

## **You're Not Done Yet** *by Keith Thorn*

### ***Chapter One – The Call That Changed Everything***

It was one of those days when the clouds outside the window matched the weight in my chest. I had spent most of the morning rearranging papers, avoiding the manuscript I was supposed to be working on, and replaying conversations from the past that no longer had answers. My coffee had gone cold. My confidence, too.

And then the phone rang.

Kevin Breeding's name lit up on the screen. I met Kevin more than thirty years ago, back when he was already one of the rising stars in the world of marketing and advertising. At the time, he was serving as a regional Vice President for one of the largest and most respected firms in the world, leading the charge across Europe. He wasn't just successful—he was extraordinary. His ability to connect, to lead, to envision and execute transformation made him a sought-after counselor, speaker, mentor, and business change agent. Kevin is the kind of person people lean in to listen to, not because he demands it, but because his presence makes you want to be better. Though he's years younger than me, I've always admired him—his clarity, his consistency, his humility, and his relentless commitment to lifting others as he climbs.

A friend, yes—but more than that. A man of character. Of purpose. Of bold encouragement. He didn't just speak life; he lived it. And in that moment, when I didn't even know how much I needed it, he called.

"Keith," he said, his voice calm but full of presence, "I want to invite you to Dallas. Come sit at my table."

At first, I didn't understand. I asked him what he meant.

He continued, explaining that he was gathering a group of men—men of leadership, courage, and integrity—for a private evening of sharing, investment, and restoration. It wasn't just a one-time event; Kevin had a vision to do this several times a year. He wanted to create sacred pauses in the chaos of life—intentional gatherings where men could come together not to perform, but to rest, to reflect, and to reawaken purpose. This wasn't about networking. This was about soul work. About hearing the stories behind the stories. About looking into the eyes of other men who had weathered storms and saying, "Me too." Kevin, who could have easily made a living as a chef, was planning to cook a 5-star meal himself and host it in his own home. He learned to cook from his mother and never lost the sense that food was a kind of language—one that spoke of care, tradition, and celebration. But when he cooked for Suzie, his wife, it was something else entirely. He said she brought out his best recipes. They had reconnected later in life, childhood sweethearts who had found their way back to each other after

years apart. The way Kevin spoke of her carried the weight and warmth of a lifetime. It wasn't time that made their bond strong—it was choice. Daily, intentional, soul-deep choice. And you could hear in his voice that he was still deeply in love with her. Suzie, he once told me, was his compass. The calm to his fire. He adored her, and it showed in the smallest details—how he plated her food with extra care, how he always saved the last bite for her, how her laughter in the kitchen was his favorite soundtrack. He credited her for every good decision he made. And even now, as he faced the unknown, he often said, 'As long as Suzie is near, I'm already home.'

Early in our conversation, Kevin had mentioned how much he admired the way Melody and I had carved out a life in Port Isabel and South Padre Island, living there for half the year. It was something that stirred his imagination—something he and Suzie had talked about often. They had even begun sketching out what that kind of life might look like: the transitions they would need to make, the opportunities that would emerge from slowing down and stepping out of the rush. He asked me what it felt like to wake up near the water, to walk without a schedule, to write and reflect in a place where time seemed to loosen its grip. I could tell the idea had taken root in his heart—not just as a dream, but as a goal. It was more than relocation. It was about reclaiming peace, space, and purpose together. His dishes were more than food—they were art, expression, and experience. Every spice he used had a story. Every course was layered with intention, flavor, and meaning.

He didn't just prepare meals; he orchestrated evenings that nourished body and soul. To be invited to a night like that—prepared and hosted by him—was something rare. Sacred, even. Not at a hotel. Not in a boardroom. But in the sacred, ordinary space where life actually happens.

He said, "I want you to stay in our special guest suite. It's not just a room—it's more like a private in-law apartment, complete with its own kitchen, sitting area, and everything you might need. The others can stay at the OMNI. But you—I want you in our home."

I was stunned. Not by the invite itself, but by the weight it carried. In a world full of quick meetings and surface-level networking, this was something else entirely. It was an invitation into real life. A table not of resumes, but of stories. Of trials, triumphs, and truths that don't fit into bullet points or bios.

I told him, honestly, "Kevin, I don't have anything to offer at that table."

There was silence. Not awkward, just enough for the truth to settle. It was the kind of silence that doesn't rush to fill space but instead makes room for transformation.

Then he said, "Yes, you do, my friend. You have more than you realize. And I want you there."

I could hear the steadiness in his voice, but I also knew what it cost him to say those words with such ease. Kevin had been walking a long road—one paved with faith, pain, and a kind of peace that can only come when you've faced the valley and found your footing in the dark. His cancer had spread to his bones. The prognosis wasn't good. But Kevin never let it define the light he carried. He talked about his diagnosis with the same calm he used when discussing dinner plans—never dramatic, never dismissive. He was both ready to stay and ready to go. He often said, "If God gives me breath, I'm going to use it to lift someone else." And that night, he used it on me.

He had every reason to focus on his own pain, yet there he was, inviting others into a sacred space, preparing meals and preparing hearts, giving his energy to uplift instead of withdraw. That kind of courage can't be taught. It's born of surrender.

He didn't try to convince me with a list of accomplishments. He didn't flatter or argue. He simply believed in me in a way I hadn't believed in myself for a long time.

When the call ended, I just sat there. Motionless. Humbled. Moved beyond words. The hum of the refrigerator. The muted rustle of leaves outside. The ordinary sounds of life continued, but inside me, something had shifted.

Melody had been finishing dinner while I was on the phone. The table was already set. The timing, like so much of

life lately, felt divine. We hadn't said grace yet, but I felt like I had already been prayed for.

Melody and I sat down for dinner. I wanted to explain what had just happened, how deeply it had affected me. But as I opened my mouth, the only thing I could say was, "Kevin said I was a good man."

And then I broke. Not the kind of breaking that leaves you shattered, but the kind that comes from finally being seen. The kind that mends something deep. I began to sob.

Melody set down the spoon, walked over, and wrapped her arms around me. She didn't ask questions. She just held the space. Just like she always does.

That dinner tasted different. Not because the ingredients were special, but because I was. I felt it in my bones. For the first time in a long time, I wasn't questioning my value. I wasn't defending my past. I wasn't listing my failures. I was simply receiving the truth someone else had spoken about me—and letting it settle into the parts of me that had gone too long without water.

I thought about the man I had been. The dreams that once lit me up. The goals I had shelved because life got loud, and I got tired. Somewhere along the way, I started believing that my best chapters had already been written. That my story was entering its final pages.

But Kevin's words cracked that narrative wide open.

It wasn't just an invitation to a dinner party. It was a summons to remember who I was before the world told me otherwise. Before regret. Before burnout. Before the slow fade of confidence that happens when the years feel longer than the dreams.

Kevin's call reminded me that purpose doesn't always come charging in like a lion. Sometimes, it knocks gently, in the form of a friend who sees what you can't.

That night, I didn't just eat a meal—I feasted on hope.

After Melody fell asleep, I stepped out onto the porch and pulled up the open letter I had posted to Kevin just hours earlier. I wanted it to live outside of my head. I needed it to be seen—not by the world, necessarily, but by the man who unknowingly shifted my course with a single call. Here's what I wrote:

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**Dear Kevin,**

I've sat here for a while now, just letting the conversation we shared soak into the deepest parts of my soul. Your call today wasn't just timely—it was sacred.

You reached out when I didn't even know how much I needed someone to speak life into me. Your words—full of honesty, courage, and unshakable faith—were a balm. You shared your struggles with cancer not from a place of fear, but from a place of victory and grace. That humbled me. That moved me. And your faith—my God, Kevin—your faith stirred something awake in mine.

Then you turned the conversation and began to speak about me—my books, my calling, my voice—and I'll be honest, it caught me off guard. I've been wrestling with the question of what's next, how to get these books to the next level, and whether I even have what it takes. And right there, in your calm, confident tone, you began to breathe hope, vision, and belief back into me. You reminded me who I am, and even more, whose I am.

You spoke of your new project, and even in your own battle, your focus was on giving—giving to others, blessing others, restoring others. That kind of love is rare. That kind of leadership is sacred. Watching you walk forward with that kind of heart is one of the most inspiring things I've seen.

When you said you've watched my life from afar and have been encouraged by it—by my desire to be a better man, a better husband—it stopped me. That's all I've really been trying to do. To live better. To love deeper. To leave a trail of light. Thank you for seeing that. Thank you for saying it out loud.



And when you told me there's a seat at your table...  
brother, that wrecked me.

I immediately thought of the words from that song—"Come sit at my table, come bask in my rest..." That invitation—both from you and in that song—feels like a whisper straight from heaven. I was a long way off. And still, someone ran to meet me. Spoke hope to me. Said, "You're not done yet. There's still work to do. And you're not alone in doing it."

Kevin, thank you for pulling up a chair for me. Thank you for being the kind of man who makes room for others—not just in your vision, but in your heart. You could've used your energy for anything today, but you used it to encourage me. I will not forget it.

There is, indeed, a seat at the table. And I am honored to be there.

*With gratitude, brotherhood, deep respect, and love,*

***Keith***

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At 5:30 the next morning, I texted him again. The house was still dark. Melody was still sleeping. But I was wide awake, staring at the ceiling and letting gratitude wash over me. I picked up my phone and wrote, "Kevin—I have the title. The book is going to be called *You're Not Done Yet.*"

He replied minutes later, already awake himself: “That’s it. Yes, you are not.”

I laid awake for a long time after dinner, staring at the ceiling. Not restless, just present. My mind walked through years of memories—moments I got it right, and moments I didn’t. Faces of people I loved. Places where I lost pieces of myself. I didn’t try to fix any of it. I just allowed it to come.

Melody eventually drifted off beside me, her breathing steady, her presence grounding. I watched her sleep and thought of all the times she had believed in me when I couldn’t. That kind of belief is a miracle. Not the loud kind, but the kind that keeps showing up, day after day, no matter how long the drought.

That night, I realized: I’m not done yet.

And maybe—just maybe—that’s the beginning of everything.

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### ***Reflection & Insight***

There are moments in life when someone else’s words become the mirror you didn’t know you needed. Kevin’s invitation wasn’t just about dinner. It was about reminding me that purpose doesn’t retire with age or fade with failure. It waits—for permission, for belief, for reawakening.

Sometimes, we forget the light we carry. We think we've missed our chance, or that our time has passed. But one voice—one friend, one conversation, one call—can reignite what we thought was gone. That's what happened to me. And it might just be happening to you.

We don't need a stage to matter. We don't need applause to move forward. We just need to remember: we are still breathing. And that means we still have work to do.

But what kind of work? That's the question that echoes in empty rooms and aging dreams. For many men, especially in the second act of life, that question haunts more than it inspires. We measure our worth by what we produce, by the goals we check off, by the roles we play. And when those things shift—or vanish—we wonder who we are without them.

What Kevin reminded me is this: your purpose is not your title. Your calling is not confined to your resume. You are not done just because the world stopped asking for your input. God hasn't.

There is still work to do in loving better. Listening deeper. Showing up when no one else does. Pouring into the next generation, not with lectures but with presence. There is still work to do in healing old wounds, in forgiving others and yourself, in becoming whole—not just for your sake, but for the people around you who need to see what restoration looks like.

Sometimes the greatest work you will ever do isn't the loud kind. It's in the whispered prayers you offer before sunrise. It's in the wisdom you quietly pass on while standing in line or walking your dog. It's in the quiet courage of choosing not to give up, even when giving up feels justified.

You were created with more in mind than survival. You were created for connection, for impact, for renewal. You may not be the man you once were—but maybe that's the point. Maybe now, with the miles and mistakes behind you, you're finally becoming the man you were meant to be all along.

Don't count yourself out. Your presence carries weight. Your story still matters. Your table still has seats left to fill.

You're not done yet.

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### ***Your Next Step***

Write a letter to someone who spoke life into you—whether it was this year or a decade ago. Don't worry about making it perfect. Just tell them what their words meant. Tell them what shifted in you because of them.

Then, write one more letter—to yourself. The part of you that's been waiting. Speak to that man or woman within who's been silent. Remind them: You're not done yet.

And if that feels awkward, don't stop. That awkwardness is just rust. Let the pen keep moving. Write like you would to a younger version of you—one who still believed in wonder, still dreamed without fear. Remind that person of what they loved. What they hoped. What they imagined for their future. Now, bring that vision forward and lay it beside your current reality. Where did the fire go out? Where did the light dim? You're not here to scold yourself—you're here to reintroduce yourself.

Next, look around your life and identify someone who may be feeling what you felt before Kevin called. Who's doubting their value? Who's quietly disappearing behind life's noise, their confidence slipping out of view? Be Kevin to them. Reach out. It doesn't have to be deep—just real. Tell them something you admire. Ask them how they're really doing. Remind them of their strength. You might be shocked how life-changing it is just to be noticed.

Then finally, schedule time to sit with your own story. Reread old journals. Reflect on past victories. Forgive past missteps. And make one bold move this week—a phone call, an application, a conversation, a commitment—that aligns with who you are becoming. Something that says, "I'm still in this."

The goal isn't perfection. It's presence. The win isn't in what you achieve, but in what you awaken. That quiet ember inside? Fan it gently.

Because you, my friend, are not done yet.

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## ***Faith & Practice Toolkit***

Here's a practice you can try today:

### *Listening to the Quiet Call*

1. Find a place where you won't be interrupted—early morning or late evening works well.
2. Sit quietly for 10–15 minutes. Close your eyes. Breathe deeply. Notice the rise and fall of your breath.
3. As your mind slows, gently ask yourself: *“What am I being called to do or become right now?”*
4. Allow the question to linger. Write down whatever thoughts, feelings, or images arise.
5. If nothing comes, that's okay. Repeat this practice daily for a week. The call often grows clearer with time.
6. Speak this aloud after each session: *“I am listening. I am ready to hear.”*

The more you practice listening, the more you'll recognize the call when it comes.

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## ***Voices from the Table***

“For years, I ignored the quiet voice inside, thinking it was just me being restless. But the longer I silenced it, the louder it became—in the form of regret, missed opportunities, and a growing sense of disconnect. I finally realized the call wasn’t to do more; it was to become more.”

—James, 52

“The call came in the form of loss—a job I loved ended, and I felt adrift. But in that silence, I found clarity. The call was to rebuild, not around what I did, but around who I was becoming.”

—Malik, 47

“Sometimes the call isn’t what we expect. It’s not a new job, a new relationship, or a dramatic shift. For me, it was a call to slow down, to stop filling my schedule so full that I couldn’t hear my own heart.”

—Carlos, 58

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## ***Journaling Prompt***

Take 15 minutes to write freely in response to these prompts:

- What is one call you’ve felt but haven’t answered yet?

- What's holding you back? Fear? Uncertainty? Past wounds?
- Imagine you answer that call today. What small step would you take?
- What's the worst that could happen? What's the best?

Remember: small steps count. Even naming the call is an act of courage.

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### ***Closing Reflection***

The call we don't see coming isn't always an invitation to something new. Often, it's a call to finally *be* who we've always been but were too afraid to embrace.

The call might not come with fireworks or applause. It may be subtle—a shift in how you see yourself, a nudge toward a conversation you've been avoiding, a quiet realization that it's time to change course.

I didn't recognize the significance of that first nudge until much later. But looking back, I see it now: that moment wasn't just a beginning—it was a return to myself.

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### ***Anchor Quote***



*“Purpose doesn’t retire. It remembers.”*