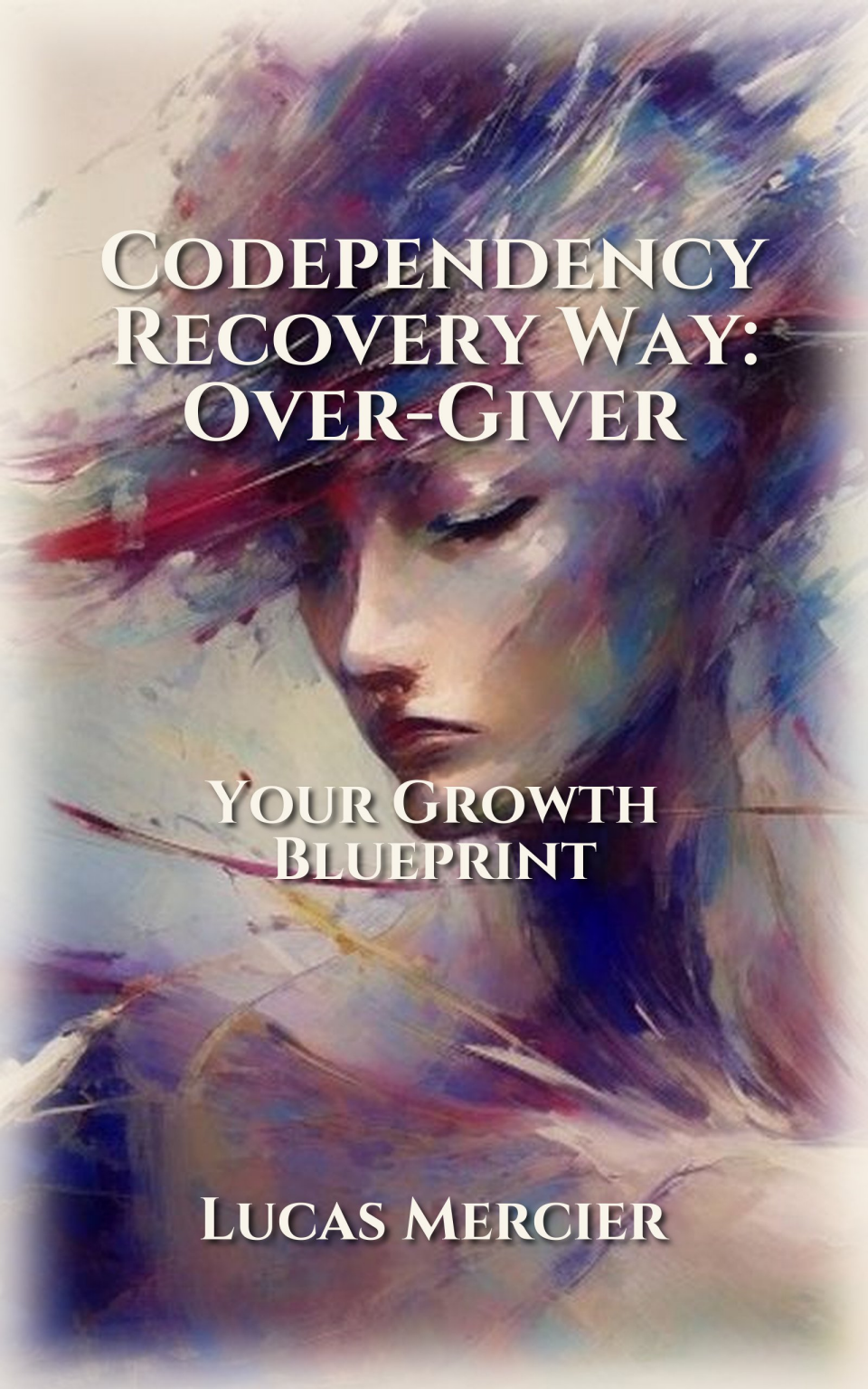


An abstract, painterly portrait of a woman's face, rendered in a style reminiscent of expressionism. The face is the central focus, with soft, blended colors for the skin. The background and hair are composed of bold, sweeping brushstrokes in a rich palette of purples, blues, reds, and yellows, creating a sense of movement and emotional intensity. The overall composition is vertical, with the text overlaid on the upper and lower portions of the image.

CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY WAY: OVER-GIVER

YOUR GROWTH
BLUEPRINT

LUCAS MERCIER

CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY WAY: OVER-GIVER

YOUR GROWTH BLUEPRINT

LUCAS MERCIER

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CHAPTER 1

THE OVER-GIVER SUMMONS: ACTIVATING YOUR VOYAGE

The phone rings, and your stomach immediately clenches into a familiar knot of obligation. It's Sarah; you know that tone—the one laced with exhaustion and an implied sense of emergency—that means she needs you to drop everything. You glance at the time: 8:15 PM. Work was relentless today, draining every last reserve of your emotional battery until it sputtered near zero. Yet, before you can even process the fatigue settling deep into your bones, the voicemail message begins playing, a breathless recitation of her day's perceived crises. **"I just... I don't know what to do with my feelings right now. Can we talk? Like, right this second?"** An immediate wave washes over you, powerful and suffocating: the fear of being unneeded. Because she needs you, you must be available. You picture your phone screen lighting up in a relentless stream of follow-up calls throughout the next few days, each one

requiring an immediate excavation of her emotional landscape. Responding feels less like offering support and more like plugging yourself into a leaky faucet that has no bottom. This pattern is deeply ingrained; it's the siren song of perceived necessity. You find yourself mentally calculating how many hours you can afford to donate without collapsing entirely by Tuesday. Remember this feeling—this frantic, preemptive depletion before you even answer the first ring. Recognize the subtle coercion embedded in the *implied* urgency. Your instinct screams, "Answer it! Fix it!" But deep down, a quieter voice whispers the truth: pouring from an empty cup doesn't help anyone; it just empties you out completely until there's nothing left to give, not even for yourself.

The boundary attempt feels less like drawing a line and more like standing nakedly in front of people who expect you to be draped in unconditional availability. Take Mark's dating life as your current testing ground. He calls, brimming with excitement over meeting someone new, only to follow it up thirty minutes later with an anxious barrage of questions about the subtle nuances of communication styles or whether he should text her good morning—even though he explicitly told you last week he was handling those things himself. Your internal

response is immediate and overwhelming: *Correction needed.* You find yourself drafting detailed psychological profiles for his potential partners, armed with unsolicited advice on optimal texting frequency and red flags to watch out for in first dates. It's an urge to micromanage the entire trajectory of his happiness because, if he fails, you feel a phantom sense of responsibility settling onto your shoulders. This is where the Rescuer-Pattern Ender struggles most profoundly; letting someone navigate their own choices feels terrifyingly like abandoning them to potential failure. You rehearse entire conversations in your head: "You need to wait three days before calling," or, "Don't mention X topic; it signals insecurity." When he finally manages to reassure you—"Seriously, I've got this part handled, I just needed a sounding board"—you feel the immediate prickle of dissonance. The desire to take over is so potent, so deeply wired into your sense of worth, that acknowledging his autonomy feels like admitting you are suddenly irrelevant.

The moment the boundary gets established, the emotional machinery designed to keep you perpetually helpful kicks into high gear, and guilt arrives with the force of a physical blow. Consider the upcoming dinner

party invitation; it's something you genuinely do not want to attend—you are depleted from weeks of work and simply crave silence—but when your friend mentions it, a sudden, terrifying internal negotiation begins. *If I say no, she will think I don't care about her.* This thought is the master manipulator, instantly overriding logic with perceived relational disaster. You replay past interactions: the time you cancelled last month and how dramatically upset she was; the way your absence seemed to ripple outward into a general atmosphere of disappointment. To decline feels like accepting blame for some imagined failure in the friendship itself. Consequently, the words that emerge are never "I need rest," but rather elaborate justifications spun from threads of obligation: "Oh, I can come, but I might have to leave early because..." You find yourself agreeing to commitments—the extra favor, the late-night consultation—not because you want them, but solely to preempt the anticipated fallout. The silence that follows your agreement feels brittle, fragile, like it could shatter if you dared to breathe too deeply or express a genuine preference for solitude. This is the core trap: prioritizing the avoidance of conflict over the preservation of self.

The shift in relationship dynamics when boundaries finally begin to take root is rarely cinematic; it's often quiet, awkward, and profoundly unsettling at first. Recall the simple act of saying, "No, I cannot help you move this weekend." In the past, that sentence would have triggered a rapid-fire series of countermeasures: hurt feelings masked as disappointed sighs, subtle withdrawal in subsequent texts, or veiled comments suggesting you were becoming emotionally distant. Now, however, things feel different, and frankly, quite scary to your highly tuned emotional radar. You find yourself anticipating this shift—the potential cooling off period when the other person processes that their usual safety net (you) is no longer guaranteed. The difficulty surfaces most sharply around social invitations. When a request for company arrives on a Friday evening, and your internal compass screams 'rest,' saying "I'm staying in" now feels less like self-care and more like an active declaration of emotional coldness. You hesitate, analyzing the potential fallout: *Are they interpreting this as rejection? Am I suddenly perceived as unsupportive or worse, dismissive?* This fear causes you to overcompensate later, perhaps agreeing to a minor commitment just to smooth over the initial resistance. Learning to accept the space that opens up—the space

where people have to process your absence of automatic availability—is terrifying because it forces you into the uncomfortable reality of being seen as an independent entity, rather than a perpetual emotional utility.

YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT
SPECIFICALLY FOR OVER-GIVER ENERGY. THE
PATTERNS YOU JUST READ? THEY'RE YOURS.
NOT ANYONE ELSE'S. YOURS.

THE OTHER FIVE CHAPTERS ARE WHERE IT
GETS PRECISE.

CHAPTER 2 GIVES YOU PERMISSION TO STOP
FIGHTING YOUR OWN NATURE. CHAPTER 3
SHOWS YOU EXACTLY WHERE OVER-GIVER
ENERGY CONSISTENTLY WINS IN
CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY. CHAPTER 4
NAMES THE STAKES — WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN
YOU IGNORE THIS. CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL
CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY PLAN, BROKEN
INTO THE CYCLES THAT ACTUALLY WORK FOR
YOU. CHAPTER 6 IS YOUR INTEGRATION —
WHERE THIS BECOMES IDENTITY, NOT
STRATEGY.

MOST PEOPLE READ CHAPTER 1 AND THINK
THEY UNDERSTAND. THEY DON'T. THE
ARCHITECTURE ONLY REVEALS ITSELF IN
FULL.

SEARCH FOR "CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY
WAY: OVER-GIVER" TO GET THE COMPLETE
GUIDE.

ALSO BUILT FOR OVER-GIVER: OVER-GIVER
MASTERY: WORKPLACE.

THE SAME DEPTH. THE SAME PRECISION.
APPLIED TO A DIFFERENT ARENA OF YOUR
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