So She Sang

A story of a creative heart restored by the Father's love

by Aubrey Breedlove

For every heart that has grown dim under rejection,
and for the Father who knows how to make it sing again.

There once lived a girl who was twirly, bright, and sparkly,
showering family and friends with songs and poems, music, drawings, and heartfelt notes.
Everywhere she went she left a trail of affectionate kindnesses, laughter, and love.
Her friends encouraged and praised her; they listened to her with all their attention.
Her letters and drawings and gifts they treasured.
At the beach they played in the waves and sang together.
As they collected seashells, their conversations were of innocent and beautiful things,
and so the little girl's heart was filled with the kindness of her friends, with the scriptures they sang together, and with the joy of being loved.

One day the little girl moved to a new city.
She said, "I will talk with my friends here of beautiful things."
But her new friends did not want to talk of life's joys, and so she could not say the things she cherished in her heart.

The little girl said, "I will write my friends here a note so they will feel loved and encouraged."
But her new friends did not want her notes, so she could not share her encouraging love.

"I will draw my friends a picture, and we can share our art together," thought the little girl.
But her friends did not like her art, so she could not draw anymore without thinking how bad her art was.

"Perhaps we will sing scriptures together in the presence of God, and have joy, and the Lord will carry away our burdens."
But her friends did not want to be still before the Lord or treasure His word, so she could not sing sweet song to Jesus with her friends.

So she said, "Maybe my friends will be cheered by the stories I am writing, and we can laugh and be inspired to write more stories."
But her friends did not like her stories, so she thought she must not be a

good writer, and she put her stories away. She put her songwriting away soon too, for she didn't know it but her loving, sparkly heart was broken, and it was cold, and its brilliance dimmed.

"Where are your stories?" asked her encouraging friends when she went for a visit. "Where are your songs, your music, your art?"
"I have no stories, no music, no art; not anymore, for I am not good at them anymore."
"Oh but you are, you are," cried her friends. Yet her heart could not respond or believe them, as the hurtful words and looks of others came to her mind.

"This will not do," said her heavenly Father. "My flower is wilting, my diamond is jaded. I will visit My little girl and revive her heart."

So as she was walking among the trees alone one cool, autumn day, she heard His voice in her heart.
"Will you sing a song to Me, dear one?"
"Oh, but Father, I cannot sing anymore, for my heart is burdened heavy, and it is tired, and it feels cold," she replied.
"Will you let Me carry your heavy burden for you?" He said in His loving way.

And when He did, a tear rolled down her face, and then another as she shared with her heavenly Father all her pain. Her burden was lifted then, yet still her heart felt tired and cold.
"Oh Father, my heart is too tired to cherish or delight," she said once her burdens were off.

"Will you look only to Me and not to your friends or how they've hurt you, so I can give you strength? For people's rejection of you is not greater than My acceptance."

And so she lifted the eyes of her heart off of her friends and placed them on her Savior and forgave them as He had always forgiven her, and her heart began to gain strength again.
"Thank You, my Good Father!"

She yet could not sing, however, for her sparkle was gone and her heart felt no joy in creating.
"Will you let Me pour My perfect love into your heart and wash out fear?" He asked, and she stood still in the cool breeze and held out her hands to Him. And as His love poured in, her heart warmed, and glimmers of sparkly love were created as she sang a new song.

> "*I'm letting Your perfect love drown my fears,*
> *Heavenly Father above.*
> *You are good and do only good.*
> *Thank You for loving me as only You could.*
> *You are kind,*
> *patient and kind.*
> *Thank You for baptizing me with new life!*"

From that day on, she went with eyes upraised towards her Father, letting His love flow freely through her in songs, stories, gifts, notes, art, and talking of beautiful things. The friends who'd hurt her, she prayed for and loved, and she found new friends who were as loving, kind, and encouraging as she was.

Whenever her sparkle would begin to fade, or rejection would make it cold, she knew just what to do—and whenever she needed, her heavenly Father would lift off her burdens, lift up her head, and pour in His love.

The End

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