



One thing I have learned over the years is that no one is meant to carry everything alone.

Every Thursday morning, while most of Moncks Corner is still asleep, I sit down with a group of men from my church. Sometimes we talk about faith. Sometimes it is family, work, or the things that are quietly wearing on us. There is not always an agenda. Just honesty and the kind of conversation that is harder to find than it should be.

Those mornings matter more to me than I could easily explain.

I think a lot of people operate under the assumption that strength means having the answers, keeping it together, never letting on that something is heavy. I understood that for a long time. But I have come to believe that version of strength is mostly just exhausting, and not particularly useful to the people around you.

Real strength, in my experience, looks a lot more like humility. It looks like having people in your life who will tell you the truth when you need to hear it. People who keep you grounded when your instinct is to push harder instead of slower. People who can sit with you in something difficult without trying to immediately fix it or minimize it.

C.S. Lewis wrote that "friendship is born at the moment when one person says to another, what, you too? I thought I was the only one." There is something in that. The weight you have been carrying alone has a way of getting lighter the moment you realize someone else understands it.

I am grateful for the people in my life who play that role. And I think most of us need them more than we admit.

None of us were built to do this alone. And none of us have to.

Take care,

Mason

PS: If you ever have questions or need anything, don't hesitate to reach out. I'll be glad to help.