

Chapter 2

THE SONG, THE BEAT

IS THE ESSENCE

OF MY LIFE

“Let them praise his name

with dancing And make music to him with

tambourine and harp.” Ps. 149:3 (NIV).

I sat surrounded by a silence that was punctuated

by the sounds of life all around me. Sometimes

I thought life was around me but not with me.

I sat, that was then. Now I stand, and move and

dance. Now I hear the rhythm, the beat resonating

deep from someplace deep within and

it is the essence of life Himself within me. The

beat surrounds me; it's in tandem with my life.

My steps are ordered. My dance is with grace.

My body, my heart is moved, led by the beat.

The beat is life Himself. The beat is silence; it's

a whisper so loud I wonder why others can't

hear it.

This beautiful silence and natural beat has

replaced a cacophonous noise that lived in me
for so long. The noise was created by incest at
a tender age and a life long battle with undiagnosed
bipolar disorder. Along with other atrocities
heaped upon my young head these two almost
did me in. They clung tenaciously to me,
refusing to let go or allow me a semblance of
'normal' life. They invaded my professional life,
my development, my friendships, and offered
their ribald commentary on my life. They drove
me to the brink of madness.

I often wondered if mad people knew they
were mad, because surely they must feel the way
I do. Connected to reality but somehow not a
part of it. You are on the fringes as an occupant
but not a participant of the reality that is observed.
Like an extra in a movie, you form a part
of the mob scene, disconnected from the main
plot but an integral part wandering along, seemingly
with a purpose but none existed.

That was my life. I am still not sure where
the toll of one ended and the grind of the other
began, regardless, both made for a rather
tempestuous existence. During recovery the

demarcation lines were drawn with the help of my church family, good friends, family and various doctors and therapists. The part that God played in my recovery cannot be minimized. When I first came to Him in the summer of '91, he told me "For I know the plans I have for you...not to harm you...to give you (shalom)a hope and a future..." Jer. 29:11. This promise I struggled with for many years while believing it and awaiting its fulfillment. I will speak of it often in this work. The fact that God is concerned with my well being, to prosper me, an assurance that He will not harm me and that I will have hope and a future. When the sheer magnitude of that promise hit me with full force, I was astounded at the offer and then I issued a challenge for Him to prove it. Through the unstable noise of my pained mind and heart, the promise was gifted, I found peace in the form of a sweet silent song in my heart.