Poem on Wilderness

THE WILDERNESS IS A PLACE WHERE WE ARE BRAVE

First, we have to name it—
The heartbreak,
The addiction,
The shame,
The grief.

Whatever your wilderness is,
First we have to name it.

And once we've said those words out loud,
We let that truth hang in the air.
And we let ourselves feel what we feel,
For in this moment,
we are close to the surface.

And after a few deep breaths,
We begin the removing.
Piece by piece, we take our armour off,
For truth-telling days are
Soft skin kind of days.

And once we are armour-free,
Hearts on our sleeves
And tears in our throats,
We stand toe-to-toe
With the very hurt that wrecked us.
And we don't try to swallow that pain away.

And there,
In all our beautiful God-given honesty,
We say to that monster,
"I have love on my side,
And her name is God,
And no wilderness can separate me
From that north star."

And I believe
It will be the bravest thing you ever do.
And your knees might shake,
And you might lose your way,
But our God is a God of second chances,
So take my hand.
You are close to the surface.
Let's be brave together.

Prayer by Sarah Are

4.05-4.11

Journaling & Reflection

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Name times in your life when you have confronted fear with courage. What actions feel like bravery for you?