Be Known, the Podcast

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Episode 80: Reflections on 2022

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This is Be Known, and I’m Kerrah Fabacher. You’re listening to episode \_\_\_80\_\_\_. 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. And let’s see what kind of healing happens here.

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As you know, we’re quickly approaching the start of the Advent season, and the ending of 2022. Next week will be our last episode of the podcast for the year as I enter a yearly rhythm of more quiet and reflection during Advent.

So this episode may seem kinda funny, since most of us may not even be reflecting yet on the year, if you’re someone who does that. That feels like a December 31st kind of thing. And I’ll do that, too, but in this space, I really wanted to pause the type of content that I usually share here, and reflect for a bit with you.

2022 has been one of the darkest years of my life, but also one of the brightest. If that’s even a thing. I say it’s a thing since, you know, I’ve lived it.

As I continue onward as a grownup adult human, I’ve seen this pattern a lot, actually. Some years carry deep pain and others great healing. Some great darkness, and some great light.

As the sun always rises and as it always sets, and as the darkness of Winter and the light of Spring always comes, maybe this rhythm of light and dark and dark and light is just the way of things.

Maybe they exist at different times and maybe they exist together.

Maybe on this side of heaven it will always be this way.

When there are days where our cheeks hurt from smiling so much and our bodies feel peace and our souls are full. Days of fun and laughter and adventure and connection. Days of dreams fulfilled and tasks accomplished and love being given and received. Days of snuggles and hugs and the perfect weather. Days of good books and great coffee and even better friendship. Of celebrations and trying new things and believing in more.

But there are also days where our eyes can’t stay open anymore after all our tears shed. Days where existing feels like the only thing we’re capable of. And maybe just barely. Where we question everything and hope is hard to find. Where relationships are breaking and hurt is suffocating and dreams are dying and loneliness is around too often. Where the diagnosis is bad and the pregnancy test is negative, again. Where the relationship didn’t work out or the job is killing us. Where the money is gone and doesn’t seem to be coming back. When the loss seems to great to bear.

The darkness and light, they ebb and flow.

And this year has been no different for me.

This year, I’ve been holding onto the light with a grip so hard my knuckles are white. Because the darkness can’t overpower the light. I can’t let it.

So today, I’ll share where I saw little bits of light this year. Because the dark places are saved for my time with my close people and my Jesus. At least for now.

The light is people and places for me. People who leave beautiful marks on your soul, who teach you more about yourself than you’d ever thought possible. Those whose presence alone is healing and empowering. Places that change you. That mold and shape you. Places where you leave knowing you’ll never be the same. That draw deep moments of reflection out of you where you can’t ignore what you’ve just discovered about yourself.

The people who brought the most light to me this year? My coworkers, my close friends. Their friendship has kept my feet firmly planted on the ground this year. They’ve listened and loved. We’ve had adventures I’ve never had before, like conquering NYC and celebrating miracle babies. We’ve laughed and cried and dreamed and grieved. They are light to me. My girls, too. My three girls bring so much light into my life every day. Their giggles and snuggles and unconditional love. Their bravery and kindness and drive. Gosh, so much light.

The places where I saw the light? Where I even felt it deep in my bones? The big family trip to Toledo Bend. It was loud and cold, but filled my soul to the brim. My personal retreat to Oceans Springs— where I was brutally honest about a lot of things with God, exposed it all. Where I found new places in myself that had been long lost, expressed desires I didn’t think I was allowed to express, and grieved lost dreams. Where I got to walk to the water and watch the sunset and sit on a porch and listen to live music far into the night. It was my trip to NYC for the first time with my friend Brittany to visit my friend Mary B., who turned us into locals over the course of the weekend. Where I got to see things I’ve always wanted to see and plot in my head when I’ll go back. It was watching the sunset over Grand Isle on the weekends and exploring 30A. It was a weekend at my Aunt Lana’s and day in Baton Rouge with my dearest friends. The places that woke me up inside and helped me breathe again.

I’ve seen the light. It’s chased me around.

The light is my time with the safest One of all, how I verbalized things I’ve never said out loud to anyone. How I drew close to his heart, how he made space for me to share my dreams and desires, and how I felt about the ones that are dying or that feel so far out of reach. He held me. He didn’t yell at me. He didn’t tell me to feel this way or that. He simply held me. And reminded me of the safety of his presence. Of how he cares so deeply about every thing in me, the light and the dark.

The light is how I’ve changed and grown, how I’ve seen things with more clarity than ever before. How I’ve gotten to know myself in deeper ways and had compassion on myself. How I’ve set new boundaries and honored my needs. How I’ve seen where I still need growth.

The light is in the moments. The moments that hold you. That keep you. That change you.

The light is in the deep conversations, in the safety of relationships. In the connection.

The light is in the hope. The hope that often feels so far out of reach, that feels beyond us. The reminds us that everything is redeemable, but often the redeeming comes in the breaking apart.

This year has changed me. Just like they all do. And I hope next year changes me, too.

My word for 2022 was *attuned.* And I definitely became so much more attuned to myself, to the Spirit within me, than I have been in a long time. I’m still growing in attunement with others, as I probably always will be. But I can say that I’ve dug deep, I’ve paid close attention to what’s going on in me. I’ve attended to my soul and my heart, and it’s been so beautiful for me.

There are things I wish had been different this year, too. Things I won’t say today. But here’s what I know.

The darkness may come, but The light always breaks through.

Enter music-

To end our time today, I’d like to read this prayer of unconventional gratitude that Emily P. Freeman wrote and shared on her podcast recently, called The Next Right Thing.

I’d encourage you to listen to her version of this. But her words are so powerful, I’ll repeat some of them here for you.

“Grief, you are welcome here today. I’ll admit I don’t like the sound of you and it’s taken me awhile to know and name your many faces. But you are my witness, my necessary compassion, my expression of hidden losses that need to be expressed.

Hope, you are welcome here today. I confess, more than once, I’ve rolled my eyes in your general direction and built walls to protect myself against your light. But you are relentless in your pursuit. You must know how vital you are for our survival. Hope, you are welcome here today.’ (ADD IN REFERENCE)

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Thanks for sitting a while with me. I trust that everything we’ve talked about this year on the podcast will help you take a step toward wholeness so you can finally see what good relationships are made of.

If you love the Advent season and are looking for some simple, but reflective guided readings, please check out what my co-counselors and I at Full Life Christian Counseling have made for you. These readings have been written and recorded by us, and they are meant for you to quiet your soul and find your center in Jesus during a season that’s full of hustle and chaos and maybe even grief for you. There are also lovely reflection questions at the end of each reading for you to sit with. Our prayer for you is this: may you remember your hope, renew your faith, find your joy, center in peace, and know you are loved this Christmas season. Amen. The readings are available right now at fulllifecc.com/resources/advent-readings .

To finish up, the transcript for this episode will be on the podcast page on my website, kerrahfabacher.com.

A big thanks to my friend Robert Hargrove for creating the music for the show, and fellow hope\*writer, Alana Dawson, for being a great editor.

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