A KING'S CODE™ TRAINING SERIES

THE FORGED KING



BECOMING THE MAN THAT
YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED TO BE
IN THE MIDST OF THE FIRE

KING'S CODE™

CHOSEN & EMPOWERED

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The Forged King, Chapter One: The Man Who Fell
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CHAPTER ONE

THE MAN WHO FELL

I heard a story once about how Eskimos hunt wolves.

They freeze it. Layer blood on again. Freeze it. Repeat until the blade is thick with frozen blood. Then they drive the shaft into the ground, blade pointing up, and they wait.

The wolf smells it. He starts licking.

The appetite grows. The pace increases. The icy blood is gone, and now the wolf is licking his own blood off the blade. He never notices. He keeps going. He cannot stop. He bleeds out on the ice, never understanding what happened to him.

The wolf never chose to die. He chose the lick. And the next one. And the one after that.

That is what it looks like when a man sows into the flesh.

Not one catastrophic decision. A pattern. Small choices made from what the flesh wanted: the conversation he kept avoiding, the leadership he kept deferring, the habit he convinced himself wasn't costing anything, the compromise that felt like relief. None of them felt dangerous. Each one delivered just enough to make the next one easier.

Galatians 6:8 says it plainly: *"For he who sows to his flesh will of the flesh reap corruption."* (NKJV)

Every time a man chose what his flesh wanted over what God was asking of him, a small cut opened. He didn't feel it. He went back to what had always worked before. Another lick. Another cut. And slowly, without a single moment that felt like the moment, what he was building began to drain.

The crisis a man finds himself standing in is often not an ambush. It is the accumulated weight of flesh-based living arriving at its natural destination.

And the forge is what God uses to burn out what the flesh built.

The wolf bleeds out on the ice not knowing what happened. The man stands in the wreckage of a marriage, a home, a life, and doesn't understand how he got here because he was never watching the right thing. He was managing licks. Not watching the blade.

That is how a man arrives at this place.

Not in one catastrophic choice. Not in one bad day. One lick at a time. Slowly enough that nothing ever felt like the moment it happened. And then: the silence.



There is a silence that follows crisis.

You know the one.

It's not peaceful. It's not restful. It's the silence of a man who used to know exactly who he was, and doesn't anymore. It falls over the room when the argument finally ends and she's gone to bed. It rides with you on the drive back from the attorney's office. It gets up with you the morning after you lost your job: the house still asleep, nobody knows yet, and you have to decide whether today is the day you say it out loud. It finds you in the waiting room after the doctor stops talking and the world keeps moving like nothing just changed. It waits for you at 4am when you wake up and have nothing to reach for.

I lived in that silence for months.

And if you're holding this book, I think you do too.



WHAT NOBODY TELLS YOU ABOUT A MAN IN CRISIS

Here's the thing everyone gets wrong about a marriage crisis, a divorce, a moment when everything falls apart:

They think the crisis is about the circumstances.

The marriage. The finances. The custody arrangement. The legal battle. The house. The furniture that isn't there anymore.

Those are the visible damage.

They are not the war.

I have sat across from men in conditions most people would not believe. Marriages in complete freefall. Divorces that blindsided them. Businesses gone overnight. Health failing. Kids caught in the crossfire. Men who had lost everything that gave them a sense of who they were, sometimes all at once.

What I am about to tell you comes from every one of those conversations.

The real battle, the one that will determine everything about who you become on the other side of this, is happening where most men never look. Underneath the circumstance. Underneath the behavior. Crisis demands an answer to questions most men spend their entire lives avoiding:

Am I enough? Does my life mean something? Am I actually the man I've been trying to be?

A crisis doesn't just take your circumstances.

It challenges everything you thought you believed: about yourself, about God, and about what God actually says about who you are.

Because crisis doesn't just challenge those beliefs: it exposes the areas of fear, doubt, and unbelief that were flying under the radar all along.

And a man with no real foundation under those beliefs is not just a man in a difficult season. He is a man who has lost his footing. Floating. Without anchor. Reacting instead of leading. Surviving instead of building.

That's where you may be right now.

That's also the beginning of the forge.



I was on a coaching call with a man who had been in church his whole life. Biblical languages degree. Pastor's son. Bible college. He knew the Bible front to back.

And then he said something that stopped me.

"This is who I am. And yet here I am, with this constant pattern in my life that I can't seem to break."

I told him: you have been in an identity crisis for a long time. You know what God says about you. You can say it forward and backward. But you have been carrying two versions of yourself: the man God says you are, and the man the enemy has been building a case against based on the things you have done. And the enemy's got a compelling argument. Because you did those things.

He went quiet.

Because that was it. Not the crisis in front of him: the identity conflict underneath it that everything had finally forced into the open.

A man can have every verse about who he is in Christ memorized and still not know who he is when the pressure hits. Head knowledge tells you what God says. Heart knowledge, the kind that becomes a knowing you cannot shake, is what a man actually stands on when everything comes down. Most men find out which one they had when the crisis hits.

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> **Teaching Concept 1: The Reality Check, What's Happening Inside You Right Now** *When the fire hits, three things happen to a man, and most men never see any of it coming.*

WHAT'S HAPPENING INSIDE YOU RIGHT NOW

If you feel like you're in the fire right now, here's what's happening inside of you.

When the structures a man has built his sense of self on begin to fail, three things happen. In order. Every time.

First: the external anchors go.

For most men, identity is built on a stack of external things. What he does. Who he's with. What he provides. What people think of him.

His role as husband. His competence as a provider. His position at church. In the community. In his family.

None of those things are wrong. A man is supposed to provide and lead. But when identity is *built on* those things rather than *expressed through* them, the moment any one of them is threatened, the man's identity begins to shake.

And the fire rarely comes for one thing at a time.

A man doesn't just lose his marriage. His character gets questioned at work. His health takes a turn. His finances tighten. The people he thought were in his corner go quiet. His reputation comes under attack while he's legally required to say nothing. If it feels like an assault on multiple areas of your life at once: it's because it is. That's not a crisis. That's a siege.

I know what that looks like from the inside. Court battles. Three hospitalizations. Eight months on a couch recovering from surgery while everything else kept coming. Every pillar hit. Several at the same time.

When that happens, when multiple anchors get pulled at once, the whole internal architecture goes with them.

You are not lazy or weak because this happened. The identity-on-performance architecture: you didn't choose it. It was installed by how you were raised and the culture that rewarded you for it.

We're going to talk about that formation in Chapter 3.

For now, the man who is shaking is not a man who has failed. He is a man whose scaffolding has come down. That's survivable. What's on the other side of it, if you do the work, is something more solid than scaffolding ever was.

Second: the questions start.

Not the productive kind. The kind that loop.

Am I the man I thought I was? Could I have stopped this? Did I cause this? Is God punishing me? Is it true, what's been said about me? Am I the crazy one?

These questions show up at night. They don't leave when the sun comes up. They follow you into every room. They sit across from you at the dinner table.

I'm not going to tell you those questions are wrong. Some of them deserve real answers, and we'll get there.

The fact that these questions won't stop means the forge is doing exactly what it's supposed to do. This is the Reality Check phase: the moment a man is forced to look at what his life has actually become and examine what brought him here. The man who isn't asking those questions isn't more stable. He's more unaware. And unaware men don't survive a siege.

The questions are where the real work begins.

Third: the behavior starts to show it.

A man in identity crisis behaves differently. And he usually can't see it from the inside.

Faster to anger. Faster to despair. Faster to shut down. He avoids what needs to be done. He reaches for things that numb: entertainment, isolation, rehearsing the stories that justify his lack of producing good fruit. He stops leading in the areas where he still has the opportunity to lead.

His children feel it before he knows it's happening.

His work suffers. His body suffers. The forge doesn't just hit the circumstances: it reaches the identity underneath. And what it exposes there spreads outward.

The hammer is not destroying the man. It is forming him.

You cannot pour from an empty vessel.



YOU ARE NOT UNIQUELY BROKEN

I need to say this directly because the Enemy will try to convince you otherwise.

The specifics of your situation (the things she said, the way it happened, the betrayal, the legal battle, the way your kids looked at you the first time they went to her house without you), those feel like a particular kind of wound that no one else could understand.

And they are particular. Your story is yours.

But the *structure* underneath those specifics? What's happening to your identity right now?

That is not unique. That is universal.

I have sat with men in every variation of this wreckage. Men whose wives left. Men whose wives stayed but checked out. Men who failed and know it. Men who did everything right and still watched it fall apart. Men who had it all, but ended up losing what was most important to them.

Some of you are in that last category. The man who did everything right by every measure he was given. Faithful. Non-abusive. Hardworking. Your pastor would vouch for you. And you still watched it fall apart.

That confusion is its own kind of fire. Because if you can't name what you did wrong, you can't see what needs to change.

Here is what I've found: the problem wasn't what you did. It was what you never built. A man defined by the absence of failure is not the same as a king built on the presence of something: vision, authority, presence, direction. You were handed a definition of manhood that left out half the architecture. The forge is going to rebuild the half that's missing.

Every single one went through what I just described.

The loss of the external anchors. The questions that wouldn't stop. The behavioral drift that followed.

None of them were uniquely destroyed.

Neither are you.

What you are is a man at the beginning of a forge.

And the forge, if you engage it, does not consume you.

It makes you.

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BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE

The man who walked into this fire is not the man who is going to walk out of it.

That's not a threat. That's a promise.

The things you were built on that were never supposed to hold you (the marriage as your identity, the role as your worth, the approval of others as your stability, the talents you took for granted), those are in the fire right now. And fire removes what should not be there.

That process is painful. Sometimes brutal. It does not feel like a gift while it is happening.

But on the other side of a forge is not rubble.

On the other side is forged steel. A weapon not only worthy of battle, but one that is effective in battle.

You don't know yet what you are made of.

You're about to find out.

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Take ten minutes before you move to Chapter 2. Answer this honestly, not for anyone else, just for yourself:

What external things was your identity most built on before this crisis? Name them. Don't defend them, don't apologize for them. Just name them.

That list is the beginning of your work.

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In Chapter 2, we're going to name the force that is actively working to keep you in the crisis, and the weapon it's using against you that you probably haven't identified yet.

Turn the page.