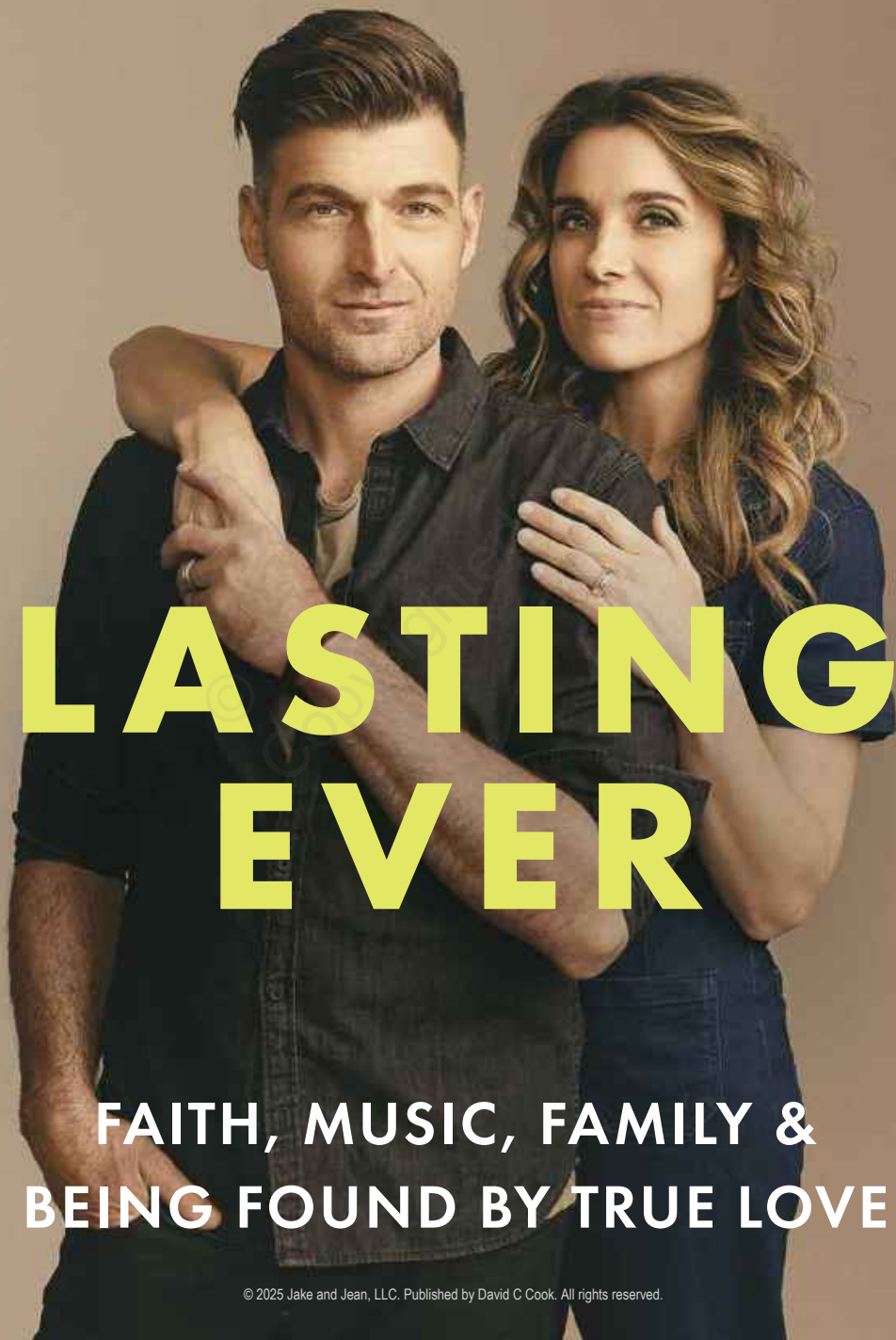


**REBECCA ST. JAMES
CUBBIE FINK**



**LASTING
EVER**

**FAITH, MUSIC, FAMILY &
BEING FOUND BY TRUE LOVE**

What people are saying about ...

LASTING EVER

“Rebecca and Cubbie’s story is a powerful testament to God’s faithfulness through life’s ups and downs. Their honesty about both the joys and struggles in their journey is refreshing and inspiring. *Lasting Ever* is a story that will remind all of us about how true love endures. This book will encourage anyone seeking to build a life and relationship centered on Christ.”

Michael W. Smith, Grammy Award–winning artist

“Rebecca’s life has been an open book as she has written, spoken, and sung about her journey from girlhood to womanhood. A whole generation of girls has grown up guided by her words about life, love, waiting for her husband, and godliness all along the way. Now in *Lasting Ever*, she invites us into her new chapter of life and is equally candid about marriage, motherhood, work-life balance, and living her faith in a complex and often confusing world. But—surprise! This book is not a solo story, it is a delightful duet with husband Cub—the man of her dreams who was worth waiting for. Together with equal transparency, they share from both a woman’s and a man’s perspective about dealing with life’s biggest joys, sorrows, and challenges. You are going to love this open book—and them!”

Dr. Wess Stafford, president emeritus of
Compassion International and author of *Too
Small to Ignore* and *Just a Minute*

“Depth, beauty, heart. A few words to honestly sum up the work of two of my favorite people. Call me a biased brother, maybe I am?! But I have also known, traveled the world, laughed, cried, and partnered with my dear sister Rebecca (or as I call her, Jeanie) for half a lifetime, and I have also known my brother-in-law for nearly a decade and a half. And what an honor it has been. Particularly to experience how they, as a power-pair, have partnered on creating a beautiful family as well as safe spaces through movies and music, and now literature, for others to be known, seen, and loved ... Speaking of marriage, never has there been a union closer to Jesus’ heart than matrimony. And by continuation of this truth, is there a more holy collaboration than the one between spouses? If there is, I am unaware of it. With all of this said, I am personally so very thankful to now have the insights and stories poured out in these pages, and not without the important formation of hurts and questions and history ... it’s all packed into this book. Knowing another’s story can be the greatest way to understand our own. Sincerely, from the ever-proud and inspired (and a touch biased) little brother.”

Joel Smallbone, For King & Country

“As someone who is single, and looking forward to marriage one day, this incredible book highlighting Bec and Cubbie’s story has been a huge encouragement to me. I would recommend it for those in the waiting as well as those who have found their life partner!”

Andrew Berghold, We The Kingdom

This book is dedicated to our children,
Gemma, Imogen, and River. It is a delight and
privilege to live this adventure with you!

To Charis Dietz and Kaley Rivera Thompson, our
trusted and beloved partners on this project.

And above all, to God, the author of our lives
and our greatest Love. To Him be the Glory.

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CONTENTS

Introduction	11
Section One: Seen	
<i>Chapter 1: Voiceless</i>	15
<i>Chapter 2: Sounds of Music</i>	29
<i>Chapter 3: Back to the Beginnings</i>	43
Section Two: HEARD	
<i>Chapter 4: Culture Shock</i>	57
<i>Chapter 5: Revival</i>	67
<i>Chapter 6: True Love Waits</i>	83
Section Three: HELD	
<i>Chapter 7: Trusting the Storyteller</i>	105
<i>Chapter 8: Wait No More</i>	121
Section Four: KNOWN	
<i>Chapter 9: The Blissful Years</i>	139
<i>Chapter 10: The Winter Season</i>	155
<i>Chapter 11: Spring Begins</i>	173

Section Five: LOVED

<i>Chapter 12: Coming Back Home</i>	183
<i>Chapter 13: Full-Circle Moments</i>	193
<i>Chapter 14: Walking Together in the New Day</i>	207
Notes	219

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INTRODUCTION

*“Waiting for the look in your eyes,
When we meet for the first time ...”*

Rebecca St. James, “Wait for Me”

From that first look where we caught each other’s eyes across a crowded room in Los Angeles, there was something magical. Something that teased us with the idea of a romance that could last. Something that made us feel that this song lyric, written many years before by a hopeful, hopeless romantic, was very possibly coming true.

We’re here with you in this written moment because we would love to be an encouragement to you. Throughout our marriage, we’ve thrown around the idea of writing a book. So, when God used a film producer friend of ours to inspire us to authentically talk about both the struggles and the triumphs that have occurred in our faith and family life, we knew it was time.

The concept of *Lasting Ever* comes from the idea that most of us long for the fairy tale, the “happily ever after,” love everlasting. But then, life happens. And when it doesn’t appear that life is working out for us, we can tend to want to jump ship, blaming and bailing on God, a relationship, or a spouse. We forget that getting to the good stuff spiritually and relationally often involves sticking with our commitments, especially in the hard times. We have learned that the secret of lasting is choosing to endure *together*, through the challenges and joys of our lives.

It’s not that the desire for happiness or joy is bad; in fact, we’re created to want it. We were made for a perfect garden! And our longing for the “ever after” part is actually longing for something eternal. That also was planted within us. It’s just that we were never promised that life would be easy ... in truth, we were promised the opposite. “In this world you will have trouble” (John 16:33). So when life gets hard, we have often asked ourselves, why are we surprised?

There’s also the question of where we are looking for our happiness. Is it in God and the peace He offers that passes all understanding? Or is it in a person, a human who will often fail us? We have disappointed each other at many points, and this book reflects that, while it also points to a good and gracious Father who redeems, restores, and makes things beautiful in His time.

So here we are, writing about our journeys so far, separately and together, praying that what we share will be a blessing to you.

In the coming pages, we hope you receive encouragement to stand firm and faithful, even when it hurts. May you feel challenged to be brave enough to stay through the hard, holy moments life requires of us.

Here is our love story that’s still being written. A story of how we’ve been found by God’s true love at every turn. Let’s flip the page together.

Full of hope and faith,
Cubbie and Rebecca

Section One

SEEN

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Chapter 1

VOICELESS

Rebecca

I lost my voice.

I know. It is a strange place for a music artist to start a book titled *Lasting Ever*, talking about losing the very thing necessary for her to have a music career. But we must. Why? Because in the backward kingdom of God, it's in the loss that we gain a deeper understanding of God and His gifts. In challenging times we experience Him as the great redeemer and restorer of our stories. **In the secret place of suffering, we discover we are seen, heard, held, known, and LOVED.**

The public spotlight began to shine on me in the early 1990s when I was just thirteen years old. I had the unique opportunity to open for Christian artist Carman in my home country of Australia. A few short years later, I was “seen” by thousands of people when my family moved to Nashville, Tennessee.

I began to take stages in America after I signed a record deal with ForeFront Records and my debut album was released. As a young teenager many eyes were on me, and I'll be sharing how my sensitive heart felt the weight of that in the chapters to come.

But now, I'm forty-six years old and it's a perfect, warm fall day in Louisville, Kentucky. I'm standing side stage watching Kirrilee Berger beautifully play my sixteen-year-old self for the last scene of the movie being made about my family, *Unsung Hero*. The kids and I got here just before this shot, and I'm so grateful we made it in time. I didn't want to miss this conversation between the on-screen versions of my mum and me because this is the capstone moment of the movie. I know that what I'm about to witness is going to be powerful. Shifting my two-year-old son on my hip, I lean in close to my mum, Helen, as we watch the actresses playing us repeat a moment we had experienced hundreds of times in real life. Show after show we would pray before I would go out onstage ... prayer was, and still is, my lifeline.

"My dream is to be just like you. You're my hero, Mum," the young version of me says as she heads onto stage to sing at a festival I have played many times in real life, Creation Fest. Hanging in the background of the set is a banner with a logo similar to my tour for my *God* album. Kirrilee looks so identical to me at this age that my dad, David, did a double take when he saw her ... for a second he thought she was me.

Emotions roll over me like a tidal wave. I'm smashed by the nostalgia of this moment, and tears begin to stream down my face.

Am I crying because I'm suddenly aware of how surreal it is to watch a young woman play me in a movie? How many people on the planet get to do that?

Are the tears because my mum, now in her sixties, is standing here beside me, not only watching an actress playing her younger self, but witnessing the depiction of one of our tender mother-daughter moments that happened before so many of my shows in real life?

Maybe I'm also incredibly moved because my husband is on the directorial team, capturing this moment in front of our three kids, and I'm hit with the beauty of God's redemption in our family's true story?

Probably all of the above.

Additionally, I wonder if a large part of my heart is thinking about the joy I see in my youthful counterpart (true to that time) as she steps out to sing. The scene being recorded in front of me rolls in slow motion as I think about how much that little girl would experience in the coming years. As if the stage is a time warp, I can visualize young Rebecca walking off as a grown woman, her smile faded, breathless and scared, losing her voice from the trauma of it all.

Even now, so many years later, when I think back to this season of loss in my life, tears well up in my eyes and my stomach clenches. It's still terrifying to acknowledge that my nightmare became real.

Made for More

It is a harsh reality, but our bodies cannot do what they weren't created to do. I found out the hard way that if you spend almost twenty years touring—often packing in interviews, songwriting, recording, and book writing at the same time—you will burn out. If you don't choose to slow down, to Sabbath and rest, God has programmed our bodies to choose that for us. It is both a protection and a consequence.

But before I share how I discovered what I wasn't created for that led to me losing my voice, I want to tell you exactly what I think I *was* created for—through one of the first moments I truly felt seen by God.

I happened upon this discovery at four years old. I was a little girl with tawny curls walking the wide white halls of Hornsby Hospital in the suburbs of Sydney, Australia. Hand-in-hand with my dad, my little heart fluttered with excitement because I had been invited to do something that felt very big: meet the newest member of my family.

After rounding the corner and stopping at a room with a large plate-glass window, my dad lifted me up for a better view of the rows of tiny, bundled babies in their fleet of rolling bassinets. As I pressed my hands and forehead to the glass, I scanned the nursery for one treasure—the one our family would be bringing home.

“That’s ours,” Dad said, pointing at one of the wrapped presents like it was my real life baby doll. *Ours*. My own baby brother, Ben, had arrived, and I was over the moon when, later in my mum’s hospital room, he was placed into my eager little arms.

As the oldest of seven children, a new Smallbone child was added to my family every couple of years until I was fourteen. (Dan was born when I was two, and then came Ben.) I had four more of these first-look moments with brand-new siblings bundled in striped hospital blankets. These moments never lost their wonder for me; something about the experience of holding a newborn in my arms kindled the beginning of the biggest dream of my heart: to become a mother and have my own little ones to hold and care for one day. I knew in my bones that I was made to create and cultivate a family. My family was (and still is) my everything.

I quickly became what my mum called her “right hand.” It was a title that filled me with pride. I was capable and responsible. As I watched Mum care for my siblings and find joy in the wild moments that come with raising a busy young family, I emulated her. Feeding, diapering, entertaining, and soothing my baby siblings came so naturally to me.

I distinctly remember moments where mum would be tied up with cooking dinner and a baby would get particularly fussy. My creative brain went right to work filling a laundry basket with pillows and gently placing one of my brothers inside. The mini makeshift crib would be shuffled off into another room where I’d sing a lullaby and rock the basket side to side, sometimes even successfully getting my brother not only content but down for a nap. Victory!

In a bright pink, paper-covered journal with crinkled corners where Mum recorded observations about my young life, I recently found an entry from when I was seven years old:

“My estimation of you at seven years old is that you are a sweet and very sensitive little girl ... You have a strong conscience and endeavor to do the right thing ... You are very truthful. You are also very helpful around the house and very capable in most things that you do. But as you have grown up a bit this last year, you are beginning to object to being asked to do things, but prefer to decide to do the jobs without being asked. You demonstrate leadership qualities and at times can be overpowering in your bossiness. You enjoy school and friends, but enjoy home and feel a great affinity with the home environment.”

Mum nailed the fact that I loved to help. The longing of my heart from the jump was to mother and care for a family of my own. No one needed to ask me to watch my little siblings, come up with a game we all could play, or give kisses to soothe a toddler with a bump or scratch. Mothering and caregiving were things I felt like I was born to do.

That’s why it was quite an adjustment for me when, a few short years later, we moved to America. I signed a record deal (more on this to come), and my career took over my life for nearly two decades. I once had twelve performances in eleven days on a tour in Europe. Many times, there would be six to twelve interviews in the morning and a concert at night. Often, I would cry worried tears before the beginning of a tour because I just didn’t feel I had enough stamina, enough to give.

Although every day was filled with good things like touring, writing, recording, and ministering to God’s people across the globe, my primary dream

was never to sing. At some point I started to wonder if my career was keeping me from receiving what I'd actually always longed for—a family of my own.

I hope you understand that my intention in sharing is not to have you feel sorry for me. What a high calling I had been given! All these things were thrilling and a privilege in their own ways. So please hear me say that my ministry was one of the biggest blessings of my life. God did remarkable things through these concerts, albums, interviews, books, and performances. It was exhilarating, and the travel was enlightening and life changing. I met and worked with the most beautiful, wonderful people, including many of my family members.

It's just that my heart wasn't made to maintain the pace of my schedule. The Bible says, "Hope deferred makes the heart sick" (Prov. 13:12), and my hopes for my life lay somewhere other than music. But instead of pausing long enough to pursue my dream of finding a husband and having children, I muscled up and pushed through. After all, outside of not knowing what else I would do vocationally until my prince arrived, my family of origin was counting on me. How would they survive if I quit? I kept pressing in until, when I was almost thirty years old singing on a tour with Barlow Girl, I realized that my voice couldn't be pushed anymore.

During my career, I worked with several vocal coaches, so I knew about caring for my vocal cords and avoiding strain in order to sing for extended periods of time. I met with three of them and was assured that my voice was fine. I could do the vocal runs. While on the Barlow Girl tour, I also reached out to one of the singers whom I knew was a vocal coach to ask for tips. After trying everything and hearing repeatedly that my voice was in pretty great condition, I came to realize what I had suspected for a while: Improper use wasn't the cause of my vocal loss; it was the anxious feeling that seemed to relentlessly hover in my gut. It was as if, when I went to sing my songs, my body forgot how to breathe. My whole core felt as if it was straining and I couldn't get any power

behind my notes. It was a nontraditional version of a panic attack and, physically and emotionally, I was in serious pain.

I've since traced a root of that anxious feeling back to my formative years, when someone I really cared about told me, "You're not the best singer in the world, but you're a great communicator." While they meant well (and of course I know I'm not the best singer in the world!), my teenage self logged away the words along with an insecurity about what I had to offer vocally. In what they shared, I heard the words "not enough." At the same time, I embraced the thought of effectively communicating a message and I felt confident in that gifting from God.

Honestly, I liked that I didn't have a huge, pop-style or ballad-carrying voice. My sound was unique, and I leaned into it. However, that statement caused a deep-seated insecurity that always stayed with me. Over the years, that seed took root and planted fear deep in my heart. I was terrified that I wasn't enough and that, one day, I wouldn't be able to pull it together onstage. I'd lose it and have to walk off in humiliation.

The fear and anxiety only built, making my voice worse over time. Instead of pausing to work through it, I tried to go around it.

Not Around but Through

I can be a vibey singer, I thought. I'll just make my notes breathy and it'll be cool. Truthfully, it wasn't working as I'd hoped. One time in a breakout session at a show in Europe, I was supposed to lead a worship song a cappella. My throat completely clenched up and I couldn't get out more than a squeak. To cover my shameful moment, I invited the audience to carry the tune to the song, hoping they would think I planned it that way.

When my voice was at one of its worst points, I recorded a live album, and if I hear those songs now, I cringe because I can hear my vocal challenges and breathing issues. It was a grace of God that I could creep through songs the way that I did during that season, but I now realize I should have paused to find my strength again.

We've all done this. We'll have an issue continuously pop up in our family, or a sin we think we have repented of but keep repeating, or some obstacle in our path we seem to trip on over and over again. But instead of acknowledging the issue and finding a solution to our problem, we try to skirt around it.

"Oh, my husband and I will eventually stop fighting about that." We ignore our building resentment and optimistically think, *We don't really need to talk about it. Just keep pretending like it's fine and maybe one day it will be.* We lash out at our children in anger and frustration, excusing it because they will just not listen! Or we know God is calling us to a new place of freedom and joy, but we cower in fear, intimidated by our calling and destiny.

What needs to be said (because I needed to hear it too) is this: **You can't keep doing the same thing and expect a different result.**

Joel, my brother, was one of my background singers. He was, and still is, a soul sibling. Sometimes in the middle of a concert we would look at each other. He could read me well and see the agony and fear in my eyes. With his gaze he would communicate, *It's going to be okay. You don't need to be afraid. I've got your back. You can do it!*

Really, we all need to hear this and know that, most importantly, God sets His encouraging, empowering gaze upon us. He, too, sees us in the middle of our struggle and says:

"I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go; I will counsel you with my loving eye on you" (Ps. 32:8).

Take a moment and notice God lovingly looking at you. He sees your struggle and you can unashamedly meet His eyes, admit your problem, and ask for help.

When we notice that God sees us and ask Him to tackle our issue, His presence enables us to stop circling our problems and walk through them courageously. To live a different life, His best life for us, we may find that God will ask us to do life differently, sometimes dramatically differently.

Doing Different

“I’m taking a job in San Diego. Want to move out there with me?”

One of my good friends had just accepted a job across the country and her question was my lifeline. I believe God prompted her to reach out to me, as I strongly doubt my highly relational self would have ever attempted such a big move and the resulting break of connections alone. God saw my desire to make a big change and to heal, to sow into my love for acting, and to start fresh somewhere new.

My vocal issues were continual with the breathlessness now seeping into my speaking ability. If a relational dynamic was particularly stressful for me, I would struggle to get words out. My body was shouting so loudly at this point I could no longer ignore it. Turning off the mute button in my heart, I decided to let myself finally hear how badly I needed a break and gave myself permission to try something new.

I packed up my bags in Nashville, Tennessee, and unpacked them in Encinitas, California, at an apartment just five miles away from the childhood home of a Jesus-loving bassist named Cubbie Fink, a man my healing heart was beating for who I didn’t yet know existed.

Cubbie

As it’s affectionately referred to, the “Armpit of California” wasn’t exactly a dream spot for my family to settle in after my dad’s job moved us from the picturesque mountain landscape of Evergreen, Colorado. I went from watching elk and mule deer graze through the lush meadow just below my grandfather’s A-frame cabin, to riding my bike around the suburban, cookie-cutter stucco-covered dwellings of yesteryear, in hot and dusty Bakersfield, California.

While I missed the mountain air, perfect bluebird Colorado skies, and hiking up the hill behind Papa’s cabin to sit on a boulder (my moss-covered throne to take in all of God’s kingdom), I did eventually find a new sense of boyhood

freedom in Bakersfield. Mounting my bike, I would listen to the tires spin at my feet, often with a baseball card fixed between rear spokes, and sing a song to their rhythm. At the top of my lungs, loud enough for the neighborhood to hear as I flew by, I would sing one of my favorite songs at the time, Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the USA" (which I mistakenly pronounced "bomb in the USA").

My memories of Bakersfield are, as is every moment of my childhood, very vivid. Some of my earliest recollections involve lying in my crib and watching my mobile spinning above me. I can recall the texture and how the shag or berber carpets felt in every house we lived in through the late '80s and '90s. As if I put them on yesterday, I know the way my first pair of high-top, dark brown and turquoise with matching nylon laces, hook-closure hiking boots felt as I laced them up on the bottom step of Papa's cabin before setting out on an expedition.

Oddly enough, though, there's a gaping hole in the tapestry of my memories. It's as if there's a space and time in the middle of our brief season in Bakersfield that has been cut out of my brain and removed almost altogether.

Aside from this minor lapse, I remember just about everything. I remember waving to my dad out of multiple windows as he circled the house on his way to work every morning. I remember the small patch of concrete in our backyard where I spent long hours creating chalk drawings. I remember the rough cedar fence that lined the far end of our cul-de-sac. I remember the places the tree roots had pushed up the sidewalk where I rode my bike. I remember the cool shade and smell of the willow tree down the street from our house.

And I remember the day police cars showed up, sirens blazing, to arrest the man who lived across the street from us. He had a family, including a daughter about my age. We had played together, and I had been to her house, and yet what I can't remember is anything from inside that house. After watching the officers handcuff him and shove him into the back of the police car, my parents sat me down to ask, "Did anything strange happen in that house?" To which I replied, "No." Satisfied that we were good, we all moved on with our lives.

Except ... I moved on differently. The bike rides that followed the period in question were a little quieter.

I lost my voice.

Don't Stay Silent

Losing the ability to sing is something Rebecca and I have only recently connected the dots on and have been able to relate over. The ways that our lives parallel are becoming ever more and more mind-blowingly poetic to me. That's why, as I helped direct the final scene of *Unsung Hero* and looked over to see silent tears falling down my wife's cheeks, I had a pretty good indication of what she was feeling.

As a filmmaker, I've been forced to become comfortable with compromising. Not morally, but creatively, because at times it feels like the world is working against you. It's pretty rare to have the opportunity to create and capture something exactly the way you envision it over long months of preparation, when the scenes of a film exist only as black Courier words on a white page. So many moving parts must converge at just the right moment in the midst of the organized chaos that is a film set, to properly catch the magic exactly how it exists in your head.

So when the forecast in Louisville, Kentucky, turned for the worse for the last week of shooting, we began to stare down the reality of one of these aforementioned compromises. For a series of reasons, the decision was made to bump up the day to shoot the final scene of *Unsung Hero*. We woke that morning to yet another of the many miracles we experienced throughout production, beginning our day with rays of sunlight breaking through the parting clouds.

Our focus turned to the feat of recreating an authentic full-scale rendition of a '90s outdoor music festival, which included the herding, placing, and directing of nearly a thousand extras. The several pages of script we needed to film that day culminated in a perfect sunset to backlight Kirrilee Berger (the actress cast as young Rebecca) and Daisy Betts (the actress cast as Helen Smallbone, Rebecca's mom) as they said the film's final lines.

Through a bad pair of headphones and a small director's monitor situated at the front of the stage in the amphitheater, I watched and listened to the scene of Rebecca telling her mom that her dream was never to be a performer, but it was to be just like her ... a wife and mom. After a beat of the two sitting in the weight of the heartfelt admission, Rebecca proceeded to take the stage at Creation Fest with all the joy and excitement in the world. "Cut" was yelled. It was a rare and almost perfect take. The actors were phenomenal, and God gave us a warm golden autumn sunset that, according to the best weather technology, should not have happened. Not only were we not forced to compromise creatively to capture this most important of moments, but we received the gift of a scene that was even better than we had envisioned it.

Tears streamed down my cheeks, and I turned to see my Rebecca standing by the monitors at the opposite end of the stage. Tears ran and dripped from her face. We met center stage and embraced, bonding over the power of this moment. There were so many things we were wordlessly communicating as we cried and held each other.

We both know how incredible her story is. We also know that this beautiful moment full of adolescent joy being acted out in front of us would in reality be replaced with an adult struggle that made her stronger. So much was given, and just as much was taken away—for us both.

Like Rebecca, I didn't lose my voice completely. It's not that I had vocal cord damage or got sick. I simply couldn't find it in my young heart to recall the ability to form words into melodies anymore. "Bomb in the USA" was the favorite song to some distant kid in a faraway time and place. I was no longer him. Someone stole that little boy on a bike and replaced him with a young man who would eventually stand in church and, in a sea of congregants singing in worship, be completely still. Silent.

While I'm still classified as the strong, introverted, and quiet type, I now know that the enemy wins if we stay silent. So, we must start talking about the

freedom we experience when we dive into the hard places and face our trauma head-on with Jesus. We must unashamedly share that there is life, joy, freedom, and peace when we decide to walk through our problems guided by the Word of God instead of suppressing them.

We have to take our voices back.

We have to sing again.

Hardship and Harvest

“So I will restore to you the years that the swarming locust has eaten” (Joel 2:25 ESV) is a Bible verse that has recently hung on our fridge. This message has resonated so deeply with us as we have seen restoration, healing, and redemption after years of turmoil where we didn’t understand the hurt and pain we carried. Just like the farmer in Joel 2, after seasons of great harvest, we had seen tremendous amounts of loss.

Think with us about this: The farmer in this chapter of Joel has tilled soil, planted seed, watered, waited, and tended to what grew. He harvested and carried his hard-earned bounty to the storehouse, into a place he thought was safe, only for it to be destroyed. This would have been devastating. It could have meant starvation for his family. He would have been asking God questions like we all do in a season of loss.

God, where are You?

What are You doing?

Why would You let something grow only to take it away?

Will You provide where we now lack?

What if there’s not enough?

Life has trouble. The locusts will eat. Suffering and loss will come. But Jesus tells us in John 16:33, “Take heart! For I have overcome the world.” We have

found that God is always up to something, even in our hardship. Here are the two things we know He's up to when we face loss and devastation:

When life yields hardship instead of harvest, God is either supernaturally bringing something deemed useless back to its full potential or He is planning to offer us a greater yield in a new season that makes up for our current lack.

Want to know what we're most inspired by in this story? After the farmer realized his whole crop had been lost, he still got up the next day and put his hand back to the plow to prepare for a new growing season. He had gained wisdom on how to better store his crop and applied that to his work so he could protect it next time. In expectation for the harvest to come, he had to keep working while he waited on God to come through.

Like the farmer, if we want to see God restore what we've lost, we have to put our hand back to the plow. While it may not make sense to us right now, everything we're going through is actually equipping us for all God wants to give us in the future. We have to keep working and walking in God's Word while we wait on Him to come through because, rest assured, He will.

Now, it might not all get happy and bright and shiny and easy. But God will draw us closer to Himself. There is great beauty in our pain and losses in life causing us to rely on Him more deeply. There is joy in His presence even when we have nothing else. We desperately need God when the locusts have eaten. That full reliance on our heavenly Father is a gift.

This is why, in order for you to know how God gave us back our voices and we began to sing again, you have to know about the good seed of music He first placed in our hearts that grew into the devastatingly wrecked but supernaturally replenished harvest of our lives.