Be Known, the Podcast

Kerrah E. Fabacher, LPC-S

Episode 81: On Endings and Beginnings

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This is Be Known, and I’m Kerrah Fabacher. Welcome Back and Happy New Year! You’re listening to episode \_\_\_81\_\_\_. 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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It’s rare these days I get to go home to my parents’ house, the house I lived in longest, the house where I grew up. Those were the years of so much change for me. New schools and new churches, new friends and all the changes that come with adolescence. The time in life where I grew physically and emotionally and spiritually. Where I began to know myself and truly understand loss and pain. When I fell in love and broke hearts and got my heart broken, too. And that season was hard and good, but I’ll never forget the day I moved down to Baton Rouge to go to LSU. I didn’t know that it was the last day I’d ever live in the house where I grew up. I didn’t know how hard endings can be because my beginning was so exciting. I wanted new. I wanted to get out of my town and make new friends. I wanted independence and freedom. I was ready for change. I don’t know if I ever grieved that ending. Maybe until now.

I got to go back home to that house where I grew up over Christmas break. It’s a cozy ranch style house with wooden shutters and a huge oak tree in the yard. A house with different paint colors in every room and a piano that tiny grandkid fingers love to play. With a secret garden for a backyard and lots of memories.

One morning I walked down to the bayou that’s quietly tucked away a couple houses down. The Cypress trees and Spanish moss and winding bayou always feel like coming home to myself. I don’t even know if I can name why. Maybe because as a kid, before adolescence changed me, I used to play down there all the time with my neighborhood friends. We’d play for hours on the banks of the bayou. Exploring and pretending. I spent a lot of time by myself down there, too. Water’s always called me home, but *this* bayou, this one *was* home. I stood there and looked out at the trees and listened to the birds. I took big inhales and bigger exhales. I put my hand on my heart and let a couple of tears come out. Tears that had been waiting at the surface for a little too long. I missed it.

When I walked back up to my parents’ house, I stood in the cul-de-sac and looked at all the houses. The houses that used to be full of school age children who’ve all grown up and moved out and moved on, who’ve got families of their own now. The street we’d all play hide and seek and dark for hours until our parents called us home. It was life and energy and joy and noise and fun. I loved living there.

But now the street is quiet. The houses are aging. Many people moved away and new neighbors have moved in. The kids are gone, and the street feels a bit lifeless now.

I stood there in the street with tears in my eyes.

Because I think I’ve finally realized the weight of that ending. Those goodbyes. Those relationships with those kids who I may never see again. Not getting to wake up every morning to my dad sitting in his chair drinking coffee and reading his bible. To my mom bustling around in the kitchen. Not getting to see that bayou every day.

The realization of that grief in that moment was jarring.

I allowed the sadness to come to the surface.

And then I walked back into my house that was full of all five grandkids 8 and under. Loud piano playing and giggles and life. New life. New things. New beginnings.

And even though the house where I grew up will never be the same, there’s new life in it now when we visit. New tiny humans and new stories. New memories to be made.

As we enter this new year, we may move a bit too quickly into the start of something new. Kind of how I did when I moved to LSU. We can be caught up in the excitement of the beginnings that we forget to grieve the endings.

We can make all the resolutions and intentions and create our words for the year (eh hem, mine is “life” this year). We can write out goals and make plans and start trying to lose weight.

But what about the ending that just happened? The season you are walking out of? The end of an entire year of your life? We can’t move forward without first looking back.

Without reflecting and grieving the endings.

Maybe even celebrating the endings if they ended something hard.

Thinking back on what the thing that ended taught us, how we changed and grew in it, because of it, in spite of it.

There are endings and beginnings over and over in our lives. Holding our babies when they take their first breath in the world and holding them when they become adults and move out to start their own lives. Walking into the classroom for the first time and walking across the stage for the last. Saying hello and saying goodbye. The butterflies of a first kiss and new relationship and the emptiness of the last conversation you may ever have with him again. The excitement of a new job and the celebration of leaving it because it actually sucked. The first looks and the last. The moments where everything changes. Where something or someone enters your life and the moment they leave it.

We all have them. We know these endings. These beginnings.

And if we don’t slow down and notice them, celebrate them and grieve them, we’ll never be able to understand what they all mean to us. That there is a time for everything.

And sometimes that time means longing and excitement and life.

And sometimes that time means sadness and grief and death.

The death of a season, a relationship, a job, a dream, or even a person.

With every death, may we spend the time we need to reflect on how it changed us, how the thing changed us. How we became more of who we are because of it.

But with every death, there is new life.

And we can anticipate how that will change us, how it will heal us, too.

So as we begin a new year, I hope you’ll reflect on your own endings and a beginning that hopefully is full of life.

— Enter music—

To end today, I’d like to read from Ecclesiastes 3 from The Message.

3 There’s an opportune time to do things, a right time for everything on the earth:

2-8 A right time for birth and another for death,

A right time to plant and another to reap,

A right time to kill and another to heal,

A right time to destroy and another to construct,

A right time to cry and another to laugh,

A right time to lament and another to cheer,

A right time to make love and another to abstain,

A right time to embrace and another to part,

A right time to search and another to count your losses,

A right time to hold on and another to let go,

A right time to rip out and another to mend,

A right time to shut up and another to speak up,

A right time to love and another to hate,

A right time to wage war and another to make peace.

9-13 But in the end, does it really make a difference what anyone does? I’ve had a good look at what God has given us to do—busywork, mostly. True, God made everything beautiful in itself and in its time—but he’s left us in the dark, so we can never know what God is up to, whether he’s coming or going. I’ve decided that there’s nothing better to do than go ahead and have a good time and get the most we can out of life. That’s it—eat, drink, and make the most of your job. It’s God’s gift.

14 I’ve also concluded that whatever God does, that’s the way it’s going to be, always. No addition, no subtraction. God’s done it and that’s it. That’s so we’ll quit asking questions and simply worship in holy fear.

15 Whatever was, is.

Whatever will be, is.

That’s how it always is with God.

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Thanks for sitting a while with me. I trust that being fully present in your endings and beginnings will help you take a step toward wholeness so you can finally see what good relationships are made of.

I’m so thankful that you’ve chosen to make Be Known a part of your weeks. It’s such an honor for me to do this work. I know social media and the world of podcasts has become loud and overstimulating and too much (at least for me), so for you to choose to listen here with me, man, that’s something I’ll be thankful for for the rest of my life.

And get this! We’ve just hit in the past month over 10,000 downloads! Even though for many podcasts, that’s a small number, for us, it’s a big one, and it’s all because of you, my lovely listeners. Emily P. Freeman always says (and maybe she’s quoting, but whatever) to not neglect the small beginnings, and this “small” beginning feels like a big one to me. So to celebrate getting to 10K, I’m giving away 5 Starbucks Gift cards. To enter, just shoot me an email at [info@kerrahfabacher.com](mailto:info@kerrahfabacher.com) and tell me one topic you’d like to hear more about on the podcast. Put your instagram handle in the email. I’ll draw the winner later this week and announce on social media (and also shoot you an email with the gift card if you win!). Thanks so much for how you continue to support this work.

To finish up, the transcript for this episode will be on the podcast page on my website, [kerrahfabacher.com](http://kerrahfabacher.com).

A big thanks to my friend Robert Hargrove for creating the music for the show, and Tammy and the team at Wildfire Creative Company for editing.

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