

## Isaiah 43 Spoken Word

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Montreat Youth Conference, Alpha 2015, *This is Our Story*

*Speaker 1: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 2: Underlined Text, Bold Text: Words spoken together, Italics: Scripture*

I want to write my own story. / Put the pen to the page  
until the words spill out/ and I am what remains.

I want to write my own story, rough draft to the press  
a hard copy you'll keep, of me at my best.

I want to write my own story, because just maybe then  
I'll rewrite the pages of where doubt begins  
erasing the moments where you wore me thin  
and it rained for days and I was drenched in sin

And I know what God says

**"Child, my child,** write all you want.

I know what it is that you're trying to say  
and if you stumble on words, I promise to remain.

*Do not fear, for I have redeemed you;  
I have called you by name,  
your story is mine, with me you are claimed."* (v. 1)

*Speaker 2*

And while my head knows that God never goes  
and it's true that I am loved and known,  
my heart fights the urge to write my own flow  
to pen my own words, the story I know.

Cause how can it be, that the God of everything,  
would know my little story, from prologue to ending.  
And just like the moon, and the stars, and the sun,  
say 'this is good,' she is 'precious,' she is love. (v. 4)

*Speaker 1: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 2: Underlined Text*

So in a moment of weakness, head versus heart,  
I find myself back at the start.  
Head in my hands, knees on the floor,  
I'm gathering words to write one page more.

And like buds that are soon to bloom,  
this room is soon to fill with words that bloom into flowers  
With seeds that explode into trees,  
And my story is a garden, wild and free, like Adam and eve,  
But the drought always comes, and then what happens to me?  
For I am one writer, one gardener alone, and now my words fight weeds and crows.

*Speaker 2: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 1: Underlined Text, Bold Text: Words spoken together*

I wanted my story to be of grace and victory,  
but got caught up on words like heartbreak and misery,  
skinny and funny, popular and money-  
the taste of which is contradictory.

Because it turns out some words are **sinking sand**,  
clinging to you like a shadow in the wind-  
like a drought in a garden, they'll undo what you did.

So in a moment of weakness, head versus heart, I find myself back at the start.  
Dust to dust, we've been here before. I'm back where I was, but this time I need  
more.

*Speaker 1: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 2: Underlined Text, Bold Text: Words spoken together,  
Italics: Scripture*

And I know what God says  
"**Child, my child**, you can write all you want,  
but I do have a word that the drought cannot touch.  
And keeps the wilderness from being too much, (v. 19)  
And turns your story from dust to grace.  
And once again you remind me, you say-  
*I will be with you. those rivers can't have you.* (v. 2)  
*Because you are precious in my sight, honored, and I love you.*" (v. 4)

*Speaker 2: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 1: Underlined Text*

So God- you talk, I'll listen,  
because suddenly I can't breathe.  
And the words you're whispering I so desperately need.

So God, can I climb up on your knee?  
and will you read aloud the story you wrote for me?  
That story that says I was loved all along,  
the story I tried to write? I got it wrong.

Tell me again how you will gather us up-  
binding us like pages in a book made of love.  
Binding our wandering hearts to thee,  
from north to south, until our stories weave.

Tell me again how the nations will gather,  
read me once more that sacred chapter,  
where my story and his story and their stories collide,  
and you are still God, and we will realize.

And tell me again of the new story you write,  
with words that sound more like a lullaby,  
words that declare your strength and your might,  
but cradle me close through the night.

*Speaker 1: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 2: Underlined Text*

I wanted to write my own story, because I wanted to matter.  
I thought with pen to the page I could flatter  
But now I see, you shattered the standards they put on me  
And replaced the clatter with "precious to me."

The story I tried to write is old,  
but You have promised a new thing in me,  
so I will stop fighting and trying to prove,  
because now I know you need me for me.

So guide my feet, page by page,  
My pen- your paper- today is the day  
Because I make life mine, and you make it love.  
So I will write of you til' the sun comes up.

*Speaker 1: Not Underlined Text, Speaker 2: Underlined Text*

Saying Amen, Amen, Amen, and Amen.