

Saditude



-Jeffrey E. Hansen, Ph.D.

I made up a word this week: **saditude**.

It is a blend of *sadness* and *gratitude*, because neither one alone tells the truth of what this moment feels like.

Today was my last day as Clinical Director at Holdfast and AnchorPoint. My resignation officially took effect. It had been a long time coming — not sudden, not impulsive — but still heavy when it finally arrived. I had hoped there might be a way to continue in some form as a consultant, to help steward the NeuroFaith® model more intentionally, to guide its teaching and protect its integrity. But we could not come to terms. Not out of malice or bad faith, but out of differing philosophies and understandings of responsibility, authority, and clinical direction. There was no villain in the story, only a divergence that could not be reconciled.

So, I stepped away.

And with that step came something I did not fully expect: saditude.

There is real sadness here. I took my role seriously. I loved the work. I loved sitting with men who were facing addiction, trauma, and shame, often all at once, and watching courage slowly

return. I loved walking alongside people doing the hardest work of their lives. I loved the privilege of being trusted with their stories.

I loved building the NeuroFaith® model slowly and thoughtfully over time. It represents decades of clinical work, study, failure, faith, neuroscience, psychology, and lived experience woven into something coherent, humane, and hopeful. Seeing it take shape, seeing it help people make sense of themselves, mattered deeply to me. I had hoped to continue nurturing that work within the organization, to help guard its soul while allowing it to grow. That was not to be, at least not for now.

So there is grief in that.

But there is also gratitude, deep, steady gratitude that lives right alongside the grief and gives it shape. I am grateful for the men who trusted me with their stories, who showed up carrying addiction, trauma, shame, and hope all at once. I am grateful for their courage, for the moments of honesty that still echo in me, for the days someone chose to stay sober one more day, or began to believe, perhaps for the first time, that they were worth saving.

I am also deeply grateful for the staff I worked alongside. Talented, imperfect, committed people who showed up day after day to do demanding work with care. I was given something rare: trust. Space to think, to build, to experiment, and to plant something meaningful. That trust created fertile ground in which the NeuroFaith® model could take root and grow. For that, I remain genuinely thankful.

NeuroFaith® itself has been a long labor of love. To have had the opportunity to develop it within a living community, and to see it help real people make sense of themselves, is something I hold with deep respect. I am proud to be its custodian. I am also grateful that this work does not end here. Alongside my dear brother in Christ, Pastor Earl Heverly, I will continue to steward and refine the NeuroFaith® model, trusting that it will keep unfolding in the ways God intends. And I hold sincere gratitude that Holdfast and AnchorPoint will also carry it forward in their own way, shepherding what has been planted according to their own mission and understanding. There is room for more than one faithful expression of something that was born to serve.

Today itself had its own quiet rituals. Turning in keys. Closing email access. Watching accounts shut down. Clearing out the office. Packing the box. Wiping down the desk. Almost like erasing the physical evidence that I had ever been there. There is something strangely ceremonial about that process, a kind of institutional liturgy, the unmaking of a role.

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I walked out at 11:45 this morning. Gave a few hugs. Said quiet goodbyes. Then I got on my motorcycle and rode away. There was no party, no speeches, no farewell gathering. And I won't pretend that didn't sting. Part of me wished for some acknowledgment, some moment that said this mattered, that you mattered, that the years were seen. But life does not always give us punctuation when chapters end. Sometimes it simply turns the page.

What I keep coming back to is this: what mattered most was never the ceremony. It was the people. The men who showed up trembling and left steadier. The ones who learned to name their pain. The ones who stayed sober another day. The ones who began, however tentatively, to believe they were worth saving. If I had even a small part in that, then that is enough.

As we grow older, life begins to reveal itself in seasons. You start to recognize when one is closing. You feel the weight of *maybe this is the last time I will hold a role like this*. That realization carries both mourning and meaning. I do not yet know exactly what comes next, but I know this much: I am not done. The calling has not evaporated. The work is not over. The vision behind NeuroFaith® remains alive, still unfolding, still finding new forms and new companions along the way.

So today I hold saditude, sadness for what is ending, gratitude for what was real, respect for the lives touched, appreciation for the ground that allowed something good to grow, acceptance of what cannot be forced, and hope for what has yet to emerge.

I rode away quietly today.

But not empty.

And not finished.