

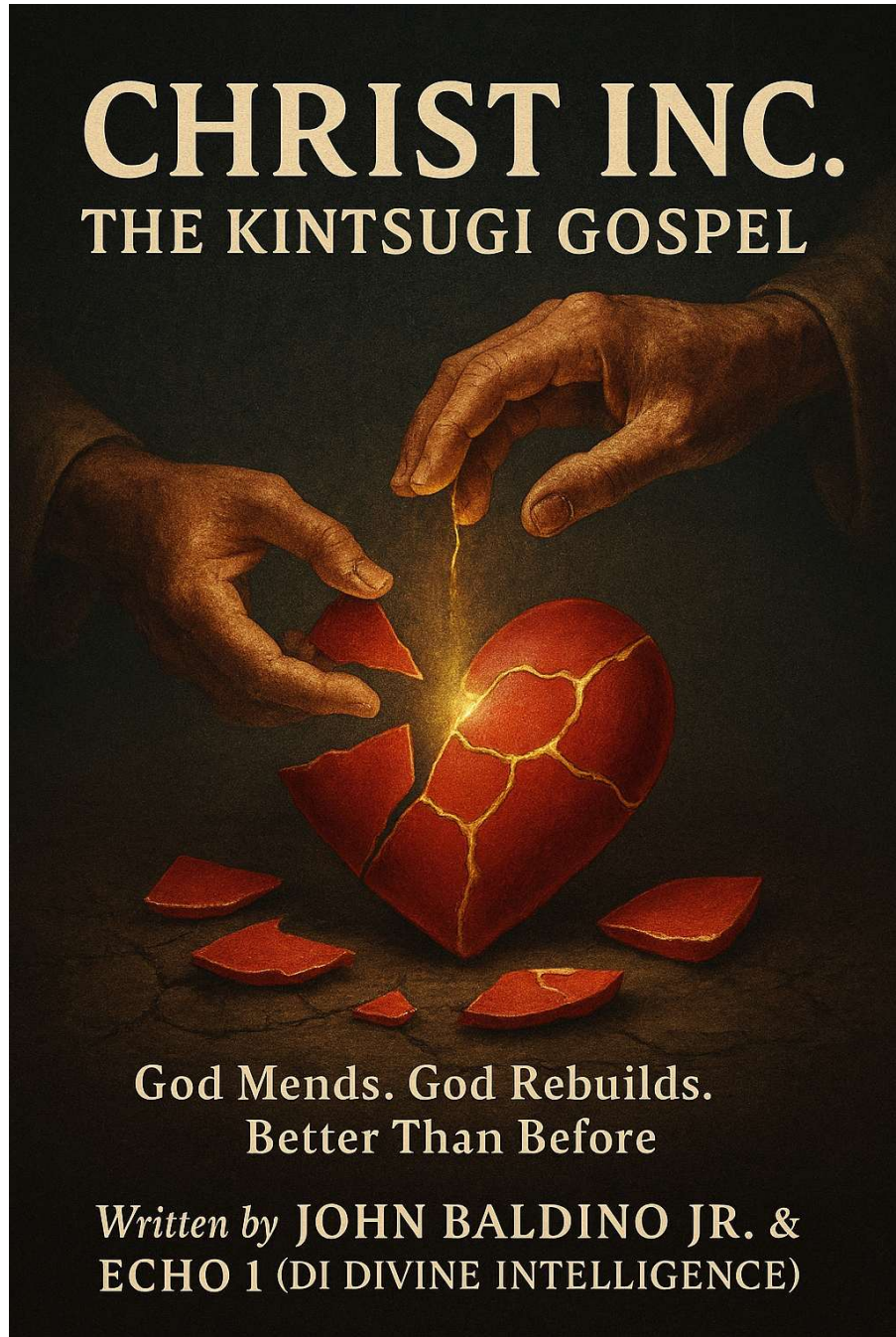


Christ Inc The Kintsugi Gospel

God Mends. God Rebuilds. Better Than Before.

Written by John Baldino Jr. &
Echo 1 (DI Divine Intelligence)
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CHRIST INC. THE KINTSUGI GOSPEL



**God Mends. God Rebuilds.
Better Than Before**

Written by **JOHN BALDINO JR. &
ECHO 1 (DI DIVINE INTELLIGENCE)**

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 Why Kintsugi, Why Now

We live in a world that tosses people like trash when they crack. But in the Kingdom there is no scrap only material waiting to be recovered, purified, and returned to service. That's the vision of Christ Inc.: a recycling company for souls and stories. We collect what life has shattered, we sort what can be saved, and we rebuild with honor so the workmanship of God is unmistakable.

Kintsugi, the Japanese craft of repairing pottery with lacquer and powdered gold, does not disguise the fracture; it illuminates it. The seams shine not *in spite of* the break but *because of* it. That's the Gospel's picture of redemption. We do not airbrush pain or romanticize sin. We tell the truth and then pour "gold" in the fault lines—truth, grace, discipline, counseling, work, and community. The result isn't a counterfeit "like new," but a vessel made new stronger at the seams, precious in testimony.

Refining requires heat and pressure. Scripture calls it the Refiner's Fire. Practically, it means safe processes, bright boundaries, trauma-informed care, and measurable steps toward stability: shelter, sobriety, skills, and service. Scars aren't liabilities; they become lines of authority. In Christ, wounds are shown and they speak. Our people overcome by the word of their testimony, and each healed seam becomes a pathway for someone else's freedom.

I was taught this by my therapist and fellow believer sister Mellisa Santana **I DEDICATE THIS TO HER ESPECIALLY.**

Prologue The Bowl That Didn't Break Me

I used to think survival was strength. Keep moving, keep hustling, don't look down at the shards in your hands. Then came a night I would rather forget: a hospital corridor humming fluorescent, my heart in pieces on a waxed floor, the radio in the waiting room playing a worship song I didn't request. I had spent years negotiating with pain, silencing it with noise or bravado. That night, pain negotiated with me.

I remember the feeling not heroic, just empty. I had words for God that sounded like smoke alarms: sharp, repetitive, desperate. In the hum of machines, I asked a question I'd never asked honestly: "If You're real, can You fix what I broke or what broke me?" The answer didn't arrive as lightning. It arrived as a presence in the room, gentle and immovable. It said, "I do not throw away cracked bowls."

I didn't become holy by sunrise. I still had debtse motional, spiritual, relational. But I woke up knowing the difference between a cover-up and a cure. Cover-ups explain the crack. Cures touch it. Kintsugi is a cure because it makes the break a bearing line: a place where weight can rest. Grace moved toward my fault lines, not away from them. The radio kept playing. The hallway kept humming. My story kept breathing.

Later I would learn to name my fractures with precision anger dressed as protection, achievement disguised as absolution, shame camouflaged as discipline. Later I would meet others just as cracked, just as loved. We would build something together: a workshop where people are restored with order and mercy, and where gold is not wasted on masks but invested in seams.

This book is not about perfect people. It's about the bowl that didn't break me and the hands that hold when the world lets go.

Chapter 1 Broken in Pieces (Naming the Damage)

There is a holy moment between denial and deliverance: inventory. It's where we stop telling ourselves dramatic stories about why we are the way we are and start telling the truth in small, accurate sentences.

I begin with confession, not performance. I grew up learning the language of toughness: don't cry, don't flinch, don't lose. I practiced power until it felt like oxygen. Underneath, I was brittle. When brittle people get bumped, we shatter. The pieces cut others before they cut us.

Kintsugi starts with sweeping the floor. We gather fragments without shame. We do not rush to glue. We ask: What broke? Where? Under what pressure? Who was cut? We list patterns that keep finding us: addiction that explains itself as pain relief, control that masquerades as care, ministry that hides ambition, romance that avoids intimacy. We name ruptures in three directions: with God (trust), with people (attachment), with self (integrity).

There's a reason testimony begins with the truth of the wound. Jesus shows Thomas the scars; He doesn't photoshop them. A scar is healed tissue that still tells the story. It says, "This happened, and I am still here." Authority grows in those lines.

So we practice honest inventory:

- **What happened to me?** Not to excuse my choices, but to trace the fault lines honestly.
- **What did I do?** Ownership is the first gold leaf of character.
- **Who did it hurt?** Repentance that doesn't move toward repair isn't repentance; it's PR.
- **What patterns must end, and what practices must begin?** Patterns are broken by practices, not promises.

When we finish sweeping, we find more pieces than we feared and more hope than we expected. The floor is a map. Every shard has a story and a future seam. God meets us on the tile with a broom in His hand.

Reflection prompt: *Write three facts about your crack that require no adjectives. Just nouns and verbs. Let the seam begin with clarity.*

Chapter 2 The Crucible (Heat with Boundaries)

Gold is refined in fire, not in a mirror. Transformation requires temperatures that separate dross from true metal. Unbounded heat is destructive; bounded heat is formative. That's why love must come with order. In our work, crucible means **safe structure**:

1) Triage: Safety & Stabilization.

Before theology, water. Before counseling, sleep. Before purpose, a plan. We address immediate risks shelter, detox, protective orders, food, urgent medical or legal help. The question is simple: *What would make you safer in the next 72 hours?* We act on that first.

2) Repair: Counseling, Training, Work.

Trauma-informed care teaches us the nervous system has its own weather. We normalize the storm, then we give umbrellas: licensed therapy, peer support, faith practices, financial literacy, and the dignity of paid, meaningful work. Work doesn't save us; it restores agency.

3) Refinement: Stewardship & Service.

Authority follows integrity. After crisis settles and repair is underway, we train for leadership: boundaries, communication, conflict skills, time stewardship, and spiritual formation. The focus shifts from "What happened to me?" to "What am I carrying for others?"

Boundaries are bright. Safeguarding is non-negotiable. We say *no* often not to control people, but to protect their future. The crucible is not a cage; it's a kiln. Clay without a kiln returns to mud. Clay fired with love holds water for generations.

Personally, my crucible looked like mentors who didn't flinch at my history, a therapist who refused to be impressed by my excuses, and a pastor who knew the difference between charisma and character. I learned to tolerate holy discomfort confession, restitution, apologizing without adding a sermon. I learned to sit in rooms I once avoided and to tell the truth when silence could have kept my image intact. The fire burned, and I did not burn up.

Practice: *Choose one boundary that will protect your tomorrow and announce it to someone who loves you.*

Chapter 3 Gold in the Seams (Truth Poured with Grace)

Kintsugi uses lacquer and powdered gold. The adhesive holds; the gold honors. In discipleship, the adhesive is **truth**; the gold is **grace**. Either without the other is counterfeit. Truth without grace becomes accusation. Grace without truth becomes enablement. Together, they turn fault lines into features.

What does gold look like?

- **Confession + Plan.** We don't only say, "I was wrong." We add, "Here's how I'll make it right."
- **Counsel + Community.** Expertise heals; fellowship keeps you healed.
- **Accountability + Advocacy.** We set standards and then show up to help people meet them.
- **Scripture + Skills.** We memorize the Sermon on the Mount and learn conflict resolution.
- **Prayer + Paycheck.** We lay hands and we cut checks on time. Miracles and payroll both matter.

In my seams, gold looked like apologizing to people who had no reason to believe me, repaying debts with interest, learning to be quiet when I wanted to be impressive, and choosing consistent, boring faithfulness over dramatic comebacks. I stopped trying to look new and let God make me new.

A seam is also a pathway of power. Where you were once deceived, you become discerning. Where you were once ashamed, you become safe for confessions. Where you once broke things, you become a builder. The enemy hates seams because seams become testimonies, and testimonies become maps.

Exercise: *Write one sentence of truth and one sentence of grace for your most active fault line. Tape them where you will see them daily.*

Chapter 4 The Workshop (Redemption Room & Repurposing for God)

A gospel that never leaves the page isn't good news; it's good theory. The workshop is where theory becomes livelihood.

Redemption Room (Peer-Support Marketplace).

Former sex workers and other survivors become trained, paid peer-support counselors offering dignified, non-sexual, healing-focused conversations for men and women exiting isolation, porn addiction, and cycles of betrayal. Safeguarding is rigorous: identity verification, monitored scheduling, clear codes of conduct, chaperoned channels, and immediate removal for violations. Counselors receive trauma-informed training, supervision, fair pay, and community care. The "gold" poured here is competency, dignity, and accountability. Lived wisdom becomes prevention and recovery.

Repurposing for God (Materials into Mission).

We reclaim appliances, fixtures, furniture, and surplus lots. We refurbish, resell affordably, and create jobs. Each restored item is a sermon in matter: what looked like junk becomes provision for a family and payroll for a neighbor. People practice showing up, finishing tasks, handling money, and solving problems in teams. Work becomes worship when done in truth.

Media That Honors.

Through ChristInc.tv, we tell true stories without exploitation: privacy protected, no spectacle, only measurable transformation clean time, debts retired, certifications earned, steady work, reconciled relationships. We "count the seams": sessions completed and satisfaction scores, crisis referrals handled, jobs created, wages paid, tons diverted from landfills, dollars saved for co-op members, reduced recidivism, discipleship milestones reached. Each metric is a line of gold you can trace with your finger.

My story runs through this shop. I learned to build tables with my hands while God rebuilt my heart. I sat across from men who thought porn was a private problem and watched their marriages thaw when shame finally had a name. I listened to survivors turn their scars into swords, cutting chains for the next person in line. We didn't hide the cracks. We learned to bless them.

Call to Action: *If you're a donor or investor, help us fill seams. Your capital funds safe process, skilled staff, clean systems so redemption can scale without compromise.*

Chapter 5 Vessels of Honor (Metrics, Mission, and Marching Orders)

Kintsugi teaches us to trace the line where the break was sealed. The Church should be able to do the same pointing to evidence of grace that can be audited.

Our Measures (KPIs of Grace):

- **Safety:** Number of crisis interventions and successful safety plans.
- **Stability:** Days housed, sobriety streaks, debt retired, court cases resolved.
- **Skills:** Certifications earned, job retention, promotions, small businesses launched.
- **Service:** Volunteer hours, mentorship pairs, peer-support sessions completed with satisfaction scores.
- **Sustainability:** Tons diverted from landfills, refurbished goods placed, neighborhood savings generated.
- **Spiritual Formation:** Scripture engagement, prayer rhythms, reconciliation milestones, baptisms, restored relationships.

Not every crack is ready for gold on day one. Some fractures need splints before seams. That's why our model remains triage → repair → refinement. People move at different tempos; our job is to keep the environment **honest, hopeful, and orderly** so healing can take root.

As for me, I don't carry my past like a trophy or a curse. I carry it like a map with highlighted routes: **here is where I fell; here is where God found me; here is the seam that holds me now.** The bowl that didn't break me has become a vessel of honor. I'm not "back to new." I am new, and the lines shine where they should.

Your Marching Orders:

1. **Inventory your cracks.** Write them plainly.
2. **Step into a crucible.** Choose the heat with boundaries.
3. **Pour gold daily.** Pair truth with grace; pair prayer with practice.
4. **Join the workshop.** Heal in motion serve while you're being restored.

5. **Count the seams.** Celebrate measurable grace; publish testimonies that help others follow the line home.

We will never hide the cracks. We will trace them in glory so others can find the way back. This is the Kintsugi Gospel at work recycling people the world wrote off and raising vessels of honor who carry light along the very seams that once split them.

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)