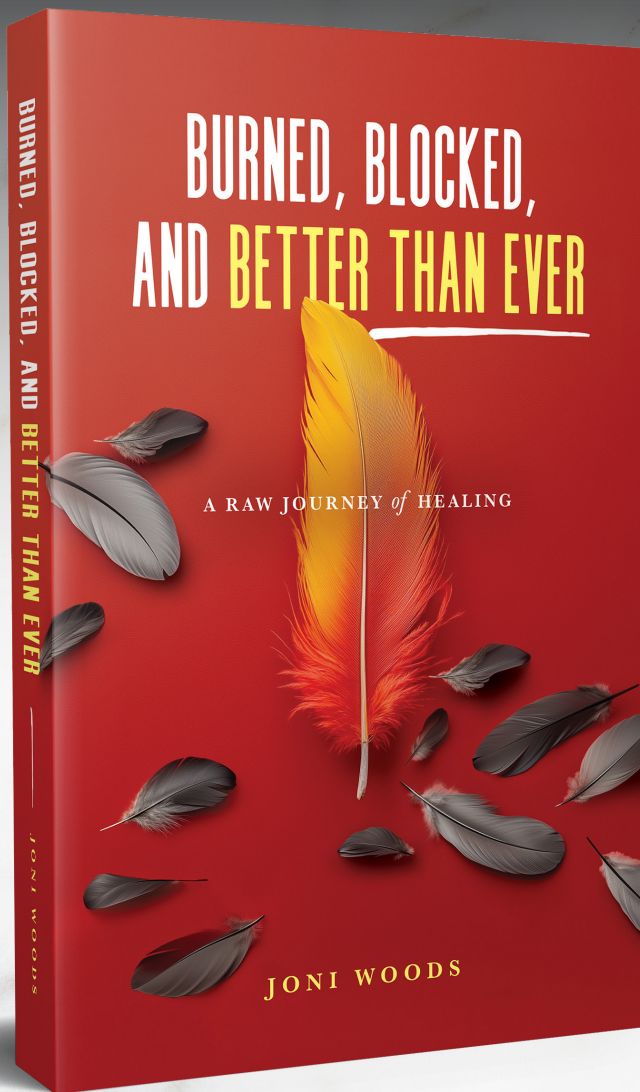


Explore the Book









Ultimately uplifting and surprisingly humorous, *Burned, Blocked, and Better Than Ever* invites you into both the heartbreak and hope of starting over.

BURNED, BLOCKED, AND BETTER THAN EVER

A RAW JOURNEY OF HEALING

AUTHOR

JONI WOODS

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TOPICS INCLUDE



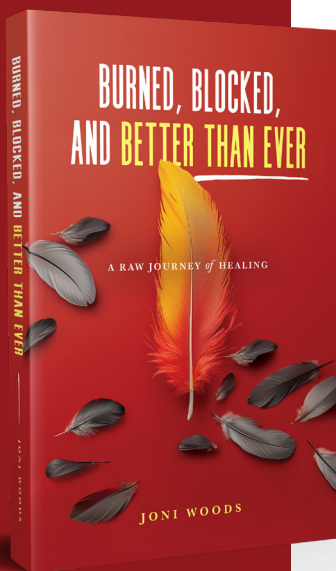
PARENTING &
RELATIONSHIPS



SPIRITUALITY



PERSONAL
GROWTH



ABOUT *the* BOOK

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A raw, faith-rooted memoir of divorce, self-discovery, and the kind of healing that begins when you stop pretending you're fine.

Joni had the marriage, the ministry, the life she was *supposed* to want. But behind the facade was a slow erosion of her connection to herself. Married to a man battling addiction and bound by unspoken rules of faith and family, she stayed silent for too long. When she finally walked away, she wasn't just leaving a husband—she was stepping out of a story that no longer fit.

Relationship and communication coach Joni Woods shares an unflinching and boldly vulnerable memoir about divorce, emotional abuse, and the long, hard path back to wholeness. From surviving church judgment to navigating dating apps and finding her voice, she reveals the silent toll unhealthy relationships take—and what real healing actually looks like.


Told through first dates gone wrong, spiritual deconstruction, co-parenting tensions, and a reawakening of her sense of self, *Burned, Blocked, and Better Than Ever* offers a multi-perspective lens for people to explore their boundaries, patterns, and emotional needs.

For anyone who's stayed too long or felt too broken to begin again, you'll learn:

- ◆ Why there's no merit badge for suffering through relationships that are breaking you.
- ◆ Why healing starts with radical self-awareness—and how to access it.
- ◆ How to communicate your relationship boundaries and stop performing peace.
- ◆ What men are navigating emotionally—and why it matters to your healing too.
- ◆ How to rebuild your identity without roles, titles, or someone else's timeline.

Ultimately uplifting and surprisingly humorous, *Burned, Blocked, and Better Than Ever* invites you into both the heartbreak and hope of starting over. Joni shows healing from divorce isn't a straight path—it's a messy, beautiful one that starts with self-awareness. This book holds up a mirror and asks: Are you being honest about what you need? And are you brave enough to ask for it?

BOOK AVAILABLE FROM

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ABOUT *the* AUTHOR

JONI WOODS is a certified life coach and culture strategist with over 15 years of experience helping individuals, couples, and organizations strengthen communication, resolve conflict, and lead with emotional intelligence. She is the founder of Journey Coaching, where she specializes in guiding clients through personal growth, relational healing, and values-based leadership.

Joni empowers people to develop self-awareness, establish healthy boundaries, and build emotionally safe connections—in life, love, and the workplace. Whether working with individuals, families, or Fortune 500 executives, her mission is to foster clarity, compassion, and connection in every interaction.

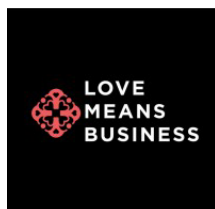
Joni began her career in ministry as a youth and young adult pastor and has since expanded her reach through private coaching, corporate consulting, and guest appearances on numerous podcasts and radio segments. She serves as the forum logistics head at the Women's Exchange of Washtenaw, an active team member of the Emerging Philanthropists of the United Way, and the membership chair of the Washtenaw Business Association.

She lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan, with her two children, Ashton and Scarlett, their dog Lightning, and their cat Orlando.

To connect with Joni or learn more about her work, visit <http://joniwoods.com> or follow her on social media, @joniwoods.



AUTHOR HAS BEEN FEATURED BY:



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TOPICS INCLUDE

Joni Woods talks about communication, self-awareness, cultural and family obligations holding you back, and how to break toxic relationship cycles so you can build emotionally healthy connections rooted in truth, not performance

- Communication as a Mirror: What Are You Really Reflecting?
- From Rebound to Ruin: What Not to Do After Divorce
- Unmasking the Chameleon: Stop Changing for Love
- From Trauma Bonds to True Connection: How to Recognize Emotional Traps
- Toxic Models: Breaking Free from Childhood Blueprints
- Why We Stay: The Lies We Believe About Love
- The Other Side of the Story: What Men Are Afraid to Communicate in Relationships
- The Three Loves You'll Have Before You Heal



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BOOK EXCERPT

The small kitchen was alive with the scent of freshly baked bread and the soft strumming of my father's guitar as he played classic hymns. I was four years old, excitedly helping my mom set the table for my grandmother's visit. It made me feel important, like a "big girl," as I carefully arranged the plates and napkins, taking the task very seriously.

On the counter, the tea kettle began to whistle, its shrill sound signaling that the water was ready. In my eagerness to help, I reached up to grab the teacup my mom had just filled. The next moment happened so fast it felt like a blur. My small hands slipped, and the boiling water splashed onto my upper right arm.

The pain hit instantly, sharp and searing. I screamed, the sound piercing the warm, peaceful atmosphere of the kitchen.

My mom was at my side in an instant, her face pale with panic as she saw the angry red burns already blistering on my arm. "We need to take her to the hospital now!" she yelled toward the living room, her voice trembling with urgency.

My father, still sitting and strumming his guitar, looked up. His expression was calm, almost indifferent, as he glanced at my arm. "We don't need to go to the hospital," he said, his voice firm and unyielding. "She'll be fine. We just need to pray for her healing."

"Please!" my mom pleaded, her voice cracking as tears welled in her eyes. "She's in so much pain! Look at her!"

He ignored her. Instead, he walked over to me, his towering presence making my little body feel even smaller. He grabbed my arm roughly and I cried out, the pain shooting through me like fire.

"Stop crying," he said sternly, his grip unrelenting as he began to pray.

The words blurred together as the pain intensified. Then, to my horror, he started peeling away the blisters forming on my arm. The agony was unbearable and I screamed louder, my small voice hoarse with the sound.

My mom tried to stop him, tears streaming down her face, but he was too strong. She begged and pleaded, but he wouldn't let go, convinced that prayer was the only intervention I needed.

Then the front door opened, and my grandmother stepped inside. Her sharp gasp cut through the chaos. "What on earth are you doing? Stop this right now!"

She didn't hesitate. Pushing him firmly aside, she scooped me up in her arms. Her touch was gentle, her voice steady as she soothed me. "We are taking her to the hospital. Now."

For a moment, my father looked like he might argue. But the unwavering strength in my grandmother's gaze stopped him. He muttered something under his breath, but he didn't move to stop her as she carried me out the door.

My tears didn't stop right away, but in her arms, I finally felt a flicker of safety, knowing someone was willing to fight for me when I couldn't fight for myself.

Now, 40-odd years later, I still carry the scars from someone else's negligence.

The scars of someone else's fanatical beliefs that would cause a screaming child even more pain.

The scars of someone who claimed to love me but taught me what suffering was truly like.

The scars of a life I believed would only find fulfillment if I was everything I *should be*.

These scars could easily keep me separated from others.

They are not pretty.

They are a reminder of the potential ugliness within a person's heart.

I want the ugliness of these scars to be my driving force for showing love to everyone I know.

To show kindness in the midst of hate.

To show compassion in the midst of abhorrence.

To show empathy in the midst of animosity.

We all have relational scars, some more visible than others. How you let them affect you is in your hands.