

**THE REWARD
OF
REPETITION**

*You quit.
He didn't.*

DARRYL BEUKES

SCAI PUBLISHING

The Reward of Repetition

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Soli Deo Gloria

For my mother,
who kept returning to God in prayer
when I was a mess and death felt certain.
Her faithful return moved Heaven.
I am here because she would not stop.
This book carries her legacy -
and I am the reward of her repetition.

In loving memory
Mieta “Sussa” Vries

*When I am gone, I pray that I will leave behind the same kind of legacy
my mother left: a life that introduces others to Christ and helps form
people after His likeness.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



To my wife, my pillar of strength,
From the day we met, I never doubted the grace of God upon your life. I still remember the first time I asked you out - with a knock-knock joke, heaven in view, and marriage in my heart. Through every season, your faithfulness has spoken louder than words. Again and again, you have shown me that faithfulness carries a reward. You have stood beside me, prayed with me, believed in me, and reminded me to return to God. I thank God for the gift of you, and I love you deeply.

To my father,
Thank you for teaching me the fear of God. Thank you for showing me the value of integrity, the importance of character, and the weight of walking uprightly before God and people. Your example has left a mark on my life that I will carry with gratitude forever.

To every partner, community member, mentor, teacher, friend, and every person who showed up in my life:
Thank you for helping shape me into the man I am becoming. Every lesson, correction, encouragement, prayer, and act of kindness became part of the foundation on which this book was built. In many ways, you helped form a life that now seeks to teach others that repetition is never wasted, that faithfulness has a price, and that the reward is found in returning to what is right, true, and God-honouring again and again.

May this work honour everyone who sowed into my becoming, and above all, may it glorify God.

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PART I

AWAKENING

CHAPTER ONE

The Reward Was Never Hidden

Most people spend their lives asking the wrong question. Not because they are careless, but because it is the question everyone else seems to be asking.

How do I change my life?

If you have ever stood at the beginning of a new year, promised yourself this time would be different, or wondered why lasting change feels so difficult, you have probably asked it too. It sounds like the place to begin.

I no longer think it is.

Ask that question, and everyone has an answer waiting for you. Build a better habit. Add a new routine. Keep the streak alive. Stay consistent long enough, they promise, and one day the small things will quietly add up into the life you wanted. I understand the appeal. I have believed it myself. And there is enough truth in it that you can follow that advice for years.

But I have sat with people who did everything they were told to do — who kept the routine, held the streak, stayed faithful to the system — and still, somewhere along the way, quietly became someone they never meant to become. Not because they failed. Because they

were so focused on the *action* that no one had taught them to watch the *direction*.

So the question underneath the question is not *how do I change my life?* It is gentler than that, and it reaches further.

Where is my life already heading — and who am I becoming along the way?

Because you were never only repeating actions. You were rehearsing a direction. And here I want to be careful, because it would be easy to hear me dismissing the passionate moments — the seasons that move you, the convictions that grip you, the sudden bursts that make you serious about your life all at once. I am not.

Those moments are a spark. And a spark has a gift: it flares, and for a moment the whole room is lit. You finally see what you have been doing. Some of the most important turns of my life began exactly there — in a flame that suddenly flared and woke me up.

But no one was ever meant to live inside a spark. A flame that flares also fades; that is simply what flames do. And when the light drops back down, a quieter question is waiting underneath it: *now that I have seen, which way will I walk?* That is the work of direction. The spark opens your eyes. Direction decides where your

feet go once they are open. And that is why, in the end, direction matters more than intensity — not because intensity is worthless, but because it was only ever meant to wake you, never to carry you home.

Until you see that, lasting change will always feel like something that happens *to* you. You will celebrate breakthroughs without knowing how to repeat them, and grieve failures without seeing the small turns that led there. But once you can see the direction underneath your days, change stops being a mystery you wait for. It becomes something you can walk toward on purpose.

Most of life is built long before you realise anything is being built.

You can see it almost everywhere, once you know where to look.

A healthy marriage rarely becomes strong because of one extraordinary anniversary. It grows through ordinary conversations, small acts of forgiveness, shared responsibilities, and a thousand quiet moments when two people choose one another again. None of those moments feels remarkable on its own. But they are not disappearing. They accumulate — into trust, into a history two people can stand on, into something others eventually recognise and admire without ever seeing how it was made. A marriage that lasts becomes a kind

of legacy: proof, left behind for children and everyone watching, that faithfulness repeated over years builds something a single grand gesture never could.

The same is true of your health. One workout will not transform your body, just as one missed workout will not destroy it. What shapes you is the pattern that follows — the direction you keep pointing yourself in. Your body remembers the route you repeatedly show it.

Your work follows the same principle. People often describe success as though it arrived overnight, but when you speak to those who have built something meaningful, their stories sound remarkably alike. Years of keeping promises. Correcting mistakes. Learning from failure. Serving people well when nobody was watching. Long before anyone admired the outcome, repetition had already been doing its quiet work.

Faith grows in much the same way. You may remember a conference that encouraged you, a song that carried you through a difficult season, or a sermon that shifted your perspective. Those moments matter. God often meets us in ways we never forget. But if you look back honestly, you will probably find that your deepest growth happened elsewhere.

It happened on ordinary mornings.

Maybe you know the kind I mean. The mornings someone opened their Bible even though they did not feel inspired. The evenings they prayed, not because prayer felt powerful, but because they knew they needed God more than they needed a feeling. And if that has never yet been your morning — if you are reading this still standing at the edge of faith, wondering whether any of it is real — you are welcome here too. This book will not pretend to be something other than what it is. It is written from a settled trust in Christ. But it is written *for* anyone who has grown tired of drifting and wants to know how a life actually turns back toward solid ground.

The countless moments you simply returned.

That word stayed with me for a long time.

Returned.

There is a direction hidden inside that word. You cannot return to something without first facing back toward it. The word already knows the way home.

The people whose faith I admired most were not necessarily the most gifted or the most visible. They were the ones who kept turning themselves back on purpose — revisiting the prayer, the devotion, the commitment, the Scripture — not to collect the activity,

but to hold the direction they had chosen to walk in. In time, they became people who returned to God almost without thinking, because that direction had become part of who they were.

Notice what had quietly happened to them. They had not simply collected years of religious activity. Every time they returned, something in them was being shaped, until the response they once had to reach for became the response that now came first. That is the part no one warns you about when they hand you a new habit. You think you are practising an action. All along, God is using it to make you into someone.

And that observation unsettles you, if you let it. Because if repetition rehearses everything you admire, it also rehearses everything you regret.

Suddenly the conversation changes. You can no longer explain your life by pointing to one bad decision. Neither can you expect one good decision to carry you into the future you long for.

A single decision may change your direction.

Only repetition determines whether you keep walking it.

There is something deeply hopeful in that. It means your future is not decided only by the largest moments

of your life. It is shaped, just as surely, by today's ordinary choices.

The conversation you have.

The attitude you carry.

The promise you keep.

The temptation you resist.

The prayer you whisper before anyone else is awake.

None of those moments feels significant while you are living it. That is exactly why they are so powerful.

For a long time I overlooked what was happening, because I was waiting for something dramatic. I expected transformation to announce itself with certainty and excitement. Instead, it arrived quietly.

It looked a lot like an ordinary Tuesday.

You wake up. You go to work. You answer messages. You solve problems. You choose whether to forgive. You choose whether to complain. You choose whether to honour your word.

By evening, Tuesday disappears without asking for your attention. Most Tuesdays are forgotten. Yet lives are built inside them — not because one Tuesday changes everything, but because they never arrive alone.

That was the discovery that changed how I saw the world.

The reward had never been hidden.

It had simply been growing in places I had stopped noticing.

Every repeated action was doing two things at once. It was producing a result. And in God's hands, it was quietly producing a person. Of the two, only one of them lasts.

Every time you choose honesty, honesty becomes a little more natural. Every time you forgive, your heart becomes a little freer. Every time you return to prayer, dependence on God reaches a little deeper into your life.

The action may last only a few moments.

The person it forms may remain for decades.

Let me say something plainly here, near the beginning, so you can carry it through everything that follows. This is not really a book about building better habits. You will find some good ones along the way, and I hope they serve you. But better habits were never the point. A habit is only a doorway. What walks through it — slowly, over months and years of ordinary faithfulness — is *you*. A version of you being quietly

prepared for what God will one day place in your hands, or a version left unready when it finally comes. That is what we are really paying attention to in these pages. Not the habit. The person the habit is making.

Perhaps that is why Scripture speaks so often about abiding, remaining, walking, waiting, standing, and enduring. These are not dramatic words. They are faithful ones. They describe the kind of life God forms in us over time.

Creation has been teaching the same lesson since the beginning. Morning follows night. The tides keep their rhythm. Seeds become trees. Children become adults. Everything alive grows through repeated faithfulness.

The longer you pay attention, the harder it becomes to ignore what creation has been saying all along.

God did not simply create a world. He created rhythms.

The consistency woven into creation reflects the consistency of its Creator. The sun rises because He remains faithful. The seasons keep their order because He remains faithful. Your next breath is possible because He remains faithful.

Everything dependable in creation quietly points beyond itself. It points to Him.

And perhaps that is why repetition matters so much. Not because repetition has power of its own, but because it reflects the character of the God who designed reality.

Long before you recognised what repetition was doing, it had already begun shaping you — and pointing you in a direction.



The question is no longer whether repetition is changing your life. It already is. The question is gentler, and it will follow you through the rest of this book:

What kind of person is it quietly rehearsing you to become?

CORNERSTONE

The reward was never hidden. It was growing inside the ordinary things you kept returning to.

Repetition does not merely produce results. It rehearses a person and sets a direction.

BLUEPRINT CHECK

Take an honest look at your ordinary week.

What are you repeating often enough that it is beginning to shape your character?

Which habits have become so familiar that you have stopped noticing them?

If your ordinary days continued exactly as they are today, in what direction would they be carrying you — and who would you become five years from now?

The future is rarely built in extraordinary moments. More often, it grows inside today's repeated choices.

LAY THE NEXT BRICK

For the next seven days, do not try to change your entire life. Become a student of your own repetitions.

At the end of each day, write down one repeated thought, one repeated action, and one repeated response. Do not judge them. Simply notice them, and ask one question of each: *if I kept only this, where would it be taking me?*

Awareness is the first light that enters any structure before restoration begins.

BRIDGE TO CHAPTER TWO

Once you begin to see that repetition is already shaping your life, another question follows.

If repetition is so powerful, why is it often so hard to repeat what is good? Why do unhealthy patterns settle

into your life almost effortlessly, while faithful disciplines require intention?

To answer that, you have to understand something remarkable about the mind God created. Because before repetition shapes your life, it first shapes the way you think.

And that is where the journey turns next.