

W A L D O N F E N S T E R

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF TEXAS
DALLAS DIVISION

JUDGMENT

Plaintiff,
vs.

Civil Action No.

It is ordered and adjudged that
recover actual damages in the sum of

\$4 million

It is further ordered and adjudged that
recover exemplary damages in the sum of

\$8 million

GOD GAVE ME
\$12M

Client:
Settlement Amount:
File Number:

\$5,000.00

POST JUDGMENT ENFORCEMENT ACTIONS:
BASIL M. HANTASH VS. WALDON FENSTER /
DEAL EXCHANGE - CIVIL ACTION

\$12MILLION

Please be advised that settlement payment in the above referenced matter
in the amount of \$5,000.00 has been approved. However, be further advised that
if you fail to adhere to the agreed upon payments, the agreement may
become null and void.

Upon receipt of payment and clearance of funds, we will
deem this account closed,settled in full.

HOW OBEDIENCE TURNED A \$12 MILLION
JUDGMENT INTO A \$5,000 SETTLEMENT

WALDON FENSTER

GOD GAVE ME

\$12M

INTRODUCTION

THE NUMBER WAS NEVER THE STORY

On July 9, 2025, a federal judgment placed a number beside my name: twelve million dollars. Four million dollars in actual damages. Eight million dollars in exemplary damages. Then came interest, legal costs, and the threat of enforcement. There are numbers so large that they stop feeling like money. Twelve million dollars is one of them.

The number did not arrive as a check. It arrived as a judgment. It was printed in the language of a courtroom, attached to my name and my company, and made final by a judge's signature. On paper, the story looked simple: a plaintiff, defendants, findings, damages, and a total large enough to alter the direction of a life.

But the story did not begin in a courtroom, and it did not end when the judgment was entered. It began years earlier with something I had done countless times: connecting people. I believed opportunity grew when the right people met. I made an introduction between two people who went on to do a deal. The deal went sideways, and eventually the bridge I had built between them became part of the case built against me.

That experience changed more than my financial reality. It changed the way I looked at people, opportunity, and the simple act of opening a door for someone else. I stopped making introductions for years. Every possible connection carried a warning. Every opportunity came with a question: What happens if this goes wrong?

Fear does not always look like panic. Sometimes it looks like caution. Sometimes it looks like wisdom. Sometimes it looks like quietly removing yourself from the very thing you were created to do. I could tell myself I was protecting my family, my business, and my future. I could call it discernment. But underneath the explanations was a man who had been hurt deeply enough to stop building bridges.

That is why this book cannot begin with twelve million dollars and end with five thousand. Those numbers are the visible markers of a much longer journey. There are stories that explain the introduction, the relationships, the deal, the silence, the damage, the years of carrying it, and the person I became while waiting for the story to change. There are also stories that begin after the settlement, because release creates its own questions.

What do you do when the thing that shaped your decisions for years is suddenly removed? Do you return to the person you were before it happened? Do you remain guarded because protection has become part of your identity? Do you trust again? Do you make another introduction? Do you believe your name can carry possibility instead of accusation?

The judgment was real. Faith did not require me to deny it. The court ordered four million dollars in actual damages and eight million dollars in exemplary damages, along with interest and additional costs. The threat of post-judgment enforcement was real. Pretending otherwise would not have been faith. It would have been avoidance.

But accepting the reality of the judgment did not mean accepting that the judgment would have the final word over my life. A court could place a number beside my name. Fear could use that number to describe my future. Shame could use it to make me disappear. None of them had the authority to decide what God could still do.

I prayed, but prayer was not a way to avoid action. God kept moving me toward obedience, and obedience kept moving me toward the uncomfortable. The answer did not arrive as a dramatic escape from the process. It came through a path I could not have created on my own and through steps I would not have chosen if comfort had been allowed to lead.

That is one of the hardest truths in this story: sometimes we ask God for deliverance while resisting the direction through which deliverance will come. We want the burden removed, but we do not want the conversation, the humility, the patience, the surrender, or the risk required to walk toward freedom.

Obedience rarely feels miraculous while you are doing it. It can feel slow, exposed, and unreasonable. It can look like moving without proof that the next step will work. The miracle often becomes visible only after the path has been walked.

On July 28, 2026, the language changed. A settlement letter stated that the matter could be resolved for five thousand dollars. Upon payment and clearance, the account would be closed and settled in full, and the claims connected to the matter would be released. The same story that once carried a twelve-million-dollar judgment now carried a five-thousand-dollar settlement.

That is where the title of this book comes from. God Gave Me \$12M does not mean a twelve-million-dollar check appeared in my account. It means a twelve-million-dollar burden that had been attached to my name was removed for five thousand dollars. It means the debt no longer had permission to define my future. It means God created a way where I could not see one.

The distance between those two numbers is almost impossible to explain through ordinary math. But the greater distance was not financial. It was the distance between fear and obedience, isolation and connection, accusation and release, the person who stopped building bridges and the person God was still calling forward.

People will naturally focus on the settlement because it is the part that sounds impossible. I understand that. Five thousand dollars beside twelve million dollars is the kind of contrast that belongs on a cover. But the miracle is incomplete if I tell only the ending. The final number matters because of everything that came before it and everything it demanded afterward.

This book will not be a courtroom brief, and I am not writing it to retry the case on paper. Legal documents can record orders, dates, damages, signatures, and settlements. They cannot fully record what a judgment does inside a person. They do not show how fear enters ordinary decisions, how trust disappears one relationship at a time, or how a man can remain physically present while slowly removing himself from the world around him.

They also cannot record the private work of restoration. They cannot measure the prayers that seem unanswered, the uncomfortable directions that refuse to leave, the resistance, the surrender, or the moment you realize that God is not only trying to remove what happened to you. He is trying to restore what fear changed inside you.

The judgment is the center of this story, but it is not the whole story. Some chapters will lead toward it. Others will move through it. Still others will begin after the words "settled in full" because freedom is not merely the absence of a debt. Freedom is learning how to live without organizing your future around what hurt you.

You may never see a twelve-million-dollar judgment with your name on it, but you may know what it feels like to be defined by one terrible number, one accusation, one failure, one diagnosis, one debt, or one decision that followed you longer than you believed it should. You may have stopped building something because the last thing you built collapsed. You may call it wisdom even though, deep down, you know fear is making the decisions.

This story does not promise that every judgment disappears or every debt settles for a fraction of what is owed. It promises something more important: no number is large enough to become God, no accusation is strong enough to replace your identity, and no season of fear has to become permanent.

God did not only give me relief from a twelve-million-dollar judgment. He gave me a reason to examine what the judgment had taken from me long before the settlement arrived. He gave me a path back toward obedience. He gave me the opportunity to stop treating my wound as wisdom and to stop letting one broken deal determine every connection that came after it.

There will be more to tell than the lawsuit itself. There were decisions before the introduction, relationships surrounding the deal, consequences that continued after the judgment, and moments of provision and direction that only make sense when the entire journey is visible. The settlement is not the conclusion. It is the moment the meaning of everything around it begins to change.

My name is Waldon Fenster. A federal judgment said twelve million dollars. A settlement said five thousand. Fear told me to hide, disconnect, and never risk helping people find one another again. God told me to pray, obey, and walk toward the uncomfortable path He placed in front of me. This is God Gave Me \$12M. Let's begin.