he realized something harder.

Reorientation required honesty before action.

“I’m tired,” he said quietly. “Not burned out. Not broken. Just tired of pretending I know exactly where I’m going.”

The admission loosened something.

He didn’t need a dramatic reinvention.

He needed alignment between:

- Who he was becoming
- What he was building
- Why it mattered now — not twenty years ago

Michael turned back toward home.

Not because he was finished thinking.

Because he finally knew what kind of thinking mattered.

Chapter Five — The Conversation

Dinner was almost over when Michael spoke.

“I don’t think I’ve been honest with you,” he said.

His wife didn’t look surprised. Grief had stripped surprise from her long ago.

“About what?” she asked.

“About how lost I’ve been feeling.”

She folded her napkin, then unfolded it again.

“I know,” she said softly.

That stopped him.

“You do?”

She nodded. “You’ve been here. You’ve been kind. You’ve done everything right. But you haven’t really been with me.”

Michael swallowed.

“I thought giving you space was the loving thing.”

“It was,” she said. “At first.”

She looked at him fully now.

“But grief doesn’t need space forever,” she said. “It needs companionship.”

The words settled between them.

Michael felt the familiar urge to explain, to fix, to apologize efficiently.

Instead, he stayed still.

“I don’t want to drift anymore,” he said. “Not from you. Not from myself.”

She reached for his hand. Her grip was firmer than he expected.

“Then don’t come back with answers,” she said. “Come back with presence.”

Later, lying in bed, Michael understood something quietly profound.

This season wasn’t asking him to become someone new. It was asking him to return.

Chapter Six — The Young Man

Michael almost canceled the meeting.

Not because he didn't have time — but because he wasn't sure he had the energy to be what someone else needed that day. The hesitation caught his attention.

Years ago, mentoring had fueled him. Somewhere along the way, it had begun to feel like obligation.

That alone told him the meeting mattered.

The younger man — Jake — arrived early. Early enough to feel like nerves, not professionalism. He sat forward in the chair, hands clasped, eyes alert.

Hungry.

Not desperate.

But close.

They exchanged pleasantries. Weather. Traffic. Nothing that mattered yet.

Jake got there on his own.

“I don't know if I'm doing this right,” he said. “I'm working hard. I'm doing what everyone says to do. But I feel like I'm building speed without traction.”

Michael smiled slightly.

Different voice.

Same place.

“What does success look like to you right now?” Michael asked.

“More clients. More income. Momentum.”

“And after that?”

Jake paused. Not confusion — honesty surfacing.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “I figured clarity would come once I got there.”

Michael leaned back.

“That’s what most people think,” he said. “It rarely does.”

“So what did you do?” Jake asked.

Michael considered the question.

“I stopped chasing outcomes that didn’t require me to become anyone better,” he said. “And started asking whether the work was shaping me — or just consuming me.”

Jake sat with that.

“I don’t want to wake up in twenty years wondering where it went,” he said quietly.

Michael felt the weight of it.

“You won’t,” he said. “Not if you learn this early: success that isn’t anchored to values always feels temporary. Even when it lasts.”

Jake nodded slowly. “No one says that out loud.”

“Most people don’t know it,” Michael said, “until it’s already cost them something.”

They talked longer than planned. Discipline. Seasons. Marriage — briefly. Michael didn’t offer formulas. He offered perspective. Stories without polish. Lessons without branding.

At the door, Jake hesitated.

“Can I ask you one last thing?”

Michael nodded.

“Why are you still doing this?” Jake asked. “You don’t need to.”

Michael didn’t answer right away.

Because the truth had just come into focus.

“Because helping you ask better questions reminds me to keep asking them myself,” he said.

After the door closed, Michael remained seated.

He didn’t feel drained.

He felt useful in a way he hadn't in years.

Not impressive.

Not productive.

Aligned.

And for the first time since opening the journal, Michael understood something clearly:

This wasn't about going back to who he used to be.

It was about becoming steady enough to help others find their way.

Chapter Seven — The Numbers

Michael had always respected numbers.

They didn't flatter you.

They didn't lie.

They didn't care how hard you'd worked to arrive at them.

Late one evening, he opened the spreadsheet — not because he had to, but because he hadn't in a while. For years, reviewing his finances had been routine. Strategic. Clean.

Somewhere along the way, it had become something he avoided.

Not out of fear.

Out of indifference.

That concerned him.

The numbers were solid. Better than solid. Years of discipline had done their job. Accounts funded. Obligations met. Cushion intact.

By every external measure, he was winning.

So why did it feel unfinished?

Michael leaned back and stared at the ceiling.

He realized he'd been using money as a scoreboard long after the game had changed. Accumulation had once meant freedom. Now it felt like inertia — resources sitting still while his sense of purpose searched for movement.

He thought about Jake.

About the hunger in his questions.

About the younger version of himself who had once needed a guide more than a strategy.

Michael opened a new tab.

This time, he ran scenarios that had nothing to do with growth.

What would it look like if money became a tool for alignment instead of validation?

What if he invested less in scaling himself and more in strengthening others?

The idea didn't feel reckless.

It felt honest.

That night, he made a quiet decision. Not dramatic. Not public. He redirected a portion of his income toward mentoring initiatives he believed in. Reduced emphasis on volume. Increased emphasis on depth.

The numbers still worked. More importantly — So did he.

Chapter Eight — The Quiet Return

The moment came without warning.

Michael was alone early the next morning, sitting in the chair by the window. The house is still asleep. The world is quiet enough to hear his own breathing.

He wasn't searching.

That was the difference.

He rested his hands on his knees and closed his eyes — not in performance, not in ritual. Just stillness.

"I'm listening," he said quietly.

The words surprised him.

The quiet brought someone else to mind.

A friend he hadn't spoken to in years — not because of distance, but because life had grown full in the way that crowds out everything non-urgent. They used to talk late. About work. About faith. About the strange weight of success when it stops feeling new.

His friend had always been ahead of him in that way.

Not in achievement.

In acceptance.

He'd asked better questions sooner.

Michael remembered one conversation clearly. They were sitting across from each other, coffee gone cold, when his friend said, almost casually,

“At some point, you have to decide whether you’re building to be admired... or to be at peace.”

Michael hadn’t answered then.

He understood it now.

His friend was gone. Not suddenly. Not tragically. Just... finished.

The thought didn’t feel heavy.

It felt clarifying.

Like a voice that no longer needed to compete with noise to be heard.

Michael didn’t miss him the way you miss someone unfinished.

He missed him the way you miss a man who told you the truth — and trusted you to arrive there when you were ready.

For years, faith had lived in the background — familiar, respected, unattended. He hadn’t rejected it. He’d assumed it would wait until he had more clarity, more certainty, more time.

What he felt now wasn’t clarity.

It was trust returning.

Not answers.

Not instruction.

Presence.

He remembered something he'd learned long ago and stopped practicing:

You don't deepen faith by trying harder.

You deepen it by letting go.

Michael stayed there longer than planned. Not asking. Not fixing. Simply acknowledging that the weight he'd been carrying alone wasn't meant to be carried that way.

When he opened his eyes, nothing had changed outwardly.

But the inner tension had softened.

And that was enough.

Chapter Nine — The Table

The table was fuller than usual.

Not because more people were present — but because everyone lingered. Conversations overlapped. Laughter arrived unexpectedly. The kind that shows up when no one is performing.

Michael watched his children from the edge of the room.

Adults now. Different paths. Different temperaments. Each carrying pieces of him and their mother in ways that surprised him.

One of his daughters caught his eye.

“You’ve been different lately,” she said.

He raised an eyebrow. “Different how?”

“Calmer,” she said. “More here.”

His wife met his gaze across the table.

She didn’t say anything.

She didn’t need to.

Later, when the dishes were done and the house had settled, she stood beside him at the sink.

“I can feel you again,” she said quietly.

Michael nodded. "I think I can too."

There was no declaration.

No promise of permanence.

Just recognition.

And Michael realized that was what this season had been leading toward.

Not a new life. A truer one.

Chapter Ten — The Old Reflex

The email arrived at 3:17 p.m.

Michael almost deleted it without opening it.

Not because he wasn't interested — but because he was tired in the specific way that made even good opportunities feel heavy.

The subject line stopped him anyway:

Strategic Partnership Opportunity — Expansion Proposal

He sighed and clicked.

The message was from Robert Kline. They'd crossed paths years earlier. Smart. Aggressive. Built fast and sold faster. The kind of man who collected wins the way some people collected stories.

The proposal was polished. Thoughtful. And clearly written for the version of Michael who used to say yes before asking why.

Robert wanted Michael's name, reputation, and systems attached to a regional expansion. Multiple markets. Shared infrastructure. Aggressive timelines.

Real money.

Michael scrolled slowly.

The numbers weren't just good.

They were ridiculous.

He felt the familiar sensation in his chest — not excitement, exactly.

Recognition.

This is what you do.

He forwarded the email to himself and closed the laptop.

But it stayed open in his head.

That night at dinner, he was only half present.

His wife noticed.

“You're somewhere else,” she said.

“Long day,” he replied.

Not a lie.

Not the truth.

Later, in bed, he opened the email again.

This time he read it like the man he used to be.

What he saw:

- Scale

- Influence
- Relevance
- Momentum

What he didn't see:

- Margin
- Depth
- Space

He closed the laptop and turned onto his side.

Sleep didn't come.

The next morning, he took the journal down again.

He didn't open it right away.

He just held it.

Then he flipped to the back.

When you stop growing, don't quit. Reorient.

"This isn't growth," he said quietly. "This is appetite."

The distinction mattered.

He took the meeting anyway.

Not because he wanted to say yes.

Because he wanted to know how much the no would cost.

Robert was exactly as remembered — confident, warm, fast. The kind of man who made you feel chosen.

“This is a legacy play,” Robert said. “You’ve built something that deserves to be bigger than you.”

The words landed.

They always did.

They reviewed projections. Markets. Exit strategies.

Robert talked about freedom.

Michael saw chains made of gold.

“This doesn’t change what you’re doing,” Robert said. “It just multiplies it.”

That was the lie.

That night, Michael walked.

Not to think.

To argue with himself.

You can do this and stay aligned.

You’ve said that before.

He stopped halfway down the block.

“I don’t want to build something I have to escape from again.”

The next morning, he called Jake.

Not as a mentor.

As a man needing a mirror.

Michael didn’t explain the deal.

He explained the pull.

Jake listened, then said simply:

“Whatever you choose is what you’ll start protecting.”

That stayed with him.

Michael declined the offer two days later.

Robert was surprised. Then polite. Then gone.

The silence afterward felt exposed.

Like turning down the noise and realizing how quiet the room already was.

The failure wasn’t that he considered it.

The warning was how quickly the old version of him woke up.

And how intentional this season would need to be.

Chapter Eleven — The Return

Michael almost didn't recognize the name on his calendar.

Evan Torres.

It took a moment to place him — the quiet client from months earlier. The one with careful questions. The one who hadn't wanted tactics as much as permission.

Evan arrived differently.

Not louder.

Calmer.

There was a steadiness to him now. The kind that comes from someone who's stopped chasing ten things and started building one.

They exchanged greetings. Sat.

Then Evan spoke.

"I need to tell you something."

Michael waited.

"That conversation we had," Evan said, "the one where you asked who I was becoming while I built my business — that question followed me home."

Michael smiled slightly. "They tend to do that."

Evan nodded.

“I realized I didn’t actually like the life I was designing. It looked successful. But it didn’t feel honest.”

He paused.

“So I rebuilt it.”

He talked about the changes. Fewer clients. Higher standards. More margin. More time with his wife. A clearer sense of what he was actually building.

“I’m making less money than I could,” Evan said. “And more than I ever have.”

Michael raised an eyebrow.

“Explain that.”

“I’m sleeping,” Evan said. “I’m present. And the work matters.”

Evan reached into his bag and set a thin folder on the table.

“I didn’t come to update you,” he said. “I came to invite you.”

Inside was a proposal.

Not a scale play.

Not a growth machine.

A foundation.

A mentorship initiative for young entrepreneurs who wanted to build lives, not just companies.

“There’s a stipend,” Evan said. “It’s fair. But that’s not why I’m here.”

He met Michael’s eyes.

“This exists because of you. Because you gave me language when I didn’t have it.”

Michael felt the weight of that.

“You didn’t just help my business,” Evan continued. “You helped my marriage. My priorities. My faith.”

He slid the folder closer.

“I want to build this with you.”

Michael didn’t open it right away.

The offer scratched no old itch.

It felt clean.

Not hungry.

Not rushed.

Not compensating.

“This is the kind of work I thought I had to retire to do,” Michael said.

Evan smiled. “Maybe you just had to grow into it.”

That evening, Michael told his wife.

She listened.

“This feels like you,” she said. “Not the you from twenty years ago. The you from now.”

Later, alone, Michael opened the journal.

He didn’t read.

He wrote one line on the last empty page:

This is what it looks like when alignment begins to ripple.

Epilogue — The View From Within

I used to think perspective came from distance.

From stepping back.

From getting above things.

From knowing more than I did before.

I don't believe that anymore.

Perspective comes from presence.

From standing still long enough to notice what's actually happening — not just around you, but inside you.

I used to measure my life by what I built.

The businesses.

The income.

The momentum.

The proof that my effort mattered.

None of that was wrong.

But it wasn't complete.

What I didn't measure — what I couldn't see for a long time — was what all that building was shaping me into.

Somewhere along the way, I stopped asking myself whether my life still fit.

Not because I didn't care.

Because everything looked fine.

The drift didn't announce itself.
It didn't feel like failure.
It felt like responsibility done well for too long.
It took other people to help me see it.

Jake, with his hunger and fear arriving at the same time.
Evan, with his quiet courage to rebuild instead of scale.
My wife, who didn't need me to fix anything — only to stay.

They didn't give me answers.

They reflected me back to myself.

I learned that alignment doesn't come from making one big decision.

It comes from a series of small, honest ones.

From choosing presence when performance would be easier.
From choosing depth when volume would be rewarded.
From choosing to reorient instead of restart.

Some of the clearest guidance I've ever received came from conversations that no longer require words.

I still work.

I still build.

I still care deeply about doing things well.

But I no longer confuse momentum with meaning.

I no longer assume that growth is always forward.

Sometimes growth is inward.

Sometimes it's staying.
Sometimes it's letting go.
Sometimes it's standing still long enough to become useful again.

I think of the lighthouse often now.

It doesn't chase the water.
It doesn't move toward the storm.
It doesn't need to explain itself.

It stands.

And because it stands, others find their way.

That's what this season is asking of me.

Not to prove.
Not to expand endlessly.
Not to disappear.

But to be steady.

To live in a way that gives others permission to slow down, to ask better questions, and to trust what they already know.

This is the view from within.

Not a conclusion.
An orientation.

And from here, the path is clear enough.

I close this journal knowing I don't need to see the whole road.

I only need to take the next aligned step.

And stay true to what steadies me.

Questions Worth Asking

*Not all questions need answers right away.
Some are meant to be carried.*

- ❖ Which parts of my life feel full on paper—but thin in practice?
- ❖ What have I been maintaining that no longer reflects who I am becoming?
- ❖ Where have I mistaken momentum for direction?
- ❖ What questions did I stop asking once things started working?
- ❖ What would change if I treated discomfort as information instead of a problem?
- ❖ Who am I becoming while I'm succeeding?
- ❖ What does presence look like in the places I usually try to fix?
- ❖ Where has kindness quietly turned into distance?
- ❖ What am I still building out of habit rather than conviction?
- ❖ What would refinement look like in this season—not expansion?
- ❖ What am I protecting with my yes?
- ❖ What am I avoiding by staying busy?
- ❖ What does enough look like now—not then?
- ❖ Where have I outgrown the goals I'm still chasing?
- ❖ Who experiences me as calm?
- ❖ Who experiences me as rushed?
- ❖ What work gives life back to me?
- ❖ What would it mean to reorient without escaping?
- ❖ What do I trust—when I stop trying to control outcomes?
- ❖ What steadies me when nothing else does?
- ❖ If someone were to orient themselves by my life, what would they find?

***You don't have to answer these all at once.
You don't have to answer them alone.***

The right questions tend to return — until we're ready to meet them.

A Few Things Worth Carrying

And a Few More... Questions Worth Asking

Alignment

Where does my life no longer feel like it belongs to me?

Reorientation

What would change if I adjusted my direction without abandoning what I've built?

Momentum Without Direction

Where am I making progress that doesn't feel meaningful?

Presence

Where am I physically present but internally elsewhere?

Refinement

What might become clearer if I chose less, on purpose?

Appetite

What am I chasing simply because it's available?

Growth

What remains after I remove the need to prove something?

Quiet Drift

When did I stop listening to myself—and what replaced that voice?

Usefulness

Where am I most helpful without needing recognition?

Impressiveness

Who am I trying to be seen by—and why?

Clarity

What truth have I been postponing until I feel more certain?

Companionship

Where is something difficult asking me to stay rather than solve?

Margin

What would I protect if I created more space in my life?

Faith

What am I willing to trust without understanding first?

Legacy

What continues because of how I show up—not what I build?

Steadiness

Who experiences my life as something they can rely on?

The Lighthouse

If someone oriented themselves by my life, what would guide them?

The Measure of a Life

What does my presence steady—even when I'm not trying to influence?

About the Author

Don Jacks is husband, father, coach, advisor, and lifelong student of leadership, perspective, and personal alignment.

For more than three decades, he has worked with business owners, leaders, and entrepreneurs who have already achieved a measure of success — and quietly begun asking deeper questions about meaning, direction, and what comes next. His work focuses less on motivation and more on clarity: helping people think better, live more intentionally, and build lives that align with who they are becoming.

Don's experience spans real estate, business coaching, leadership development, and mentorship. He has guided individuals through growth, transition, reinvention, and refinement — often during seasons that look successful on the outside but feel unsettled within.

At the core of his work is a simple belief: clarity precedes confidence, and alignment changes everything.

The View From Within reflects that belief. Written as a story rather than a manual, the book invites readers who have “been there and done that” to slow down, listen more carefully, and reorient toward what truly steadies them.

Don lives in Southern California with his wife, Jo Ann. He is the proud father of four adult children and remains deeply grateful for the relationships, mentors, and experiences that continue to shape his perspective.

When he's not working or writing, he values quiet mornings, time with family, meaningful conversations, golf with great friends and the kind of stillness that makes honest reflection possible.

Connect with Don:

coachdonjacks.com - coachdonjacks@gmail.com

The View From Within

— Legacy of Resilience —

“This book doesn’t tell you what to think—it helps you hear yourself again. It’s rare, grounded, and deeply human.”

— Dawn Van Dyke, Business Leader (Client for 10+ years)

“I’ve coached leaders for decades, and this book captures what most people avoid: the quiet reckoning that comes after success. It’s honest, steady, and necessary.”

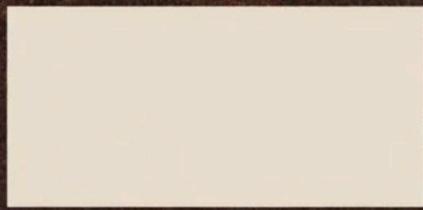
— Hank Cassi, Executive Coach & Entrepreneur

“The View From Within isn’t about fixing your life. It’s about realigning it—and that distinction changes everything.”

— Dov Silberman, Mastery Coach & Entrepreneur

“This book meets you where you are, not where you pretend to be. It’s the kind of clarity that stays with you long after the last page.”

— David Parker, Coach & Advisor



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