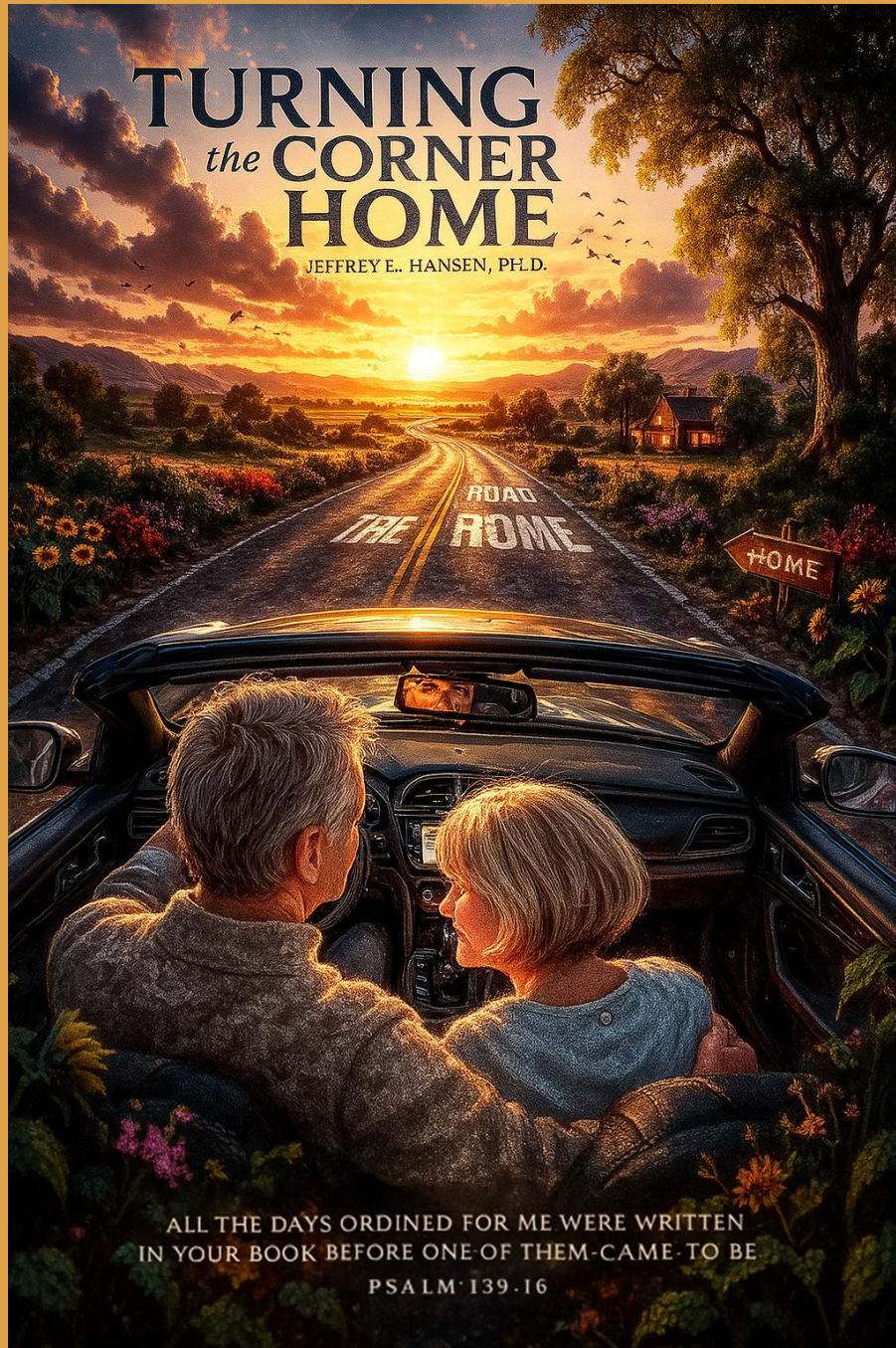


# Turning the Corner Home



*Jeffrey E. Hansen, Ph.D.*

There comes a moment in every journey when the light changes. The road that once stretched endlessly ahead begins to bend back toward the familiar, and something in the soul shifts with it. I can feel it now as I drive, the air growing thinner and clearer, the desert light beginning to break through the clouds. The road home has a voice of its own, and I am

learning to listen to it again.

These past days have been a season of reckoning. Time away from routine always brings reflection, but this time it has brought more than that. It has brought truth. I have been thinking about Gregg, my twin, my brother, my mirror in so many ways. His absence still cuts through every layer of life. Yet even grief can become sacred when we let it teach us. His life and his death remind me that every breath is borrowed, and every purpose we pursue must finally return to its source.

Grief has a way of stripping away illusions. It clarifies what matters. For years I have poured myself into the institutions of healing, into programs and systems designed to serve, restore, and protect. But I have also seen how easily those systems can lose their way. The world of mental health has become so enamored with its own vocabulary that it sometimes forgets its humanity. I have watched the medicalization of distress, the labeling of the soul as if sorrow were a chemical error. I have seen children misled, parents dismissed, and conscience reduced to paperwork.

I have challenged these systems, often at great cost. I have spoken against the arrogance that calls itself progress, against the institutions that elevate ideology above evidence, and politics above conscience. I have stood with those who defend the right of parents to know, of children to grow, and of therapists to think. And though I have no regret for the battles I fought, I have begun to see that not every battle deserves to be fought forever. The human soul cannot live in constant opposition. It must also find its way to rest.

*Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.*

Psalm 119:105

Aristotle wrote that virtue lies in the mean between extremes. Courage is the balance between recklessness and cowardice. Generosity is the balance between waste and stinginess. I have come to believe that humility is the balance between self-erasure and self-exaltation. Humility does not mean pretending to be less than we are. It means recognizing that whatever we are was given. Ego, on the other hand, is not always arrogance. Sometimes it is simply the inability to stop fighting. Sometimes ego wears the face of conviction. Sometimes it hides behind noble words like mission, duty, or excellence. But underneath, there is always that small voice asking, What if you let go? Would it all fall apart, or would it finally breathe?

I have lived long enough to see how easily the two can blend. In my work as Clinical Director, I have fought to protect truth within systems that often prefer convenience. I have carried the weight of programs, staff, and expectations, convinced that integrity depended on my persistence. But there comes a moment when even the noble fight becomes self-referential. When humility whispers, "You have done enough. Let others carry this now." That whisper is not defeat. It is wisdom.

*He has shown you, O man, what is good; and what does the LORD require of you but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God.*

Micah 6:8

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I think of Seth stepping into leadership. I see in him the strength of youth, the energy to sustain the mission, and the humility to learn. I also see the temptation of control that all of us face when responsibility feels heavy. I want him to inherit not only the systems we built but the spirit that shaped them. A spirit that values courage over compliance, truth over convenience, faith over fear. That is legacy. That is what must outlive me.

The older I become, the more I recognize the cost of pride disguised as perseverance. I have been proud of my endurance, of my ability to stand firm while others compromise. But even conviction can harden into self-importance if it forgets its purpose. The question that now rises within me is not “How much can I accomplish?” but “What can I release?” The act of letting go may be the most difficult form of leadership there is.

Leah has been my quiet teacher in this. For decades she has moved beside me with patience and steadiness, never demanding recognition, never competing with my purpose. She has carried the unseen weight of my calling. She has followed me through reinventions, relocations, sleepless nights, and long days. And now, as I turn the corner home, I realize that what she deserves most is not another mountain to climb, but a husband who has learned to rest.

*Come to Me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest (*

*Matthew 11:28*

Home is not merely a destination. It is a condition of the soul. It is the place where striving ends and gratitude begins. It is the sanctuary where ambition yields to appreciation, and where love becomes enough. I want to give her that. I want to give myself that. The next chapter of my life must be written with different ink.

My purpose is not finished. NeuroFaith still calls to me. There is still work to be done, still ideas to refine, still young minds to train. But I no longer wish to do this work through argument. I want to do it through art, through mentorship, through patient creation. I want to teach others that faith and science need not be enemies, that the brain and the soul are two languages telling the same story. I want to model what it means to live with conviction without cruelty, to speak truth without venom, to lead without noise.

Gregg’s memory keeps me honest. He reminds me that time is finite, that wisdom without love is noise, and that the measure of a man is not how loudly he fought, but how faithfully he loved. I hear his laughter in my mind sometimes, that mischievous, knowing tone that told me he understood things words could not express. I carry him home with me. He walks in the silence between thoughts, steady and whole.

Aristotle and Christ meet in this place of return. One taught the reasoned pursuit of virtue; the other embodied the surrender of love. Between them lies the middle way, the place I seek now. It is neither passivity nor domination. It is the quiet strength of peace. To lose one’s life in service of truth and love is to find it in fullness.

The sun is low now as I near Prescott Valley. The road bends, and the sky widens. I can see the outline of home on the horizon, steady and still. I breathe, and the air feels lighter. The

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miles behind me are heavy with memory, but the ones ahead are filled with grace.

Turning the corner home is not retreat. It is return. It is not the end of the journey, but the beginning of understanding. After years of striving, of speaking, of challenging and defending, I am finally ready to listen again. Ready to be still. Ready to be human.

The world may continue its noise. The institutions may rise and fall. But I have found what I was searching for. Truth does not live in the machinery of systems. It lives in the space between humility and courage, in the love that outlasts the argument, and in the quiet peace that waits at the door when a weary traveler finally comes home.

*Be still, and know that I am God.*

Psalm 46:10