



TRINITY 5-DAY RETREAT

Reset, Reboot, Unplug.

Why 5 Days Away Can Rewrite the Rest of Your Life

Pastor Byron Artis

MISSION MALL PRESS

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*For the person who is desperate for change —
and for the brother, the sister, the friend
whose three-day door was open when it mattered most.*

Chapter One

The Weight of Standing Still

When staying feels heavier than leaving.



There is a kind of tired that sleep cannot fix.

At the age of 23 — I'm now 59 — I felt stuck. I was desperate for change. It seemed like no one in the environment I was in was interested in change, and I grew more and more weary. Desperate, in fact.

There is a specific kind of weariness that shows up when a life is out of alignment with the life you were made for. It doesn't look like laziness. It doesn't always look like sadness. Sometimes it looks like keeping up appearances, showing up on time, doing everything right — and quietly running out of hope on the inside.

That was me at 23. And if you've picked up this book, some version of that may be you today.

*"There is a kind of weariness that only a doorway can
heal."*

Chapter Two

Different Dreams, Some Extremes

The poem that named what I could not yet speak.



Naming a thing is the beginning of moving it.

During that season of my life, I wrote a short poem. I did not know then that I was writing a map. I was simply trying to survive on the page what I could not yet survive in the room.

*Deep, deep in my heart lies a person in which I have no part.
Different dreams, some extremes, but yet I have hope — I still believe.*

Willing and waiting for my part, but until that day my life in a synopsis was abstract art.

Abstract art. That was the honest word. Not ugly. Not empty. Just... unresolved. The lines were there, but the picture had not landed.

If your life feels like abstract art right now — hold on. The reset is not about erasing the canvas. It is about stepping back far enough to finally see it.

Chapter Three

The Three-Day Door

Why 72 hours can change the next forty years.



I left home. I didn't tell anyone I was going.

At that moment in my life, I made a desperate move. I had to have change. I had a God brother who lived somewhat far away from me — but he was winning. I saw him transform his life.

So I left home. I didn't tell anyone I was going. I don't even remember telling him I was coming. I wanted out. I wanted change. And I couldn't wait any longer.

I ended up staying there three days. It was the beginning of the rest of my life — a reset, a reboot, that gave me the strength I needed to stand when I returned home.

Three days is not magic. It is a threshold. Long enough to fall out of the daily current. Short enough that you can still make it back before anything collapses. It is the door most people never walk through, because the door does not look like a door. It looks like inconvenience.

"I didn't know it then, but that three-day door was the rest of my life."

Chapter Four

Body — Fuel, Move, Sleep

Day One of the Trinity Rhythm.



Movement returns before motivation does.

The retreat is built on a rhythm we call Trinity: Body, Mind, Spirit. It is the same rhythm your grandmother knew — eat real food, move your body, sit still with God — simply arranged into a five-day container.

Body work is not about performance. It is about waking the machine up. Morning walks along the shoreline. Real food, colorful and unhurried. An early bedtime. No screens past sundown. Within 24 hours, most guests report a physical change they did not know was even available to them.

You do not need to be an athlete. You need permission to move like a human being again.

Chapter Five

Mind — Journal, Silence, Story

Day Two of the Trinity Rhythm.*A quiet mind is not an empty mind — it is a listening one.*

Day Two is where the mind starts to catch up with the body. Journaling prompts. Long windows of silence. Guided conversations that make room for the sentences you have been carrying but never said out loud.

Most of us are not short on information. We are short on quiet. The retreat protects that quiet fiercely, because we've seen what happens on the other side of it.

This is where old scripts loosen. Where a poem gets written. Where a decision that seemed impossible on Monday quietly becomes obvious by Wednesday afternoon.

“Most of us are not short on information. We are short on quiet.”

Chapter Six

Spirit — Grace, Gratitude, Return

Day Three of the Trinity Rhythm.*The reset ends the way it began — on our knees.*

Spirit work is not an add-on. For me, it is the whole reason the reset held when I got home. Grace is not a feeling. It is a floor. It is what you build the next season of your life on top of.

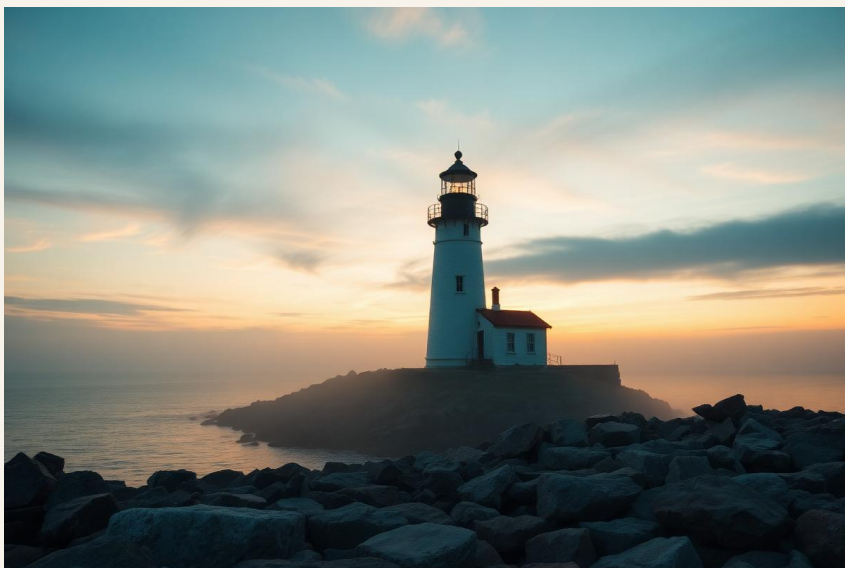
On the spiritual days we pray together, break bread together, and practice the small, powerful discipline of gratitude out loud. We are not performing religion. We are remembering who we are.

By the time you leave, the rhythm has become portable. Body. Mind. Spirit. In that order, every day, for the rest of your life if you want it.

Chapter Seven

The Setting — An Island by Design

Why we chose Mackinac.



The place is part of the medicine.

You cannot fully reset in the room where you got tired. That is why we chose an island.

Mackinac Island has no cars. Horses and bicycles are the transportation. The pace of the place is baked into the geography. Within an hour of arriving, your nervous system starts to match the water.

Two scenarios are on the table — an adults-only cohort and a whole-family version — and we're asking early friends of the Mission Mall to help us choose. Your voice at

missionmall.org/retreat is not a formality. It is the reason the first cohort will look the way it does.

Chapter Eight

What You Bring Home

The reset is not the retreat. The reset is what happens after.



You return with a new floor to stand on.

The three days at my brother's house didn't solve everything. They gave me something better than solutions. They gave me a floor. Something firm enough to stand on when I walked back into the environment I had left.

That is what a retreat is for. Not escape. Return. You return with a rhythm, a few phrases, a handful of decisions, and a quiet knowing that a version of you exists that you had almost forgotten.

If you are 23, or 59, or anywhere in between — and the weariness has started to feel familiar — consider this book your open door. We'll be on the other side, with coffee poured and a chair pulled

out.

“You do not have to earn the door. You just have to walk through it.”

A Word Before You Close the Book

From the founder



The reunion I didn't know I was walking toward.

If you take nothing else from these pages, take this: your three-day door exists. It may not look like a plane ticket to an island. It may be a friend's guest room. A cabin. A hotel two towns over. What matters is that you walk through it before the tired wins.

The retreat we are building is one version of that door. A generous, curated, five-day version, in a place that has been resetting travelers for two centuries. If you want to help decide what it becomes, you have an open invitation.

See you on the island.

— *Pastor Byron Artis*



PASTOR BYRON ARTIS

Founder — The Mission Mall · missionmall.org

“At 23, I felt stuck. I left home and spent three days with a brother who was winning — and it reset my life. This book is the invitation I wish someone had handed me.”

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