



Most mornings I am up before the sun.

That was not always by choice, and I will not pretend it comes naturally every time. But somewhere along the way, I stopped fighting it.

When your days are built around other people's problems, quiet is not a luxury. It is a necessity. At 4:30 in the morning, before the phone starts and the emails stack up and the day takes on a life of its own, there is a stillness that is genuinely hard to find anywhere else. I have learned to protect it.

C.S. Lewis wrote that "we are not merely imperfect creatures who must be improved; we are rebels who must lay down our arms." I think about that sometimes in those early hours, not in a heavy way, but in the sense that the morning has a way of stripping things back down to what is actually true. The noise of the day has not started yet. You can think clearly. You can remember what matters before the world reminds you of what is urgent.

For me, that time is where I get my bearings. It is where I think about my family, about the cases I am carrying, about whether I am doing right by the people who have trusted me with something important. It is not dramatic. It is just quiet, and it does its work.

Life moves fast and it moves loud. The older I get, the more I believe that the people who handle it well are not the ones who keep up with the pace. They are the ones who found a way to step outside of it long enough to think straight.

4:30 a.m. is mine. Most days, I am grateful for it.

Take care,

Mason