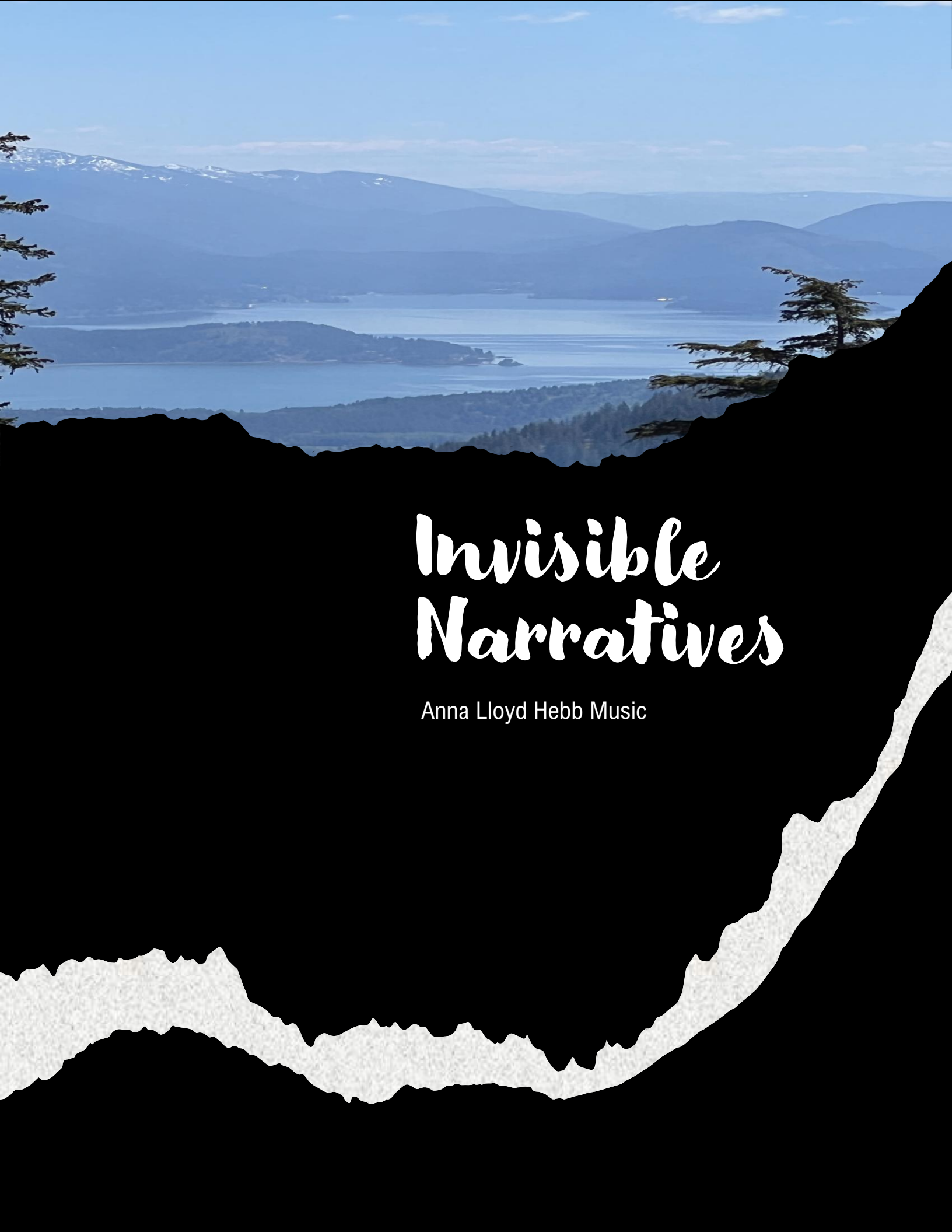




Invisible Narratives

Anna Lloyd Hebb Music

Why I Created This Album

Watching my father write songs taught me that melody is a vessel for the human experience — and that early immersion sparked a lifelong love for music as a tool to turn our deepest journeys into something resonant, and something healing.

I find joy in using songwriting as an outlet because I believe we heal through sharing our stories. When those stories are woven into rhythm and structure, we access a form of restoration that often goes untold. This album is my attempt at that — expressing life's joys, our challenges, and our grief, into a language that speaks to the soul.

Whether I'm drawing from God's nature, nurture, or from spiritual introspection, my hope is to create a space where reflection leads to release — an invitation to share in the persistent hope that keeps us grounded.

Being able to take words straight from my own heart and hear them become a song has been one of the most healing experiences of my life. It's also brought me closer to my father, a songwriter himself, in a way I didn't expect.



Human Connection

My source of strength is God, and my faith is the ground I write from. But I don't believe you have to be the same person to experience connection. Our differences can be a source of strength.

Underneath every difference — belief, gender, background, the role we've been handed to play — is something we all share: the ache to be seen, the weight of stories we carry quietly, the longing to be met without having to explain ourselves first. That's the human experience.

I wrote many of these verses through the eyes of people who don't look like me — a father, a teenager, an aging woman letting go of memory thread by thread, someone who has experienced immense grief or trauma. Not because I fully know their experience, but because **healing belongs to all of us.**

My hope is that these songs make room for that — for every person, in whatever body, belief, or role they carry, to feel a little less alone in what they're holding.

I pray God will show up and hold you in His love.

A Note on How This Album Was Made

Every lyric, melody idea, and story on this album began with an inspiration from my spiritual walk. To bring these songs to life, I used an AI music platform called Suno. I wrote the descriptive style for how I wanted each song to flow, the instrumentation, and the mood, and Suno generated the music in that style. I sang a variety of voice recordings — soulful, classical, folk, in both lower and higher registers — and you'll hear that range across the songs. Suno tries to capture your voice in the song. I wanted to be upfront about this process, and I hope you'll hear these songs for what they truly are underneath the technology: my words, my story, my heart. The platform is just the vessel. The lyrics and stories are from my heart. Soon, I hope to produce the soundtrack so I can sing the songs live.

How to use this book

Each song in this collection unfolds the same way:

The title of the song

The lyrics

A picture that carries its own piece of the story

The why — A personal note and self-reflection that connects us, inspiration, and meaning behind the song.

A little research, when it adds something — a small window into why these songs might resonate the way they do

Reflection questions — an invitation to pause, feel, and notice what's true for you

There's no right way to move through it. Read one song a day, or all of them at once. Sit with the questions or skip past them. This book is simply here to walk alongside you.

Invisible Narratives (The Cover Song)

We all walk around with stories no one's hearing
Our bodies try to tell them long before our mouths
can speak
We carry whole worlds under skin that looks
unbroken
And still the ones we love can miss the truth
beneath

Chorus

Invisible narratives our bodies keep revealing
Stories written deep in muscle, breath, and bone
They try to hear us, try to hold what we are feeling
But some truths stay unspoken, and we walk with
them alone

(Teenager)

They're trying to figure out who they are without
breaking
Learning how to breathe in a world that keeps
watching
They talk in fragments, hoping someone might
translate
But every word feels like a risk they're scared to
take

Chorus

Invisible narratives our bodies keep revealing
Stories written deep in muscle, breath, and bone
They try to hear us, try to hold what we are feeling
But some truths stay unspoken, and we walk with
them alone

(Mother)

She wakes before the sun and swallows down her
trembling
Packs lunches, hides the ache that no one ever
asks about
She smiles so her children won't see the weight
she's carrying
A story even love can't fully read or pull out

Chorus

Invisible narratives our bodies keep revealing
Stories written deep in muscle, breath, and bone
They try to hear us, try to hold what we are feeling
But some truths stay unspoken, and we walk with
them alone

(Father) He tries to fit the shape the culture keeps
demanding
Pretends he's made of steel when he's mostly just
tired
He laughs too loud so no one sees the fear beneath
him
A quiet truth he's held so long it's almost wired

Chorus

Invisible narratives our bodies keep revealing
Stories written deep in muscle, breath, and bone
They try to hear us, try to hold what we are feeling
But some truths stay unspoken, and we walk with
them alone

Bridge

I guess we're all just walking with our stories
half-untold
Trying not to drown beneath the weight of what we
hold
And even when we love each other fiercely, it's still
true
There's a part of every life that no one else can walk
us through

(Grandparent)

She gave her life away in tiny, faithful pieces
To people who grew up and drifted into distance
Now, silence is the only one who answers back to
her
And memories unravel softly, thread by thread,
inside her hands

Chorus

Invisible narratives our bodies keep revealing
Stories written deep in muscle, breath, and bone
They try to hear us, try to hold what we are feeling
But some truths stay unspoken, and we walk with
them alone

And maybe that's the hardest part of being human
We keep reaching out, hoping someone finally sees
But every life is written in a language of its own
And the last line is always something we read alone

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



*Anna Lloyd Hebb and Louise Lloyd
at Lewis Ginter Botanical Garden
Mother's Day*

There's a moment in every songwriter's life when a story finds you rather than the other way around. Mine came after watching a documentary on Janis Ian.

I watched the way she took the ordinary material of her life — and the world around her — and turned it into lyrics that were expressive, intense, and open. I use the word *"intense" here in the best possible sense: intense enough that you could actually feel the story, and*, in feeling it, you felt validated. Seen. Like your own emotions or perspective had permission to exist.

That night, I had spent time in a deep, spiritual conversation with my father. The next morning, I woke up still carrying it — and I sat down to write. I was also in the middle of my own Bible study, sitting with the word *invisible*, thinking about how God calls us to share our stories so that others can be comforted with the same comfort we've been given. I thought about how it felt to hear Janis Ian sing — how she made the invisible seen.

At the same time, clients, friends and family around me were sharing their own invisible stories. The kind no one sees. Or if they do, we politely ignore them, or we move on — not out of cruelty, but out of a lack of capacity, or simply not knowing what to do with what we've just witnessed.

Listening is the best way through that. Validating is the second. Sometimes you can't fix what someone is carrying — but you can sit in the story with them. The verses in "Invisible Narratives" reflect people I love and pray for, and pieces of my own life: a teenager learning to breathe in a world that keeps watching; a mother who swallows her trembling and packs lunches anyway; a father who laughs too loud so no one sees what's underneath; an elderly woman whose faithful, quiet love has outlasted the people who once needed it on a daily basis. Different chapters, one truth: we are all bound by the stories we carry in muscle, breath, and bone.

This song — and this album — is a mirror for the most vulnerable, bruised, and beautiful parts of who we are. It's an invitation to feel everything we've been hiding. It's permission to process and feel, because our emotions give us clues about how to heal.

Maybe it also becomes a marker for you — a way to look back and notice how far you've come, how much you've healed, or how you've found your own spacious place again. I pray this album helps with that. I pray it helps with healing.

As a therapist, I use an exercise from cognitive behavioral practice that invites someone to listen to a song that stirs something in them — and then journal what they notice: their thoughts, their physical sensations, their impulses toward action. It's a simple practice, but it builds the muscle of using our own stories as a source of understanding, and of staying present with ourselves without judgment.

A little Research

James Pennebaker's foundational work on expressive writing found that people who wrote about the emotional core of a difficult experience — not just the facts of it — showed measurable improvements in psychological and physical well-being, while those who stayed at the surface level did not (Pennebaker & Beall, 1986; Pennebaker, 1997). In other words, naming what we feel, rather than avoiding it, is part of what allows healing to begin.

Music adds another layer to this. A recent meta-ethnography of university students found that intentional music listening supports emotional awareness through a process researchers termed "AVA" — Acknowledge, Validate, and Allow emotions to be present — and that this kind of engaged listening helps people build a sense of control over emotions that might otherwise feel overwhelming (Lee et al., 2025). That's the heart of what I hope this song and album offer: a few minutes in which a feeling is acknowledged instead of managed away.

Put simply, your body has been keeping score long before you found the words. Listening to a song, journaling what rises up in you, sitting with a friend's story instead of rushing to fix it — these aren't small things. They're some of the most evidence-based tools we have for healing.

Reflect

Before or after you listen to "Invisible Narratives," sit with these questions.

There's no right answer — just notice what's true for you right now.

Which perspective — the teenager, the mother, the father, or the elderly woman — resonated with you the most, or perhaps with someone you know from your past or present?

As you listened, what happened in your body? Where did you feel tightness, release, warmth, or heaviness? Is there a story you've been carrying that no one has fully heard?

What would it feel like to let just one person sit in it with you?

Who in your life might be carrying an "invisible narrative" right now — one you've noticed but haven't known how to approach? What might it look like to simply listen, without trying to fix it?

References

Barlow, D. H., Farchione, T. J., Sauer-Zavala, S., Murray Latin, H., Ellard, K. K., Bullis, J. R., Bentley, K. H., Boettcher, H. T., & Cassiello-Robbins, C. (2017). *Unified protocol for transdiagnostic treatment of emotional disorders: Therapist guide* (2nd ed.). Oxford University Press.

Lee, J., Ridder, H., & Lindvang, C. (2025). Exploring the continuum of music listening for emotion regulation with university students: A meta-ethnography. *Nordic Journal of Music Therapy*. <https://doi.org/10.1080/08098131.2025.2488756>

Pennebaker, J. W. (1997). Writing about emotional experiences as a therapeutic process. *Psychological Science*, 8(3), 162–166.

Pennebaker, J. W., & Beall, S. K. (1986). Confronting a traumatic event: Toward an understanding of inhibition and disease. *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, 95(3), 274–281.



*Where Else
Would I go?*

Life has this way of finding you in
places
Places you never thought that you
would be in
Opened eyes, weary soul, restless
nights untold
Looking for a friend

Chorus

Where else would I go but to you
Where else would I go to find peace
Where else would I go to find truth
Where else would I go to release

Savannah remembers her mother's
message
Never in a million years did she
believe
In times of great pain, she told her
where to go
In grace she'll receive

Chorus

Where else would I go but to you
Where else would I go to find peace
Where else would I go to find truth
Where else would I go to release

Bridge

A mother's voice so strong
Faith that is old and new
Authentic faith, alive
A wrestling with God that is intimate
and true

Chorus

Where else would I go but to you
Where else would I go to find peace
Where else would I go to find truth
Where else would I go to release

Stories that we hear can help us with
our pain

It was a short interview, then shared
among friends

Your mind returns, remembers, just
the right time
Soul begins to mend

We grieve for your loss from a
distance afar

We thank you for sharing your heart
oh so well

The wrestling you face is the seed of
your hope

Where healing will dwell

Wrestling, I see

Wrestling, believe

Wrestling, I know

Wrestling, I'm Free

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb

Standing on this mountain, we experienced someone saying goodbye to a loved one. I'll never forget the timing and the memory. This was the most beautiful mountain I've ever experienced, and I was able to share it with friends and my husband.



Schweitzer Mountain, Idaho

Sometimes a story hits you and completely changes your perspective. That happened to me when I heard Savannah Guthrie reflect on her mother — on facing loss, and on the question so many of us ask when the ground shifts beneath us: *how do you keep going?* Her mother's answer was simple, and it undid me a little: *"But where else would I go?"*

It's a beautiful, gritty kind of commitment to faith. Not the kind that comes easily, but the kind that's been tested and chosen anyway.

This song came to life after talking to a friend and sitting with that truth. It's a reminder that staying connected to our roots and our faith is what gives us the strength to persevere when the world feels uncertain — not because the wrestling disappears, but because we know where to bring it.

The verses trace that wrestling honestly: a restless soul looking for a friend, a mother's message passed down in the middle of unimaginable pain, a stranger's story that reaches across distance and somehow starts to mend something in you. The bridge names it plainly — *a wrestling with God that is intimate and true*. And the outro doesn't resolve the tension so much as sit inside it: wrestling, and believing, and knowing, and still finding freedom in the middle of it all.

That's what I hope this song offers — not an answer that makes the hard things disappear, but a place to bring the question. Because sometimes the most faithful thing we can say isn't "I have it figured out." It's "Where else would I go?"

Reflect

Think of a time you asked yourself, "How do I keep going?"
What — or who — did you turn toward?

Faith was described as “old and new,” tested and still standing.
Where in your own life has your faith (or your source of grounding) been tested and come out different, but still intact?

The song says stories can help us with our pain — sometimes arriving just when we need them. Has someone else's story ever helped you make sense of your own?

The outro doesn't land on a tidy resolution — it stays in the wrestling. Is there something you're wrestling with right now that doesn't need to be resolved today, just held?



Tiny Seahorse

So tiny and faithful, you live
In your frame, a million cells grow
Swaying, loving only one
The world marvels, unique
and full of awe

Chorus

Much like you, life keeps us in
wonder

Metaphor connects water to land
Keep trying, the heart seems to
thunder

Swept away, no choice,
no place to hold

Maybe it's the way you hover
So fragile and can't fight, but
scared

Taken from your one lover
If you could speak up, what would
you say

Chorus

Much like you, life keeps us in
wonder

Metaphor connects water to land
Keep trying, the heart seems to
thunder

Swept away, no choice,
no place to hold

I think that is why we all cry
Life happens to us, no warning
We get swept away, the why
Tiny seahorse insignificant

Chorus

Much like you, life keeps us in
wonder

Metaphor connects water to land
Keep trying, the heart seems to
thunder

Swept away, no choice, no place to
hold

Bridge

Carried away, where is my love?

Carried away, where is the love?

Carried away, where is my love?

Carried away, where is the love?

What if we decide to take course

See the unseen, see the fragile

Give a voice, give way to choice

We are trying to find our way home

Chorus

Much like you, life keeps us in
wonder

Metaphor connects water to land
Keep trying, the heart seems to
thunder

Swept away, no choice, no place to
hold

Swept away

Bring me back home

Swept away, all alone

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



They say seahorses mate for life. It's one of those facts that captures the imagination — a tiny, fragile creature, holding fast to one partner against all odds. A documentary I watched went further, showing how human-made water traffic shifts currents beneath the surface, leaving these fragile creatures stranded, unable to find their way home.

I wrote this song as a metaphor for life. We get swept away by the "vacation" of the world — the noise, the distractions, the external systems we didn't choose — drifting from the people who anchor us. It's a song about the struggle to find your way back when the tide takes hold.

I know it might seem like a stretch to compare our lives to a seahorse. But I think there's real beauty in the small stories nature tells us, and how often God has spoken to us through the natural world. Moses met God in a burning bush that burned but was not consumed (Exodus 3:2–4, New International Version). Elijah, exhausted and hiding in a cave, didn't find God in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire — he found Him in a still, small voice (1 Kings 19:11–13). And when the disciples were caught in a storm on open water, terrified their boat would go under, it was Jesus who stood up and spoke peace directly into the current (Mark 4:37–39).

Wind, stillness, water — creation keeps handing us the same message in different forms: even in the parts of life that feel like they're sweeping us away, we are not actually alone in the current. That's what this seahorse became for me. Something so small, so easily displaced by forces it never chose, and yet built — quietly, faithfully — to hold on.

A Little Research

The image at the center of this song is more grounded in real seahorse biology than you might expect. Many wild seahorse species do form monogamous pair bonds, and in at least one well-documented species, *Hippocampus whitei*, researchers confirmed that partners mate repeatedly and exclusively, greeting each other daily and largely ignoring other potential mates (Vincent & Sadler, 1995). Their bond doesn't end by choice — it ends only when one partner disappears (Vincent & Sadler, 1995).

Seahorses live almost entirely in seagrass meadows, and that habitat is genuinely vulnerable to human water traffic. Research on recreational boating has found that boat wake physically displaces small invertebrates from seagrass blades within minutes of a boat passing through, and a broader systematic review found that areas exposed to regular boat traffic had significantly less submerged vegetation than undisturbed areas — in some cases as little as 18% of what a healthy, undisturbed area would hold (Sagerman et al., 2020).

In other words: the very ground a seahorse anchors itself to can be eroded by forces far bigger than itself, often without any single dramatic event — just repeated, ordinary disturbance, wearing away the place it calls home.

The Metaphor

That's not so different from us, is it? Most of us aren't swept away by one catastrophic wave. We're worn thin by the accumulation of ordinary currents — noise, distraction, obligation — until one day we look up and realize we've drifted from what anchored us.

Reflect

What does "home" mean to you right now — a person, a place, a practice, a feeling? What has been pulling you away from it lately?

The song says, "no choice, no place to hold." Is there a season in your life where you felt swept away by something outside your control? What helped you find your way back?

The bridge asks, "What if we decide to take a course... give a voice, give way to choice?" What's one small act of choice you could make this week to swim back toward what anchors you?

Moses, Elijah, and the disciples all encountered God in a moment of disruption — a bush, a cave, a storm. Where have you unexpectedly sensed something steady in the middle of your own current?

References

Sagerman, J., Hansen, J. P., & Wikström, S. A. (2020). Effects of boat traffic and mooring infrastructure on aquatic vegetation: A systematic review and meta-analysis. *Ambio*, 49(2), 517–530. <https://doi.org/10.1007/s13280-019-01215-9>

Vincent, A. C. J., & Sadler, L. M. (1995). Faithful pair bonds in wild seahorses, *Hippocampus whitei*. *Animal Behaviour*, 50(6), 1557–1569. [https://doi.org/10.1016/0003-3472\(95\)80011-5](https://doi.org/10.1016/0003-3472(95)80011-5)

*Tiny Faces
Growing
Older*

Sweet, tiny faces grow older

**Tiny face inside my body
Little details, yet to be seen
Fragile, Floating, you are loved
One day I'll hold you, as if a
dream**

Chorus

**Now I hold you wrapped
so tight in love
Now I see you, eyes meet,
the first time
Life finds its meaning, you are
beloved**

**Time passes by quickly,
you grow
Your eyes are more focused,
you smile
Your emotions come to life
Freckles, family,
a baby to child**

Chorus

**Now I hold you wrapped
so tight in love
Now I see you, eyes meet,
the first time
Life finds its meaning, you are
beloved**

**You keep growing
Life keeps showing
I'm still knowing
Tiny faces getting older**

**Sometimes I look at you, same
child
But life has found its way, older
Touched by love and grace,
bolder
Eyes are wiser, full of promises**

**Generations have come to pass
How can this be? I'm in awe
Babies grow, fill up my life
And, tiny faces getting older**

Chorus

**Now I hold you wrapped so tight
in love
Now I see you, eyes meet, the first
time
Life finds its meaning, you are
beloved**

**Slow down life
Be present, be there
Slow down life
Look around and hold on to tiny
hands
One day, they will grow up and
help you see
Tiny eyes are the window to the
future yet to be**

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



This song is a gentle meditation on how children grow — not in leaps, but in shimmering moments. Moments when their eyes reveal a new truth about who they are becoming. From the first imagined face, before they've even arrived, to the wise gaze of a child slowly becoming themselves, each look becomes a doorway into a new version of them. Across years, across generations, tiny faces change — but the wonder never does. Every time you look into their eyes, you meet them anew. You're rediscovering a story that's still unfolding, right in front of you.

I think of the hospital room. That first moment, your baby's eyes desperately search for yours — searching before they can even see clearly, before they know your face, before they know anything at all except that they need to find you. There is nothing else like it. It's the beginning of being truly *seen* by someone and truly *seeing* them back.

And then time does what time does. The eyes that once searched for you start to focus, start to smile, start to hold their own emotions and their own stories. A baby becomes a child. Freckles show up. Wisdom starts to settle in behind their gaze, even young. You keep looking into the same eyes, and somehow, they keep becoming someone new.

But this song isn't only about the beginning. It's about the whole arc — because one day, the eyes that once searched for us will be the eyes we search for. There will come a day, further down the road, when we are the ones who need someone else to be our eyes. When someone else holds our gaze the way we once held theirs. That's the quiet ache underneath the wonder of this song — the same eyes that meet us at the beginning of life will, one day, meet us again near the end of it, except the roles will have turned.

That's why the song begs life to slow down. *Be present, be there. Look around and hold on to tiny hands.* Because those tiny eyes are the window to a future none of us can see yet — including the part where we become the ones being cared for, being seen, being held.

Reflect

Think of a moment when a child's eyes met yours for the first time — a baby, a grandchild, a niece or nephew. What did you feel in that moment?

The song says, “Every time you look into their eyes, you meet them anew.” Is there someone in your life you've stopped truly *looking* at, because you assume you already know them?

This song holds both ends of life — the newborn searching for your eyes, and the elderly person who will one day need someone else to be their eyes. How does thinking about that full circle change the way you want to show up for the people you love, right now?

What would it look like this week to "slow down" and be fully present with the tiny hands — or the aging hands — in your life?



Transitions

Transitioning to live
Transitioning you give

Living through the years
Finding your way in a maze
Running wild, a child
Revelation comes in a haze

Chorus

Giving space to grow and move
Transitions in life, spinning so
fast
Settled in, I'm good, I'm here
Here we go again, move,
or you'll crash

You knew what to do
Your wisdom found you
right here
Chased that dream for you
Now your heart remembers
every tear

Chorus

Giving space to grow and move
Transitions in life, spinning so
fast
Settled in, I'm good, I'm here
Here we go again, move,
or you'll crash

It feels like stepping into a new
version of yourself
Stepping up, move
I've learned lessons along the
way

Creating me, move
Transitions will come and go, I
can't stay

Losses taught us well
Wins were there to find us still
Naive and open
Wiser with each transition filled

Chorus

Giving space to grow and move
Transitions in life, spinning so
fast
Settled in, I'm good, I'm here
Here we go again, move, or you'll
crash

Feeling grace unfold around me
Hearing God speak through the
wind
Transitions meeting me with His
love
Keep moving
Keep growing
Keep rising into who God made
you

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



Glacier National Park
The beautiful rainbow rocks!

This song is about the way life keeps reshaping us — how every season asks us to loosen our grip, breathe deeper, and trust the shift. These transitions come fast, they come hard, and they come for all of us. But they carve us into something truer. Childhood wonder, young-adult chaos, the sting of loss, the quiet wisdom of age — each moment becomes a stepping stone toward who we're meant to be. And through it all, God moves in the wind, in the whispers, in the spaces we grow into.

I keep coming back to a picture I took at Glacier National Park — the rainbow-colored rocks along the shore, in reds and greens and purples that look almost too vivid to be real. They aren't painted. They're not polished by hand. What gives them their color is a process that took over thousands of years, starting with something as ordinary as mud settling at the bottom of an ancient sea. The red rocks went through periods of high oxygen exposure — the iron inside them literally rusted, the same chemistry that turns metal red-brown when it's left exposed to the air. The rocks that turned green or blue-gray underwent the opposite process: they were buried deep, where almost no oxygen could reach them, so the iron remained in a different chemical state entirely. Same mineral. Same iron. Two completely different environments, two completely different colors — and both equally beautiful.

That's the whole song, really. We don't all become who we are through the same kind of pressure. Some of us are shaped by exposure — by seasons out in the open, tested, weathered, oxidized by hard air. Others are shaped by depth — by seasons buried, quiet, cut off from what we thought we needed, changed in ways no one else could see happening. Both are transitions. Both leave a mark.

And here's the part that gets me every time: those rocks didn't become magnificent *despite* the pressure, burial, and exposure. They became magnificent *because* of it. The color is the transition. There's no version of that rock that skips the process and still ends up that vivid.

The bridge of this song says it plainly — *it feels like stepping into a new version of yourself... I've learned lessons along the way, creating me.*

Reflect

Think about a season of your life that felt like pressure or burial — something that changed you quietly, out of sight. What "color" did it leave in you?

Now think of a season that felt more like exposure — tested out in the open, for everyone to see. How did that season shape you differently?

The song says, "transitions will come and go, I can't stay." Is there a transition you're currently resisting, trying to hold onto the version of yourself before it?

Where have you noticed God moving — "in the wind, in the whispers" — during a transition you didn't choose or the ones you did choose?



Vertigo

Waking up spinning
Walking straight but to the left
Catching myself before I fall
down
I'm holding on to what I can
step by step

Getting older, you realize truth
Getting older has its fun times
Slowing down, smell the roses
Rediscovering yourself, looking
at the signs

Chorus

Vertigo, you got me spinning,
Caught in the chaos, my head's
still swimming.
Vertigo, I welcome you,
Like a wild dream, chasing
what's true.

Sit at home until it passes by
Find the time to change
someone's mind
Go about your day, it's done
Live in this aging one body
and be kind

Chorus

Vertigo, you got me spinning,
Caught in the chaos, my
head's still swimming.
Vertigo, I welcome you,
Like a wild dream, chasing
what's true.

My younger self could not see it
It all just happened, believe it
Wisdom finds you in that same
pace
No use complaining, having fits

Funny how the years catch up to
you
Slow down and live your life
right now
I'm spinning, walking, running
Walking sideways, looking
ahead, make a vow

Chorus

Vertigo, you got me spinning,
Caught in the chaos, my head's
still swimming.
Vertigo, I welcome you,
Like a wild dream, chasing
what's true.

Soft ache in my chest
Humming through the day
Still I sway
My heart remembers what my
balance can't hold still

In the morning light
With my head raised high
Still I move
And He keeps me steady, so
rock steady, I am chill



I remember my Aunt Mary walking sideways and laughing. When I was young, I thought that was odd. Now that I'm older and wiser, I can recall a time when I walked sideways during my hair appointment and thought to myself, "*That's odd.*" I laughed and thought of my Aunt Mary. The next morning, I woke up with full-blown vertigo. A little dizzy, but a little wiser too.

I experienced vertigo for the first time, and it came out of nowhere. I hadn't thought about Aunt Mary in years, not really — but I remembered how she used to walk, and how she'd laugh about it, and how none of us quite understood what was happening in her body. I didn't understand it in my twenties. I understand it now.

This song is a little different from the rest of the album. It's not a metaphor I went looking for — it's something that happened *to* my body, without warning, without asking permission. And in the middle of the dizziness and the disorientation, there was something oddly funny and oddly humbling about realizing I'd become my aunt. That the years really do catch up to us, exactly the way we always hear they will and never quite believe.

This one's for anyone learning to walk steadily through a spinning world — for anyone experiencing something in their body that's hard to adapt to, and for anyone aging and trying to live fully in this one body they've been given, still finding a way to enjoy life in the middle of it. It's not a song about fixing vertigo. It's a song about welcoming it — about being humbled by a body that doesn't always cooperate, and finding your footing anyway, one step at a time, still held steady by something bigger than your own balance.

Reflect

Has your body ever surprised you the way vertigo surprised me — something sudden, humbling, or unexpected that you had to learn to move through?

The song says, "wisdom finds you in that same pace... no use complaining, having fits." Is there something in your life right now you're resisting instead of accepting?

Think of someone older in your life, like my Aunt Mary, who you didn't fully understand at the time. What do you understand about them now that you didn't before?

The outro says, "my heart remembers what my balance can't hold still... He keeps me steady." Where do you find your steadiness when your body, your circumstances, or your world feels like it's spinning?



What Would I
be Without
You

The fog rolls in
Hello again
Blurry, thick, dense
Long time, within

They say you can't control the weather
But still I try to hold the line
Finding ways to make it better
Skipping through puddles just to
feel fine

Chorus
Trying to see the best of me
Creating space to heal and grow
What would I be without You
Fighting the fog that won't let me go

And I'm learning how to soften
When the fog begins to rise
As early as I can remember
This veil of fog blurred every view
Led me down roads I didn't choose
Shaping each moment as I grew

Chorus
Trying to see the best of me
Creating space to heal and grow
What would I be without You
Fighting the fog that won't let me go
And I'm learning how to soften
When the fog begins to rise

If I had grown without this guarding
Maybe I'd play instead of freeze
Maybe I wouldn't watch for impact
Maybe I'd trust the world to let me
breathe

Anxiety finds me again
Whispers the same old fear
Takes my voice when I need it
This fog I've carried year after year

For anyone listening, I wish they could see
The version of me I'm trying to find
It's hard to lead from a place of fog
Still, we keep searching for peace in the
mind

The fog is lifted, You hold my hand
Your love pulls me out of the dark
Shows me how to understand
And in Your light I learn to trust my heart

I walk by faith
Leaning, breathing
Grace for this step
You meet me gently where I am
Teach me to see myself as whole
To know that I am worthy
I am enough
And You are enough

When the fog returns
Hold me steady
When my breath shakes
Meet me gently where I am
When the fear speaks loud
Quiet my heartbeat
When I lose my way
Guide me gently where I am

When the fear speaks loud
Quiet my heartbeat
When I lose my way
Guide me gently where I am
I am held here
I am seen here
I am safe here
You meet me gently where I am
I am held here
I am seen here
I am safe here
You meet me gently where I am
I am enough

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



This is a song about living with the fog of anxiety — the kind that shapes you, shadows you, and rises without warning. It's a journey of softening, healing, and learning to breathe again. A confession, a prayer, and a reminder that even when the fog returns, love meets you gently where you are — held, seen, safe, and enough.

This song is about anxiety, worry, and rumination — the kind so many of us know intimately, the worrying about things we can't control, and the on-purpose work it takes to manage it. Not a one-time fix, but ongoing, intentional work.

As a therapist, I sit at the intersection of a few different things that help people carry this: cognitive behavioral therapy, my own faith, and, more recently, mindfulness and Acceptance and Commitment Therapy.

The verses trace that fog as far back as memory goes — *"as early as I can remember, this veil of fog blurred every view."* That's not dramatic language for anxiety that starts young; that's often exactly how it works, and exactly how it feels to look back and wonder who you might have been without it: *"maybe I'd play instead of freeze."* The bridge names the whisper anxiety uses — the same old fear, over and over, taking your voice right when you need it most.

But the song doesn't end in the fog. It ends in being met there. *"The fog is lifted, You hold my hand... teach me to see myself as whole, to know that I am worthy."* That final refrain — *I am held here, I am seen here, I am safe here* — isn't a promise the fog will never return. It's a promise about what's true even when it does.

A Little Research

The song's structure — noticing the fog, naming it, and not fighting it into submission but learning to soften around it — actually mirrors real, evidence-based approaches to anxiety.

Cognitive behavioral therapy has long been one of the most well-supported treatments for anxiety disorders, and more recently, a related approach called Acceptance and Commitment Therapy (ACT) has built directly on that foundation. Where classic CBT often works to change the *content* of anxious thoughts, ACT — developed by Hayes, Strosahl, and Wilson (1999) — focuses instead on changing our *relationship* to those thoughts: learning to notice anxious thinking without needing to argue with it, suppress it, or let it drive the car.

Research has found ACT to be an effective treatment across a range of anxiety presentations, including generalized anxiety and panic-related symptoms (Roemer, Orsillo, & Salters-Pedneault, 2008; Twohig, Hayes, & Masuda, 2006). In many ways, that's the heart of "learning to soften when the fog begins to rise" — not eliminating the fog, but changing how tightly we grip against it.

And for many people, myself included, faith isn't separate from that work — it's woven into it. Research on integrating religious and spiritual beliefs into therapy has found that for clients whose faith is a genuine, active part of their life, faith-integrated approaches can support real clinical improvement, sometimes matching or exceeding standard approaches alone (Worthington, Hook, Davis, & McDaniel, 2011). That integration isn't a compromise of good clinical care — for many, it's what makes the care land.

That's what this song is trying to hold together: the practical, on-purpose work of managing an anxious mind, and the deeper trust that even in the fog, "You meet me gently where I am."

Reflect

What does "the fog" look or feel like for you? Is it something you remember from as early as childhood, or something that arrived later in life?

The song asks, "What would I be without You, fighting the fog that won't let me go?" What has helped you keep going in seasons when anxiety felt loudest?

"Learning to soften" is different from "fighting harder." Is there a worry or fear right now you've been fighting that you might instead try to soften around?

The final refrain repeats, "I am held here, I am seen here, I am safe here." Which of those three feels hardest for you to believe about yourself right now?

Philippians 4:6–7 (NIV) — "Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

1 Peter 5:7 (NIV) — "Cast all your anxiety on him because he cares for you."

Isaiah 41:10 (NIV) — "So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand."

Psalms 34:4 (NIV) — "I sought the Lord, and he answered me; he delivered me from all my fears."

Matthew 11:28 (NIV) — "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."

References

Hayes, S. C., Strosahl, K. D., & Wilson, K. G. (1999). *Acceptance and commitment therapy: An experiential approach to behavior change*. Guilford Press.

Roemer, L., Orsillo, S. M., & Salters-Pedneault, K. (2008). Efficacy of an acceptance-based behavior therapy for generalized anxiety disorder: Evaluation in a randomized controlled trial. *Journal of Consulting and Clinical*

Psychology, 76(6), 1083–1089.

Worthington, E. L., Jr., Hook, J. N., Davis, D. E., & McDaniel, M. A. (2011). Religion and spirituality. *Journal of Clinical Psychology*, 67(2), 204–214.



Fully Known,
Fully Loved

In the secret, you abide there
Filling each moment with your fresh Spirit
I'm consumed with pure love and grace
Laying down my burdens, knowing you've
bore it

Chorus

Fully known, fully loved
How can this be your love so free
Fully known, fully loved
From birth knitted by you to be
Fully known, fully loved

Where your Spirit is, I draw close
From the beginning, your love
saw me here
Where your Spirit moves, your love flows
You remind my soul that I am never alone

Chorus

Fully known, fully loved
How can this be your love so free
Fully known, fully loved
From birth knitted by you to be
Fully known, fully loved

I see you gently in the morning dew
Mercy and promise shining through the
dark
I see you in the way you've designed each
moment
You whisper, come follow, take my hand
know my heart

When I fall again, You sit in my night
Your presence fills the shadows with a
gentle, healing light
When I break, You gather every tear
You hold me in the darkness, whispering
"Child, I'm always here."

Chorus

Fully known, fully loved
How can this be your love so free
Fully known, fully loved
From birth knitted by you to be
Fully known, fully loved

When I rise, you are there for me
And, all day long, holding me up to see
Fully known in my thoughts, no shame
From birth to final breath, your love will
cover me

Cover me now
Your love will heal
Knit me together
Fully known, Fully loved

I am fearfully and wonderfully made
I am known to you without regret or shame
I am precious
I am yours
I am fully known, fully loved

Oh, Jesus, Cover Me now
Fill me with the love known since you
created me
When the darkness says you are not loved
Cover me with your Spirit
When the world says I'm not worthy
Cover me
Cover me
I am fully known, fully loved

Nothing can take me from your love
I am sealed; I am yours
I am fully known, fully loved

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



Rooted in Psalm 139 — the truth my mom carried me with — this song rises from the nights I felt unworthy and unseen. But God met me there, in the deepest shadows, holding me, naming me fully known and fully loved. This is the sound of His nearness in every broken place.

I wrote this song in two moments that felt like they were speaking to each other. The first was at a campground, looking out over the water, overwhelmed by a sense of God's presence so full I knew I had to write something about His love. The second came one morning at home — I sat outside, and nature seemed to come alive around me. Birds and bugs, I'd never noticed before, the sun, the breeze. I wrote a song rooted in Psalm 139, right there.

That same morning, I went to set up for my mom's worship service in her little apartment. The speaker's message that day was on Psalm 139 — and every single line she spoke confirmed what God had already written into the song hours earlier. It felt like confirmation from every direction: through Scripture, through a stranger's message, through the created world itself, through the quiet of my own morning.

"You knit me together in my mother's womb" (Psalm 139:13, paraphrased) is not a passive verse to me — it's the ground the whole song stands on. Before I did anything to earn it, before I understood any of it, I was known. Fully known. And loved anyway — not despite what's known, but *because* of it.

A Little Research

What I experienced that morning — the sudden aliveness of ordinary nature, the sense of being met by something vast — has a name in psychological research: awe. Researchers Dacher Keltner and Jonathan Haidt (2003) described awe as the feeling of encountering something so vast it exceeds our current understanding of the world, and their research consistently finds nature to be one of the most common triggers of it. More recent work by Keltner and Monroy (2023) identifies spiritual engagement and nature as two of the most reliable pathways to awe across cultures and found that awe experiences are linked to measurable improvements in both mental and physical well-being — not just a passing feeling, but something that shifts how we function.

That lines up with something Scripture has said all along: that creation itself is one of the ways God speaks. "The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands" (Psalm 19:1). Paul writes that God's invisible qualities have been clearly seen through what He has made, ever since the creation of the world (Romans 1:20). Elijah didn't encounter God in the wind or the earthquake or the fire, but in a still, small voice after all of it had passed (1 Kings 19:11–13) — sometimes it's not the dramatic moment, but the quiet one after, where we actually hear. And God speaks through people too — through a worship speaker who had no idea what had happened in my backyard that morning and yet spoke the exact truth I'd already written down. "You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29:13).

Sometimes the finding doesn't come from searching harder — it comes from being still enough to notice what's already being said, through nature, through someone else's voice, through a Psalm you've known since childhood, suddenly landing new.

Reflect

Has there been a moment when nature — a sunrise, water, birds, the quiet of a morning — made you feel suddenly, unexpectedly close to God?

Psalm 139 says we were "knitted together" before we understood anything about ourselves. Is there a part of you that has felt unworthy or unseen, that this truth speaks directly to?

The song says God met the writer "in the deepest shadows." Where have you experienced God's nearness not in the light, but in a dark or hard season?

Have you ever received an unexpected confirmation — through a person, a sermon, a song, a moment in nature — that felt like it was speaking directly to something private in your own heart?

References

Keltner, D., & Haidt, J. (2003). Approaching awe, a moral, spiritual, and aesthetic emotion. *Cognition and Emotion*, 17(2), 297–314.

Monroy, M., & Keltner, D. (2023). Awe as a pathway to mental and physical health. *Perspectives on Psychological Science*, 18(2), 309–320.



*We are
Golden Girls*

A musical note of creativity

Musically, I wanted this one to sound different from the rest of the album. I got a little jazzier with it — I wanted the sound itself to feel playful, upbeat, and a little mischievous, the way real friendship does. Not every song has to sit in the quiet, reflective register; this one is meant to make you want to move a little, the same way a good memory with an old friend does.

Old farmhouse, open space
Backyard wide with oak tree shade
Garden beds where kittens played
Treehouse swings where threads were laid

Big Wheel racing down the street
Scraped-up knees and jelly feet
Cassette tapes chewed the songs we loved
Saturday cartoons—never got enough

Chorus
You come in, having fun
Friendship, joy, setting sun
Lightning bugs, day is done
Staying forever young

Awkward, shy, still learning how
To stitch the friendships I know now
Some held on, some broke my heart
Fresh starts came, and years moved fast

Chorus
You come in, having fun
Friendship, joy, setting sun
Lightning bugs, day is done
Staying forever young

Quiet nights, we bowed our heads
Spoke our fears and hopes unsaid
Little faith that learned to grow
His gentle love became our home

Chorus
You come in, having fun
Friendship, joy, setting sun
Lightning bugs, day is done
Staying forever young

Wove your hand into mine

I'm changing, moving on
Leaving home to find my song
New friends helped me through the days
But old ones stay in sacred place
Threads we started long ago
Still hold steady as I grow

Chorus
You come in, having fun
Friendship, joy, setting sun
Lightning bugs, day is done
Staying forever young
Fabrics of friendship color life
Grace wove your presence through my nights
Finding where I'm meant to be
His love through you brought peace to me

You are here for me, my girl
Baby dolls and chaos swirl
Making space for snacks and tea
Side-eye jokes come naturally

We played baby dolls for hours
Now we're raising our own flowers
Trading secrets, trading roles
Still two kids with older souls

Treasure friendships, hold them tight
Golden-Girl giggles late at night
Sharing snacks and sharing tears
Life stays golden when we share the years
Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



The "old farmhouse" I grew up in holds many memories for me. I added a treehouse in the front yard, but the one we used to play in was actually located in the backyard. We had so much fun there, creating lasting memories and playing with our small kittens. We loved our mama cat! Football games were played in our side yard, along with music events and parties.

I wrote this song to honor the friendships that shaped me — from little-girl giggles to golden-girl years. Every season, every memory, and every prayer we've shared is woven into this upbeat, nostalgic sound that celebrates the women who helped me become who I am.

It starts in the old farmhouse I grew up in, the backyard with oak tree shade, garden beds where kittens played, Big Wheels racing down the street, scraped-up knees, and cassette tapes chewed through from playing our favorite songs too many times. That's where it all began — the kind of friendship that doesn't need words yet, just shared space and shared afternoons.

Then it grows up, the way friendships do. Some held on. Some broke my heart. Fresh starts came, and years moved faster than I expected. I think that's true for most of us — not every friendship from the backyard years survives, and that's not a failure of any of them. It's just what seasons do.

What I wanted this song to hold on to is that every season of friendship matters — the loud, chaotic baby-doll years and the quiet nights when we bowed our heads together, spoke our fears out loud, and let a little bit of faith grow into something steadier. The new friends who show up and help you through a hard stretch of days are just as sacred as the old ones who've known you since before you had words for whom you were becoming.

The bridge says it plainly: *looking back with wiser eyes, I see the threads of time... every joy and every trial wove your hand into mine.* That's what friendship does across a lifetime — it's not one relationship, it's a whole fabric, stitched together by people who showed up in different seasons, for different reasons, and all of them mattered.

And now, whether it's trading secrets over tea, raising our own kids after years of playing with baby dolls, or still finding the same side-eye jokes funny decades later — that's what I hope this song holds up: the idea that life stays golden not because one friendship carried you the whole way, but because you let every season's friends have their rightful place.

Reflect

Think back to your earliest friendships — the backyard, the neighborhood, the treehouse years. What do you remember most vividly?

The song says some friendships "held on" and some "broke my heart." Is there a friendship you've grieved, and one you're still grateful for, even if it changed?

Who is a "new friend" in your life right now who's helping you through this current season? Have you told them what that means to you?

The song says, "Life stays golden when we share the years." Is there an old friend you've been meaning to reach out to, just to say you're still glad they're part of your story?



Order for Tom

We were sitting on a patio, sunlight in our eyes
Talking 'bout your Papa, how the years still feel alive
The weight of all the memories, the ache of what we lost
Holding back our tears, counting what his absence cost
The world was loud around us, orders calling through the door
But somehow in the heaviness, we felt heaven even more

Grief is just love learning how to speak a different way
And sometimes it gets louder when the world is on display

Chorus
Then we heard "Order for Tom"
through the clatter and the crowd
Right when we were sinking in the sorrow
we spoke out loud
And we smiled cause we knew it was more than just a voice
It was Papa giving comfort saying
I love you more, my girls
Yeah, love keeps breaking through
In the name inside the noise

I hear him in the quiet when
the world is far too loud
Like a signal cutting through the static of my doubt
He taught me how to listen for the truth
beneath the noise
And now his steady whisper shapes the strength behind my voice

Grief is just remembrance
with a heartbeat of its own
A bridge that keeps on forming
every time I feel alone

Chorus
Then we heard "Order for Tom" through the clatter and the crowd
Right when we were sinking in the sorrow
we spoke out loud
And we smiled cause we knew it was more than just a voice
It was Papa giving comfort saying
I love you more, my girls
Yeah, love keeps breaking through
In the name inside the noise

Maybe heaven isn't distant, maybe it's a breath away
Maybe every time I'm writing, he's leaning in to say
Go on, girl, keep singing, I'm proud of what you've done
Your album is the echo of the love we've just begun

Chorus
So when I hear "Order for Tom" through the clatter and the crowd
I remember how the veil felt thin, how grace felt loud
And I'll keep on writing stories that his legacy employs
Cause he's still cheering me forward
In the name inside the noise

In the name inside the noise
I hear him in the quiet
I feel him in the joy
And when the world gets heavy
I remember what I heard
Order for Tom in the chaos
And his I love you more
I love you more, my girls
Still echoing through the noise
Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



A simple lunch turned into a holy moment. We were sitting on a patio, sunlight in our eyes, talking about my dad — about how the years still feel alive with him in them, even now. We were holding back tears, counting the weight of everything his absence has cost us. The world was loud around us, orders calling through the door, but somehow in the heaviness, we felt heaven even more. Then we heard it: "Order for Tom." Right in the middle of the clatter and the crowd, right when we were sinking into the sorrow we'd just spoken out loud.

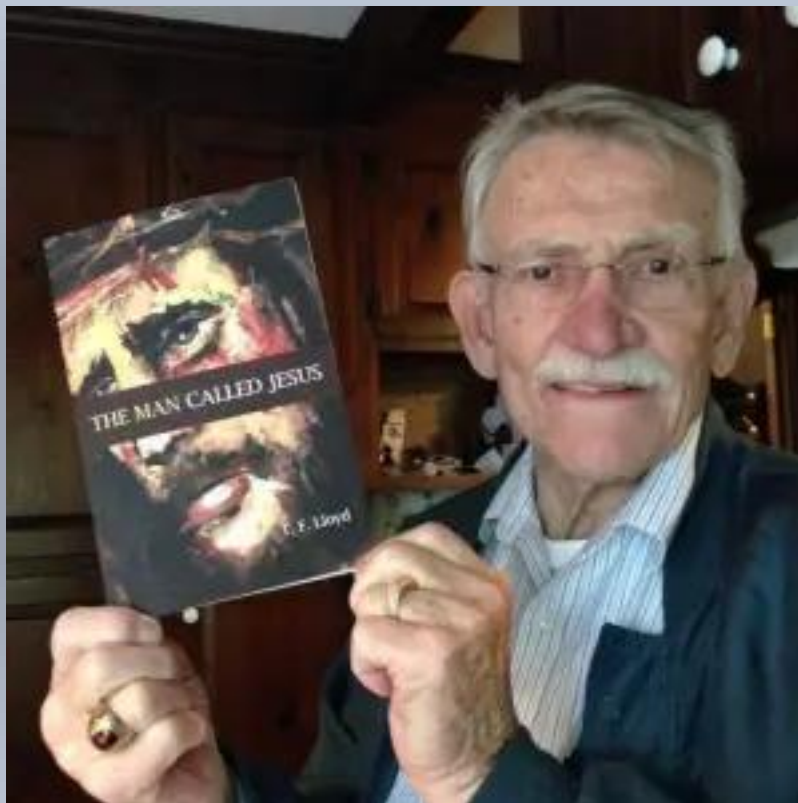
And we smiled, because we knew it was more than just a name called over a counter. It felt like my dad meeting us there — as if he were reminding us that we can still connect with the ones we love, even after they're gone. That moment sparked the rest of this album.

I've come to believe grief is just love learning how to speak a different way. It gets louder sometimes, especially when the world is loud too — but it never really goes silent. I hear my dad in the quiet, in the ordinary moments, in a name called out at a lunch counter that had nothing to do with him and everything to do with him at the same time.

He taught me how to listen for the truth underneath the noise, and I think that's exactly what happened that day: heaven felt like a breath away, thin as a veil, hiding in plain sight inside something as small as a lunch order. The song says it best — maybe every time I'm writing, he's leaning in to say, go on, girl, keep singing, I'm proud of what you've done. This whole album is, in a way, the echo of a love that didn't end. It just started speaking differently.

I'm not trying to write like him. I'm trying to write like *me*; with everything he gave me still running underneath it.

Legacy was never supposed to mean becoming a copy. He handed me a love for melody, for storytelling, for turning the ordinary into something sacred — but what I build with that is mine to shape in my spiritual walk. I think that's true for anyone carrying a piece of someone forward. You honor a legacy not by imitating it but by letting it live inside something that's authentically and unmistakably you.



My dad published his first book when he was in his 80's! He was not only a songwriter, but he also loved to write stories. You can purchase a copy of his book [here](#).

A Little Research

For a long time, grief research assumed the goal was to let go — to detach from the person you lost so you could "move on." But that model has been meaningfully challenged. Bereavement researchers Dennis Klass, Phyllis Silverman, and Steven Nickman (1996) introduced what's now called "continuing bonds" theory, showing that maintaining an ongoing connection with someone who has died is a normal, healthy part of grieving — not a sign that someone is stuck. Their research found that people commonly carry their loved ones forward through memory, ritual, and a felt sense of ongoing relationship, and that this connection often becomes a source of comfort rather than something to overcome.

Part of that continuing bond, for many people, is the experience of actually sensing a loved one's presence after death — a felt nearness that doesn't need to be explained away. A qualitative study by Keen, Murray, and Payne (2013) specifically explored this experience among bereaved people and found it to be a common, meaningful part of how many process loss — not a rare or fringe occurrence, but a recognized part of the human experience of grief. That "Order for Tom" moment, called out over the noise of a lunch counter, fits squarely into what researchers now understand as an ordinary, real part of how love continues after loss.

And Scripture has held space for this far longer than modern research has caught up to. Hebrews 12:1 describes those who've gone before us as a "great cloud of witnesses" surrounding us even now — not gone, not silent, but present, cheering us on as we run our own race. That image feels like the whole heart of this song: my dad isn't a memory I have to work to keep alive. He's part of a cloud of witnesses still surrounding me, still leaning in, still saying *I love you more*.

Reflect

Has there been a moment — ordinary, unexpected, almost too small to explain — where it felt like someone you'd lost was reaching through to you?

The song says, "grief is just love learning how to speak a different way." Does that feel true for something or someone you've grieved?

Where do you hear the people you've lost — in the quiet, in a familiar phrase, in a place you used to go together?

Is there something you've been carrying — a project, a dream, a piece of yourself — that you sense someone you love would be proud to see you finish?

Is there a legacy — from a parent, a mentor, a family tradition — that you've carried forward in a way that looks different from how it was handed to you? What makes that version still authentically yours?

References

Keen, C., Murray, C. D., & Payne, S. (2013). A qualitative exploration of sensing the presence of the deceased following bereavement. *Mortality*, 18(4), 339–357.

Klass, D., Silverman, P. R., & Nickman, S. L. (Eds.). (1996). *Continuing bonds: New understandings of grief*. Taylor & Francis.



*Still Choosing
You*

A musical note

Musically, this one had to be rock and roll. It's the sound of the 60s and 70s records he grew up on, the same records that were probably spinning in the background of a hundred nights I never even witnessed but somehow still feel like I know. Rock and roll doesn't apologize for itself — it's loud, it's a little rebellious, it doesn't ask permission to feel something. That's him. Forty years in, he's still the same guy who'd crank up a record and dance around a living room like no one was watching, and I wanted this song to sound exactly like that kind of love — unpolished, a little loud, and completely unashamed of how much it still feels.

We met at the doughnut table, on a Joe's Inn night,
Streetlights buzzing, everything felt right.
You smiled at me like you already knew
I'd end up standing there, falling into you.

Through business-class halls we wandered,
chasing who we'd someday be,
Stopping elevators on purpose, stealing quiet
breaths, just you and me.
Worked the summer park jobs, pockets thin but
spirits high,
'Cause joy was in the knowing — every step new,
every reason why.

Chorus
It started that October night,
And somehow we made it through the dark and
through the light.
Forty years of holding on the best we knew,
Through every wrong turn, every breakthrough.
And after all this living — I'm still choosing you.

We started small, just a beat-up car,
A hand-me-down couch and dreams stretched far.
Late-night picnics made of whatever we had,
Laughing at the days, even when it got bad.
You'd say, "We'll make it, just give it some time,"
And somehow your voice always made it feel fine.

Reggae records spinning in the living room light,
Karaoke, we'd dance half the night.
You sang each line, "No Woman, No Cry."
And somehow that made us give it one more try.
Those were the nights when the world felt small,
Just you, me, and music echoing against the walls.

Chorus
It started that October night,
And somehow we made it through the dark and
through the light.
Forty years of holding on the best we knew,
Through every wrong turn, every breakthrough.
And after all this living — I'm still choosing you.

Three red-haired daughters growing strong and
free,
Running barefoot through summers like they owned
the breeze.
School plays, heartbreaks, sassy talk,
Teaching them how to stand tall when the world
knocks.

We held on tight through the storms we came
through,
Love is a choice — and I still choose you.

Chorus
It started that October night,
And somehow we made it through the dark and
through the light.
Forty years of holding on the best we knew,
Through every wrong turn, every breakthrough.
And after all this living — I'm still choosing you.

Riding our bikes down back-road turns,
Chasing sunsets, letting the daylight burn.
Camping by the river with the fire burning low,
Talking 'bout the places we still want to go.
You'd point at the stars, and you knew every name,
Holding close, the night sky never looked the same.

Chorus
It started that October night,
And somehow we made it through the dark and
through the light.
Forty years of holding on the best we knew,
Through every wrong turn, every breakthrough.
And after all this living — I'm still choosing you.

Still choosing you...
Every mile, every year —
Still choosing you.

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



A song for the man I've been choosing since that October night — forty years of love, reggae records, 60s rock, and karaoke nights where I pretend, I'm a rock singer and he cheers like I'm the real thing.

It started small — a doughnut table, a Joe's Inn night, streetlights buzzing, a smile that felt like he already knew something I didn't yet. From there it was business-class halls, elevators stopped on purpose, summer park jobs with thin pockets and high spirits. None of it was glamorous. All of it was ours.

Then came the beat-up car, the hand-me-down couch, dreams stretched further than our budget. Late-night picnics made of whatever we had in the fridge. Him saying, "We'll make it, just give it some time," in a voice that somehow always made it feel true. Reggae records spinning in the living room, karaoke nights where I'd belt out a song and he'd cheer like I was the real thing — those were the nights the world felt small, just the two of us and music echoing off the walls.

And then it grew. Three red-haired daughters, running barefoot through summers like they owned the breeze. School plays, heartbreaks, sassy talk, teaching them how to stand tall when the world knocked. Now our circle's grown even wider — Ace and Gigi, and the little ones who've come after. Forty years in, and we've held on tight through every storm that came through.

This is a song for relationships that have survived all the years — not because the years were easy, but because two people kept choosing each other inside them. Bikes down back roads, sunsets chased just to watch the daylight burn, camping by a low fire, him pointing at the stars and knowing every one of their names. Forty years of holding on the best we knew — through every wrong turn, every breakthrough. And after all this living, I'm still choosing you.

Reflect

Think of the "small" moments in a long relationship of your own — a doughnut table, a beat-up car, a late-night picnic. What are the unglamorous moments that turned out to matter most?

The song says, "Love is a choice — and I still choose you." Is there a relationship in your life you've had to actively keep choosing, especially through a hard season?

Music runs through this whole song — reggae records, karaoke nights, a song sung just right at just the right moment. What song or sound instantly takes you back to a specific person or season of love in your life?

After forty years, this love has expanded to encompass daughters, grandchildren, and a whole network of family. Who has your love included over the years? If it's not just one person, perhaps it includes close friends and groups of people you cherish, who may not be related by blood but are still like family.



*The Light He
Keeps for You*

You carried a lantern... a small sun in your hands.
Held it like a secret... only fire understands.
You drifted away... warmed in your little light.
But I saw the wick grow shorter... giving inches to the night.

Chorus

Your lantern burned so fiercely... brighter than it should.
A warmth that felt like answers... a warmth that felt too good.
You rose like Icarus slowly... wings trembling in the blue.
I watched you chase that brightness... as it slowly hollowed you.

You followed where it led you... like it whispered you awake.
Lantern swayed and trembled... with a flame that loved to take.
Shadows stretched behind you... thin as threads across the floor.
And I saw the quiet scorch marks... blooming where you'd been before.

Chorus

Your lantern burned so fiercely... brighter than it should.
A warmth that felt like answers... a warmth that felt too good.
You rose like Icarus slowly... wings trembling in the blue.
I watched you chase that brightness... as it slowly hollowed you.

Some lights rise loud and reckless,
Bright enough to watch you fall.
Shadows dressed as daylight,

Promising everything, giving nothing at all.
But God's light is the quiet one — steady, holy, pulling you through.
It never breaks your breathing
Or dims the truth inside of you.

I whispered from the doorway... but the lantern answered first.

Heat rose like a warning... soft and aching, sweet and cursed.

Your wings were made of longing... threads of wax and borrowed glow.

I stood there in the half-light... praying fire would let you go.

Final Chorus

Your lantern burned itself to nothing,
Left you fragile, ember-thin.

Your light shook at the borders

Where the dark kept pressing in.

You drifted down like Icarus, gently,

Into skies that weren't your own.

You shone too bright, too silently,

And I lost you to the great unknown.

And in the hush that followed...

I watch your light grow quiet,

but I never lose the thread.

Some wings drift into shadows,

yet they're not finished, not dead.

And when you feel the lifting,

the soft pull of something true,

I'm here in the light He keeps for you,

as you take His hand and walk through.

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



A soft hymn for the heart that chased a false glow and was met by mercy instead. When the flame you follow falters, a gentler light rises to guide you home.

This song is written for those you may watch drift — carrying a light that looked warm, that felt like answers, that promised everything and gave nothing at all. I watched the wick grow shorter even as they held onto it tighter, watched the shadows stretch longer behind them, watched scorch marks bloom in places that used to just be ground. It's a hard thing, loving someone who's chasing a brightness that's slowly hollowing them out, and knowing you can't carry the lantern away from them yourself.

The Icarus image kept surfacing as I wrote — wings made of longing, borrowed glow, rising toward something that was never going to hold. Not a dramatic, sudden fall, but a slow, aching drift. I stood in the doorway. I whispered. But the lantern answered first, the way false light so often does — louder, closer, easier to believe in the moment.

But this song isn't really about the lantern. It's about the other light — the quiet one. The one that doesn't shout or compete for attention, the one that's steady and Holy and doesn't break your breathing or dim the truth inside you.

The ending is the part I return to most: *some wings drift into shadows, yet they're not finished, not dead*. That's the hope this whole song rests on — that a season of chasing false light doesn't have to be the end of someone's story. That there's a hand still open, a light kept, for whenever the lifting comes. We pray for what God's light desires for them. What **You** want for them, God, that is our hope and our promise.

Reflect

Have you ever watched someone you love chase something that looked like warmth but was slowly costing them something real? What did it feel like to witness that, unable to make them see it?

The song contrasts a "lantern" that burns fiercely and fast with a quieter light that's "steady, holy, pulling you through." Where in your own life have you mistaken intensity for truth?

"I whispered from the doorway... but the lantern answered first." Is there someone you've tried to reach who wasn't ready to hear you yet? How did you hold on to love for them? What did that look like?

The final line offers hope even in the drifting — "not finished, not dead." Is there someone you haven't given up praying for, even from a distance?



Carry My
Hand to the
Water

When I was small on the early shore,
Bare feet dancing the sand once more,
You took my hand as the tide ran in,
Said, "Come now, love, let the sea begin."

I didn't know how the years would rise,
Didn't see time in your steady eyes—
Only the waves with their ancient call,
Teaching the heart how to stand through all.

Chorus
So carry my hand to the water's line
When the strength in my legs is no longer
mine.
Let me breathe in the salt and the memory
there,
Let the wind of the ocean unbraid my care.

For life is a shoreline we borrow and keep,
A rhythm that follows us into the deep.
So carry my hand to the water again
When tomorrow comes calling like an old,
dear friend.

Then I brought my daughters beside the tide,
Held their hands as the waves replied.
Showed them the joy and the gift of the sea,
Watched them dance in the sand so free

And I saw your love in the way I stood,
Saw your heart in the way I could—
How a mother becomes what the shoreline
is,
A keeper of stories, a cradle of bliss.

Chorus
So carry my hand to the water's line
When the strength in my legs is no longer
mine.
Let me breathe in the salt and the memory
there,
Let the wind of the ocean unbraid my care.

So carry my hand to the water again
When tomorrow comes calling like an old,
dear friend.

Now I watch my daughters with children
small,
Hear their laughter rise and fall.
Little feet racing the tide once more,
Tiny echoes of all before.

And I feel the summers behind me laid,
Layer on layer the memories made—
I'm the one who knows how the story bends,
How the sea keeps the footsteps of all our
dreams.

Carry my hand to the water's line,
Carry me down where the bright waves
shine.
Carry my hand to the water's line,
Carry me, carry me, carry me on.

Carry my hand to the water's line,
Carry me home with the rhythm divine.

You were that child, now you watch without
care
The breeze in your silver hair
Longing to walk, the healing waters
The generations of daughters

And when the waves grow soft and low,
When my footprints fade in the evening
glow,
I'll listen close for the ocean's hymn,
Calling me home on the farthest rim.

For love moves on like the turning tide,
Guiding the heart where the saints reside.
And someday beyond where the waters
gleam,
We'll meet again by the crystal sea.

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



Taking my mom to the water with my daughters and grandchildren was a beautiful experience. At one point, I looked over and saw her sitting under the umbrella, while I was down by the shore, and my daughter was in the water with her own children. All of us had our place on that shoreline at the same time — every generation, all at once, each in exactly the spot life has moved us to.

That's the whole song, really. How we graduate from being the small child in the water, hand held tight by someone bigger, to being the older generation on the beach, watching with joy instead of wading in. How our once energetic selves used to play and splash without a second thought, and how, someday, we're the ones asking the people who love us to carry our hand to the water.

The verses trace that whole arc. First, as a child, hand held by my mother as the tide ran in — not yet able to see the years rising in her steady eyes, only the waves and their ancient call. Then, standing where she once stood, holding my own daughters' hands, realizing I'd become the keeper of the same shoreline she once kept for me. And now, watching my daughters do the very same thing with children of their own — little feet racing the tide, tiny echoes of everyone who came before them.

Every generation gets a turn in the water, and every generation eventually moves up to the sand. That's not a loss — it's the shape the whole thing was always going to take. The chorus asks for something tender and honest: *carry my hand to the water's line, when the strength in my legs is no longer mine*. That's not a fear of aging. It's trust — trust that the people you carried into the water once will be the same people willing to carry you there again, when it's your turn to need the help.

The ending takes it one step further, past the shoreline we can see: *someday beyond where the waters gleam, we'll meet again by the crystal sea*. The waves keep moving. The generations keep moving. And love, like the tide, keeps returning — our heavenly home.

Reflect

Think of your own family's "shoreline" — a place, a ritual, a tradition that's been passed down through generations. What does that place hold for you?

The song moves through four generations at once: the child, the mother, the grandmother, and the grandchild. Where are you standing right now in your own family's story — closer to the water, or closer to the sand?

"Carry my hand to the water again, when tomorrow comes calling like an old, dear friend." Is there someone in your life you know you'll need to lean on someday? Have you told them that?

What is one thing your parents or grandparents taught you at "the water's edge" — literally or otherwise — that you've since passed down to someone younger than you?

*The Walls
You're
Rebuilding*

I walked into the hallway of a house
I used to be
Wallpaper peeling memories I never meant
to see
I thought a coat of kindness and a little
Paint would do
But the deeper that I opened, the more truth
came shining through

And in the dust and quiet, I heard a whisper
soft and kind
“I’ve been here since you were little — you
Were never left behind”

They hammered out my childhood with their
own unsteady hands
Doing all they knew to do with fractured
hearts and fragile plans
And sometimes I still wish that little me
could ease their ache
But children can’t mend grown-up wounds
or fix the cracks they didn’t make

Chorus
There were rooms I never entered, doors I
kept forever closed
Places where a little girl prayed words
nobody knows
But You sat beside her, trembling, held her
heart when no one saw
And You promised You would heal her
with a love that knows no flaw

Chorus
I came to fix the surface, just a patch on
broken plans
But You cleared the walls with mercy, took
the rubble in Your hands
What I thought was just a touch-up turned
into a brand-new frame
You’re rebuilding me with love now, and I’ll
never be the same

I see the same old patterns in the rooms
passed down to me,
And I’m sorry for the moments I built walls
you didn’t need.
I’m trying hard to raise it better for the ones
who come behind,
But forgiveness builds foundations that
outlast the faults we leave behind.

Every beam You’re setting steady, every nail
You drive with grace
You’re restoring what was stolen, making
beauty from this place
And the child who prayed in shadows finally
knows she’s safe with You
In the home You’re still rebuilding — strong
and sacred, whole and true

Chorus
I came to fix the surface, but You saw the
deeper ache
So You tore down every burden only Your
hands knew how to take
Now the walls are lined with mercy, and the
floors are built on peace
You’re the Builder of my story — and Your
love has made me free

Every day You help me work through all the
spaces left unhealed,
And when the past comes back again, You
show me grace is how I’m sealed.
I’m sorry for the pain my cracks became,
but let Your mercy fill their lives —
Where grace gathers every generation into
the perfect love only You can give.

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



There's a house I keep walking back into. Maybe you have one too. It's not a literal place — though sometimes it feels like it could be. It's the hallway of who I used to be. The wallpaper is peeling in spots I forgot were even there, and every time I turn a corner, I find another memory I uncover.

For a long time, I thought the fix was simple. A little kindness toward myself. A fresh coat of paint over the parts that hurt. Smile more. Move on. Don't make it a thing. But healing doesn't work like a home makeover show. The deeper I actually let myself go into those rooms, the more truth came shining through — truth I'd been walking past for years, pretending the light wasn't on.

That's where this song started.

I walked into the hallway of a house I used to be. Wallpaper peeling memories I never meant to see I thought a coat of kindness and a little paint would do But the deeper that I opened, the more truth came shining through

And in the middle of all that dust and quiet, uncovering things I didn't ask to find, I heard something else. Not condemnation. A whisper.

"I've been here since you were little — you were never left behind"

That line is the whole song, if I'm honest. Because the ache underneath so much of what we carry isn't just *what happened* — it's the fear that we went through it alone. That nobody saw. That we were the only ones in the room.

We weren't.

All the people who shaped us

Verse two is one of the harder ones to sing, because it's not really about any one person — it's about the truth that every one of us was shaped by hands that weren't perfect, because no hands are.

*They hammered out my childhood with their own unsteady hands
Doing all they knew to do with fractured hearts and fragile plans*
None of us build with steady hands all the time. Every generation carries its own fractures forward, doing the best it knows how to do with what it was given — and still, some of that unsteadiness gets passed down anyway, even through love. That's not an indictment of anyone. It's just what it means to be human, raising other humans.

Children can't mend grown-up wounds or fix the cracks they didn't make
But there's a weight kids sometimes pick up without anyone asking them to — the sense that it's their job to keep the peace, ease the ache, hold the walls up. It isn't. It never was. That was never a child's work to do.

The rooms nobody saw

There are rooms in that house I kept the door shut on for years. Not because I forgot what was in them — because I couldn't stand to walk back in.

There were rooms I never entered, doors I kept forever closed Places where a little girl prayed words nobody knows

Here's what I didn't understand until much later: those closed doors were never actually empty rooms. Someone was already sitting in there with me.

But You sat beside her, trembling, held her heart when no one saw, and You promised You would heal her with a love that knows no flaw

That's the turn of the whole song — the moment it stops being about a person trying to patch up her own house and starts being about a Builder who was never asking to just patch it.

I came to fix the surface, just a patch on broken plans But You cleared the walls with mercy, took the rubble in Your hands What I thought was just a touch-up turned into a brand-new frame You're rebuilding me with love now, and I'll never be the same

Breaking the pattern

It would be easy to stop there — healed hallway, happy ending. But renovation doesn't just look backward. It looks at what you're about to build next, and for who.

I see the same old patterns in the rooms passed down to me And I'm sorry for the moments I built walls you didn't need I'm trying hard to raise it better for the ones who come behind But forgiveness builds foundations that outlast the faults we leave behind

This is the part of grace nobody tells you about ahead of time — it's not only received but also passed on. Every generation either hands down the cracks or hands down the mercy that filled them. **Sometimes both, in the same breath.**

Every beam You're setting steady, every nail You drive with grace You're restoring what was stolen, making beauty from this place And the child who prayed in shadows finally knows she's safe with You In the home You're still rebuilding — strong and sacred, whole and true.

Still under construction

I wish I could tell you the renovation is finished. It isn't. Some days, the past knocks on the door again like it never left.

Every day, You help me work through all the spaces left unhealed, And when the past comes back again, You show me grace is how I'm sealed. I'm sorry for the pain my cracks became, but let Your mercy fill their lives — Where grace gathers every generation into the perfect love only You can give

But I've stopped being afraid of the unfinished rooms. I know Who's still in the house with me.

Now the walls are lined with mercy, and the floors are built on peace. You're the Builder of my story — and Your love has made me free

Reflect

Think of a "room" in your own life — a memory, a habit, a relationship pattern — that you've tried to fix with just a coat of kindness and a little paint. What would it look like to let the repair go deeper?

Is there a season of your own story where you've wondered if you were alone in it? What would it mean to believe you weren't?

Who in your life shaped you with "unsteady hands"? Can you hold both truths at once — that it hurt you, and that they were working from their own fractures?

What rooms have you kept the door closed on? What would it take to let those places finally be seen?

What patterns are you hoping not to pass down? Where have you already seen forgiveness begin to lay a new foundation?

If your life is a house still under renovation, which room feels furthest along — and which one is still waiting on the Builder?



Sha'ashua

Sha'ashua (שׂשׂשׂ) — *shah-shoo'-ah*

A Hebrew word meaning **delight** or **soul-restoring comfort**. As a noun, it describes delight itself or the object of one's delight (used in Psalm 119, Proverbs 8, and Jeremiah 31 — where God calls Ephraim "a delightful child"). Its verb form, *y'sha'ash'u* (שׂשׂשׂ), appears in **Psalm 94:19**: *"When my anxious thoughts multiply within me, Your comfort delights my soul."*

At its root, sha'ashua describes the quiet, inward comfort God brings to a restless soul — not a reward for effort or striving, but a gentle delight that settles anxious thoughts and restores peace.

In the quiet of the morning, in the noise of the day

I am reaching for my anchor when the currents pull away

Exhausted from the weighing, keeping count of every loss

Trying to predict the turn, trying to bear every cross

Am I misunderstood? Am I victim to the storm?

Holding everything together, keeping safe, keeping warm

Then I feel the shift, the whisper in the air

A sudden, radical space of silent prayer

I let go of the urge to fix, to hold, to know

His love is so safe, I can finally let go

Chorus

Sha'ashua—the delight that restores my soul

Not a loud excitement, but a quiet making-whole

A soft, gentle melody, a reassuring presence near

Your consolation is my joy, casting out the fear

Sha'ashua... in Your peace I rest

Beyond relief, I am profoundly blessed

No longer judging every moment as a failure or a win

I surrender control, and I let Your light back in

You take the heavy scales right out of my hands

I don't have to carry what I don't understand

In the chaos or the stillness, Your promise remains true

My heart finds its sanctuary simply being with You

Chorus

Sha'ashua—the delight that restores my soul

Not a loud excitement, but a quiet making-whole

A soft, gentle melody, a reassuring presence near

Your consolation is my joy, casting out the fear

Sha'ashua... in Your peace I rest

Beyond relief, I am profoundly blessed

Deep breath in... exhale.

Let His love consume you through the calm, steady air.

Deep breath in... release the strain.

There is a holy pleasure in releasing the pain.

Chorus

Sha'ashua—the delight that restores my soul

Not a loud excitement, but a quiet making-whole

A soft, gentle melody, a reassuring presence near

Your consolation is my joy, casting out the fear

Sha'ashua... in Your peace I rest

Beyond relief, I am profoundly blessed

Cherished pleasure... gentle enjoyment...

Resting in Your love...

Sha'ashua...

I let go.

I am consumed by Your peace.

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



Rooted in Psalm 94:19, this song explores *sha'ashua* — the soul-restoring, quiet delight God gives when we let go of the urge to control, fix, and judge every moment. It's a gentle invitation to pause, breathe, and surrender to His love and peace.

There's a particular kind of tired that doesn't come from doing too much — it comes from carrying too much. Weighing every outcome. Predicting every turn. Bracing for whatever's coming next before it even arrives.

In the quiet of the morning, in the noise of the day I am reaching for my anchor when the currents pull away Exhausted from the weighing, keeping count of every loss Trying to predict the turn, trying to bear every cross

I don't think I even realized how much of my life I'd spent holding everything together until I asked myself the question underneath it all:

Am I misunderstood? Am I victim to the storm? Holding everything together, keeping safe, keeping warm

That's the posture so many of us live in without noticing — arms full, shoulders tight, quietly convinced that if we just stay vigilant enough, careful enough, in control enough, we can keep the storm from reaching us.

The shift

And then, sometimes, there's a moment. Not loud. Not dramatic. Just a shift.

Then I feel the shift, the whisper in the air, a sudden, radical space of silent prayer. I let go of the urge to fix, to hold, to know His love is so safe, I can finally let go

That word — *radical* — is exactly right. Letting go doesn't feel gentle at first. It feels like free-fall. Like admitting you were never actually able to hold it all together in the first place. But underneath that free-fall is Someone who was always safe to land on.

This is where the song's namesake comes in. *Sha'ashua* is a Hebrew word for delight — not the loud, adrenaline kind, but the quiet kind that comes when comfort actually reaches the soul. Psalm 94:19 puts it this way: *"When my anxious thoughts multiply within me, Your comfort delights my soul."*

Not Your comfort fixes my problem. Not Your comfort answers my question. Your comfort *delights my soul* — reaches somewhere underneath the anxious thoughts and settles them.

Sha'ashua — the delight that restores my soul; Not a loud excitement, but a quiet making-whole; A soft, gentle melody, a reassuring presence near; Your consolation is my joy, casting out the fear Sha'ashua... in Your peace I rest. Beyond relief, I am profoundly blessed.

Putting down the scales

So much of the exhaustion in verse, one comes from judgment — measuring every moment as a win or a loss, a success or a failure, keeping some invisible scorecard running underneath everything else. *No longer judging every moment as a failure or a win, I surrender control, and I let Your light back in. You take the heavy scales right out of my hands. I don't have to carry what I don't understand.*

There's real relief in that line — *You take the heavy scales right out of my hands*. Not because the scales were wrong to want, but because they were never mine to hold in the first place. I wasn't built to weigh every moment. I was built to rest in One who already knows the weight of it.

In the chaos or the stillness, Your promise remains true. My heart finds its sanctuary simply being with You.

Just breathe

If the rest of the song is the theology, the bridge is the practice — the actual, physical act of letting go.

Deep breath in... exhale. Let His love consume you through the calm, steady air. Deep breath in... release the strain. There is a holy pleasure in releasing the pain.

A holy pleasure in releasing the pain. Not just relief. Pleasure. Delight. As if letting go itself is where God meets us, not just the outcome on the other side.

Where it lands

By the end, there's nothing left to fix, hold, or figure out. Just presence. *Cherished pleasure... gentle enjoyment... Resting in Your love... Sha'ashua... I let go. I am consumed by Your peace.*

Reflect

Where in your life are you "keeping count of every loss," weighing moments as wins or failures instead of simply living them?

What would it look like, practically, to let go of the urge to fix, hold, or know — even for one breath?

The song calls letting go "radical." Does surrender feel more like relief or more like free-fall to you right now — and can it be both?

Sha'ashua describes a quiet delight, not a loud excitement. Where have you experienced that kind of quiet comfort before, even in a hard season?

Try the bridge as a practice, not just a lyric: breathe in, exhale, and notice what you're being invited to release.

.



Nature's Story

We can find ourselves awed by nature's call This is the grace that we've come to know.

**Hello, beauty, I see you. I will listen, and I
pause**

**One tree weathered and gray by the winds
and years**

**perhaps holding the evergreen through
tears**

**Maybe it's joy and companionship that is
dear**

**through it all, we found ourselves drawing
so near**

Chorus

**And we lean into trust, we are standing tall,
Two separate lives that refuse to fall.**

**Not a weight to carry, not a chain to bind—
Just the greatest strength that two hearts
can find.**

**Side by side where the waters flow,
This is the grace that we've come to know.**

**Shoulder to shoulder, we weather and grow
knowing our differences, and still, we show
Each one strong and tall, yet we lean not to
fall**

**not to burden, push, or fix one another
The beauty in the stance is our love, our
dance**

**Find peace as nature reminds us of this
chance**

Chorus

**And we lean into trust, we are standing tall,
Two separate lives that refuse to fall.**

**Not a weight to carry, not a chain to bind—
Just the greatest strength that two hearts
can find.**

Side by side where the waters flow,

**Beneath the surface where the dark earth
heals**

In the sacred silence that Spirit reveals

Our roots interlace in the Holy night

Drawing our life from an unseen light

Anchored in faith where the quiet descends

**It is deep in the Source that the healing
mends**

To bear is not to burden!

To lean is not to break!

**Look at the space that we've bridged for
each other,**

Look at the future we rise to make!

**When the storm hits hard from the
mountainside,**

We are the shelter where we both abide!

Two trunks crossed,

One canopy wide.

**No longer alone, with you by my side. Nature
remembers. We stand.**

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



I walked through a Japanese tea garden and found two trees leaning into one another — holding, lifting, becoming stronger together. It reminded me of every soul who has supported me through my seasons. If our lives have ever intertwined, I see you, and I'm grateful. This song is for you.

Some of the truest things get said without words. A garden path. Two trees, grown at an angle toward each other, their trunks meeting somewhere in the middle like they made a decision a long time ago and never looked back.

We can find ourselves awed by nature's call. Hello, beauty, I see you. I will listen, and I pause. One tree weathered and gray by the winds and years, perhaps holding the evergreen through tears

There's something in that image worth sitting with — one tree older, more weathered, maybe carrying more seasons than the other. And still, they hold each other. Not because they're identical. Because they showed up, again and again, long enough for a friendship — or a love, or a family — to actually take root.

Maybe it's joy and companionship that is dear through it all, we found ourselves drawing so near

Leaning is not the same as leaning on

The chorus makes a distinction that's easy to miss and important to catch:

And we lean into trust, we are standing tall, two separate lives that refuse to fall. Not a weight to carry, not a chain to bind— Just the greatest strength that two hearts can find.

These aren't two people who've lost themselves in each other. They're still *two separate lives* — still standing on their own roots. The leaning isn't dependency. It's trust. There's a real difference between someone you carry and someone you walk beside, and this song is honest about which one actually lasts.

Side by side where the waters flow, This is the grace that we've come to know.

Strong enough not to fix each other

Verse two names something a lot of relationships never quite get to:

Shoulder to shoulder, we weather and grow knowing our differences, and still we show. Each one strong and tall, yet we lean not to fall, not to burden, push, or fix one another.

That's rare. Most closeness comes with some amount of trying to shape the other person — smoothing their edges, managing their moods, quietly hoping they'll become easier to carry. This is something else: two people, fully themselves, differences intact, choosing nearness without needing to fix what they find there.

The beauty in the stance is our love; our dance. Find peace as nature reminds us of this chance.

What's happening underground

The most tender turn in the song happens where you can't see it — beneath the surface.

Beneath the surface where the dark earth heals In the sacred silence that Spirit reveals Our roots interlace in the Holy night Drawing our life from an unseen light

The visible part — two trunks leaning together — is only the evidence. The real bond is underground, unseen, drawing from something deeper than either tree could reach alone.

Anchored in faith where the quiet descends It is deep in the Source that the healing mends

To bear is not to burden

The bridge is where the song says the quiet part out loud:

To bear is not to burden! To lean is not to break! Look at the space that we've bridged for each other, look at the future we rise to make! When the storm hits hard from the mountainside, we are the shelter where we both abide!

It's a declaration for anyone who's ever wondered if needing someone made them a weight. It doesn't. Bearing someone up isn't the same as being burdened by them — and being needed by someone you love is not the same as being broken by it.

Two trunks crossed, one canopy wide. No longer alone, with you by my side. Nature remembers. We stand.

I love you, Parish. I'll always remember lying in bed with you, listening to this song I wrote. We held each other and cried with words unspoken.

Reflect

Who in your life has been a "tree" beside you — someone who leaned in trust rather than leaned on for support? What made that relationship feel different from others?

The song draws a line between leaning *into* trust and being a *weight* to carry. Have you ever confused the two — in a friendship, a marriage, a family relationship? What helped you tell them apart?

Verse two describes two people who don't try to fix or push each other. Is there a relationship in your life where you're tempted to smooth someone's edges instead of simply standing beside them?

"Beneath the surface where the dark earth heals" — what's happening in your life right now that isn't visible yet, but is quietly doing the real work of connection or healing?

Think of someone whose life has intertwined with yours the way these two trees have. Have you told them? What would it mean to let them know you see it, the way this song does?



The Anchor Gets To Rise

There's a storm coming, she kept warning,
Everybody was there when the tornado hit ground.
I've patched these walls with trembling fingers,
But how many times can we rebuild this home?

Thunder in your words, lightning in your promise,
You kept chasing that wind till it carried you out.
And I'm the anchor rusting in the water,
Holding on so long, I forgot what I'm about.
I forgot what I'm about

Chorus

How many times can this anchor hold?
How many nights can I stand in the cold?
I count the years — Lord, it's been so long.
Waves keep crashing, tides keep pulling,
And this tired soul can't keep you from the storm.

I've been hunkering down through every season,
Watching waves rise up just to knock me around.
Your tides roll in with promises of calm,
Then roll back out and leave me on the ground.

I guess I'll stay.
'Cause maybe I was made this way—
built from bedrock and backbone,
stitched together with storms I've already survived.
I know how to ride the winds when they rise high,
how to plant my feet when the sky splits open.
Fortitude isn't something I ask for—
it's something I am.

Continue to the next page

Bravery runs in me like a river that never dries.

And while you drift out chasing tides you can't tame,

I'm still here—

the one thing anchored to the land,

the one thing that doesn't break,

the one thing that doesn't run.

But even anchors get tired.

Even anchors feel the pull.

And one day...

Even anchors choose.

How long can an anchor hold

when the tides keep pulling at the soul?

I've stood in storms that never learned my name,

But even iron bends beneath the strain.

**Waves keep rising, shadows turning,
and something deep inside Me's burning.**

If the shoreline's calling me again...

Maybe it's time I follow where it ends.

I've been holding on, Lord...

holding on through the wind and the waves.

Hold on... hold on...

But even anchors get weary,

even iron grows thin...

Peace be still... peace be still...

And I hear something calling me —

**not the storm, not the tide...Telling me Peace
Be Still**

Come on home... come on home...

So, I'm lifting my eyes, lifting my hands

loosening my hold...Mercy and Grace

You're not alone... you're not alone...

Take off your grave clothes and let the storm go, Let it ride,

Rise up....Rise up...Let it ride

Take off your grave clothes and be free

Rise up....Rise up...Let it ride

Take off your grave clothes and finally breathe

What I learned is that God is my anchor, I'm set free

God help me lean on you

God help me see this through

Rise up....Rise up...

And maybe this time...

The anchor gets to rise... the anchor gets to rise.

Lyrics by Anna L. Hebb

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



I realized that Jesus' words in John 11:44 — "Take off the grave clothes and let him go" — were speaking to me, calling me to release the emotional burdens, fears, and responsibilities I've been carrying as my grave clothes. I'm learning that my joy doesn't signal approval of anything; it simply shows that I'm alive, whole, and held by God. I'm letting go of what isn't mine to carry, to love without carrying burdens that don't belong to me, freedom, and the life God is inviting me to live.

Every anchor has a job: hold the line, no matter what the water does. Mine did that job for years.

There's a storm coming, she kept warning. Everybody was there when the tornado ground. I've patched these walls with trembling fingers, but how many times can we rebuild this home?

I got good at patching. Good at holding a line steady while everything around it kept moving.

Thunder in your words, lightning in your promise, you kept chasing that wind till it carried you out. And I'm the anchor rusting in the water, Holding on so long I forgot what I'm about. I forgot what I'm about

That's the part that sneaks up on you — not the storm itself, but how long you can hold a position before you stop remembering you're a person and not just a fixture. An anchor doesn't ask why the tide keeps pulling. It just holds.

What holding costs

How many times can this anchor hold? How many nights can I stand in the cold? I count the years — Lord, it's been so long. Waves keep crashing, tides keep pulling, and this tired soul can't keep you from the storm.

I used to think fortitude meant never asking that question out loud. But the song doesn't stay there — it goes somewhere truer:

Fortitude isn't something I ask for— it's something I am. Bravery runs in me like a river that never dries.

That's still true. I *am* built from bedrock. But being built to hold doesn't mean I was built to hold *everything*, forever, alone.

But even anchors get tired. Even anchors feel the pull. And one day... even anchors choose.

Grave clothes

This is where the song and the moment I had with Scripture meet. In John 11, Lazarus walks out of the tomb alive — but still wrapped. Still bound. Jesus doesn't unwrap Himself. He turns to the people standing there and says, *"Take off the grave clothes and let him go."*

I'd read that story a hundred times as a resurrection story. I hadn't read it as a *releasing* story — the idea that you can be alive, raised, whole, and still walking around bound in the wrappings of what almost buried you. Fear. Responsibility that was never mine to carry. Emotional weight I mistook for love.

So, I'm lifting my eyes, lifting my hands, loosening my hold... Mercy and Grace, take off your grave clothes and let the storm go, let it ride.

I'm learning that my joy doesn't mean I'm approving of what happened, or letting anyone off the hook, or saying the storm didn't cost me something. It just means I'm alive. Whole. Held. That's allowed to be true on its own.

Take off your grave clothes and finally breathe. What I learned is that God is my anchor, and I'm set free.

The anchor gets to rise

The turn in this song isn't that the anchor stops being strong. It's that the anchor finds out who was actually holding the line the whole time.

God help me lean on you. God help me see this through, and maybe this time... the anchor gets to rise... the anchor gets to rise.

Reflect

Where in your life have you been the "anchor" — holding a line steady for someone or something, long after it stopped being sustainable?

The song admits, "I forgot what I'm about." Has holding on to a role or responsibility ever cost you your own sense of self?

What are your "grave clothes" — the fear, the guilt, the sense of duty — that you're still wrapped in, even in a season where you're actually alive and free?

Letting go doesn't mean the storm didn't happen, or that no one is responsible for it. What's the difference, for you, between releasing a burden and pretending it didn't matter?

The song ends with the anchor rising instead of holding. What would it look like, practically, for you to let something be held instead of holding it yourself this week?



Growing Then Gone

A musical note

I wanted this song spoken, not sung.

So much of this grief lived in silence for so long — a loss no one talked about, carried quietly because there was never really a place to say it out loud. When it came time to put it into a song, singing it felt like it would soften something that needed to stay sacred. I didn't want a melody to carry this one. I wanted a voice.

Speaking it felt like the most honest thing I could do — like finally saying out loud what I'd only ever said in my own mind. Not performed. Not polished into a tune. Just spoken, the way you'd speak to someone you love if they were sitting right in front of you.

This is a song about someone finding their voice to name a loss that never had space to be named. It only made sense that the song itself would be spoken the same way — plainly, directly, out loud, after all that silence.

No one ever talks about you
But I hold you here in my mind
So long ago, still fresh, anew
And I hold you, and you are mine

Chorus

Inside me, growing and then gone
I wanted to write this song
Invisible loss, so strong
A silent grief, and so long

You were small, and you were sacred
A heartbeat placed on my soul
Still carry what I was given
Even in the letting you go

Chorus

Inside me, growing and then gone
I wanted to write this song
Invisible loss, so strong
A silent grief, and so long

I'm so sorry you missed this world with us
The changing leaves, the warmth of the sun
But I pray heaven's beauty is generous
And holds every joy left undone

I'll see you when I reach heaven
Can you hear me thinking of you

I whisper into the silence
Where your memory still moves through

I'll carry you still
In His light that won't ever fade
There's joy in knowing I'll see you
That day, he calls me home

One taken
One lost
One stolen

When I see you, no shame
When I hold you, no blame
When I know you, you are whole
Both whole
Both loved
See you soon, beautiful ones

Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



There's a particular kind of grief that the world doesn't always make room for — a loss with no name, no funeral, sometimes no one else who even knew. Just a love that was real and then wasn't held anymore. *No one ever talks about you, But I hold you here in my mind So long ago, still fresh, anew And I hold you, and you are mine.*

That's the ache underneath so much silent grief — not that the loss wasn't real, but that it was invisible to everyone except the one carrying it. Time doesn't erase it. It just teaches you to carry it quietly. *Inside me, growing and then gone I wanted to write this song Invisible loss, so strong A silent grief, and so long.*

Small and sacred

There's a tenderness in verse two that refuses to shrink this loss down to something easier to hold.

You were small, and you were sacred. A heartbeat placed on my soul, still carry what I was given, even in the letting you go.

Sacred and small aren't opposites here — they're both true at once. A life can be brief and still be sacred. A grief can be quiet and still be enormous. This song doesn't ask permission to grieve something the world might call small. It just tells the truth about what it was.

What was missed

Verse three grieves not just the loss itself, but everything that would have come after it — the ordinary, beautiful things that never got to happen.

I'm so sorry you missed this world with us, the changing leaves, the warmth of the sun, but I pray heaven's beauty is generous and holds every joy left undone.

That's a particular kind of grief — mourning a future instead of a past. Autumn leaves, sunlight, ordinary days. And underneath the sorrow, a prayer: that whatever was missed here isn't missing. That heaven is generous enough to hold what this world didn't get to give.

I'll see you when I reach heaven

The bridge is where the song stops grieving into silence and starts speaking directly.

I'll see you when I reach heaven. Can you hear me thinking of you? I whisper into the silence, where your memory still moves through.

I'll carry you still in His light that won't ever fade. There's joy in knowing I'll see you that day, he calls me home.

Carrying doesn't stop just because the world stopped noticing. That's the quiet defiance of this whole song — the memory keeps moving, the love keeps being carried, whether or not anyone else ever knew to ask.

No shame, no blame, only whole

The outro is the release this whole song has been walking toward.

One taken, One lost, One stolen

Three words for a grief that doesn't have just one shape. And then, the turn:
When I see you, no shame. When I hold you, no blame. When I know you, you are whole. Both whole. Both loved. See you soon, beautiful ones

Whatever guilt or self-blame so often attaches itself to this kind of loss, the song sets it down. Not because the grief wasn't real, but because love and shame were never supposed to share the same room.

Reflect

Is there a loss in your life — visible or invisible to others — that you've carried quietly, without much space to name it out loud?

The song says, "You were small, and you were sacred." Is there something in your own grief you've minimized, even to yourself, that deserves to be honored as sacred?

Verse three grieves a future that never happened, not just a past. Have you ever grieved something you never got to have, rather than something you lost?

"When I see you, no shame. When I hold you, no blame." Is there guilt or self-blame you've been carrying alongside a grief that isn't yours to hold?

The bridge speaks directly into the silence — "I whisper into the silence where your memory still moves through." Is there someone you've lost that you haven't let yourself speak to, out loud or in writing, in a long time?

Psalm 34:18 (NIV)

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."

Matthew 5:4 (NIV)

"Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted."

Revelation 21:4 (NIV)

"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away."

Psalm 56:8 (NIV)

"You keep track of all my sorrows. You have collected all my tears in your bottle. You have recorded each one in your book."



Spacious Place

Finding it hard to find a place
To hear my voice and lay it to rest
Years and seasons they've come and
Gone
Thinking back, the memories are just too
strong
How the sacred could be torn and abused
As a child, none of it did I choose

I just pray that my future is filled with
Hope
I just pray that my heart can be restored
I just pray that my mind can find rest
Find His peace, His Joy, and thankfulness

Where were you when all of this took
place?
Where were you when I hung my head in
disgrace?
Fighting to survive each day, I wept inside
my world
While others seemed carefree, I felt like a
damaged girl
Shame and guilt, and normalcy find their
position
My broken mind says you've become an
imposition

Jesus, you can hear me. My healing
comes through you
Jesus, will you stay with me, and finally
see me through
Create in me a new heart, restore and
renew my mind
Give me strength to face my demons one

last time
I want to laugh, renew my youth, and soar
on eagle's wings
Give me your Joy, forgiveness, and help
my heart to sing

I just pray that my future is filled with
Hope
I just pray that my heart can be restored
I just pray that my mind can find rest
Find His peace, His Joy, and thankfulness

Every day I get stronger, and I'm going to
keep my voice
I will find full healing in His Truth; this is
my choice
I am more than a conqueror, overcoming
the enemy's dread
The road is long, the travel slow, there
may be detours ahead
My journey is not fought alone as I travel
to my spacious place
In my crossing over, I'm consumed by His
amazing grace

I just pray that my future is filled with
Hope
I just pray that my heart can be restored
I just pray that my mind can find rest
Find His peace, His Joy, and thankfulness

Find His peace, His Joy, and thankfulness
Lyrics written by Anna L. Hebb



Psalm 18:19 (NIV)

*"He brought me out into a spacious
place; he rescued me because he
delighted in me."*

For anyone carrying the weight of childhood wounding and trauma — the shame that was never yours to hold, the years spent surviving instead of living. This is a prayer for restoration: for a mind that can finally rest, a heart made whole again, and the strength to keep choosing healing, one day at a time. You are more than what happened to you.

I found this song while cleaning out my office. I think I wrote it about ten years ago, and I'd forgotten it existed until it surfaced again, right in the middle of putting this album together. It felt fitting to include it — like it had been waiting for this moment. How amazing, to find a song you wrote a decade ago and realize it still has something to say.

Some grief doesn't have a clean shape. It's not one loss, one moment, one thing you can point to and say "that's what happened." Sometimes it's years — seasons that come and go, memories that stay too strong no matter how much time passes.

Finding it hard to find a place to hear my voice and lay it to rest. Years and seasons they've come and gone. Thinking back, the memories are just too strong. How the sacred could be torn and abused As a child, none of it did I choose

That last line carries the weight of the whole song: *none of it did I choose*. A child doesn't choose what happens to them. That's not a small thing to say out loud — it's the beginning of setting down shame that was never actually theirs to carry.

I just pray that my future is filled with hope. I just pray that my heart can be restored. I just pray that my mind can find rest, find His peace, His Joy, and thankfulness.

Where were you?

Verse two asks the question that so many people carrying trauma eventually have to ask, one way or another.

Where were you when all of this took place? Where were you when I hung my head in disgrace? Fighting to survive each day, I wept inside my world While others seemed carefree, I felt like a damaged girl.

That contrast — watching other people seem carefree while you're fighting just to survive the day — is one of the loneliest parts of carrying something others can't see. And then the quiet lie trauma tells:

Shame and guilt, and normalcy find their position. My broken mind says you've become an imposition.

Not "I feel like an imposition." *My broken mind* says. That distinction matters — it's naming the thought as something trauma produced, not something true.

Create in me a new heart

The turn in this song isn't away from the question — it's toward an answer.

Jesus, you can hear me. My healing comes through you, Jesus. Will you stay with me and finally see me through? Create in me a new heart, restore and renew my mind. Give me strength to face my demons one last time.

There's something significant in asking to *face* what happened rather than simply forget it. This isn't a prayer to erase the past. It's a prayer for strength to walk through it and come out the other side still able to laugh, still able to sing.

I want to laugh, renew my youth, and soar on eagle's wings. Give me your Joy, forgiveness, and help my heart to sing.

Keeping the voice

The final verse doesn't promise the road will be short. It promises the traveler won't be walking it alone.

Every day I get stronger, and I'm going to keep my voice I will find full healing in His Truth, this is my choice I am more than a conqueror overcoming the enemy's dread The road is long, the travel slow, there may be detours ahead My journey is not fought alone as I travel to my spacious place In my crossing over, I'm consumed by His amazing grace

"Spacious place" is a phrase worth sitting with — it's not a finish line, not a single moment of arrival. It's room to breathe, after a long time spent surviving in tight, guarded spaces just to get through each day. *I just pray that my future is filled with hope. I just pray that my heart can be restored. I just pray that my mind can find rest. Find His peace, His Joy, and thankfulness.*

Reflect

The song says, "as a child, none of it did I choose." Is there shame you've been carrying for something that was never actually your responsibility to carry?

"My broken mind says you've become an imposition." Have you noticed a thought pattern in yourself that sounds like a wound talking, rather than the truth?

The song asks to *face* the past rather than erase it. What does the difference between those two things mean for your own healing?

"The road is long, the travel slow, there may be detours ahead." Where are you on your own road right now — and can you let it be slow without that meaning you've failed?

What would your own "spacious place" look or feel like — not an ending, just room to finally breathe?

Psalm 18:19 (NIV)

"He brought me out into a spacious place; he rescued me because he delighted in me."

2 Samuel 22:20 (NIV) — David's song

"He brought me out into a spacious place; he rescued me because he delighted in me."

Psalm 31:8 (NIV)

"You have not given me into the hands of the enemy but have set my feet in a spacious place."

Psalm 4:1 (NIV)

"Answer me when I call to you, my righteous God. Give me relief from my distress; have mercy on me and hear my prayer."

A Closing Word

If you've made it here, you've walked through a whole life with me — not in order, not tidily, but the way life happens. A hallway with peeling wallpaper. A tea garden with two trees leaning into each other. An anchor that finally got to rise. A song no one talks about, held quietly for years. A grave I didn't know I was still wrapped in.

I didn't set out to write an album about healing. I set out to write songs — about my father, about a farmhouse I grew up in, about friendships that lasted and ones that didn't, about a husband I've been choosing for forty years, about a name called out over a lunch counter that felt like heaven leaning close. But healing kept finding its way into every single one anyway. I think that's just what happens when you tell the truth in a verse instead of around it.

Some of these songs took an afternoon. Some of them had been sitting in a drawer, or in an old file on my computer, for ten years, waiting for me to be ready to hear them again. I didn't fully understand a few of them until I was in the middle of writing the next one. That's the strange gift of songwriting — you don't always know what you're building until you step back and see the whole house.

If any part of this album met you somewhere — in your own hallway, your own storm, your own invisible loss, your own spacious place — then it did what I hoped it would do. Not to fix anything. Just to sit with you in it, the way I was sat with, and to remind you that you were never alone.

Thank you for being here for every one of these songs. Thank you for letting me write through my father, my mother, my daughters, my friends, my husband, my faith, my grief, and my healing — out loud, one verse at a time. And thank You, God, for meeting me in every room of this house, even the ones I kept the door closed on for years. You were there before I started writing. You'll be there long after the last song plays.

This is not the end of the story. It's just where this particular album stops.
With love and gratitude, Anna L. Hebb

If something in these pages met you where you are, I hope you'll pass it on to someone else who needs it too. We heal out loud, together, one story at a time.



Dr. Anna L. Hebb