



ANDREEA PARC

THE ATTORNEY WHO LOST EVERYTHING AND FOUND WHAT ACTUALLY MATTERS

Andreea Parc, LL.M., spent nearly two decades operating at the intersection of law, high-stakes decision-making, and professional identity. She built a career as a practicing attorney, trained in some of the most demanding legal environments, and understood—or believed she understood—how systems work, how risk is managed, and how outcomes are controlled.

Then a period of profound personal and professional crisis dismantled that certainty entirely. What followed was not a gradual recalibration. It was a collapse—and a reconstruction that required her to confront questions no legal training had prepared her to answer: what matters when everything else gives way, and what does a person reach for when reason and strategy have run out?

The answer, for Andreea, arrived not through argument or intellect, but through the experience of surrender itself. She did not find faith at a high point. She found it at the bottom—and that, she has come to believe, is where most people find it.

Today, Andreea lives in New York and works as a speaker, author, and advisor, focused on the psychology of professional identity, ethical collapse, and what it means to rebuild a life with intention. Her work takes her into law schools, bar associations, and professional communities where the culture of control and self-sufficiency runs deep—exactly the culture she once lived inside.

She is the author of *Alive Again: My Journey from Attorney to Redemption in Prison*, published by The Three Tomatoes, and is at work on a second book examining the predictable patterns that precede professional and personal unraveling. She co-hosts the podcast *Alive Again* with her daughter Alexa Dumitru, in which she and her guests explore the terrain of loss, transformation, and recovery that most professionals are trained never to discuss.

Andreea holds an LL.M. and brings to every conversation the particular clarity that comes not from having avoided failure, but from having walked through it—and come out the other side with something she did not expect to find there.

The Reach

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For most of my adult life, I operated under an assumption I never examined: that if I was competent enough, prepared enough, and disciplined enough, I could manage what happened to me. Not everything—I wasn't naive—but the things that mattered. The trajectory. The outcome. The shape of my life.

I was wrong. Not because control is an illusion—but because I had been watching the wrong things. I was trying to manage circumstances I could not see clearly, driven by patterns in myself I had never bothered to examine. The crisis didn't teach me I was powerless. It taught me I had been operating blind.

What I have noticed since, watching others go through their own versions of undoing, is that the pattern is consistent. People do not, as a rule, go looking for something larger than themselves when life is going well. They look up when the ceiling collapses. When the diagnosis arrives. When the marriage ends. When the career dissolves. When the thing they were certain they controlled turns out to have been running on assumptions they never tested.

This is not weakness. It is, I think, accuracy. The crisis does not create the need—it reveals it. The need was always there, papered over by competence and momentum and the comfortable noise of a busy life. When the noise stops, what remains is the question that was always underneath: *Is this all there is?* And if not—what is the rest of it?

I have sat with people who found their way to faith through grief, through addiction, through professional ruin, through the particular silence that follows a life falling apart. The details differ. The threshold is the same. At some point, the architecture of self-reliance failed to hold, and they reached—almost involuntarily—for something they could not see, could not prove, and could not control.

And it was there.

That is the thing I cannot fully explain and have stopped trying to. Not as theology, not as argument. Simply as experience: what people reach for in the dark, when there is nothing left to perform for, when the audience has gone home and the credentials are on the floor—that reaching is answered.

I do not think this is coincidence. I think the difficulty is the mechanism. Not punishment—instruction. The kind that cannot reach us when we are certain we already know. The kind that becomes possible only when we finally stop watching the wrong things.

Most of us will meet this at some point. A moment when the ceiling we never noticed becomes the floor, and we find ourselves looking up from it, for the first time, with nothing to prove and no strategy for what comes next.

This is the moment that many people often come to find God. And it is, in my experience, the beginning of something real.