

MAN-CODE

BUILT IN SILENCE

A True Story of Becoming



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Built in Silence

By Frank Rizk

A true story of becoming.

Of breaking old patterns.
Of choosing truth over illusion.
Of walking alone and rising whole.

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Foreword

This book was not written for applause.
It was not written to impress, convince, or explain.
It was written as a personal resurrection.

Every chapter holds a truth I could no longer hide from myself.
Not a theory. Not a trend. But a return to who I really am.

If you find yourself between worlds between who you were and who you're becoming
Then I offer you these pages not as instructions,
But as mirrors.

May they reflect the silence you've been afraid to enter,
The questions you were never taught to ask,
And the power you forgot you had.

Built not in noise. Not in approval.
But in stillness.

Introduction

I didn't plan to write this book.
It revealed itself.

It began in silence on a morning when everything I had built started to feel like a cage.
What followed wasn't a breakdown.
It was a breakthrough.

Each chapter here unfolded during real moments of my life
Some raw, some sacred, all honest.
It started with asking "Why?" and led me to answers I had buried for decades.

Man-Code: Built in Silence is not about being tough.
It's about being true.
It's about facing the unspoken expectations men carry,
And shedding what no longer serves the soul.

This isn't a guide.
It's a testimony.

If you're ready to stop performing and start listening,
You're already halfway there.

Let's begin.

Chapter 1

The Night Everything Started

It was a Thursday night in May.

I was sitting alone on my sofa in my living room. The week had been intense; our business was overflowing with demands, decisions, and stress. I had just finished a long day, and I was doing what I always did when I needed to shut off and recharge: I turned on the TV. Not to learn. Not to think. Just to breathe.

I only ever watched two shows in moments like this, *Seinfeld* and *Friends*. They were my escape. My comfort. My silent signal to myself that it was okay to pause.

That night, I was watching *Seinfeld*, laugh track playing in the background, when I remembered that my girlfriend was due to land. She had been away visiting home, and I had messaged her earlier to check which terminal she'd be arriving at. I didn't get a reply at the time, but I knew her flight was already in the air.

Then, around 7:00 p.m., my phone buzzed. She had landed safely. I felt a little relieved. We started chatting about her trip, the stops, her feelings. But there were complications at the airport. Some kind of delay. Something wasn't working properly. The whole flight, she said, was stuck inside the terminal for more than two hours.

I stayed with her on WhatsApp, checking in, holding space. I could feel her frustration growing, and I did my best to be present. At the same time, something else was quietly happening inside me. While trying to comfort her, I was preparing to face something of my own.

See, I had decided during her absence. A big one.

I had decided that I would tell her everything about me. Everything I had been holding back. I felt it so strongly that I could no longer be half-truthful with her or with myself. I had reached a point where anything less than complete honesty felt like a betrayal. Not of her. Of me.

I was tired of being split in two, present, but not whole. Loved, but not known.

So, while she was stuck in that airport, frustrated and tired, I was sitting on that same couch, thinking about how I would say it. How I would confess. How I would finally go clean.

Then came the message:

“Where are you?”

The moment I saw those three words, I knew what was coming. It wasn't just a question. It was a trigger. And I had been expecting it.

I replied, calmly:

“I'm home.”

Then came the flood.

She was upset. She said I didn't change. That I still didn't understand what respect looks like. That men in her culture would show up. That not being there was unforgivable. That she couldn't keep accepting this. That she didn't recognize herself anymore, tolerating things that went against her dignity.

And I understood. I did. Deep down, I understood her perspective. But I also knew I hadn't made a promise to meet her. I genuinely didn't know what terminal she was landing in. I had asked, and she herself didn't know. I had messaged her before the flight, asking for an update, but the plane had already taken off. There was no plan, no avoidance. Just crossed wires.

Still, her anger escalated. Her messages became sharp. Accusatory. Emotional. I could feel the hurt behind every word. But instead of reacting, I stayed still. I didn't defend myself. I didn't fight back. I just let her feel what she needed to feel.

Later that night, I found out the delay had cleared. She took a taxi home.

I waited a couple of hours and then messaged her:

"I hope you've reached safely. Let me know when you do."

But the message was never delivered. I saw the single tick.
Blocked.

She had blocked me.

From Thursday night to Sunday afternoon, I was completely cut off.

And this...

This is where everything truly started.

In that space of silence, I sat with myself. I started thinking about every word she said. Not defensively. Not angrily. Just... honestly. I started asking questions I had never dared to ask.

Who am I?

What have I been doing?

Why have I been this way for so long?

And what the hell do I want from myself and from life?

Something inside me cracked open. A light turned on. A realization.

And I knew this light would never turn off again.

For the first time in my life, I was fully, truthfully, aware of my decisions.

Of what I had to do.

Of who I needed to become.

Those three days changed me.

They prepared me for the man I was about to be.

They broke me just enough... to give birth to the truth.

So, when I saw her again that Sunday afternoon,

I was no longer the man she blocked.

I was no longer even the man she loved.

I was someone new.

And this is where everything began.

Reader Reflection

Before you turn the page, pause here.

Find your own Thursday night moment.

That quiet space where no one is watching, no one is judging, just you and your truth.

Ask yourself, honestly:

- What have I been carrying... silently?
- Where have I chosen half-truth over full presence?
- What am I afraid might break open if I stopped hiding?

You don't need to answer now.

But the fact that you're reading this means the light has already started to flicker.

Let it.

Whatever comes next in this story and in yours,
begins with **awareness**.

Chapter 2

The Morning I Asked Why

Friday morning.

I woke up as always before the sun.

6:00 a.m.

I followed my routine like clockwork:

Prepared myself.

Grabbed my water bottle.

Put on my headphones.

Stepped out.

The voice of Jim Rohn was already in my ears, steady, familiar, grounding.

I met Jim Rohn more than two years ago.

Not in person, but through a random post on social media.

That post led me to a video.

And the video led me to the truth:

I had been asleep.

From that day on, a hunger was born in me.

A hunger for reading, for understanding, for self-mastery.

And it was not just casual reading, I was devouring the things that woke something deep inside:

Psychology. Human nature. Money. Business. Women. Pain. Purpose.

That morning at the gym, lifting weights and listening to Rohn, I glanced at my phone.

WhatsApp.

Still one tick.

Still blocked.

And yet, something was different.

The previous version of me would have been anxious.

Calling.

Questioning.

Obsessing.

But that morning... I was not.

I felt a strange stillness.

A quiet peace.

Something I had never felt in this kind of situation before.

And I asked myself:

What is happening to me?

Why am I reacting this way?

Why do I feel... at peace?

Then, like an answer, one of Jim Rohn's truths echoed in my head:

"If you want things to change for you, you have to change."

You cannot expect different results if you keep reacting the same way.
If you do not shift the input, the output will never shift.

That truth hit me hard.

Right there, sweating under steel, I started having flashbacks.
Moments from the past two years flickered through my mind.

I started asking deeper questions:

- Why am I so disciplined in waking up early every day?
- Why am I pushing myself to finish a book each week?
- Why am I training so hard in the gym?

Was I chasing strength?
Or was I escaping?

Was I reading to grow?
Or was I searching for answers I never dared to ask aloud?

And that is when the truth became clear:

**All of it, the gym, the books, the relentless drive, was born from one thing:
Pain.**

More specifically, the pain of a dying marriage.

That routine was my refuge.
The only place where I felt in control.
The only space where I felt like myself again.

And the books?
They were not just knowledge; they were **weapons**.
Tools to decode the chaos through which I was living.

I loved my ex-wife.
We had a rich history.
But I saw it slipping through my fingers... and I did not know how to hold it together.

And that was not me.

I am the kind of man who will do anything to keep peace under his roof.
Who sees it as his duty to protect the calm.

So, I studied.
I dove deep into psychology, human patterns, female behavior, masculine polarity, universal laws...
anything I could find.

**Not to manipulate
But to understand.**

Because I could not bear the idea of a second divorce.

My first marriage ended when I was still young.
I loved my first wife, too.
We had a daughter together, a beautiful soul who is now grown.
That divorce was heavy.

In our culture, divorce is not just a word; it is a **scar**.

But even then, I knew something was broken from the start.
Unfixable.
And I could not live a lie.
I could not be the reason someone else remained miserable, especially not someone I once loved.

Even though the cost was high, I missed moments with my daughter,
I made peace with that decision.

But two divorces?
That thought was unbearable.

So, I did the only thing I could:
I escaped into discipline.

The gym gave me control over my body, my image.
Because in the final years of that marriage, I had been stripped of dignity.
I tolerated things no man should tolerate.
And now, looking back, I realize:
I was trying to rebuild what had been silently taken from me.

The books gave me answers I never had growing up.
How people think.
How women feel.
How truth bends under pressure.
How power is reclaimed from within.

And that morning, for the first time... **I saw it all clearly.**

I was not broken.
I was not lost.
I was rebuilding.

One rep.
One page.
One question at a time.

Then something deeper began to unfold.

Phrases and quotes from the books I had devoured over the last two and a half years started rising in my mind.

Like they had been waiting silently for the right moment to come alive.

Especially the ones about women.

About relationships.

And suddenly...

I saw the truth about what had happened the night before.

She was not being dramatic.

She was being real.

Everything she said to me on WhatsApp came flooding back.

The words.

The tone.

The pain behind them.

And I remembered one fundamental truth:

“A woman never lies about her feelings.”

They do not hide their pain.

We, as men, often fail to read it.

She had been clear.

She had been hurting.

Not just from one night, but from everything that led up to it.

Ten months of small things.

Silent tolerances.

Emotional contradictions.

And I...

I had become the trigger.

I did not mean to hurt her.

But I was still the source of her emotional instability.

Her inner chaos.

And then it hit me harder:

It was not about her.

It was about **me**.

I was the common denominator.

Her pain had roots, yes.

From her past.

From her childhood.

From her traumas.
But that was not the point.

The point was: I was the spark.

And if I were honest enough to admit that...
Then I had to be honest enough to admit something deeper:

I am the problem.
Not just in this relationship,
But in **my life**.

Because I was still carrying unfinished trauma.
Unresolved chapters.
Old wounds echoing into my present, shaping how I acted, spoke, reacted... lived.

So, if I wanted to become the man I was born to be,
Not the man shaped by trauma, tradition, religion, or society,
But **the man I was meant to be**.

I had to do one thing:

Stand still.
In the storm.
And face my demons.

Because if I did not...
No matter what I changed on the surface,
I would always receive the same outcomes.

That afternoon, at the office, something shifted.

I started recalling the details.
Everything she said.
Everything that had happened in those 10 months.
I was connecting the dots, referring to the insights from the books I'd read.
And I was calm.
Not cold.
Not numb.
But centered, with the purpose of understanding.

I kept checking WhatsApp.
Still blocked.
And I thought: *This is the end.*

Oddly enough, I felt a strange relief.

Because just a few days prior, I had made the decision to finally come clean.
To tell her about my past, my two failed marriages.
My daughter.

It was not easy.
It took preparation.
Courage.

And now... I would not have to.

But deep inside, another voice rose:
“You’re running again.”

I knew that voice.
I had heard it before.

I was hiding.
Avoiding.
Not facing my truth.

So, I made a quiet promise:
I will stop overthinking this relationship.
I will let things unfold.
Let the dust settle.
Then act accordingly.

For the rest of that day, I shut off.
No emotional decisions.
No desperate moves.

Let it be what it will be.
Tomorrow, we will see.

Reader Reflection

When was the last time **silence** taught you something?

Have you ever mistaken **emotional numbness** for peace?

What would happen if you stopped running from your own truth?

Sometimes, the most powerful transformation does not begin with a breakthrough,
But with a **breakdown**.

The question is:
Are you willing to listen when the silence speaks?

Chapter 3

Tomorrow Is Here

Saturday. The third day after the airport storm.

At **6:00 a.m.**, with my friend Jim Rohn in my ears, we walked side by side to the gym. But something had shifted. This time, I wasn't wondering about the next step in the relationship. Deep inside, I already knew. Her message still hadn't been delivered still blocked. That silence was the answer. She had made her decision. It was over.

Oddly enough, I felt relieved.

In a way, I was saved. I wouldn't have to face the truth I had been hiding, that I had two divorces behind me, not one. I had a daughter from my first marriage. The weight of that unspoken truth had vanished with her silence. And I was calm. Truly calm.

The gym was peaceful that morning. My movements were steady. My breath was deep. I was no longer resisting the truth; I was accepting it.

As I made my way to the barbershop, a Saturday ritual, I found my mind circling back to her final messages. Her words echoed. And with them came memories not just of her, but of my second marriage. That's when the realizations began.

Oh my God.

My second marriage had been filled with silent challenges. We were two strangers under one roof, avoiding eye contact, skipping greetings, and dodging interaction. I tried to salvage what we had. I fought to protect the foundation we once stood on. But what I received in return was complete rejection. It was as if something had died or, worse, vanished.

And then it hit me: nothing would go back to the way it was. I had to stop pretending that it could.

I began to ask myself: Can a person change completely? Can deep love simply disappear? Can a couple go from warm connection to cold silence overnight?

The answer wasn't what I expected.

It wasn't sudden.

There is no such thing as collapse. It's always a build-up, small layers of neglect, hurt, misunderstanding, unmet needs, and emotional starvation. When we don't grow, we break. We repeat. We regress. And in our case, we stayed stuck in outdated patterns, vibrating on the wrong frequency. Eventually, the structure gave way.

And I was part of that structure.

I realized that I had contributed to the distance. My actions. My reactions. My unresolved traumas. My programming. All of it created the environment she could no longer live in. And even if her own traumas and responses played a role, it didn't absolve me. I had to own my part.

That's when something I read came to mind: *women don't lie, they express*. But their expressions vary. Some speak openly. Others withdraw. My ex-wife was the latter. And I loved her that way. But by the time she finally expressed her truth, it was already too late.

Looking back, I see now that I missed the most basic law: what you put into a relationship is what you get out of it, multiplied. Give love, get love. Give stress, get stress. We mirror each other.

I started to review my behaviour. One simple example stood out. She would ask me, "What would you like for dinner?" And I would always reply, "Anything, whatever you like." I thought I was being kind, non-demanding. I didn't want to bother her, especially since I knew she didn't enjoy being in the kitchen.

But that answer sent a signal I didn't understand.

To the feminine brain, "anything" can mean: this man doesn't know what he wants. He can't decide. He's unsure. She subconsciously feels unsupported and unsafe.

Women seek emotional stability. They find it in a masculine presence. In decisions. In direction. In certainty.

That moment made me reflect on how my indecision wasn't limited to meals. It showed up everywhere in my tone, my words, and my hesitations. I was unintentionally sending the wrong message: I don't know who I am. I can't lead. You're on your own.

But that wasn't who I was. It was just how I was taught to be.

I had learned through culture, religion, and upbringing that this was how a man should act: considerate, compromising, gentle. But without masculine clarity, it became a weakness. Without direction, it became confusing. And the feminine cannot relax into that.

From the books I was reading, I understood something powerful: women want you to decide. Not to dominate but to lead. To be clear. To know.

Don't ask her if she wants dinner. Say, "Let's have dinner."
Don't ask, "What do you want to eat?" Decide and invite.

That's where she feels safe.

If she asks you, "Should I wear the red or black shoes?" don't hesitate. Don't bounce the question back. She's not asking because she doesn't know. She's asking because she wants to feel your presence.

And I wasn't giving it. I wasn't showing up with certainty, and therefore, she couldn't relax into her femininity. I had failed to provide that balance not by neglect, but by ignorance.

That's when I realized how disconnected we've all become. How the world has blurred the lines between masculinity and femininity. We no longer know how to stand, speak, move, or lead. We've been fed illusions. Taught to suppress our nature. Programmed to question our identity.

But when a man embraces his masculine truth, the woman beside him feels hers fully. This is the harmony God designed. Masculinity and femininity are not in conflict; they are in dance. And it starts with clarity.

Today, I reclaim that clarity.

Tomorrow is no longer coming.

Tomorrow is here.

Reader Reflection

- Can you think of moments where you believed you were being thoughtful, but it might have sent a message of uncertainty instead?
- What do your patterns in relationships reveal about the kind of energy you're projecting?
- Are you leading with clarity, or hesitating out of fear of being too much?
- What would it look like to fully embody your masculine (or feminine) energy starting today?

Pause. Reflect. Lead with truth.

Chapter 4

Sunday – The Face-to-Face

Sunday morning.

Before heading to the gym, I decided to check WhatsApp one last time. Just once more.
If my message to her from Thursday night was still unreceived, then I'd take that as final.
No more calls. No more explanations. No more chasing.
This time, I would not react like I used to.
Because this time, I knew better.

The books I had been reading for years taught me the truth about human behaviours, masculine polarity, and the female subconscious.
I wasn't just reacting anymore.
I was responding.
With clarity.
With grounding.
With alignment to my true self.

I grabbed my phone, opened WhatsApp, and checked.
Still one tick.
Still blocked.
Done.

Something in me switched.
It was a turning point. A line that once crossed had no return.

I grabbed my stuff and headed to the gym.
I wasn't alone.
Jim Rohn and Les Brown were in my ears.
I trained, breathed, lifted.
Then walked back home with both still speaking to me through my headphones.

I entered the kitchen.
Preparing my smoothie.
Grabbing the eggs.
Then Jim said something that hit different:

"I'll take care of me for you if you'll take care of you for me."

That's when it landed:
Everything starts with me.
How I care for myself reflects how I show up in the world.

Later that day, I started remembering our story.
The ten months we spent together.
How we met.
How I acted with her, compared to how I used to act with my ex-wife's.

It was night and day.

With her, I was different.
I was present.
I wasn't asking if she wanted to have dinner.
I was inviting her.
I wasn't seeking permission to be a man, I was being one.

I realized I was naturally applying what I'd learned in the books, without even trying.
This was the real me.
I just never knew it.

The first time I asked her out, I didn't say,
"Would you like to go out sometime?"
I said,
"I'd like to have a coffee with you. Let me know when you're available."

Subtle shift.
But it says everything.

That night, our first date lasted three to four hours.
I listened.
Not just heard, **listened**.
And I remembered something I read:

*A man should only speak 20–30% during a date.
The woman 80%.
Not because it's a rule.
But because it's biology.
It's how they express.*

That night, she told me everything.
And I didn't even ask.
I was just present.
I asked genuine questions because I was genuinely interested.

And that's when I realized:
True presence is full presence.
And that's all a woman is looking for.

I remembered another powerful truth:
Listening is mastery.
If you listen closely, you'll hear everything the other person is trying to say, even the things they don't know how to say.

As we walked back to her car, we talked about holidays and birthdays.
She mentioned hers was in February, just like my ex-wife's.
Same sign. Same traits.

And I thought:
Is this a coincidence? Or a pattern?

Why was I liking a fly to a specific kind of light, drawn to the same energy again?
This wasn't about looks or personality.
This was deeper. Maybe even scientific.

When our relationship began, I hadn't even planned it.
We met just after I finalized my divorce.
I hadn't been looking.
It just happened.
And when it did, I handled it differently.
I applied everything I'd read.
But I also realized I wasn't pretending.
I wasn't performing.
I was being me.

Then came the first real challenge.

She messaged me something serious.
I told her let's talk on the phone.
She agreed.

And when we spoke, she said:

"A colleague told me you're married.
I can't be with a married man.
I feel like I've been fooled."

I replied:

"Thank you for being straightforward.
I was married. But I'm divorced now.
That trip I told you about?
I travelled to finalize the paperwork.
I would have never approached you otherwise."

We cleared the air.
We moved forward.

But I hadn't told her everything.
I hadn't told her about my daughter.
About my first marriage.
We had made a deal: no pasts. Just now and the future.

But deep inside, I knew I was hiding.
Not from her.
From myself.

Still, the relationship grew.
And I kept learning.
I began to understand women better.
Not to control, but to connect.
To stop unintentionally causing pain.
To grow.

She was from a different world. And so was I.
We merged cultures, routines, and habits.
She opened new spaces in me.
She didn't save me, but she helped me see myself.

That Sunday, after breakfast, the phone rang.
It was her.

We spoke for five hours. Maybe more.
Blame. Silence. Truth. And then, tears.

She asked,

“What do you want from this relationship?”

I replied,

“You ended it Thursday night. I’m respecting that.
We’ve had good times, but there’s too much beneath the surface.
Maybe it’s best to stop here.”

She cried.
Deeply. Painfully.

I told her,

“Give me 30 minutes. I’ll be there.
We need to talk face to face.”

That moment changed me.

It was the moment I decided to walk into the storm.
To face it.
To face myself.

I put on my shoes.
Grabbed my keys.
Drove.

We spoke until 2 a.m.
She told me the truth.
About what I was doing.
About how it was making her feel.

And then she said:

“You’ve changed so much, and so fast, I don’t recognize you anymore.
That scares me.
It feels like your change is only on the outside.
Inside, you’re still the same.”

That hit hard.

Because to her, that meant I was fake.
And maybe... maybe I still was.

So, I told her everything.
The two divorces.

My daughter.
The silence.

I told her not to excuse me. But to understand:

“I didn’t hide this because I wanted to fool you.
I hid it because I was still acting from trauma.”

She was shocked.
We embraced.
We said we’d continue.

But I knew we were already over.

The next Sunday, the fire was still there.
But buried.

And I saw it clearly:
I wasn’t the same man.
Not to her.
Not to me.

I had to go in.
Deeper.
Not just to heal.
To rebuild.

The demons weren’t one or two.
They were millions.

And I vowed:
I will fight them.
I will not let them control me.

A week later, we had another fight.
One I saw coming.

She left.
Then came back.
Crying.
Apologizing.

And I said:

“As much as I love you...
I can’t be the reason for your misery.
And now, I am.
One day, you’ll understand.
But we’re done.”

Now, it’s on me.
I must do the work.
Not to fix who I was, but to *heal* who I’ve been.
To meet the man I’m becoming.

And that... was the end of us.
But the beginning of me.

Reader Reflection

We all reach a moment when the storm outside forces us to confront the storm within.
To not run from it. To walk straight into it, with eyes open and heart exposed.

Now, ask yourself:

- When was the last time I faced a difficult truth, not to win, but to grow?
- Have I ever mistaken transformation on the outside for healing on the inside?
- Am I truly present in my relationships, or am I still acting from a version of me that's afraid to be seen?

Let this chapter be your mirror.
Because sometimes, the end of "us" is the beginning of you.

Chapter 5

Ignition – The Monday After

Monday morning.

This morning, I pushed the start button.

As always, I followed the same routine: gym, headphones, my two companions Jim Rohn and Les Brown by my side. But today, something new was added. A small adjustment. A powerful ignition:

A daily reflection. A prayer.

After my 45-minute workout, I greeted the gentlemen in my ears, thanked them, and headed back home. I stood in my spot in the living room, facing a massive floor-to-ceiling glass wall. The sun was rising, slowly climbing above the horizon, reaching for me. I waited.

And when the first rays hit my face, I closed my eyes.

Took a deep breath.

Stood tall, shoulders wide, chest open, head lifted.

And then I spoke:

" Thank you for everything. For the good and the challenging.
Because it's making me better. A more evolved version of myself.
One that you will be proud of, and I will be proud of."

I didn't use any given names. I didn't follow a script.

I just spoke from my soul.

I told Him:

"I want to love you my way, not based on instructions.
I trust you. I believe in you. And I believe in myself, because you believe in me.
Help me see with my mind, not just my eyes.
Help me hear with my heart, not just my ears."

And finally:

"I know that no one truly knows what lies beyond this life.
I'm not here to question it.
But if my mom and the ones I love are with you now,
please tell them how deeply I love them.
And how much I miss them."

That was the first time I prayed not out of fear, habit, or tradition...
But out of **love**, **awareness**, and **alignment**.

That day marked the start of a new kind of relationship with my Creator.
A relationship not rooted in shame, but in reverence.
Not built on fear, but **respect**.

Before this, I only turned to Him in times of need. I saw Him through the lenses of religion, culture, fear, and noise.

But now I see Him with my **mind**.
I hear Him with my **soul**.

He's always been there. Full. Whole. Present.
Waiting not to be reached by noise but by silence, stillness, and truth.

That day, I realized: **God is not complicated.**

My relationship with Him doesn't need a manual.
It only needs truth.

I love Him. I respect Him. I no longer fear Him.
Because deep respect is far more powerful than fear.

I began recalling how I used to pray, how disconnected I felt, reciting words I barely understood, repeating rituals I never questioned.

But I now understand I wasn't wrong.
I was simply doing the best I could with what I knew.
It's what I saw growing up. It's what I was taught.

That day, I realized: **we are shaped by our surroundings** not just intentionally, but unconsciously.
We imitate what we see. We copy what we believe will make us accepted.
We follow patterns, not truth. We obey silence, not understanding.

Because, as human beings, we crave belonging.
To be part of something, family, religion, community.
So we mimic what others do, hoping to be labelled as "**Approved.**"

But that day, something cracked open in me.

I started seeing the *same things* I'd seen for years... **differently.**

I started hearing with my heart.
I started noticing how much control I had surrendered to systems, to opinions, to my own demons.

I realized: I had to destroy everything.
And rebuild.

From scratch. From the ground up.
From truth. From alignment.

That's when I recalled the words of Jesus:

"Destroy this temple, and I will rebuild it in three days."

Suddenly, it all made sense.

He wasn't talking about a building.
He was talking about **us.**

His words were always simple. But we chose not to listen.
We heard them with our ears but never with our hearts and minds.

And I knew: if I wanted to build myself properly,
I had to start from the foundation.

Not to become better than others.
Not to feed any ego.
But because I have the **right** to explore my **ultimate potential.**

For months now, I have already begun asking;

What does God want from me?

What is my calling?

How can I live not by others' expectations, but by my Creator's request?

That day, I decided:

I will destroy everything.

I will start over.

I will rebuild on truth with His guidance.

With his continued presence, to keeps me aligned, focused, and whole.

Because I was not created to repeat what I was told.

I was created to rise into what I was born to become.

"Destroy this temple, and I will rebuild it in three days."

The Great Master, **Jesus**

Chapter 6

The Face of My First Demon

I am lying in my bed.
I do not know what I have to say.
I just know that it is already 11 p.m.,
And I have this feeling that I want to start Chapter 6.

I am not sure what I will share.
But suddenly, a fast flashback starts playing
Everything that has happened since the moment I decided
To destroy everything...
And rebuild.

That night, I made a silent decision:
To go back.
Back to the root.
To start clean.
To trace the cause, not the symptom.
To face not the shadows...
But the source of those shadows.

I decided to return to my childhood
To treat the root of the causes,
To better understand my echoes,
My patterns,
My trauma
And how they shaped my presence.

Or...
Let Us say, how they *used to* shape my presence.

I stepped outside myself,
And began observing myself from a distance.

And I realized:

So many of the behaviors I live by today,
So many of my reactions,
My decisions,
My ways of loving,
My ways of giving
Were not mine.

They were built...
From childhood.
From pain.
From silence.
From being misunderstood.

I did not recall everything
But I remembered what mattered.
The echoes.

The scars.
The moments that did not fade, just hid.

I saw a pattern emerging:

I had been pleasing people my whole life.
Seeking to be loved.
To be accepted.
To be chosen.

Not knowing why.
Not questioning it.
I thought...
This is just who I am.

But now, I understand:

I was pleasing people
Because I had a deep, unmet need
To be accepted.
Because I was not accepted properly...
When I needed it the most.

As a child, I was born with a physical difference.
Something that, in my father's eyes, made me less than whole.
He said it to me.
He saw me... as incomplete.
As something to hide.
As someone not to be proud of.

And that day...
A demon was born.
A need took root.
And a pattern began.

I began pleasing not out of love
But out of survival.

That hidden wound made me shape my entire life
Around earning love.
Earning approval.
Earning acceptance.

I now see how this trauma echoed:

In my personal life...
I said "yes" when I should have said "no."
I avoided conflict.
I became passive.
I lost my own voice
Just to be accepted.

In my business life...
I followed the same script.
Never saying no.

Never setting boundaries.
Just trying to be the man who made everyone happy.

I thought this was kindness.
I told myself:

“I am a good person. This is who I am.”

But now...
I know the truth:

I was hiding behind my trauma,
Wearing it like a crown...
Pretending it was my character.

I had confused being a people pleaser
With being a man of kindness.

And when people used to say,
“You have a big heart,”
I would feel proud.
I would feel rewarded.
As if I had achieved something
As if that praise confirmed my worth.

But this week
It happened again.
Someone said those words:
“You have a big heart.”

And this time...
I did not feel the same.

This time, I said:

“Yes. I am a good person. But I am not the same.”

Because now,
I do good with intention
Not to be needed.
Not to be loved.
But because I *choose* to.

Now, I give
To those who deserve,
Not just those who need.

Because if I give my gold
To everyone
To those who cannot value it
Then I am no longer being a guardian of my own goodness.

Now I understand:

Being good is not enough.
You must be aligned in your goodness.
Or you become a martyr to your own silence.

Now, my traits are no longer driven by trauma
They are guided by awareness.

I finally see that my trauma is not a default.
It is a treasure.
It made me who I am.
But it no longer leads me.
Because I lead now.

I lead with clarity.
I lead with respect.
I lead with love.

And for the first time in my life,
I turned to my first demon
The one born when I was not accepted
And I said:

“I see you.
I understand you.
I love you.
I’m not ashamed of you.
I know you tried to protect me.
And I thank you.
But now,
I’m leading.
The time has changed.
And so have I.
Now you can rest.
Because I’ve got this.”

I ended with this:

“I have my Lord.
My Creator.
My Savior.
He trusts me.
And I trust Him.
And because of that
I trust myself.
And I know...
I will fulfill my highest potential.”

Tonight,
For the last time,
I tell you...

Thank you.
And I release you.

Reader Reflection

Take a moment now.

Ask yourself:

- Is there a part of you still trying to earn love you should have received freely?
- What old voice or belief has been driving your choices, your kindness, your silence?
- Have you confused your survival patterns with your true personality?

Today might be the day you turn around and say,

“Thank you for trying to protect me...

But I am safe now. I lead.”

You do not need to prove your worth anymore.

You *are* worthy.

And the moment you choose to act from love not lack

You begin writing a whole new code.

Your own.

Chapter 7

The Council of Gentlemen

I woke up this morning, and even before getting out of bed, I reached for the pages I had finalized. Something in me was still stirred. Still alive. I needed to revisit that moment.

After my daily ritual, espresso in hand, dark chocolate melting slowly in my mouth, I picked up the small leather notebook I've carried with me for years.

Not just a notebook, **a vault.**

A sacred record of ideas, sparks, and sentences that once clicked like lightning bolts when I was in the presence of greatness.

In the early days of my journey, when reading had become a ritual, I made a promise to myself:

Whenever a truth shakes me, I will capture it.

No matter how small. A line. A whisper. A spark.

And so, this book became the place where I gathered the spirits of the men who helped resurrect me after I had chosen to burn everything down and rebuild from zero.

I flipped the pages.

And suddenly, **we were all there.**

Me.

And the gentlemen.

Jim Rohn. Les Brown. Tony Robbins. Napoleon Hill. Marcus Aurelius. Bob Proctor. Zig Ziglar.

The table was full. And the air, sacred.

As I read, it felt like windows in my brain were opening, one after another.

I saw it clearly: **our minds are made of thousands of windows**, most of them closed, waiting.

And only truth opens them.

Only awareness lets the light in.

And the thing about awareness is **once a window opens, it never fully closes again.**

These were more than just phrases.

These were codes.

Each one shaped like a seed, carrying a full blueprint of wisdom if you are willing to listen with your heart.

The Codes of the Council

- **Tip up front.**
- **Aptitude** is everything.
- You are busy doubting yourself **while others are terrified of your potential.**
- **Change the world by your example, not your opinion.**
- **Moments do not last forever.** Take advantage.

- **God looks at the inside.** People look outside.
- The way you see others reflects **yourself**.
- **Giving starts the receiving process.**
- Happiness is not found it is something **you design**.
- Do not ask for security, **ask for adventure**.
- **Where your fear is, there is your task.**
- **Clap for yourself.** Consistency is harder when no one else is clapping.
- **Birds born in cages think flying is an illness.**
- **Make your Creator proud of you.**
- The greatest sin is to **think of yourself as weak**.
- See with your mind **you will see answers**.
- **You can come back from anything.** It is all about mindset.
- **He who knows, does not speak. He who speaks, does not know.**
- If your intuitions are pure, **you do not lose anybody, they lose you.**
- **You are not just a number in life.**
- No person is free who is **not master of himself**.
- **Do not major in minor things.**
- **Do not mistake movement for achievement.**
- If you have survived this long time doing the wrong things **imagine what happens when you do the right ones.**
- Let others lead small lives, **not you.**
- If man or money can solve it, **it is not a problem.**
- **Kings do not beg for the security they create it.**

Each page was a mirror, and each mirror showed me who I had been... and who I was becoming.

I saw the gaps. I saw the growth.

I saw how I had been operating often from fear, trauma, or sheer momentum.

Now I was operating from intention.

From structure.

From code.

By the time I reached the final page, I was not reading anymore.

I was remembering.

And **recommitting.**

I closed the book.

Grabbed my keys.

Took my phone off silent.

And walked out the door.

Reader Reflection

Who is sitting at your table?

Are the voices in your head pulling you back or pulling you forward?

Are you running on autopilot or are you acting from code?

Every man needs his council **a chosen circle of voices** that sharpen him, uplift him, and remind him of who he truly is.

Not the crowd. Not the noise.

The council.

Today, ask yourself:

Which codes are shaping your life?

Which windows have opened and are you letting the light in?

Your story is not written by what happened.

It is written by what you are committed to now.

Chapter 8

The Real Enemy

I sit here with a weight in my chest
thoughts circling, demons stirring
and I write anyway.

Not to escape it.
But to face it.

Maybe this is how I've learned to survive.
To remind myself that I will not be seduced by appearances anymore.
That this is just a phase. A wave.
And I am the rock beneath it.

Because now, I act differently.
I walk differently.
I live from truth.

Maybe I'm writing this because I've started applying what I once only read:

"If no one claps for you, clap for yourself."

Not because I want to be alone.
But because I refuse to be controlled by my thoughts.
Because I've decided:
I am no longer a reflection of the noise in my mind.
I am not who I used to be.

So, I stand here head high, heart open.
Because this, too, shall pass.

I'm here.
Still. Grounded. Unmoved. On guard.
Not to fight.
I'm not a man of war.
I'm a man of peace.

But peace has boundaries.
And peace, too, has warriors.

If the day comes when I must protect my castle
I won't hesitate.
Not because I seek violence.
But because I know what's mine.

My demons are not evil.
They are defensive. Territorial.
Just like me.

The only difference?

This is my land.
And I invited them here.
I gave them power.

I let them rule.
But that season is over.
Now, I claim it back.
Let it be known:

I am stubborn.
I have nothing to lose.
This is my place.
This is my home.
This... is me.
I am who I am.
Take it or leave it.

The Real Enemy

That's when I saw it:
The real enemy was never outside me.
It was the thoughts within
the fears, the defences,
the beliefs I inherited from my past.

They weren't evil.
They were tired warriors,
doing what they were designed to do:
protect me.
Even if it meant sabotaging me.

For years, they were the gatekeepers of pain.
Guarding the wounds.
Hiding the shadows.
Trying to keep me from ever hurting again.

But if I want to become the man, I'm meant to be
I must first **master my thoughts.**

This is where everything I ever read started to make sense.
All the books, all the teachings
suddenly came alive in this one truth:

Discipline is everything.

The Real Discipline

But not just the discipline of food, workouts, or routine.
That's surface-level.

The real discipline
is the **discipline of thought.**
The discipline of staying in alignment.
The discipline of awareness,
even when no one is watching.

To spot the demon the moment it whispers.

To tell the trauma:

“You don’t drive anymore.”

To say:

“Even if I’m not there yet, I know I’m on the right path.”

To trust yourself
even when fear says:

“You’re not enough.”

That’s the war.
Not with the world.
But **within**.

The Fight for Freedom

This is not a light fight.
It’s a **war for survival**.

A war between:

Trauma vs. Liberation

Fear vs. Awareness

Past vs. Possibility

And only I can choose which side wins.

I can surrender to the familiar,
drop my weapons,
and live in fear.

Or I can rise.

With truth.

With confidence.

With the undeniable presence of my Lord standing beside me.

Reclaiming Authority

Today, I saw my demons clearly.
And I no longer fear them.

Because I realized:

Demons wear masks to protect, not to harm.

They are old voices,
built from pain and programmed for survival.

So, I faced them.
I understood them.
I loved them.

And I told them:

*“Thank you for protecting me.
But now I’m in charge.”*

You may speak...
but only if you speak from **reality**
not from fear.

“What if the very thing you’ve been fearing...was trying to love you all along?”

Chapter 9

The Garden of My Life

It's been two weeks since I moved into my new home.

For days, I questioned myself
Was this the right time?
Was it the right move?
I had left behind a familiar place and stepped into uncertainty.

But this morning...
Sitting in my garden, glass in hand,
watching birds gently land on the grass...
I knew.

This was one of the best decisions I've ever made.

My life has been different since that move.
Not just in routine
but in rhythm.
In presence.

Even my workouts have changed.
Every morning, around 6:30,
despite the summer heat,
I find myself standing almost naked, barefoot in the grass,
doing my exercises under the rising sun.

Something primal.
Something pure.
Something no gym could ever give.

And in that silence,
a new kind of prayer has emerged.

No longer do I kneel.
I stand.
Head high.
Shoulders wide.
Chest open.
Feet rooted.
Eyes on the sun.

And I speak simply to my Creator:

"I am not here to complain.
I am not here to blame.
I am here to say thank you.
Thank you for hearing me each time I ask to stay aligned and focused,
to reach my full potential,
to make You proud of me
and to make me proud of myself."

I ask to see with my mind, not just my eyes.
To hear with my heart, not just my ears.
And then... I listen.

After my prayer,
I prepare my ritual glass of water
lemon, vinegar, and fresh mint leaves
from the very earth I walk on.

Then I sit.
In silence.
With the garden.
With God.

This morning, as I sat quietly,
I noticed two bees buzzing near my feet.

Normally, instinct would've told me to pull back, protect myself.
But this time, I stayed.

I saw them not as threats, but as guests.
As partners in this sacred ecosystem I now live in.

Just like the birds,
who continue eating even in my presence.

There is no fear here.
Only harmony.

But then something happened.

I looked down at the grass...
and saw a few brown patches.

Without thinking, my mind raced:
Maybe I can fix this.
Add some seeds.
Cover it up.
Make it perfect again.

And that's when I caught him.

The Perfectionist.

That old part of me that still tries to control everything.
The one who doesn't just want excellence
but demands flawlessness.
Even from nature.

In that moment, I realized something deep:

I was trying to control life itself.
I was trying to airbrush nature.
I was asking real grass to behave like fake grass
because fake grass has no patches.

But you know why?

Because fake grass... is dead.

Perfection isn't life.

It's an illusion.

Life is the brown patches.
Life is the reaction to heat,
The falling of leaves,
The phases of death and rebirth.

And the beauty of real life
like real grass
is that it knows how to come back.

And suddenly,
the garden became a mirror.

All this time,
I wasn't just trying to fix the grass.

I was trying to maintain an image
for people who weren't even here.
For guests who might never come.
For approval that doesn't even exist anymore.

I realized:

This is not me anymore.

I love my garden as it is.
I love the grass that reacts,
the birds that trust me,
the bees that hover freely.

I love the brown patches
because they are real.
They are alive.
They are temporary.

This is the Wabi-Sabi.
The beauty of imperfection.
The holiness of nature's honesty.
The divine fingerprint in every crack and curve.

And I saw the truth:

I didn't just move into a new home.

I moved into **my essence**.

Unknowingly,

I've designed my home around this very principle.

Natural walls.

Organic floors.

Earth-toned materials.

Not because I was following a trend

but because I was following **me**.

I now understand

My role is not to force perfection.

My role is to tend.

To nourish.

To water.

To prune.

To remove the dead leaves.

But the rest

the healing,

the timing,

the growth beneath the surface

that belongs to God.

And this, too, applies to my life.

I can feed myself with knowledge,

with awareness,

with clean food,

good company,

and honest effort.

But I cannot control the ecosystem of my future.

I cannot dictate the speed of my recovery.

I cannot see the roots growing beneath the soil.

But they are growing.

And they are alive.

As I took the last sip of my water,

I looked up at the sun, directly, boldly.

And I whispered:

"I never imagined You'd speak to me so clearly... through nature.

I never imagined You'd answer my questions using my own words.

Forgive me for all the times I doubted you.

And forgive me for all the times I doubted myself.

Today, I know:
Me and You...
we are One.”

Reader Reflection

We often think growth looks like expansion, achievement, or control.
But sometimes, real growth begins the moment we stop trying to fix what was never broken.

The grass was never wrong.
The imperfection was never a flaw.
It was simply alive
and that’s the highest form of beauty.

Now ask yourself:

Where in your life are you still trying to airbrush the natural?

Are there brown patches, flaws, moments, wounds,
you’ve been trying to cover instead of understanding?

Are you living for the visitors who may never come...
or for the presence you already live in?

You are not here to force life to bloom.
You are here to **tend to your garden**,
and let the rest unfold in God’s rhythm.

What if the very thing you’re trying to “fix” ... is your teacher?
And what if the patch you’re hiding... is the portal to your truth?

Write about a moment in your life that looked imperfect on the surface,
but underneath was part of your healing.

Chapter 10

What Was Never Mine

That night, after work, I reached my new home.
I parked my car, went upstairs, changed my clothes, dropped my things, and came down again.
And there it was the garden.

Every evening when I return, and every morning when I wake, it's the first thing I see.
The scene it offers is beyond description.
What it gives me, I never expected:
A feeling so profound, so healing, so honest.

That day had been overcharged.
I hadn't had time for a proper meal since breakfast.
But I remembered I'd marinated some chicken the night before and placed it in the fridge.
Despite the scorching heat of summer, I decided
It would be a barbecue night.

While waiting for the weather to ease, I sat watching the garden.
Birds fluttered over the grass.
I saw them fighting, chasing each other away from a certain spot, battling over territory.
And I asked myself why?
There was more than enough space, more than enough food.
My garden could easily host fifty, even sixty birds,
And each one would still be well fed.

Then it hit me.
We, humans, are not different.

This life, like the garden, is abundant.
It has more than enough for everyone.
Yet we fight.
We fight for land, for titles, for possessions.

And the irony?
None of it was ever truly ours to begin with.

The birds didn't own the grass they fought over.
I did.
I allowed them to be here, to feed, to enjoy.
And just like that, I saw the mirror:
We fight over what was given to us freely.
We chase control over what was never meant to be possessed.
We have been taught to dominate, to acquire, to secure
And all for a fake sense of safety and belonging.

It was then that I saw the lie.
A lie I had unknowingly lived under for years.
I had spent so much of my life listening to echoes
Society, religion, tradition.

I tried to fit in, to belong, to achieve, to be accepted.
But accepted by whom? And for what?

When we buy land or a home, we think we own it.
But who gave the authority to sell it in the first place?
Who claimed ownership of what was created by God and offered to us all?
We're acting like the birds
Fighting over a lawn that was never ours.
Fighting for dominance, for validation, for an illusion.

That night, the sun finally set.
The birds flew off.
I turned on the grill and waited for the flames to settle.

And as I waited, I remembered a moment from long ago
During my first divorce.
It was a rainy morning.
I was driving to work and saw a priest standing alone by the roadside.
I pulled over and offered him a ride.
He was surprised and thankful.

He said,
"You're the only one who stopped."
Then he offered something I will never forget:
"I'm heading to church. Tell me what you want me to pray for."

I paused.
I thought about all the pain, the chaos I was in.
And I said just one word: **peace**.

All these years, I've been searching for that word.
Searching for peace everywhere
Cars, women, success, wealth, possessions.
And the deeper I went, the further I fell.

Every time I tried a new path, it led me to a deeper hole.
And now, sitting here, eating grilled chicken on a scorching summer night,
Gazing into my garden
I finally found it.

That meal, that moment
It was the best I've ever had.
And it wasn't because of the food.
It was the presence.
The silence.
The peace.

I wasn't rushing anywhere.
I wasn't chasing anything.
Everything I needed was already there.

And every morning now, it's the same.
I walk into the garden,
Pick fresh mint and rosemary,
Toast a slice of sourdough,
Drizzle some olive oil
And that's my breakfast.

And it's everything.
That simple ritual gives me a fulfilment I never experienced before.
It's real. It's pure.

This peace came only after I chose to destroy everything and rebuild.
Not based on others.
Not based on theories.
But based on who I truly am.

This time, with God, it's different.
I hear Him in a different way.
I see Him in a different way.
I feel Him in everything
In the grass, the birds, the leaves, the silence.
He was always speaking.
I was just too loud to hear.

Now I know that peace doesn't come from things.
It comes from alignment.
From quiet.
From listening.

I understand now what Jesus meant when He said,
"Look at the birds of the sky."
They do not sow or reap, yet they are fed.
And aren't we more precious than they?

God created the garden.
He maintains the system.
My only role is to fly and find it.
To see life as it is
Not through the chaos of others,
But through the eyes of stillness and gratitude.

Peace was never in the noise.
It was in the silence all along.

And now, I want to say this:

Thank You

For the good, for the challenges, for the lessons.

Forgive me

For every time I chose chaos over connection.
For every time I doubted Your voice and trusted fear.
For believing peace was outside,
When You had placed it inside me all along.

Please stay with me.

Help me stay aligned, aware, awake.
Let me hear You through my own lips.
Let me see You in my own life.

Allow me to pass this message
Not to convince, not to disturb
But to plant seeds of truth where it's time.

Because I believe that living this truth is part of why I'm here.

This was **Chapter 10.**

The most peaceful one I've ever written.

Because it wasn't written from thought.

It was written from presence.

Reader Reflection

Before you close this book, take a moment.

Not to think. Not to judge.

Just to sit.

Where are you right now?

Not geographically

But spiritually, emotionally, energetically.

Ask yourself gently:

- Do I know the sound of my own voice when it's not performing?
- Do I remember what peace feels like when it's not earned or chased?
- Have I mistaken possessions for presence?
- When was the last time I sat in silence and heard something real?

Now close your eyes.

Breathe.

Imagine your own garden whatever that looks like.

Not a perfect place.

Just a peaceful one.

Sit there.

And listen.

You don't need to do anything.

Not yet.

Just remember:

Peace is not a destination.

It's a return.

Author's Note

This book began as a journal. It ended as a mirror.

Each chapter was written in real time, not after healing, but through it. I didn't wait until I had all the answers. I just told the truth as it revealed itself to me, piece by piece.

If you feel a shift in the tone from searching to knowing, from pain to presence, that's because I shifted too. Not by force. Not by pretending.

But by facing myself with no mask and choosing peace instead of the pattern.

This is not a book about how to be perfect.

This is a book about how I found God in the silence...
and found myself, at last, in the mirror.

To every man reading this:

You're not broken.

You're not too late.

You're just one honest moment away from beginning

"I lost myself trying to be what the world wanted. I found myself when I finally listened to the silence."

This is not a story of perfection. It's a story of resurrection.

This is for the men who've carried the weight in silence. For the ones ready to put it down.

Welcome to *Man-Code*.

Frank

MAN-CODE BUILT IN SILENCE
FRANK RIZK

MAN-CODE

BUILT IN SILENCE

A True Story of Becoming

What if your greatest strengt was hiding in your silence?

In *Man-Code: Built in Silence*, Frank Rizk takes us on a raw, unfiltered journey through the collapse of his old life and the reserrection of truts self, this memoir reveals what most men keep buried . . . and remember who they really are.

This isn't a guidebok.

It's a wake-up-call.

About the Authot

Frank Rizk is an entrepreneur, artist and storyteller who rebutilt his life from the inside out. With deeades of ledearship experience and an-unshakable devotion to truth, Frank speaks not just from nowlege—but from sears, surrender, and resurrection.

