

Exhale

THE LYRICS

Sophia Oakley · words by Tehilla Luttig





Exhale

SONGS AND LYRICS

sung by Sophia Oakley
words by Tehilla Luttig

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God loves me too

CONTENTS

The Source Doesn't Run Out 6

Not Small 10

Clay Jar 13

What's Chasing You 17

You Did Both 20

Right Here in It 23

Todah 26

God Loves Me Too 29

Before It Comes 33

God, I'm Tired of Being Grateful 37

God's Not Scared 42



The Source Doesn't Run Out

Written by Tehilla Luttig



I used to think
Wanting less
Made me better.

More grateful.

More humble.

Maybe just easier
To disappoint.

I learned to count before receiving
Check the price before the want
Say, "No, really, I don't need it"
Before anybody asks

Take the smaller piece at dinner
Leave the bigger one behind
Somewhere I confused abundance
With taking someone else's slice

I thought there was a limit
Some invisible amount
And every dollar in my pocket
Was a dollar someone else went without

So I called it being humble
Called the wanting something wrong

Never stopped to ask myself

Who told me
It could all be gone?

The Source doesn't run out
The river doesn't panic
When I take a drink

There's enough for you
There's enough for me
More than fear taught us to think

I don't have to make myself smaller
So somebody else gets more

If the Source doesn't run out

What am I scared of abundance for?

Funny, there's more money in the world now
Than there's ever been before
Numbers moving every second
Through a million different doors

But I still held my little portion
Like the whole thing might run dry
Called scarcity responsible
And wanting more a sign of pride

And God, somewhere along the way
I made You scarce as well

Like Heaven had a budget
And I'd better not ask twice

But You made a world of oceans
Put more stars than I can count

Maybe I was measuring the Source
By what's sitting in my account

The Source doesn't run out
The river doesn't panic
When I take a drink

There's enough for you
There's enough for me
More than fear taught us to think

I don't have to make myself smaller
So somebody else gets more

If the Source doesn't run out
What am I scared of abundance for?

I don't need a bigger house
To prove that I am blessed

I don't need a number
To tell me I've arrived

Money doesn't make me holy
Money doesn't make me whole

But neither does not having it
God...
I think I made a virtue
Out of being scared to hold

I thought open hands meant empty
Maybe open hands
Can receive

I can give without disappearing
I can have without the shame
I can celebrate your harvest
Without comparing it to mine

Your abundance doesn't threaten me
And mine doesn't steal from you

There isn't less of God for me
Because He's been good to you

And there isn't less for you

Because He's good to me too

The Source doesn't run out
The river doesn't panic
When I take a drink

There's enough for you
There's enough for me
More than fear taught us to think

I don't have to make myself smaller
I don't have to apologize for more

The Source doesn't run out

So I'm not scared of abundance anymore

Enough to receive

Enough to give

Enough to enjoy
This life I get to live

Not because money is my source

Because it isn't

I can count what I have

Without counting on it

My security isn't
In what I have

It's knowing
Who my Source is

And the Source

Doesn't run out





The Source doesn't run out
The river doesn't panic
When I take a drink

I can give without disappearing
I can have without the shame

I thought open hands meant empty
Maybe open hands
Can receive

Not Small

Written by Tehilla Luttig



I learned to shrink before I knew
That's what I learned to do
Keep the dream a little smaller
Keep the wanting quiet too

Don't take up too much room
Don't shine too bright at all
Funny, I called it being humble

You never called me small

Grasshoppers in our own eyes
Giants standing ten feet tall
Maybe they were never giants
Maybe I just saw me small

I won't make myself small
Just to call it holy
I won't hide what You put in me
So nobody feels below me

I can stand up tall
And still fall on my knees
Humility was never thinking
Less of what You made in me

You made me
You know me
So who am I to disagree?

You. Never. Called. Me. Small.

I thought less of me meant more of You
Like that would make You proud
Buried every bit of fire
Then wondered why I burned out

But You don't need me disappearing
For Your glory to stand tall
I was cutting down Your workmanship

And calling myself small

I won't make myself small
Just to call it holy
I won't hide what You put in me
So nobody feels below me

I can stand up tall
And still fall on my knees
Humility was never thinking
Less of what You made in me

You made me
You know me
So who am I to disagree?

You. Never. Called. Me. Small.

Not arrogance.
Not pride.
Just done believing every lie.

Not above you.
Not below.

I just finally know
What You already know.

I won't make myself small
Just to call it holy
I won't bury what You gave me
Just so fear can control me

I can stand up tall
And still fall on my knees
If You call me masterpiece

Who am I to disagree?

You made me.
You know me.
I'm learning to believe.

You. Never. Called. Me. Small.





I can stand up tall
And still fall on my knees
Humility was never thinking
Less of what You made in me

You made me
You know me
So who am I to disagree?

But You don't need me disappearing
For Your glory to stand tall

Clay Jar

Written by Tehilla Luttig



I stand in front of the mirror
And inventory the clay
The lines that weren't here last year
The parts I'd like to change

Too much here, not enough there
Another flaw to name
I've gotten good at measuring
Everything about this frame

And God, I wonder if You're watching
While I'm picking me apart
Then somewhere underneath the noise
I hear You ask my heart

Do you know what I have placed there?
Do you know what you carry?

I keep bringing You my harvest
Like that's what makes the field
Look how much that I can carry
Look how much my hands can yield

Bread upon the table
Wine enough to fill
I've been pricing all my worth
By what this life can build

But a man once found a treasure
Buried underneath a field
Everybody saw the harvest
He knew what it concealed

Do you know what I have placed there?
Do you know what you carry?

Treasure hidden in the ordinary
Glory carried inside clay
I've been staring at the vessel
Trying to judge it every day

Every wrinkle, every weakness
Every failure, every scar
Trying to make the clay more worthy
While forgetting what You are

Treasure carried in the fragile
Power never came from clay
Maybe I've been judging vessels
While You're showing me what they contain

Do you know what I have placed there?

Treasure carried inside clay
That's how You chose to tell it
Not marble, not a palace
Nothing polished, nothing perfect

Just earth shaped into vessels
Common enough to miss
And You chose the unimpressive
To carry something priceless

So why am I still at the mirror
Trying to make the clay enough?
As if this body must be flawless
Before it's worthy of Your touch

Maybe I've been asking
A question You never asked
How do I make this body worthy?
How do I make this life add up?

Do you know what you carry?

Treasure hidden in the ordinary
Glory carried inside clay
I've been staring at the vessel
Trying to judge it every day

Every wrinkle, every weakness
Every failure, every scar
Trying to make the clay more worthy
While forgetting what You are

Treasure carried in the fragile
Power never came from clay
Maybe I've been judging vessels
While You're showing me what they contain

Gold doesn't become gold
The moment it is found
It was gold there in the darkness
It was gold beneath the ground

But hidden gold buys nothing
Till somebody knows it's there
Discovery doesn't make it gold
It makes its value known

Gold doesn't become gold
When we finally learn its name
But once the treasure is uncovered
Nothing gets priced quite the same

And maybe that's what You're asking
While I'm measuring every scar

Do you know what I have placed there?
Do you know what you carry?

So unveil my face
Unveil my eyes
I've spent so long judging clay
I've forgotten what's inside

Let me look into this mirror
And see more than what I see
Not another body to evaluate
Not another thing to critique

You breathed life into the dust
Then put treasure inside clay
And I have spent so much of my life
Looking at it the other way

Treasure hidden in the ordinary
Glory carried inside clay

Do you know what you carry?

I was staring at the vessel
Trying to make it rearrange

Do you know what I have placed there?

I was pricing every harvest
Every wrinkle, every scar

Do you know what you carry?

But the field was never only
What it managed to produce
And the clay was never meant
To prove the treasure's worth

Gold was gold beneath the ground
Before anybody knew

Maybe I don't need another mirror
Maybe I need another view

Do you know what I have placed there?

I'm beginning to.





Gold doesn't become gold
The moment it is found
It was gold there in the darkness
It was gold beneath the ground

Discovery doesn't make it gold
It makes its value known

Maybe I don't need another mirror
Maybe I need another view

What's Chasing You

Written by Tehilla Luttig



I learned to hear the footsteps
Before they reached the door
Good things made me nervous
I'd seen good things leave before

So every time the sun came out
I'd wait to pay the price
Never let the moment hold me
Always looking over my shoulder twice

I thought trouble knew my address
Thought mercy lost the road
Spent my whole life running
From something I didn't know

What's chasing you?
What if it ain't what you think?
What if it's goodness on your heels
And mercy closing in?

What if you stopped running?
Turned around and let it through?
You spent your whole life fearing
What was coming after you

But what if love is chasing you?

I got good at disappointment
Called expecting less being wise
If you never trust the morning
You don't have to fear goodbye

But fear makes a lousy prophet
And I've listened long enough
Maybe every shadow behind me
Wasn't coming to take something from us

What's chasing you?
What if it ain't what you think?
What if it's goodness on your heels
And mercy closing in?

What if you stopped running?
Turned around and let it through?
You spent your whole life fearing
What was coming after you

But what if love is chasing you?

Turn around.

I always heard His goodness
And mercy followed me
Like they wandered somewhere behind me
Quietly keeping pace

Something I could fall back into
If I ever lost my way
But it turns out "follow" was too gentle
That word was closer to pursuit

Goodness chasing me
Mercy closing the distance
Day after day
Still coming after me

I spent my whole life fearing footsteps
Certain something bad was due
All this time I feared what chased me

It was goodness chasing me

What's chasing you?
Go on, turn around and see
Goodness right behind you
Mercy running at your feet

You don't have to keep on running
You don't have a thing to prove
All this time you feared the footsteps

But love was chasing you

Turn around

Goodness
Mercy

Day after day
Still coming after you

Turn around

It's been chasing you.





What if it's goodness on your heels
And mercy closing in?

But fear makes a lousy prophet
And I've listened long enough

You spent your whole life fearing
What was coming after you
But what if love is chasing you?

You Did Both

Written by Tehilla Luttig



You were sleeping in the stern
While the water filled the boat
They were certain they were dying
You were resting through it all

Then they woke You with their terror
"Don't You care that we could drown?"
You rose without their panic
And You told the wind to calm

Their fear could wake You
But it could not move You
The storm never chose what You would do

You slept inside the storm
You stood and said, "Be still"
One was never weakness
One was never force of will

You didn't need the volume
Just a clear and steady word
Rest and rebuke came from
The same authority in You

Help me recognize
When to rest and when to rise
You did both
You did both

You didn't keep the waves there
Just to make the lesson last
You didn't leave them in their fear
Until they learned to trust

You gave direction to the chaos
Then You asked them where faith was
Not rejection, not a verdict
An invitation to know You

The One there in their boat
Was greater than the storm
And maybe they had more authority
Than they had known before

You slept inside the storm
You stood and said, "Be still"
One was never weakness
One was never force of will

You didn't need the volume
Just a clear and steady word
Rest and rebuke came from
The same authority in You

Help me recognize
When to rest and when to rise
You did both
You did both

I wonder how they feared it
With You right there by their side
How could they forget who shared their boat
When the waves began to rise?

Then I feel the water rising
And I hear my own heart race
And the storm outside grows louder
Than the presence that I carry

You came closer than beside me
By Your Spirit, You're within
Still I brace as if I'm helpless
Still forget the strength You give

Awaken me to presence
When the thunder's all I hear
You are not across the water
You are closer than my fear

You slept inside the storm
You stood and said, "Be still"
One was never weakness
One was never force of will

You didn't need the volume
Authority gave direction
You knew what could be rested in
And what required correction

Help me recognize what can be surrendered
And what needs a steady word
When to rest within Your presence
When to rise in who You are

Help me recognize
When to rest and when to rise
You did both
You did both

The storm does not decide my posture
And fear does not have to lead
Sometimes faith can close its eyes
Sometimes faith stands up and speaks



Sometimes faith can close its eyes
Sometimes faith stands up and speaks

The storm does not decide my posture
And fear does not have to lead

You slept inside the storm
You stood and said, "Be still"
One was never weakness
One was never force of will

Right Here in It

Written by Tehilla Luttig



The numbers don't add up again
I've checked them seventeen times
Moved the money, moved it back
Like rearranging it might multiply

I ask You for an answer
Then keep carrying it alone
Talking like You're somewhere listening
From a safe and distant throne

But You have never been afraid
To put Your hands into the mess
You don't wait outside the wreckage
You are already in it

You're not watching from the outside
You're not waiting till it's clean
You are right here in the middle
Right here in the mess with me

Not embarrassed by the chaos
Not afraid of what You see
You don't love me from a distance
You are right here in it with me

If it's my money, it's my problem
Every shortage, every need
But if what is mine is also Yours
Then You're holding this with me

Maybe "ours" does not mean easy
Maybe trust won't change the sum
But I'm no longer the only one
Who has to find what comes next

I thought faith meant staying hopeful
From the cleaner side of this
But You have always been the God
Who steps into the thick of it

You're not watching from the outside
You're not waiting till it's clean
You are right here in the middle
Right here in the mess with me

Not embarrassed by the chaos
Not afraid of what You see
You don't love me from a distance
You are right here in it with me

Sometimes help looks like a doorway
Sometimes strength enough for now
Sometimes someone calls at the right time
Sometimes I still don't know how

Sometimes numbers move by morning
Sometimes longer than I'd choose
But there has never been a moment
I was left alone to lose

No, You're not above it
You're not beyond it
You're not waiting at the end
You are underneath me
You are beside me
Closer than my closest friend

You're not watching from the outside
Sending comfort down to me
You are right here in the middle
Breathing in this mess with me

Not embarrassed by the chaos
Not demanding I believe
My way out before You enter
You are already here with me

You don't love me from a distance
You are right here in it with me

The numbers still don't add up yet
But something changed in me
It isn't mine to solve alone
You're right here in it with me





You don't love me from a distance
You are right here in it with me

Maybe "ours" does not mean easy
Maybe trust won't change the sum
But I'm no longer the only one
Who has to find what comes next

The numbers still don't add up yet
But something changed in me
It isn't mine to solve alone
You're right here in it with me

Todah

Written by Tehilla Luttig



I can sing a hallelujah
While the room is dark and still
Not to cover up my questions
But because I know Your heart

I can bring You all my feelings
I can tell You this is hard
Worship isn't hiding sorrow
It's remembering who You are

I don't have to hold tomorrow
It is already held by You

Todah
I can thank You
Before the answer comes

I may not know what it looks like
But I know the heart it comes from

You've already filled tomorrow
With the goodness of Your heart
The cross has shown me who You are
So hallelujah in the dark

You don't need my hallelujah
To become more than You are
I need praise to help remember
Just how powerful You are

Every thank You tells my body
I am not alone in this
Like a child who trusts the giver
I can rest before the gift

I don't have to hold tomorrow
It is already held by You

Todah
I can thank You
Before the answer comes

I may not know what it looks like
But I know the heart it comes from

You've already filled tomorrow
With the goodness of Your heart
The cross has shown me who You are
So hallelujah in the dark

There's a door on the horizon
I can't see what waits beyond
But the cross reveals the Giver
So I know what heart it's from

I don't need to see the details
To receive the peace You bring
Your goodness has gone before me
So I already can sing

Todah
Thank You that You've got this

Hallelujah
I know who You are

Todah
Your goodness goes before me

Hallelujah
Even in the dark

Todah
I can thank You
Before the answer comes

I may not know what it looks like
But I know the heart it comes from

You've already filled tomorrow
With the goodness of Your heart
The cross has shown me who You are
So hallelujah in the dark

Todah is my thanksgiving
Before the answer comes

I may not know what it looks like
But I know the heart it comes from

Todah
Thank You that You've got this

Hallelujah
I know who You are





Worship isn't hiding sorrow
It's remembering who You are

Like a child who trusts the giver
I can rest before the gift

I don't have to hold tomorrow
It is already held by You

God Loves Me Too

Written by Tehilla Luttig



Hey!
Look at me
Loved completely

Before my feet touch the floor
Before I've done a single thing
Before I've answered everyone
Or found out what today will bring

There's already love around me
There's already room to breathe
I don't have to go and find it
It woke up here with me

So let the curtains open
Let the morning through
I've got a reason to be singing
And it's wonderfully true

God loves me too
On my best day, on my worst
I am dancing in a love
That loved me first

God loves me too
Every ordinary part
Not a future, better version
This loud and beating heart

Let the good news feel like good news
Let it put some joy back in my shoes
Hallelujah, look at me
God loves me too

Me too, me too
Hallelujah, me too
Me too, me too
God loves me too

In the kitchen, in the car
When I'm laughing far too loud
When I'm certain, when I'm not
When I don't make myself proud

When the house is full of music
When I need to close the door
I am not loved any better
I am not loved any more

It doesn't rise with my performance
It doesn't fall when I fall short
Love is not a prize for winning
It was always mine before

God loves me too
On my best day, on my worst
I am dancing in a love
That loved me first

God loves me too
Every ordinary part
Not a future, better version
This loud and beating heart

Let the good news feel like good news
Let it put some joy back in my shoes
Hallelujah, look at me
God loves me too

Me too, me too
Hallelujah, me too
Me too, me too
God loves me too

Fully known
Fully loved
Nothing missing
Nothing earned

Here I am
As I am
Held within
The heart of God

Fully known
Fully loved
Nothing hidden
Nothing lost

Grace is not
A little drop
There is more
Than enough

More than enough for you
More than enough for me
Nobody's taking your place
Nobody's taking mine

God loves me too
On my best day, on my worst
I am dancing in a love
That loved me first

God loves me too
Every ordinary part
Not a future, better version
This loud and beating heart

Let the good news feel like good news
Let it put some joy back in my shoes
Hallelujah, look at me
God loves me too

Me too, me too
Hallelujah, me too
Me too, me too
God loves me too

You too, you too
Hallelujah, you too
Look at us, loved and free
God loves me too

Hey!
Look at me
Loved completely





Not a future, better version
This loud and beating heart

Love is not a prize for winning
It was always mine before

Let the good news feel like good news
Let it put some joy back in my shoes

Before It Comes

Written by Tehilla Luttig



There's twelve bucks in the account
And three bills coming out
School shoes getting way too small
And something else is due right now

The WhatsApp group's gone off again
I don't even wanna look
Every little "Just a reminder"
Seems to cost another hundred bucks

I'm doing math I've done before
Like maybe it'll change
Moving money between accounts
Like furniture in a tiny space

And I know all the words about abundance
I believe them when I breathe
It's just harder when the numbers
Are staring back at me

But an empty bank account
Isn't evidence You're gone
Fear can tell me what I'm feeling
It doesn't get to tell me what's true

Can I call You good before it comes?
Before the number changes
Before I know where from

Can I sleep tonight without tomorrow
Paying rent inside my head?
Can I trust there's daily bread
Before I see the bread?

I don't need to call this easy
I don't need to know how it ends
I just want to know I'm held

Before it comes

Market Day is Friday
Buy the stuff they're gonna sell
Then give the school the money that they make
Yeah, that makes sense as well

And obviously they need spending cash
To walk around and buy
Then prize-giving, trips and school shoes
Shit, it adds up every time

There's groceries in the shopping cart
I'm adding as I go
Putting back the little extras
Nobody else would know

And scarcity gets personal
So quickly in my head
From "I don't have enough right now"
To "maybe I'm not enough" instead

But You never called me failure
When the numbers didn't work
You never put a dollar sign
Beside what I am worth

So the numbers can be numbers
They don't get to prophesy
They can tell me what I have today
They can't tell me who I am

Can I call You good before it comes?
Before the number changes
Before I know where from

Can I sleep tonight without tomorrow
Paying rent inside my head?
Can I trust there's daily bread
Before I see the bread?

I don't need to call this easy
I don't need to know how it ends
I just want to know I'm held

Before it comes

Manna wasn't warehouses
But every morning, there it was
Enough before they knew the how
Provision showing up because

Tomorrow isn't asking me
To have tomorrow's answer yet
I don't have to see where it's coming from
To believe there's more ahead

This number isn't prophecy
This season isn't where I stay
What's missing from my hands right now
Doesn't get to name my days

So I'll pay what I can pay
I'll work, I'll ask, I'll make the call
But I won't shrink tomorrow down
To what I can see at all

The bills are real
The fear is real

But neither gets the final word



The need is here
And so are You

And lack is not my future

I can call You good before it comes
Before the number changes
Before I know where from

I can let tomorrow stay tomorrow
Feed the kids and go to bed
Maybe this is daily bread
Trusting You before the bread

I don't know how You'll provide it
I don't need to know just yet
I won't turn today's bank balance
Into tomorrow's evidence

I don't have to see the answer
To believe that more will come

I know I'm held

Before it comes

The WhatsApp group's gone off again

I don't even wanna look

...

"Reminder: Market Day Friday."

Shit.



So the numbers can be numbers
They don't get to prophesy
They can tell me what I have today
They can't tell me who I am

Can I sleep tonight without tomorrow
Paying rent inside my head?

The bills are real
The fear is real
But neither gets the final word

God, I'm Tired of Being Grateful

Written by Tehilla Luttig



God, can I be honest?

Sorry.

Of course I can.

You already know what I'm thinking.

I'm just...

sometimes tired of being grateful.

That sounds terrible.

I know.

I'm grateful for my life.
I'm grateful for my family.
For the roof.
For the work.
For the food.
For all the prayers
that didn't end in no.

I know.

That's kind of the problem.

Every time something hurts
I find something good
and hold it over the wound.

At least you have this.
At least it's not that.
Other people would kill
for the life that you have.

So smile.
Say thank You.

Don't be difficult.
Don't ask for more.

Don't look at the thing
you still wanted
sitting in somebody else's hands.

Call it contentment.
Call it faith.
Call it anything
but disappointment.

I got so good
at counting blessings

I stopped counting
what they cost me.

God, I'm tired of being grateful
when what I really mean is scared.

Scared that wanting something different
means I don't want what's here.

Can I love this life You gave me
and still tell You where it hurts?

Can I love what's growing here
and still grieve what never grew?

God, I'm grateful.

I am.

I just don't want gratitude
to make a liar out of me.

I chose some of this.

That one gets me.

I chose the yes.
Signed my name.
Walked through the door
with my eyes wide open.

So apparently
I forfeited the right
to ever find it heavy.

I wanted the children.
I wanted the marriage.
I prayed for the work.
I asked for the chance.

So when any of it hurts,

I hear this voice saying,

You asked for this.

As if choosing love
means never feeling
what love costs.

But You knew exactly
why You came.

And still,

in a garden,

You asked
if there was another way.

God, I'm tired of being grateful
when what I really mean is scared.

Scared that asking You to change it
means I don't trust You there.

Can I love what You have given
without loving every part?

Can I hold gratitude in one hand
and disappointment in the other

without tearing them apart?

God, I'm grateful.

I am.

I just don't want gratitude
to make a liar out of me.

And You cried
at a grave

You already knew

You were about
to empty.

You knew
Lazarus was coming out.

And You cried anyway.

So maybe knowing
it will be okay

doesn't mean
this doesn't hurt.

Maybe trusting You
doesn't mean
I have to call this easy.

Maybe choosing it
doesn't mean
I never get tired.

Maybe wanting more
doesn't make me ungrateful.

Maybe grief
and gratitude

were never enemies.

God, I'm tired of being grateful

the way I learned
to be grateful.

Quiet enough
to need nothing.

Good enough
to ask for less.

Thankful enough
to swallow every
"but I wish..."

before it leaves my chest.

I can love this life You gave me
and still tell You where it hurts.

I can love what's growing here
and still grieve what never grew.

I can trust You
and ask questions.

I can choose
and still get tired.

I can be grateful

without lying.

So...

thank You.

Really.

And also,

this hurts.

I think You can hold both.





I just don't want gratitude
to make a liar out of me.

As if choosing love
means never feeling
what love costs.

Maybe grief
and gratitude
were never enemies.

God's Not Scared

Written by Tehilla Luttig



I woke up counting.

Money.
Days.
Things that haven't happened yet.

How much is coming in.
What's going out.
What if this doesn't work?

What if that falls through?

My mind had built
the whole disaster
before breakfast.

I know this feeling.

Everything gets urgent.

Every number gets a voice.
Every unknown gets teeth.

I start looking for answers
that don't exist yet,

trying to solve tomorrow
with what I know today.

And then I asked myself
the strangest little question.

Is God scared?

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

I'm running every ending
like it's already there.

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

And if the One who's holding me
isn't scared of what's ahead,

maybe I don't have to face it
like I'm on my own.

God's not scared.

No.

God's not scared.

There's a bill I can't answer.

A door that hasn't opened.

Someone I love
I cannot make okay.

There's a prayer
still sitting there unanswered.

And a future
that refuses to explain itself today.

I can feel my body
bracing for the impact

of a thing
that hasn't even happened yet.

So I ask again:

Is God scared?

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

I'm ten steps down a road
that isn't even there.

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

I can feel the fear
without following it there.

Maybe sometimes peace
is not knowing what happens
and finding I can breathe.

Maybe sometimes trust
still has a shaking voice.

Maybe surrender
can look like being scared
and staying open anyway.

I'm scared.

There.

I said it.

But fear doesn't get
to tell me what is true.

I don't need to make it leave
before I remember You.

The numbers are real.

The problem is real.

The waiting is real.

But fear isn't
the only thing in the room.

He's not scared.

And He's not somewhere else.

He's here.

He loves me.

He's got me.

So if the One who's holding me
isn't scared of what's ahead,

I don't have to be scared either.

And when I am,

I don't have to be scared
like I'm on my own.

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

Tomorrow isn't coming at Him
unprepared.

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

I don't have to know the ending
to know He's there.

God's not scared.

God's not scared.

I can be afraid
without putting fear in charge.

I woke up counting.

Maybe tomorrow
I will too.

But somewhere between
the numbers
and the worst-case scenarios,

I can ask:

Is God scared?

No.

God's not scared.





I can feel the fear
without following it there.

The numbers are real.
The problem is real.
The waiting is real.
But fear isn't
the only thing in the room.

I can be afraid
without putting fear in charge.

NOTES



LISTEN

Every song in this book is on Spotify and YouTube.
The lyrics for all the albums live online too.

tehillaluttig.com/lyrics

Sung by Sophia Oakley · Words by Tehilla Luttig

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