This is Be Known, and I’m Kerrah Fabacher. You’re listening to episode \_\_\_62\_\_\_. We were made for relationship, but so often our relationships are broken. And when our relationships are broken, *we* are broken. One of our deepest human desires is to be known, but we often have lost ourselves along the way. This is a podcast to help you get your relationships back to a place of wholeness. A place of authentic connection, where you feel truly known.

So come on in and sit a while. Let’s exchange fear for love and finally see what good relationships are made of.

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If you are listening in real time and not catching up later, welcome back after the Lent season. Whether you do or do not celebrate Lent, I always try to intentionally take take off of some things to reflect and find some sense of peace. That’s why I didn’t put out new podcast episodes during this time.

During this break, I spent some time on a personal retreat in a small seaside town about a couple hours away from where I live. The weather was perfect. Old oak trees lining the streets and stretching their branches like a grandmother pulling you in for a hug. People walking. Enjoying sunsets and the beautiful weather at the beach. Driving golf carts around instead of cars. Listening to live music and hanging out by the pool in the cutest courtyard of my boutique hotel.

There were so many moments of deep peace on this trip, but honestly, I wrestled with God most of the time.

I told him everything. How I felt about some things going on in my personal life and work life. How I was angry and scared and confused and tired of fighting. I told him everything I want, every dream that feels like it’s dying. I asked him questions and made space to listen.

It was brutal.

And I’ll be honest.

I didn’t get many of the answers I was looking for.

At least not in neon lights.

And I think I’ve been a bit perturbed with Jesus ever since.

You see, I’m the type of person who pulls away when my vulnerability isn’t reciprocated. When someone doesn’t seem to put in the effort to get to know me or spend time with me. When I don’t feel safe anymore. I pull away. And yes, there’s probably some attachment issue there, but it’s what I’ve always done. If I don’t sense you’ll be there, I’m probably not going to be there either.

Sometimes, there’s been wisdom in that, and I’ve gotten out of relationships that were only hurting me.

But sometimes, that tendency to pull away only makes me lonely and withdrawn from people who care about me.

And when I didn’t feel I got any answers to my questions on that trip, I felt Jesus had abandoned me.

I know, I know. He’ll never leave. That’s what he said.

But I *felt* like he did.

I poured out my heart in one of the most raw ways I’ve ever done, and I felt like I got nothing in return.

Nothing except for maybe the beauty around me. And maybe that should be enough, but it didn’t feel like it was enough.

There is this part of me that needs to feel pursued by Jesus on a daily basis. I want to feel him drawing me into himself, pulling me closer, asking me how I’m doing. I want to *feel* known, not just *be* known. I want to sit with him and talk. I want to feel connection and companionship. I want him to answer my questions and tell me what to do.

Because I don’t know what to do, and I need help.

I need help with some decisions that are weighing me down, smothering me.

I need his help.

And I don’t know how else to ask him for it.

My throat is sore from all the asking.

And because it seems like there’s been radio silence, I’m not sure I feel safe asking anymore.

Because I can only say things so many times before I get tired and give up.

On my retreat, I also began reading the book, *Say Yes: Discover the Surprising Life Beyond the Death of a Dream,* by Scott Erickson. He talks about The Voice of Giving Up when a dream dies in us. One dream I felt dying was my hope of Jesus being here with me, of never leaving, of answering when I call. I’ve seen him do those things before, but not for a while, at least not consistently. And inconsistency is another thing that makes me feel unsafe.

Scott Erickson says we want to give up when dreams die. That the Voice of Giving Up tells us three things: 1. Nothing’s ever going to change. 2. You suck and are ugly (or “there’s something wrong with you, something you have no power to change”). And 3. Giving up is better than trying.*[[1]](#footnote-1)*

And the Voice of Giving Up has been telling me all these things lately. Especially regarding some things in personal relationships and in my writing work. And maybe a little in my relationship with Jesus.

But those three things are all lies. And if I know anything, it’s that I have to always return to truth when lies make me want to give up.

However, I’m not going to wrap up this episode with a neat bow. I’m not going to tell you all the Christian cliche’s today to make you feel better if you’ve been feeling like giving up, too. I’m going to return to truth as much as I can, but I’m not going to pretend how I feel doesn’t suck.

Because it does.

On my retreat, I walked an easy, short hike to a little nook overlooking some water and marsh. It felt just like being home sitting on the dock over a Louisiana bayou. On the way, though, I got a bit lost in the woods. The arrows that had been marking the trail were not around anymore, and I had this awful feeling of being lost. And y’all, this girl was feeling all the scared things. I knew how to remain calm, but your girl was kind of panicking. I couldn’t find where I was supposed to go, and I was frustrated the trail wasn’t marked more clearly. With little to no survival skills and a terrible sense of direction, I was close to sitting down by a tree and pulling a Bella Swan until some magical werwolf found and rescued me hours later.

But then I somehow found my way. I retraced steps. Walked back. Then back again. And finally I found the little nook overlooking the water. I exhaled and told God in that moment I felt like this was my life.

Like, I’m begging for direction and not feeling like I’m getting any. Feeling like dreams are dying and some relationships may be, too. Feeling lost at sea or lost in the woods and wanting to shut down and curl up in a ball and pretend I’m anywhere else.

It’s exhausting. And I’m allowing myself for now to just be honest with myself in that.

Because I believe healing needs to start there, with true vulnerability. If not with others, then definitively with ourselves. And hopefully, with God, too. Even though I’m not sure I’ve felt safe with Him lately, I choose to believe that he’s still here, waiting patiently, not pushing, just being with me. That I’m not lost in the woods or lost at sea. The captain is still at the helm. The arrows still mark the way.

I just have to be still and look for the arrows, to look at the One at the helm. And somehow know deep within me he’ll take me where I need to go.

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Thanks for sitting a while with me. I trust that being honest about where you are will help you take a step toward wholeness so you can finally see what good relationships are made of.

Many of you may feel lost at sea, too. Maybe you feel confused, alone, and frustrated that God doesn’t seem to be showing you where to go. One tool I’ve created and used for myself and with clients is something I believe can help you to be honest about where you are and what you feel in the midst of this. Check out <https://www.kerrahfabacher.com/resources> and click on the questions to help build emotional awareness. These are questions that can help you slow down and pay attention to what’s really going on within you.

One last thing: I’m so glad to be able to bring you guys this podcast for free! But one way you can support the show is by becoming a monthly supporter with low donations of $.99, $4.99, or $9.99 a month. Any amount would help us continue to make the show and get it out the world. You can find out more at <https://anchor.fm/beknown> and click the button that says “support.”

To finish up, a big thanks to my friend Robert Hargrove for creating the music for the show, and fellow hope\*writer, Alana Dawson, for editing.

Until next time friend, I’ll see you soon.

1. *Say Yes: Discover the Surprising Life Beyond the Death of a Dream,* by Scott Erickson. P. 20-21. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)