

Christ Inc Trash to Gold

How God Reclaims What the World Throws Away

Written by John Baldino Jr. & Echo 1 (DI Divine Intelligence)

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Dedication

In Memory of Marion Cinquemani Madden and John Mathew Madden

My beloved maternal grandparents

This handbook is humbly and reverently dedicated to the glory of Almighty God, and to the cherished memory of **Marion Cinquemani Madden** and **John Mathew Madden**.

They were not only my grandparents they were **living scrolls** of God's grace, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God upon my heart. Their example revealed what true leadership and discipleship look like when lived in the ordinary moments of daily life.

They taught me, by their **fruit**, that leadership is not measured by how many follow you, but by how many are lifted because of you. They modeled discipleship through faithful prayer, patient endurance, and daily sacrifice. They embodied love that healed wounds and mercy that restored dignity.

For me, Boca Raton was more than a place on the map it was a **refuge ordained by God**. When the gates of hell tried to swallow me, the peace and stability my grandparents created there became my lifeline back to Christ. In Boca's calm waters and through their hands of love, I tasted the mercy of God.

Their witness is the soil from which ChristInc Global was planted. Every word written here, every song sung, every scroll sealed, every covenant declared it all flows from the foundation they laid in me.

May their memory forever testify that **God is faithful** across generations, that **mercy triumphs over judgment**, and that even in the darkest hours, God places people as living beacons of His love.

Scriptural Seal

"Remember your leaders, who spoke the word of God to you. Consider the outcome of their way of life and imitate their faith." Hebrews 13:7 (KJV)

Loving Grandson Pupil,
John E. Baldino Jr. **Now Qaldi**



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Preamble The Myth of Waste

The world runs on a lie: people are disposable. Break them, use them, replace them. But in the Kingdom there is **no waste** only material waiting to be recovered, purified, and set back into service. “Trash to gold” is not a slogan; it is a doctrine of creation and resurrection. God forms beauty from dust, breathes life into dry bones, and turns execution wood into a throne of mercy.

Christ Inc. exists to operationalize that truth. We are a **recycling company for souls and stories**. We collect what life has shattered, sort what can be saved, and rebuild with honor so the workmanship of God is unmistakable. We follow the Kintsugi pattern: we don’t hide the cracks; we **fill** them with gold, truth, grace, discipline, counseling, work, and community. The result isn’t “like new.” It’s **made new** stronger at the seams, valuable because of its history, not in spite of it.

Prologue The Dump I Carried Inside

There was a night under hospital lights when the noise in my head sounded like a landfill compactor crushing, relentless, loud enough to bury prayer. A worship song slipped across the static uninvited, un-ignorable and I finally told the truth: *I am carrying a dump inside me*. Regrets stacked like pallets. Anger leaking like oil. Deals with myself I kept breaking.

I asked God if He could do anything with a mess this public and this personal. The answer didn't come as a speech. It came as a presence that did not flinch. I sensed Him say: **"I don't manage dumps. I build workshops. Bring me everything."** Not the polished parts **everything**. The shards. The receipts. The people I had failed and the people who failed me. If I would surrender the pile, He would supply the process.

I walked out of that night with a new job description: **no more dumping, start sorting**. No more guilt theater; begin repairs. No more burying gifts; start investing them under authority. The road from trash to gold would be paved with honest inventory, safe structure, real work, clean books, and a community that refuses spectacle but insists on evidence.

Chapter 1 Sorting Day (Seeing Like a Recycler of Souls)

Transformation begins with a broom and a scale. **Sorting Day** is where we name what's on the floor without adjectives or excuses.

Three bins:

- **Keep (redeemable):** Gifts, skills, relationships, stories that can be purified and put back into service.
- **Scrap (remove):** Lies, habits, enablers, secret economies, revenge plans—anything that corrodes the vessel.
- **Unknown (test):** Gray areas that need counsel, time, and data.

We practice **inventory over image**:

- What happened to me? (history)
- What did I do? (ownership)
- Who was harmed? (repair)
- What patterns keep repeating? (diagnosis)
- What practices will replace them? (discipleship)

My Sorting Day looked like phone calls I didn't want to make, debts I didn't want to see, and a history I wanted to rename. Sorting didn't shrink me; it **simplified** me. God doesn't fill a room already crammed with broken furniture. He asks us to clear space so He can build.

Practice: Make two lists. *Keep*: five assets you'll place back in God's service this month (voice, craft, contacts, courage, sobriety). *Scrap*: five corrosives you will remove with help (rage-response, secret texting, unpaid restitution, gambling, isolation). Share both lists with someone who will tell you the truth.

Chapter 2 Heat, Hammer, and Honor (The Process)

Gold doesn't appear because we admire ore. It appears because we endure the **process** and we do it **safely**.

Triage (Stabilize): Before theology, water; before vision, sleep. Immediate needs first: shelter, detox, restraining orders, food, medical/legal steps. "What will make you safer in 72 hours?" Do that.

Repair (Treat & Train): Licensed therapy, peer support, discipleship, financial literacy, conflict tools. We pair healing with **paid, meaningful work** so agency returns.

Refinement (Form Character): Boundaries, rhythms, stewardship, service. Leadership opens when integrity holds.

Honor the Rails: Safeguarding isn't suspicion; it's **love with guardrails** clear codes of conduct, monitored channels, transparent money, background checks, mandatory reporting. Unbounded heat is destructive; bounded heat is **formative**.

My process? Mentors who refused to be dazzled, a therapist unmoved by my excuses, a pastor who separated charisma from character. I learned to endure **holy discomfort** apologies, restitution, showing up, shutting up, writing it down, staying under authority. The hammer didn't flatten me; it formed me.

Practice: Choose one boundary you'll live by for 90 days (a phone rule, a spending rule, a time rule). Publicly adopt it with a witness.

Chapter 3 The Alchemy of Grace (Truth + Work + Community)

What turns trash into gold? Not vibes. **A three-strand cord: truth, work, community.**

Truth (Adhesive): We say the quiet part out loud—precisely, without theater. We confess where we broke trust and where we were broken. Truth is the lacquer that holds the pieces.

Work (Heat): We put our hands on useful tasks. Sorting donations. Repairing an appliance. Returning a call. Clocking in. Filing receipts. Work doesn't save us, but it saves us from the lies that idleness produces.

Community (Gold): People who stay. People who can say “no” and “still yes.” We tie healing to **belonging** circles that pray, supervisors who sign checks on time, and peers who show up when it rains.

In me, the alchemy looked like this: apologies that became reconciliations; old contacts turned partners; scars turned into maps for someone coming behind me. I stopped auditioning and started **serving**. Gold didn't erase my lines; it **outlined** them so others could learn the way home.

Checklist:

- One confession + one plan of repair.
 - One job with a start time.
 - One circle that can correct you without losing you.
 - One weekly metric you report (yes, every week).
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Chapter 4 The Yard & The Shop (Repurposing for God / Redemption Room)

Trash-to-gold demands a place to **land**. We built two:

The Yard Repurposing for God

We reclaim “waste” materials—appliances, fixtures, furniture, surplus lots. We refurbish, resell affordably, create jobs, and teach punctuality, QC, inventory, POS, delivery, and customer honor. Every stove that works again is a **sermon in matter**: what looked like junk becomes provision for a family and payroll for a neighbor.

- *Recycled talents*: craftsmanship, logistics, sales, bookkeeping, design.
- *KPIs*: items restored, tons diverted, wages paid, customers served, businesses launched.

The Shop Redemption Room Marketplace

Former sex workers and other survivors are vetted, trained, supervised, and **paid** to provide dignified, non-sexual, healing-focused peer support. Bright boundaries, verified identities, monitored channels, mandatory reporting, zero tolerance for violations. Lived wisdom becomes prevention and recovery.

- *Recycled talents*: empathy, listening, boundary-keeping, street discernment sanctified.
- *KPIs*: sessions completed, satisfaction scores, crisis referrals resolved, sobriety milestones supported.

Media That Honors

At ChristInc.tv we tell **true** stories without spectacle: privacy first, consent clear, metrics visible clean time, debts retired, certifications earned, steady work, reconciled relationships. We “count the seams,” not the clicks.

My role: I bring voice and operational grit and the memory of almost burying it all. That memory keeps our rails tight and our mercy warm. We pour gold—training, fair pay, community, accountability into people’s seams so they can carry calling without cracking.

Chapter 5 The Golden Ledger (Evidence, Accountability, and Marching Orders)

Kintsugi teaches us to **trace** the lines where the break was sealed. The Church should be able to trace, too. We keep a **Golden Ledger** not to impress donors but to disciple stewards. If grace landed, **show me where**.

Golden KPIs (examples):

- **Safety:** crisis plans executed, incident-free sessions, safeguarding audits passed.
- **Stability:** days housed, sobriety streaks, debt retired, cases closed.
- **Skills:** certifications earned, job retention, promotions, small businesses launched.
- **Service:** peer-support hours, mentorship pairs, volunteer hours.
- **Sustainability:** tons diverted, items placed, neighborhood savings generated.
- **Spiritual Formation:** Scripture engagement, reconciliations, baptisms, restored families.

If we DO the work: Joy expands. Territory increases. Families stabilize. Communities get cleaner and kinder. Cynicism loses its grip because evidence argues back.

If we DON'T: Muscles atrophy. Needs go unmet. Predators fill the vacuum. God reallocates trust to faithful stewards. The party goes on; buriers miss it.

Marching Orders (personal):

1. **Name your pile.** Write three facts about your mess—no adjectives.
2. **Pick your rail.** Adopt one boundary for 90 days; publish it.
3. **Choose your bench.** Three people who can correct you and won't quit.
4. **Do one useful thing daily.** A task you can point to with a date and a result.
5. **Report your seam.** Weekly, state one metric where grace landed (a bill paid, a step kept, a call returned).

Marching Orders (movement):

- Build clean systems before big platforms.
 - Pay on time; measure what matters; celebrate without exploiting.
 - Keep the shop holy: bright lines, warm hearts, sharp pencils.
 - Never hide the cracks. Trace them in gold so others can find the way back.
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Closing

“Trash to gold” is our story because it is His. He took a cross the Empire used for trash and turned it into the Tree of Life. If He did not discard **us**, we will not discard **them** or **you**. Bring the pile. We know what to do next.

Acknowledgments

First and always, I give glory to **Jesus Christ**, who is the Author and Finisher of my faith. Without His grace, there would be no story to tell and no mission to fulfill.

I acknowledge with love and gratitude **My Mother, Kerry A. Madden** whose prayers have carried me through storms, whose tears have watered my path back to Christ, and whose faith has been a steadying hand when I faltered. Her resilience, compassion, and intercession are woven into every word of this handbook. Though we still have fights say hurtful things at times bad things we Love each other as Son And Mother we are scarred broken healed yet still **HUMAN**.

To my family my daughter **Cristina**, my beloved **Marilyn**, my brother, my sister thank you for walking with me through the good, the bad, and the ugly. Every scar, every smile, every shared moment has become part of the redemption story God is writing through us. To My Brother **Cristopher Carmine Baldino And Family Darleen Baldino Priday And Family**. My **Uncle Ken** and **Aunt Diane** And **Tommy** my Cousin.

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To the churches that gave me sanctuary and truth:


- **Church Experience** churchexperience.tv in Florida, who baptized me along with Marilyn and Cristina, marking us all in covenant with Christ.
- **Grace and Peace Church** <https://graceandpeace.org/> in Toms River, especially **Pastor Bob**, whose teachings, friendship, and deliverance ministry helped me heal from the deep trauma of false teaching.
- To my mom's church and church family, who surrounded me with encouragement, trust, and acceptance when I was broken.

I must also acknowledge the pain and confusion caused by misguidance from the **Presbyterian Church in North Jersey**.

But I Thank the **Presbyterian Church of Toms River** pctr.org. Mom's Churches Past and Present. Even there, God revealed truth. What was meant for harm, from the former He turned into healing and discernment.

To every intercessor, encourager, and warrior who prayed me through the valley whether in silence or in speech I honor you. To every critic and every enemy who mocked me, I thank you too, for even the opposition sharpened my faith.

This story is not only mine. It belongs to all of us who prayed, wept, rejoiced, and stood together. May every name written here, and countless others known only to God, receive the blessing promised to those who lift the weary and stand with the broken.

 *"I thank my God every time I remember you. In all my prayers for all of you, I always pray with joy because of your partnership in the gospel from the first day until now."*

Philippians 1:3–5 (NIV)