

FAITH BY GRACE. PURPOSE BY CHOICE.



BETWEEN
— THE —
ALTAR & THE STREET

A JOURNEY OF CALLING, CHOICES, AND CHARACTER

Dr. William A. King, Jr. D.Div

Between the Altar and The Street

How Christ Realigned the Identity Misalignment Tried to Define

by Dr. William A. King, Jr. D.Div

GREATER LIFE MINISTRIES AND TM THE HEALING GARDEN

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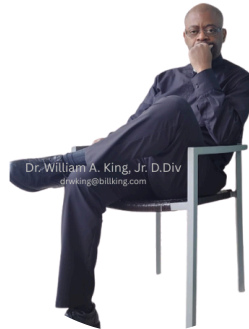
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**To Myrna Irene Gill my mom with — steady hands, soft strength,
and a heart that never closed. Your life planted the seeds this book
grew from. You son William...*

About the Author



William is a systems thinker, writer, and former government professional whose life was reshaped by a profound collapse of internal signals that led to years of disorientation and recovery. Through rebuilding his inner communication system—learning to trust awareness, timing, and the body’s truth—he developed the Form-Time framework, a groundbreaking lens for understanding how external systems silence the self. His work blends biblical insight, lived experience, and conceptual clarity to help people reconnect with the internal signals they were trained to ignore.

William is a writer and thinker whose journey through internal collapse, trauma, and spiritual reconstruction led him to uncover the hidden conflict between the body’s God-given signals and the external systems that silence them. Drawing from Scripture, lived experience, and years of reflection, he developed the Form-Time framework to help believers reclaim the inner witness Paul described. His work invites readers back to the internal truth they lost—and the self they were always meant to hear.

After a career shaped by structure, discipline, and external demands, William entered a season where his internal world collapsed into silence. The journey back—learning to hear his own signals again—became the foundation for the Form-Time framework. Today he writes to help others understand the split between the self and the systems that shape us, offering language, clarity, and hope to anyone who has ever felt disconnected from their own body, timing, or truth.

BETWEEN THE ALTAR & THE STREET: ABOUT THIS BOOK

THIS BOOK EXPOSES THE HIDDEN ARCHITECTURE SHAPING YOUR LIFE — the inherited patterns, systems, and identities you never consciously chose but learned to live inside. It traces one man's journey from misalignment to alignment, from the limits of a system designed to contain him to the freedom found only in Christ. Born into a structure that predetermined his outcomes — poverty, under-education, rejection, and generational fear — he was never meant to escape. Yet every misalignment became a doorway to realignment, and every realignment came through Christ, not through the system.

Through homelessness, illness, family pressure, institutional hostility, and spiritual rejection, he learned to see the pattern beneath the pattern: the system had a place for him, but Christ had a life for him. As he stepped outside the identities assigned to him — the eighth-grade dropout, the special-education kid, the man expected to fail — he discovered a new internal architecture shaped by alignment, intuition, and the voice of God. That alignment carried him from the margins to a life no one predicted: engineer, scholar, leader, and survivor of systems that were never built for his freedom.

This book is not about escaping hardship. It is about recognizing the design behind it — the way misalignment reveals the system, and the way Christ realigns the soul. It is a guide for anyone who has ever felt confined by their upbringing, their environment, their labels, or their past. It shows how to step outside the architecture that formed you and into the life God intended all along.

Table of Contents

- [Between the Altar and The Street](#)
 - [How Christ Realigned the Identity Misalignment Tried to Define](#)
 - [About the Author](#)
 - [Between the Altar & The Street: About This Book](#)
- [The God Who Carried Me](#)
- [The Pressure The Push Me Inward](#)
- [Every Experience I Engaged Christ For Alignment](#)
- [Reflecting on Constructed Identity](#)
- [What Changed Was Me](#)
- [Grateful For The Climb](#)
- [The Weight Of Oppression](#)
- [An Atmosphere Of Constant Pressure](#)
- [The Language I No Longer Speak](#)
- [Breaking Through Barriers](#)
- [When Alignment Looks Like Rebellion](#)

The God Who Carried Me

Around March 2000, I left Tacoma, Washington with a loaded U-Haul. Brother Reed drove most of the way. I was returning to Detroit because of a medical crisis the insurance companies refused to cover. They labeled my hyper-thyroid disease a pre-existing condition, and without coverage my health collapsed quickly. I couldn't work, couldn't think clearly, and at times my body wouldn't respond to my own mind. That loss of control broke something in me.

During that season, my family in Detroit didn't understand the path I chose. I wanted to heal naturally. They wanted me to submit to the medical system.



Instead of support, I felt pressure, fear, and judgment from the people closest to me — my mom, my sisters, and my dad.

As I was writing today, another memory surfaced — this time without the emotional charge, just the truth.

I remembered being sick with thyroid disease, struggling to find work, and preparing to move back to Detroit so my children would at least be near family if something happened to me. My three sisters, my mother, my wife's mother, my brother, my father,

and my grandmother all lived there. I assumed proximity would create stability for my wife and children. I thought being close to family meant safety.

While reviewing my notes on belief architecture, another moment rose to the surface with clarity.

Someone dear to me — unintentionally caused me to lose one of the best jobs I had ever found during that phase of my life. At the time, I was already battling hyperthyroidism at its peak. Everyday tasks like cleaning, organizing, and remembering simple things had become difficult. Walking was hard. Lifting was exhausting. I was trying to work, trying to think, trying to hold myself together while my body was in a state that doctors later told me should have been impossible to function in.

When I finally saw a doctor, he was stunned. He told me that with the symptoms and the body temperature I was experiencing, I should not have been able to walk. He said most people in that condition would have been in cardiac distress or even a coma. He asked how long I had been living that way. I told him, “Since 1994.” He looked at me and said, “You’ve convinced me there is a God,” and then called in three other doctors to examine me. Even now, tears come to my eyes remembering that moment.

But I only ended up in that clinic because I had lost my job.

A loved one, terrified for my health, called my employer. They didn’t understand the consequences. Without insurance, they scheduled an appointment for me at a free clinic on Detroit’s west side, on 7 Mile Road. That’s where the doctor saw me. That’s where that moment happened. And that’s where the path toward my healing began.

The pressure my family put on me — the intrusive way they pushed into my decisions and my body — felt like an attack. It made me cry. It made me walk away from them. It made me feel unsafe. But in a strange way, it also prepared me for the next phase of my life.

The Pressure The Push Me Inward



Their pressure pushed me inward. It created a wall between me and the person who hurt me, not out of bitterness but out of survival. The impact wasn't just practical — it touched my identity. It made me feel unseen, unprotected, and misunderstood at the deepest level.

In that season, I longed for something that would testify on my behalf — something that would reveal what Christ can do when He is allowed to work within a person's lived experience. I wasn't seeking revenge or validation. I was longing for a moment that revealed God's hand in my survival, my endurance, and my healing.

I understand now that everyone acted from love and fear. Their intentions weren't malicious. They were responding from the only architecture they had ever known — the inherited patterns, fears, and survival strategies passed down through our family system.

But the patterns I gained while living through homelessness had aligned me in a completely different way. At the time, I didn't have the language for it, but now I can see it clearly:

- Detroit misaligned me; Washington realigned me.

- The education system misaligned me; homelessness realigned me.
- Rejection and hostility misaligned me; marriage and children realigned me.

Every Experience I Engaged Christ For Alignment



Every experience in which I engaged Jesus Christ — every moment where I allowed Him to reshape my thinking and pull me out of inherited patterns — aligned me differently from who I had been. I stepped outside the language the system gave me. I stepped outside the identity they assigned me.

I no longer carried the identity of the boy whose education stopped at the eighth grade, labeled a special-education student, dismissed as someone who would never finish anything. I no longer carried the identity of the young man who was told he would never amount to anything, who was called stupid, who was treated as if his potential was permanently limited.

Reflecting on Constructed Identity



Yet I retired as an engineer with a Doctorate, two Master's degrees, three Bachelor's degrees, and more than three dozen industry certifications across multiple domains.

My life became the contradiction to every limitation spoken over me. It felt like fighting every single day because everywhere I turned, my lived experience revealed what the system intended for someone like me. I was never supposed to be there. I was never supposed to escape Detroit.

The opportunities were always there — but the system I was born into was designed to keep them out of reach. What changed was me, not the opportunities.

What Changed Was Me



It wasn't the education. It wasn't the job. It wasn't family, friends, or one single moment that created these opportunities. They were already there — they had always been there. They were simply out of my reach as long as I remained inside the system that was designed for me.

What changed was how I lived, how I engaged Christ, and how deeply I trusted my own voice and intuition. Every time I aligned with Him, I stepped further outside the architecture that was meant to contain me.

And every system that revealed itself along the way tried to silence that voice.

Tried to tell me what I could say, what I could do, and who I was allowed to become.

Even when what they wanted was not right, it was still expected — because “that’s the policy,” “that’s the rule,” “that’s how it’s done.”

- I wasn't supposed to be there enforcing anything.
- I wasn't supposed to rise high enough to see the architecture from the inside.
- I wasn't supposed to recognize the pattern.

But that's exactly what happened.

Grateful For The Climb



As I trusted Christ, as I trusted my internal alignment, the system began to uncover itself. I could see the design — the limits, the expectations, the ceilings, the roles I was meant to play. And I could see clearly that the system was never built for my freedom, my growth, or my voice.

What was uncovered was this:

The system had a place for me — but Christ had a life for me. And the two were never the same.

And still, the old and new patterns followed me — in family, in church, in the workplace. The manager who created the hostile environment that led to PTSD was simply another expression of the same architecture I had resisted my entire life. I experienced it in ministry as well: rejected at every turn, misunderstood, minimized, yet always encountering a few shining lights who recognized my uniqueness and affirmed what God had placed in me.

The Weight Of Oppression

✓ The system didn't build me — it only named me.

Christ rebuilt me — and that's why I no longer fit the name.



All of these experiences — the suffering, the displacement, the rebuilding, the education, the spiritual encounters — reshaped my internal architecture. They restructured my beliefs, my identity, my orientation, and my way of interpreting reality. They gave me a different language, a different posture, a different way of navigating life. Each phase uncovered and unfolded what was already in me — the parts of myself that had been hidden while I walked inside a system that assigned me an identity and expected me to live inside it.

The system still exists. But I no longer match the architecture of the system that raised me. I no longer match its language. I no longer match its expectations.

I had been realigned through Christ in the middle of my struggles — and the people who remained in my life, family and friends alike, were still relating to the version of me

that no longer existed. They were speaking to the old architecture. I was living from the new one.

An Atmosphere Of Constant Pressure



I no longer carried the identity of the boy whose education stopped at the eighth grade, labeled a special-education student, dismissed as someone who would never finish anything. I no longer carried the identity of the young man who was told he would never amount to anything, who was called stupid, who was treated as if his mind and potential were permanently limited.

Yet I retired as an engineer with a Doctorate, two Master's degrees, three Bachelor's degrees, and more than three dozen industry certifications across multiple domains. My life became the contradiction to every limitation spoken over me.

And still, even in adulthood, I encountered the same pattern — in family, in church, and even in the workplace. The manager who created the hostile environment that led to PTSD was simply another expression of the same architecture I had been resisting my entire life. I experienced it in ministry as well: rejected at every turn, misunderstood, minimized, yet always encountering a few shining lights who recognized my uniqueness and affirmed what God had placed in me.

All of these experiences — the suffering, the displacement, the rebuilding, the education, the spiritual encounters — reshaped my internal architecture. They

restructured:

- My beliefs
- My identity
- My orientation
- My interpretive lens
- My way of navigating reality

They gave me a different language, a different posture, a different way of being in the world.

The Language I No Longer Speak



And that is why my family could no longer speak to me in the way they spoke to one another. We no longer shared the same architecture. We no longer shared the same interpretive system. We no longer shared the same internal horizon.

They were speaking from inherited patterns, while I was speaking from transformation. They were speaking from the system, but I was speaking from the Spirit — from lived experience, testing, learning, and engagement. They were speaking from fear. I was speaking from alignment.

Their solutions — my family's solutions — contradicted my goals because their architecture contradicted my identity. I had been rebuilt, yet they were still relating to the version of me that no longer existed. Had I still operated within the system that raised me, their advice would have worked, because it was designed for that version of me. But living outside that system meant that following their guidance would have misaligned me again. It would have kept me unhealed, trapped inside a framework that treats people according to statistics rather than seeing their uniqueness, their lived experience, and the path required for their recovery.

When I returned to Detroit, I returned different. My family could still speak to one another with ease, but they could not speak to me in the situation I was living through. Not because they didn't love me. Not because I didn't love them. But because we no longer shared the same architecture.

Their solutions were shaped by inherited life themes, generational fear, survival-based thinking, system-based identity, and the patterns they had never questioned. My goals were shaped by alignment, lived experience, spiritual reorientation, the lessons homelessness taught me, and the internal restructuring that suffering forced.

So when they offered solutions, they weren't helping — they were contradicting the direction my life was actually moving in. Their advice was in direct contravention to the goals God was forming in me.

They were speaking Babel, and I was speaking Pentecost. They were speaking from the system, while I was speaking from sensation and Spirit — from lived experience, testing, learning, and engagement. They were trying to protect me, but I was trying to transform. They were trying to pull me back into the architecture they understood, while I was trying to live from the architecture I had been rebuilt into. And that was the tension I was feeling — the tension that made me cry, that made me walk away, that made me feel unsafe. Not because they were dangerous, but because their architecture could not hold the version of me that suffering had created. I didn't match their architecture anymore. I didn't match their language anymore. I didn't match their way of interpreting life anymore. And because of that, they couldn't understand me — not at the level where identity lives.

Breaking Through Barriers



They were terrified for me, but on my end I was drawing from everything I had learned in every phase of my life to navigate the thyroid crisis. It took all the healing, all the struggle, all the rebuilding I had done to stay true to myself when others had discarded me. Everything I had gone through — the alignment, the suffering, the encounters with Christ, the trust I had grown to crave in Him — was what I was guarding. Their advice didn't support what I had lived through; it didn't honor the path that had shaped me. None of it was true to who I had become.

They were terrified for me because they were interpreting my situation through their own architecture. Had they practiced the same patterns, lived the same phases, and walked through the same realignments, they would have understood what I was doing. But they hadn't — so their fear made sense inside their system.

I was calm because I was interpreting the situation through the architecture Christ had built in me. I wasn't relying on panic, policy, or inherited reflexes. I was relying on lived experience — on everything I had tested, learned, endured, and survived. I was relying on the alignment that had carried me through every previous collapse. I was relying on the voice I had learned to trust.

When Alignment Looks Like Rebellion

Everyone thought I was being rebellious. Some were so terrified about my thyroid disease, overwhelmed by what they saw happening to my body, and in their fear called my employer directly, pleading with them to force me to see a doctor. A week later, they called me into the office and let me go. They were a small start-up, and keeping me on would have raised their insurance costs.

It was devastating. Good jobs in Detroit were rare; most of what was available was minimum-wage work. Losing that job felt like losing the one stable thing I had managed to hold onto in the middle of a collapsing body and a collapsing life.

But here's the truth beneath the moment: What looked like rebellion to them was alignment for me. What looked like irresponsibility to them was discernment for me. What looked like danger to them was direction for me.



They were responding from fear, from generational patterns, from the architecture they had inherited. I was responding from transformation, from lived experience, from the architecture Christ had been building in me through suffering, homelessness, and every phase that had reshaped my identity.

They thought they was saving me. I was trying to stay aligned. And that is where the fracture formed — not in love, but in architecture. They was acting from the system that raised us. I was acting from the Spirit that rebuilt me.

Looking back, this memory is part of a larger pattern — the inherited behaviors and survival responses of the family system that raised me. I see the same patterns in my siblings, especially my sister. And I see how those patterns fall hardest on the men in our family. Many of my cousins, nephews, and uncles never became independent because they were shaped by the same system of fear, pressure, and misalignment.

This memory isn't just about what happened to me. It's a window into the architecture that shaped all of us — the generational patterns that kept the men in our family bound to systems that never allowed them to stand in their own alignment.



Between the Altar & The Street



You were born into a system that told you who you were before you ever had a chance to decide. It gave you labels, limits, and expectations — and called them identity. But what if the system was never meant to define you? What if misalignment was the signal that your true design was waiting to be revealed?

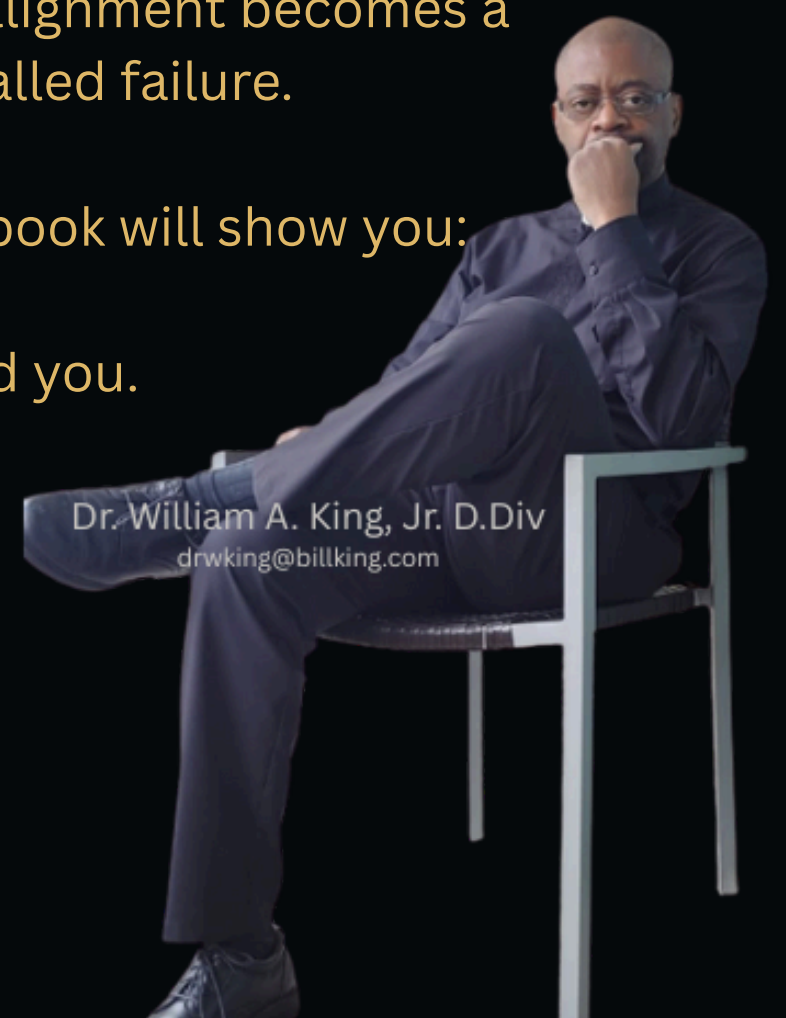
This book is for anyone who has felt unseen, mislabeled, or confined by the architecture of their upbringing. It's for those who have tried to fit into structures that could never hold their spirit. Through lived experience and divine realignment, William shows how Christ dismantles the false frameworks that shape our lives and rebuilds identity from the inside out.

You will not find formulas here. You will find revelation — the kind that turns pain into pattern, and pattern into purpose. You will see how every misalignment becomes a doorway to grace, and how grace redefines what the system called failure.

If you've ever wondered why your life didn't fit the mold, this book will show you:
You were never meant to fit.
You were meant to be unrecognizable to the system that raised you.

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