

Chayil

The Virtuous Woman

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my mother:

Lois Marie (Hills) Baumhardt

She is in heaven now, but she shaped the ground I stand on.

Long before I had language for Scripture, I watched Proverbs 31:10
lived out quietly—not as performance, not as perfection, but as
strength rightly governed. She did not announce her virtue. She
embodied it. She carried weight without demanding recognition and
loved without losing herself.

She stayed.

She stayed faithful in ordinary days no one applauded.
She stayed steady when pressure would have justified hardness.
She stayed seated in reverence when the world rewarded hurry.

I did not understand then what I understand now—that virtue is not
something one claims, but something one forms over time through
obedience, restraint, and trust. I see it clearly now because I saw it first
in her.

I am here because she was.

Because she chose integrity when ease was available.
Because she carried responsibility without resentment.
Because she modeled strength that did not need to dominate to be real.

If this book speaks of a woman found among rubies, it is because I
learned early what that looked like—close enough to touch, steady
enough to lean on, rare enough to recognize only later.

This work bears her imprint.

Not as memory alone, but as inheritance.

And if any part of what you read leads you to slow down, to stay, to
trust the forming work of God rather than rush toward visibility—
know that you are encountering the echo of a life well-lived.

Mom—
you exemplified Proverbs 31:10
long before I knew how to name it.

I am here because you did.

Thank you!

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WHO CAN FIND...

She was not known by one name.

Those who encountered her named her
according to what they experienced,
each speaking truth from their own place of seeing.
No name contradicted another. None were complete on their own.

Wisdom called her *aligned*.

She heard in her a cadence that matched heaven's weight—strength
restrained, speech measured, a life moving in rhythm with what lasts.

Time called her *enduring*.

Years passed over her without eroding her center. What remained after
seasons shifted bore quiet evidence of formation, not performance.

God called her *entrusted*.

He weighed her not by sacrifice, but by trustworthiness—by obedience
without visibility, authority without exploitation, strength governed by
reverence.

The Needy called her *safe*.

They leaned without ceremony and did not fall. In crisis, she did not
fracture, harden, or withdraw. She redistributed weight wisely and
remained present without consuming herself.

The Gatekeepers called her *recognized*.

Cities opened. Communities yielded.
Authority responded not to ambition, but to likeness.

She carried the mark of time spent with the King,
and gates knew it.

None of these names were wrong.
None of them were sufficient.

Because she was never meant to be defined by observation alone.

She was known most clearly in the place where she stayed.

In the language of Scripture, she is called:

חַיִל
Chayil

Often translated as *virtuous*, the word does not mean gentle, compliant, or ornamental.

Chayil speaks of
strength, valor, capacity,
and moral force—
the kind that can be entrusted with weight.

It is the same word used for warriors,
for those proven reliable in battle,
for people capable of standing when pressure comes and others retreat.

When Scripture asks,

“Who can find a virtuous woman?”

It is asking:

Who can find a woman of chayil—
strength rightly governed,
authority held in reverence,
power formed through obedience?

She is not called *Chayil* because she achieved it.
She is called *Chayil* because she stayed long enough to be shaped
by the One who gives strength without corruption.

And when the search concluded—
when Wisdom recognized her,
when Time confirmed her,
when God entrusted her,
when the Needy leaned without falling,
when Gates opened in response to likeness—

“I called her Found.”

Not because she was hidden,
but because she was rare.

Not because she was missing,
but because she had been seated.

***Found* is the answer to Proverbs 31:10.**

It is heaven’s response to the question Scripture dares to ask.

The chapters that follow **are not** the story
of how she became someone **exceptional**.

They are the **testimony** of how she **remained**
—how she sat,
how she **listened**,
how she carried what was entrusted—
until strength learned to rest,
and light learned to lead others home.

WHERE SHE WAITS

The garden did not announce itself.

It revealed itself the way truth always does—slowly, when the light was right.

At dawn, when the first breath of morning still held the cool of night, she sat there. Not hidden, yet not displayed. The ground beneath her feet was living—dark soil threaded with veins of color, as though the earth itself remembered something ancient and precious. From that soil grew gemstones.

They did not protrude like trophies. They *grew*—as flowers grow—set into the land with quiet intention. Rubies opened like blossoms, their facets catching the dew that clung to them like prayer. Sapphires rose in patient stems, holding the sky in their depths. Amethyst clustered low to the ground, humble and watchful. Each stone carried a weight older than time and yet shimmered as if newly spoken into being.

She moved among them without hurry.

Her fingers traced their edges—not to claim, not to collect, but to recognize. She knew them by the way they responded to the light. At dawn, they reflected the Son in fragments—soft, refracted, merciful. As morning strengthened, the garden awakened fully, each gemstone flaring with color as the Son rose higher, casting His fullness across the land. At midday, the rubies burned—not with heat, but with clarity—revealing nothing false, hiding nothing unformed.

And when evening came, when the Son slipped beyond the horizon and the moon took her watch, the stones changed again. They no longer blazed. They *held*. Silver light gathered in their depths, quiet and contemplative, mirroring what had been given earlier, faithful to return what they had received.

This was the rhythm of the garden.

Light given. Light held. Light reflected.

The woman sat at the center of it all.

She did not rush the hours. She did not measure the day by productivity or proof. She was not waiting in anxiety, nor standing in expectation of applause. She was seated—rooted, present, attentive. The posture of someone who knew she was already seen, even if not yet found.

Her gaze lingered on the stones not because they dazzled her, but because they told the truth. Each one bore witness to time spent under light, to seasons endured without removal, to pressure that had not shattered but clarified. They were not polished by hands. They had been *formed*—slowly, faithfully, beneath the surface.

She recognized herself in them.

The garden was not hers by ownership, yet it belonged to her by intimacy. She knew which stones leaned toward the morning, which drank deeply at noon, which seemed to listen for the moon. She knew which had fractured and healed, which had been buried longer than the rest, which had emerged only recently into visibility.

And she knew why she was there.

Not to be admired.

Not to be evaluated.

Not to be chosen by chance.

She was waiting to be *found*.

Not found as one misplaced, but found as one rare. Found in the way foundations are found—by those who know what they are looking for, and who are willing to look beneath the surface. Found by those who understand that value reveals itself only to the patient.

She had learned to wait here.

In the presence of the One her heart longed for.

He walked the garden, though His steps were not always heard. Sometimes His nearness was known only by the way the light lingered longer than expected, or by the way the stones seemed to hum quietly,

as if remembering His voice. She did not chase Him. She did not perform for Him. She trusted that He knew where she was.

And He did.

The waiting had not been passive. It had shaped her. In this garden she learned restraint—the strength to remain when leaving would have been easier. She learned reverence—the wisdom to receive light without demanding explanation. She learned weight—the capacity to hold what was given without spilling it in haste.

Here, among rubies, she learned to sit.

The world beyond the garden searched loudly. It called virtue many things—efficiency, compliance, perfection, visibility. But none of those voices reached her here. This place was guarded by light and time and presence. Only those willing to slow, to watch, to discern would ever cross its threshold.

She did not know who would find her first.

Wisdom would come, she sensed it. Wisdom always did—quietly, listening more than speaking, testing resonance rather than appearance. Time would follow, inevitably, tracing the lines of endurance left behind. God Himself would examine what no one else could see, weighing not her actions alone but her alignment. The needy would arrive last, perhaps unexpectedly, leaning without ceremony—and discovering she did not collapse.

And one day, the gatekeeper would speak.

But for now, the garden breathed.
The stones glistened.
The Son rose and set.
The moon kept watch.

And the woman remained—
not striving to be worthy,
but seated where worth is formed,
waiting to be found among rubies.

THE RHYTHM OF THE GARDEN

Intro — dawn breathing

bbb... mmm...

(breath lifting with morning light)

shhh...fff...

(dew settling)

Verse 1

I sit where the light arrives

mmm—abb

Before the day asks anything

shhh—fff

The ground remembers my name

Though no one's calling it

mmm—mmm

I don't reach

I don't rise

bbb—mmm

I let the morning find my eyes

mmm—abb

Pre-Chorus — light touching stone

whooo—bbb—mmm

Rubies breathe beneath my feet

shrr—fff

Sapphires hold the sky for me

mmm—abb

What was formed in hidden time

Knows how to wait

Knows how to shine

bbb—mmm—abb

Chorus — the rhythm of the garden

Light given

mmm—abb

Light held

shhh—fff

Light returned

Just as it was felt

mmm—mmm—abb

I don't keep it

I don't own

I let it pass through flesh and bone

bbb—mmm

Verse 2 — midday clarity

At noon the stones grow bold

mmm—abb

Not loud, but clear and true

shhh—fff

Nothing false can stay here

Nothing unformed too

mmm—mmm

I stand in heat without a name

bbb—mmm

I don't mistake the fire for flame

mmm—abb

Bridge — evening holding

ffff—bbb—mmm

When the sun slips from the land

shhb—abb

I don't chase the warmth it gave

mmm—mmm

The moon knows how to keep

What daylight made

bbb—fff—mmm

Silver settles in the stone

shhb—abb

What was given now is grown

mmm—mmm—abb

Final Chorus — seated knowing

I am not hidden

mmm—abb

I am not displayed

shhb—fff

I am already seen

Though I have not been named

mmm—mmm—abb

I wait

Not afraid

bbb—mmm

Worth is formed

Where I have stayed

mmm—abb

Outro — garden breathing

bbb... mmm... shhh...

(wind moving through leaves)

I do not strive

I do not roam

mmm—abb

Here, among rubies

I am home

bbb... mmm... shhh...

WISDOM SEEKS HER OWN

The First Search

I walk.

Not because I am lost, but because searching is my nature. I have always moved—across generations, across thresholds, across the quiet places where truth prefers to grow. My steps are unhurried. I learned long ago that haste dulls discernment, and discernment is my language.

I pass through the countryside as morning stretches itself awake. Fields breathe under low light. Stone walls hold their silence. Paths remember the weight of feet that have traveled them faithfully, long before anyone thought to name what they carried. I am present where lives are lived without witnesses.

I listen.

I listen the way one listens for a tuning fork rather than a trumpet. I am not impressed by volume. I am not persuaded by display. I listen for cadence—for lives that move in measure, for decisions that arrive whole because they were allowed to finish forming.

I hear many sounds.

I hear the clatter of effort—voices straining to prove worth, hands busy with tasks that do not know why they were begun. I hear ambition dressed as devotion, urgency masquerading as calling. I hear answers spoken too quickly, strength borrowed from noise when weight is lacking.

I keep walking.

Through homes where women rise early and retire late, faithful yet unseen. Through marketplaces where worth is negotiated and misnamed. Through conversations that orbit virtue without ever touching it. Sometimes I am recognized. Sometimes I am not. When I am, questions follow me like children curious but impatient.

“Wisdom,” they ask, “what are you looking for?”

I do not answer at first. Answers given too quickly become tools for performance. When I speak, I speak plainly.

“I am listening.”

They are confused by this. They want instruction. A list. A standard they can adopt without surrender. They ask again—more insistently now—what a virtuous woman is.

I tell them what I can.

“She moves with weight,” I say. “And she does not rush to set it down.”

Some nod, thinking weight means responsibility alone. Others mistake it for endurance, for suffering, for effort multiplied. I let them wrestle. Virtue cannot be explained fully to those unwilling to be formed.

I move on.

Across hills where wind lifts the grasses in waves. Across roads where dust rises and settles again, leaving no record of the passing. Across long stretches where nothing seems to happen—until it does.

That is when I hear it.

At first, it is not a song.

It is a movement in the air, subtle and alive. The wind shifts—not sharply, not violently—but with intention. It carries something with it, something that does not originate from labor or longing. It does not call for attention. It does not ask to be noticed.

It simply *is*.

I stop.

Because I recognize that sound.

It is worship—but not the kind shaped for gatherings or platforms. It is worship that rises because presence is already assumed. Worship that does not seek heaven because heaven has already drawn near.

The sound travels low at first, threading itself through hedgerows and open fields, slipping between branches, passing through doorways without disturbing what rests there. It carries no strain. No urgency. No demand.

It carries *weight*.

I close my eyes—not to withdraw, but to listen more fully. The melody is

steady, governed, shaped by long familiarity with silence. I hear restraint in the pauses. I hear reverence in the way the song allows space for breath. I hear strength that has learned to rest without dissipating.

This is not a voice rehearsed for approval.

This is the sound of someone seated.

The wind gathers the song and lifts it higher now, curling it through the air like light bending around water. It brushes against me, and recognition rises—not excitement, not urgency, but resonance.

I smile.

Because virtue always sounds familiar to me.

I do not ask where the sound comes from. I do not call out to interrupt it. I do not name it too soon. I have learned that recognition, offered prematurely, can fracture what is still being held whole.

I turn.

I walk in the direction the wind is already going.

Across the land, the song continues—sometimes faint, sometimes full, always governed. It leads me not to a city gate, not to a stage, not to a crowd, but toward a garden.

I know this garden.

Gemstones grow there like flowers. Light is received rather than chased. Time slows, not from neglect, but from reverence. A woman sits there—not

striving to be found, not anxious for discovery, but present with the One her heart longs for.

She sings because He is near.

And I, I follow the sound.

THE SONG WISDOM HEARS

Intro — wind awakening

bbb—shhh—wfff

(breath through leaves)

mmm—abb—bbb

(light stirring)

Verse 1

I sit where Your light has named me

mm—bb—ab

I wait where Your footsteps fall

shhh—fff—mmm

I don't rise to be noticed

I don't rush to be crowned

I was formed in the stillness

Where Your presence was found

bbb—abb—mmm

Pre-Chorus — wind gathering

wbooo—shrr—bbb

I learned how to listen

Before I learned how to speak

mmm—mmm

I learned how to carry

What the hurried would leak

shh—ab

Not loud, not borrowed

Not thin, not displayed

I stayed with the weight

Until strength learned to stay

bbb—mmm—abb

Chorus

You are here

ffff—hhh

So I am not afraid

mmm—abb

I don't need to shine

When I'm seated in flame

shrr—mmm

You are here

hhh—whooo

And I remain

I was found in Your presence

Before I was found by name

mmm—mmm—abb

Verse 2

Rubies rose where I rested

click—mmm

From pressure I did not flee

shhh—hhh

Every facet remembers

The light You entrusted to me

mmm—abb

Morning dew, midday fire

Evening moon, silver grace

I held what You gave me

And it kept its place

hhh—mmm—abb

Bridge — swirling airwaves

w^hooo—w^hooo—shrr—bbb

If Wisdom is listening

Let her hear my tone

mmm—mmm

Not the words I'm singing

But the weight I've known

shb—abb

I am not hidden

I am not displayed

I am seated, steady

In the fear of the Lord

I was made this way

bbb—mmm—abb

Chorus (expanded)

You are here

fff—bbb

And I don't move fast

mmm—abb

I don't trade forever

For a moment that won't last

shrr—mmm

You are here

bbb—w^hooo

So I stay

Let the watchers come later

I am with You today

mmm—mmm—abb

Outro — wind softening, moonlight

shhh—hhh—mmm

(breeze easing)

I sing because You are near

mmm—abb

I wait because You are good

shh—hhh

If I am found at all

Let it be here

Among rubies

Where virtue learned to sit

hhh... mmm... shhh...

TIME LOOKS BACK

The Second Search

I do not walk the way Wisdom walks.

I pass.

Through years. Through seasons. Through the long corridors people forget they are building even as they live inside them. I do not hurry because nothing escapes me. I do not pause because nothing needs persuading. I arrive after words have cooled, after intentions have had their chance to become something more—or to disappear.

I look back.

Not with nostalgia. Not with regret. I am not sentimental. Sentiment clouds vision. I am factual. I examine what remains when explanations have thinned and energy has moved on to something newer, louder, more urgent.

I pass through fields that were once green with promise. Some lie fallow now, exhausted by overuse, stripped by seasons that demanded more than they were designed to give. I pass homes where laughter once rang sharp and bright, now quiet with a silence that did not come from peace but from erosion. I pass

projects begun with fire that burned hot and fast, leaving nothing but ash and stories about what *could* have been.

I do not stop there.

I am tracing something else.

I am following evidence.

I notice children first. I always do. They tell the truth long after adults have learned to edit themselves. I watch how they carry disappointment. I watch how they speak when frustrated, how they hold power when given small authority. I see whether bitterness has found a home in them—or whether disappointment passed through without lodging.

Some are sharp-edged, defensive, prematurely hardened. They learned early that strength meant survival. Others carry a different gravity. They are steady. Not naive. Not untouched by pain. But formed—shaped by something that taught them how to endure without curdling.

I mark the difference.

I follow the thread backward.

It leads me through years of ordinary faithfulness. Through kitchens and late nights. Through corrections given without humiliation. Through restraint practiced when reaction would have been easier. Through a strength that did not need to dominate in order to be real.

I keep moving.

I examine work next. Not output, not productivity, not visible success. I

examine the soul of the work. I ask whether it consumed the one who carried it, whether it demanded compromises that hollowed out the interior, whether the labor required the erosion of reverence in exchange for results.

Much work fails this test.

It grows impressive and collapses internally. It expands outward and thins inward. It achieves and corrodes at the same time.

But occasionally, I find work that is complete—and intact. Finished without bitterness. Offered without resentment. Laid down without collapse. Work that did not devour the one who bore it.

I pause there.

Because this kind of completion takes time—and restraint.

I move again.

I am listening now—not for sound, but for echo.

Echo is different from noise. Noise dies quickly. Echo persists, shaped by what it passes through. It tells me where something began and whether it carried enough weight to keep moving when the original voice was no longer present.

I hear it faintly at first.

A cadence.

Not a melody sung for attention, but a rhythm embedded into lives. A way of being that survived transitions, relocations, losses, delays. A steadiness that did not sour. A strength that did not calcify into cruelty.

I recognize it.

I have heard this before.

Years ago—long enough that many have forgotten the source—I passed through a countryside where the wind carried a song. It was not loud then either. It did not announce itself. It did not insist on permanence.

It simply *was*.

Now I hear it again—but changed.

Not diminished. Deepened.

The song has moved into voices that no longer remember learning it. It hums in decisions made without fanfare. It echoes in restraint practiced when no one was watching. It lingers in the way strength is offered without demand and withheld without fear.

I trace it carefully.

It leads me back—not to a platform, not to a monument, not to a name carved into memory—but to a garden.

It looks older now. Not neglected. Matured.

The gemstones still grow there, though some are deeper set, bearing the marks of pressure and time. They do not glisten the way they once did at first glance. Their beauty is quieter now. Heavier. The kind that must be approached rather than admired from a distance.

I understand this kind of beauty.

I helped form it.

I stand at the edge of the garden and observe.

The world rushes past its borders now. Roads have multiplied. Clocks have been hung in towers. Voices shout for attention, urgency, speed. But inside the garden, time does something rare.

It slows.

Here, my ticking changes.

The steady pulse of years softens into something measured, deliberate—like the pendulum of an old grandfather clock, marking not minutes, but faithfulness. *Tick*. A choice made rightly. *Tock*. A restraint held. *Tick*. A season endured. *Tock*. A return to the presence that formed her.

I am still moving, but differently now.

Because here, I do not press.

Here, I witness.

He walks with her in this place.

Not in spectacle. Not in announcement. In nearness. He speaks to her in a way that does not rush understanding. He tells her what she already knows but never presumes.

That she is His own.

They walk among the gemstones together—rubies grown patient beneath pressure, sapphires deepened by long light, amethyst carrying memory without weight. Their steps align with the rhythm I keep here, the rhythm that predates urgency.

The joy they share is unhurried.

It is not excitement.

It is recognition.

And the sound—

the sound that once rode the wind—

returns again, layered now with years.

It carries the melody Wisdom heard long ago, but threaded through with the steady pulse of time itself. The song does not rush its words. It allows space for silence. It carries the *tick* and *tock* of endurance within its breath.

And that is how I know...

THE SONG TIME HEARS

(Echoed worship with clockwork, wind, and breath)

Intro — pendulum awakening

tick... bbb... tock

shhh—fff

(wind through leaves)

tick... mmm... tock

Verse 1

I stayed when the seasons shifted

tick—bbb—tock

I rested when the world ran fast

mmm—abb

I learned Your pace in the waiting

shhh—bbb

And found that You always last

tick... tock...

Pre-Chorus

bbb—shrr—mmm

I did not chase tomorrow

tick—tock

I did not cling to the past

mmm—abb

I walked with You in the middle

Where moments learn how to last

tick... tock...

Chorus

You walk with me

tick—hhh—tock

You talk with me

mmm—abb

You tell me I am Your own

shhh—fff

And the joy we share

tick... tock...

As we tarry there

Is a joy the hurried have never known

mmm—bbb—abb

Verse 2

Years passed like shadows lengthening

tick—tock

But You did not change Your tone

mmm—abb

You stayed the same in the silence

shhh—bbb

You waited until I was grown

tick... tock...

Bridge — clock and wind entwined

whooo—shrr—tick—tock—bbb

Let the world keep running

mmm—mmm

Let the noise increase

shhh—abb

I learned eternity
In the garden
Where time finds peace
tick... tock...

Final Chorus (slower)

You walk with me
tick—hhh—tock
You talk with me
mmm—abb
You tell me I am Your own
shhh—fff
And the joy we share
tick... tock...
As we tarry there
Is a joy that only the faithful have known
mmm... hhh...

Outro — pendulum slowing

tick...
shhh...
tock...
(breeze settles)
Here, among rubies
Time stands still
And endures
hhh... mmm...

GOD EXAMINES

The Third Search

I do not search the way Wisdom searches.

I do not look back the way Time looks back.

I weigh.

I move through what cannot be seen and linger where no witness is invited. I do not announce My examinations, because announcement alters posture. What is done for My gaze alone tells the truth more clearly than what is done for crowds.

I am not interested in what she *offers*.

I am attentive to what she can *carry*.

I come quietly.

Not in fire at first. Not in thunder. I arrive in the spaces she assumes are unnoticed—in the long stretch between promise and fulfillment, in

the ordinary days where nothing resolves, in the quiet after obedience when affirmation does not follow.

I allow responsibility to settle on her shoulders without explanation.

I do not clarify the timeline.

I do not outline the outcome.

I do not reassure her that the weight will be temporary.

I watch.

Not to see if she suffers. Many can suffer. Pain alone proves nothing. I am not asking whether she can endure loss, disappointment, or obscurity. I am asking something far more exacting.

Can she govern strength?

I place her in rooms where her voice could dominate—and see if she restrains it. I give her insight that could elevate her—and watch whether she releases it prematurely. I entrust her with influence that could be leveraged—and observe whether she exploits it or holds it steady.

Sometimes I am silent.

Not absent—silent.

I allow prayers to echo unanswered longer than comfort permits. I let obedience be met with delay. I withhold applause so that motive is not confused with momentum. I am not unkind. I am precise.

Silence reveals who believes I am still present.

Pressure reveals whether strength has a center.

I test her with authority, not affection.

Affection is easily received. Authority must be stewarded.

I watch how she handles what others cannot see. How she treats power when no one is measuring. How she responds when she is right but unrecognized, faithful but unseen, aligned but uncelebrated.

I notice whether resentment tries to take root.

It always does.

Resentment whispers that obedience should be faster, louder, rewarded. It suggests that sacrifice entitles her to visibility, that faithfulness deserves confirmation. I wait to see if she entertains the thought—or releases it without ceremony.

I weigh that moment carefully.

Because virtue is not revealed by what she gives up. Many sacrifice loudly. Many surrender publicly. Many offer what costs them little once applause arrives.

Virtue is revealed when obedience continues without witnesses.

I allow delay.

Delay is a teacher few respect. Delay stretches desire without feeding it. Delay reveals whether obedience was transactional or reverent. I let time lengthen until her obedience either calcifies into bitterness—or settles into trust.

She waits.

Not perfectly. But honestly.

She does not pretend the weight is light. She does not spiritualize impatience. She brings her questions to Me without accusing Me of absence. She holds the tension without releasing it through complaint.

I watch her strength mature.

It no longer rushes to prove itself. It no longer demands resolution on her schedule. It does not fracture under ambiguity. It becomes governed—contained, measured, responsive to My timing rather than her own urgency.

This is what I am looking for.

Not endurance alone.

Endurance can be learned under compulsion.

Governed strength requires alignment.

I test her in obscurity.

Not because I prefer hiddenness, but because obscurity strips away false reinforcement. When no one sees, performance loses incentive. What remains then is either reverence—or fatigue.

She continues.

She returns to the garden when she can—not as escape, but as recalibration. She sits again in My presence, not to negotiate outcome, but to realign posture. She remembers that weight is not meant to crush when it is carried in communion.

I walk with her there.

I speak without urgency. I tell her nothing new—only what she must remember.

That she is Mine.

Not because she endured.

Not because she sacrificed.

Not because she remained faithful under pressure.

But because she trusted Me enough to obey without visibility.

I weigh the evidence.

Strength restrained.

Authority unexploited.

Obedience undemanding.

Waiting unmarred by bitterness.

This is not common.

This cannot be rushed.

And this is what qualifies her.

Virtue is not proven by sacrifice alone.

Sacrifice can be loud.

Virtue is proven by obedience that does not need to be seen—
by strength that answers to Me even when no one else is watching.

And when I finish weighing, I do not announce My verdict.

I entrust her with more weight.

Quietly.

Because she is ready.

I WEIGH

Intro — the stillness before weighing

hhh...

(long inhale)

mmm...

(weight settling)

Verse 1

I do not search

The way Wisdom searches

mmm—abb

I do not look back

The way Time looks back

shhb—fff

I weigh

mmm...

Verse 2

I come where no witness stays

mmm—abb

Where applause cannot follow

shhb—fff

I watch what is done

For My eyes alone

mmm—mmm

What is offered
Does not interest Me

bbb—mmm

What can be carried
Does

mmm—abb

Pre-Chorus — authority settling

whooo—bbb—mmm

I give no timeline

shrr—fff

I name no end

mmm—abb

I do not promise

The weight will bend

bbb—mmm—abb

Chorus — the central question

Can you govern strength

mmm—abb

When power is near

shbb—fff

Can you remain

When I am silent

And no one hears

mmm—mmm—abb

Verse 3

I place you where your voice could rise

mmm—abb

And wait to see if it rests

shhh—fff

I give you sight that could lift you

And watch what you release

And what you protect

mmm—mmm

I entrust you with influence

bbb—mmm

Not to test your reach

But your restraint

mmm—abb

Bridge — silence as fire

fff—bbb—mmm

I am not absent

I am exact

shhh—abb

Delay is the lens

That shows what lasts

mmm—mmm

Resentment knocks

It always does

bbb—fff—mmm

I wait to see

If you let it stay

Or let it go
Without a word
shhh—abb

Verse 4

I watch you wait
mmm—abb
Not flawlessly
But truly
shhh—fff
You bring your questions
Without accusation
You hold the tension
Without complaint
mmm—mmm

Strength grows quieter
hhh—mmm
But heavier
And clean
mmm—abb

Final Chorus — the evidence

Strength restrained
mmm—abb
Authority held
shhh—fff
Obedience given

Without being told
You would be seen
Or named

mmm—mmm—abb

Outro — the unspoken verdict

mmm... bbb...

I do not announce
What I know
shhh...

I give you
More weight
mmm—abb

Because you are ready
bbb... mmm...

THE HINGE OF JOY

I have seen enough.

Not because time has expired,
but because alignment has settled.

I did not find perfection.

I did not find fearlessness.

I did not find endless capacity.

I found **governed strength**.

I found a heart that did not rush Me when I was silent.

I found obedience that did not bargain for visibility.

I found authority that remained restrained even when it could have been exercised freely.

I found a woman who learned that power is safest
when it answers to presence
before it answers to need.

She did not confuse waiting with weakness.
She did not confuse silence with absence.
She did not confuse obscurity with rejection.

She stayed.

She carried weight without demanding relief.
She held influence without exploiting it.
She obeyed without assurance that obedience would be seen.

And in doing so, she learned something many never do:

That light does not originate in display.
It originates in **communion**.

What shines in her is not ambition refined.
It is trust matured.

What glows is not effort rewarded.
It is presence retained.

I do not release light prematurely.
Unripe light blinds more than it guides.

But this light—
this light has learned where to rest.

It knows when to warm.
It knows when to wait.

It knows when to lead others to Me
instead of drawing them to itself.

That is why I smile now.

Not because she has arrived,
but because she is ready.

And with joy—not restraint—
I'm going to let her shine.

THE SONG HE SINGS OVER HER

(God's Voice — Light That Leads to the King)

hhh... mmm... shhh...

(breath over holy ground)

fff—bbb...

(light awakening, not flaring)

'This little light of Mine

mmm—abb

I'm going to let it shine

shhh—fff—mmm

'This little light of Mine

I'm going to let it shine

hhh—abb

This little light

I'm going to let it shine

To lift up my name

To tell the world

Where I can be found

Where I am known

mmm—mmm—abb

whooo—bbb—shrr

Brighter than rubies

Glistening in dew

mmm—abb

Because she has learned to carry

The weight of Your glory

shhb—fff

This little light of Mine

tick—bbb—tock

I'm going to let it shine

mmm—abb

So the weary will come

And every knee will bow

At My feet

When they hear my voice call

shrr—fff—mmm

This little light of Mine

Is not her flame

It is the echo

Of My great name

bbb—mmm—abb

I watched her, as she sat with Me

mmm—abb

How she stayed in those moments

When no one else was near

shhb—fff

She learned My ways

In the still of the day

She learned My heart

The staying part

bbb—mmm

She did not rise

To make herself known

shrr—fff

She did not shine

To obtain a crown

She let My presence

Rest on her

So that others would come

And find Me too

bbb—mmm—ahh

ffff—bbb—mmm

She shines

So they will see Me

shhh—ahh

She stands

So they will kneel

mmm—mmm

Her light does not command

It whispers as it

Draws their hearts

To what is real

bbb—fff—mmm

Not to her strength

Not to her name

But to the place

Where she was changed

shhh—abb

Where she learned to sit

And stay

At My feet

Day after day

mmm—mmm—abb

This little light of Mine

tick—hhh—tock

I'm going to let it shine

mmm—abb

Hotter than fire

At the heat of noon

So false crowns melt

In My consuming truth

shrr—fff—mmm

Cooler than evening

When mercy calls

When the nations gather

And bow at My feet

Giving glory

bbb—mmm—abb

This little light of Mine

Leads them home

To the garden

To the throne

mmm—mmm—abb

She shines
So the world will know
Where to bow
Where to go
mmm—ahh
She shines
So the broken can see
What it means
To sit with Me
shhh—fff
To be free

Not striving
Not afraid
Not rushed
Not swayed
Seated
Sure
Steady
Unashamed
bbb—mmm—ahh

mmm... bbb... shhh...
This little light of Mine
I'm going to let it shine
mmm—ahh
Until every knee bends
And every tongue confesses
That I am Lord
bbb... mmm... shhh...

*All glory,
all honor,
all power to You*

*All glory,
all honor,
all power to You*

This little light of Mine
I'm going to let it shine
 No more obscurity
I'm going to let her shine
This little light of mine
 Out of the caves
 And into the light
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

THE ONE WHO NEEDS HER

The Fourth Search

We did not set out to find her.

We were not searching.

We were failing.

The ground beneath us shifted before we had language for it. Systems cracked where they had promised stability. Homes thinned under pressures they were never designed to carry alone. Nights stretched longer than mornings could repair, and decisions arrived before strength did.

We did not ask philosophical questions.

We did not debate theology.

We did not inquire about gifting, calling, or credentials.

We asked one thing—and only because survival demanded it:

Who will not collapse when leaned upon?

We leaned.

Not politely.

Not carefully.

Not in ways that preserved dignity.

We leaned in grief that had no etiquette. In exhaustion that did not wait its turn. In anger that spilled because it had nowhere else to go. We leaned with questions that had no answers and needs that could not be postponed.

Many fell.

Some meant well but fractured under the weight. Their strength was real—until it was required continuously. Some grew sharp, defensive, brittle. They could carry us briefly, but not without cost, not without resentment rising like a debt we could feel but not repay.

Others withdrew quietly. Not cruelly—just carefully. They offered wisdom, perspective, encouragement. But when our knees buckled, they stepped back. They did not fall, but neither did they hold.

Then there was her.

We did not recognize her by brilliance. We did not notice her at first. She was not loud enough to demand attention, not urgent enough to announce herself as solution.

But when we leaned—
she remained.

Not unmarked.
Not untouched.
But standing.

Homes leaned into her steadiness and did not shatter. Children leaned into her presence and did not learn fear as their first language. Communities leaned into her restraint and found room to breathe.

She did not fix us.

She did not rescue us from consequence or shield us from reality. She did not offer quick relief or borrowed optimism. She offered something far rarer.

She offered **stability**.

Her strength did not absorb us until she disappeared. It redistributed weight wisely. She knew what she could carry and what must be carried together. She did not promise what she could not sustain. She did not disappear when our needs repeated themselves.

We watched her closely.

In crisis, masks fall quickly.

We saw how she spoke when pressed—measured, honest, without panic. We saw how she corrected without crushing, how she comforted

without enabling collapse. We saw how she held boundaries not as walls, but as load-bearing structures that kept everyone upright.

She did not harden.

That surprised us most.

Pressure usually does that. Need usually extracts softness until only survival remains. But her strength stayed warm. It did not curdle into control. It did not calcify into superiority.

It steadied us.

Children noticed first.

They always do.

They felt safe enough to ask questions without fear of dismissal. Safe enough to fail without being labeled. Safe enough to rest without being abandoned. Her presence did not require them to grow up too fast or shrink too small.

They leaned—and did not fall.

Communities followed.

When tension rose, she did not inflame it. When decisions were required, she did not rush them. She carried responsibility without spectacle. She absorbed shock without transferring it indiscriminately.

We realized something then.

She had learned this elsewhere.

This kind of strength is not improvised in crisis. It is practiced long before need arrives. It is formed in places of presence, not pressure. It is learned by sitting where weight is real but not crushing.

We did not know her history.

We did not know her story.

We did not know the cost of her formation.

But we felt the fruit of it.

And that was enough.

We leaned again.

Not because we were desperate—though we were—but because she had proven trustworthy under strain. Her steadiness did not depend on our gratitude. Her endurance did not require our praise. She did not need us to recover quickly so she could rest.

She had learned to rest elsewhere.

We understood then why her light had drawn us.

It was not brightness.

It was **bearing capacity**.

She shone not because she demanded attention, but because she had sat long enough with the King to carry others without losing herself. Her presence pointed us somewhere deeper than relief.

It pointed us toward **rest**.

Virtue did not announce itself to us in comfort.

It revealed itself in collapse.

And when we leaned,
she held.

That is how we found her.

This one shouldn't sound like **revelation**.

It should sound like **recognition**—the kind that happens *after* panic quiets and breath returns.

Not a triumphant anthem.
Not a polished worship set.

An **aha** that slips out accidentally.

And yes—
it should be a **child's voice first**.

Because children don't praise what is impressive.
They praise what feels *safe*.

THE SONG THAT RISES WHEN THEY LEAN

(The Needy — discovered, not performed)

Intro — breathing returns

hhh... hhh...

(child breath, close)

mmm...

(click—soft)

Verse 1 (child, almost speaking)

I didn't know

What we were looking for

mmm—hhh

I just knew

I was tired on the floor

shhh...

You didn't make it loud

You didn't make it fast

mmm—ahh

You just stayed

And we didn't fall apart

hhh...

Pre-Chorus (child + hum)

mmm—mmm

When I leaned
You didn't move away

shhh—fff

When I cried
You didn't try to make it okay
mmm—abb
You just held
What I couldn't say
bbb...

Chorus (child → echoed by adults)

You stayed

mmm—abb

When it was heavy

shhh—fff

You stayed
When it was long

mmm—mmm

And I didn't know

Your name

Or your song

But when I leaned

I was strong

bbb...

Verse 2 (adult voices enter, quiet)

We didn't come
With faith all figured out
mmm—ahh
We came bent
And empty
And worn out
sbhb—bhb

You didn't shine
Like we thought light would do
mmm—mmm
You just showed us
Where to go
When we couldn't move
bhb...

Bridge (aha moment — child again)

click... mmm...
Wait...
bhb...

It wasn't you
mmm—ahh
It was where you stayed
sbhb—fff

You shine
Because He's there
mmm—mmm

You hold
Because He stays
bbb...

Chorus (expanded, communal)

You stayed
mmm—abb
So we could breathe
shhh—fff
You stayed
So we could see
mmm—mmm
Not how to stand
Not what to say
But where to go
To be okay
bbb...

Outro (child, whisper-sung)

When I grow
mmm—abb
I want to sit like that
shhh...
Not loud
Not fast
mmm—mmm
Just close
Where He is at
bbb...

AT THE GATE

The Final Earthly Search

I stand at the gates of cities.

Not marble thresholds or ceremonial arches, but the places where authority meets responsibility—where decisions ripple outward into homes, economies, cultures, and generations. Gates are not symbols. Gates are permissions. What passes through them shapes what follows.

I have watched many approach.

Some arrive with force, demanding access by volume or claim. Some arrive cloaked in charisma, mistaking influence for authority. Others carry titles heavy on the tongue but light in the realm. Gates do not respond to these things.

Gates respond to **likeness**.

I saw her long before she reached us.

Authority announces itself in the realm before it ever arrives in the street. As she moved through regions, something preceded her—not noise, not spectacle, but weight. The atmosphere shifted the way it does when alignment enters a place long disordered.

She walked humbly.

Not shrinking—**humble**. The kind that comes from knowing where authority originates and refusing to counterfeit it. She did not presume upon power. She carried it the way one carries fire learned in proximity, not stolen from display.

And then I saw it.

The glisten.

In her eyes burned a ruby light—not harsh, not violent, but living. Red, deep, clear. It spoke of blood freely given, not demanded. The mark of the One who laid down His life and rose with all authority entrusted to Him. That same light reflected through strands of gold in her hair as the Son caught her face—evidence of time spent under glory, not borrowed illumination.

She looked like Him.

That is what gates recognize.

Not perfection.

Not ambition.

Resemblance.

I knew where that weight had been forged.

It came from the garden.

From mornings where she stayed when leaving would have been easier. From heat endured without complaint, where strength was refined rather than displayed. From evenings in the cool of the day where she listened more than she spoke and learned the cadence of His voice.

She had learned how authority moves—
not by command,
but by communion.

The dominion she carried was not her own. It rested on her the way it rested on Him—because it had been entrusted. Power governed by obedience. Authority restrained by love. Influence that did not need to announce itself to be effective.

So when she approached, the gates responded.

Not with resistance.
With recognition.

Watchmen straightened where they stood. Structures long locked by fear or misuse shifted on their hinges. Cities felt it before they understood it. Communities opened—not coerced, but drawn. Where she entered, peace did not erase order; it restored it. Justice did not arrive

as threat; it came as clarity. Hearts yielded not because they were conquered, but because truth stood before them unafraid.

Nations did come.

Not to her—but through her.

Because she carried what points beyond itself.

I watched her pass through gates again and again, never claiming them, never consuming them, always leaving them stronger than she found them. Authority multiplied instead of diminished. Stewardship expanded instead of corrupted.

And still—she remained seated inwardly.

The garden had never left her.

Then, at the end of her long obedience, she approached one more gate.

This one did not guard cities or nations. It held memory, inheritance, completion. She did not rush toward it. She approached the way she had approached every threshold—aware, reverent, unentitled.

The gate opened before she reached it.

I leaned close—not as examiner now, but as witness—and whispered what had been true since the beginning:

“Welcome home, good and faithful servant.”

Not because she had conquered.
Not because she had impressed.
But because she had carried what was entrusted without losing its source.

And as she passed through, the truth rang clear—on earth, in heaven, and at every gate in between:

Her price
was far
above
rubies.

THE SONG OF THE GATES

(Authority Recognized — Not Claimed)

Intro — gates stirring

bbhb...

(low breath, stone shifting)

mm—mmm—mmm

(deep hum, hinges awakening)

cl—cl—shrrr...

Verse 1 — approach without claim

She did not come

With banners raised

mmm—abb

She did not knock

Or claim her place

shhb—fff

She walked the road

The King had set

mmm—mmm

Carrying weight

She never seized

bbb...

Pre-Chorus — recognition forming

wbooo—bbb—mmm

She learned His voice

In hidden days

shrr—fff

She learned His power

By His ways

mmm—abb

She stayed when others ran

She stood where He had planned

bbb—mmm—abb

Chorus — gates responding

Lift up your heads

O ancient doors

tick—bbb—tock

Be lifted up

You gates of old

mmm—abb

The King is near

His weight is known

shrr—fff—mmm

She comes bearing

What He bestowed

bbb—mmm—abb

Verse 2 — likeness revealed

We see it now
In ruby eyes
mmmm—abb
Blood-wrought truth
No thin disguise
shbb—fff
The Son reflects
In strands of gold
mmm—mmm
Time spent with Him
Has shaped her soul
bbb...

Bridge — dominion clarified

ffff—bbb—mmm
Not by force
Not by name
shbb—abb
Not by rights
She never claimed
mmm—mmm

Authority rests
Where trust has been
Given and held
And given again
bbb—fff—mmm

Chorus (expanded — nations opening)

Lift up your heads
O gates of earth
tick—hhh—tock
Let cities breathe
Let nations turn
mmm—abb
She does not come
To take or own
She comes aligned
With Heaven's throne
shrr—fff—mmm

Verse 3 — humility remembered

We remember
Garden ground
mmm—abb
Morning dew
No watchers round
shhh—fff
The heat, the wait
The evening call
mmmm—mmmm
He was her strength
Before it all
hhh...

Final Chorus — heaven echoing earth

Lift up your heads

One final gate

tick—hhh—tock

The long obedience

Finds its place

mmm—abb

Not crowned by man

Not known by fame

But welcomed home

In His great name

shrr—fff—mmm

Outro — whispered welcome

hhh... mmm...

(watchman's voice, low)

Welcome home

Good and faithful servant

shhh...

Her price

Is far above

Rubies

mmm... hhh...

WITNESSED

The Convergence

We did not plan to meet.

There was no summons, no appointed hour, no instruction to gather. We arrived because the search had reached its end, and truth has a way of drawing its witnesses together without explanation.

Wisdom came first, as she always does—quiet, attentive, listening not for announcement but for resonance. She carried no scrolls, offered no instruction. She had already heard what she needed to hear.

Time followed, unhurried, wearing the weight of years like an old mantle that has learned how not to tear. He brought no conclusions with him, only evidence—what had endured, what had remained standing when seasons pressed and enthusiasm thinned.

God was already present.

Not arriving.

Not departing.

Simply *being*—the way fire is present to gold before it is ever named refined.

The Needy gathered without invitation. They did not come to testify; they came because relief draws the broken instinctively toward steadiness. They carried no language for what they had found, only memory in their bodies.

The Watchers arrived last, sent not by command but by movement at the gates. Doors had begun to respond. Cities had shifted. When gates stir, watchmen pay attention.

For a long moment, no one spoke.

Because this was not a debate.

It was recognition.

Wisdom broke the silence first—not with instruction, but with memory. She spoke of a sound she had followed across fields and thresholds, a song carried by wind that had never begged for attention. She named the cadence she had heard in the woman’s life—the restraint, the reverence, the way strength had learned to sit without diminishing itself.

“I recognized her,” Wisdom said simply, “because she sounded like me.”

Time nodded.

“I confirmed her,” he replied. “Not by intention, but by endurance. I watched what remained when enthusiasm thinned and seasons pressed. I traced her echo through children not hardened, through work completed without erosion, through authority that did not sour. What she carried did not collapse under my passing.”

God spoke then—not loudly, not finally, but decisively.

“I entrusted her,” He said. “Not because she endured pain, but because she governed strength. I tested her where no one could see—through silence, delay, responsibility without reassurance. She obeyed without visibility. She held power without exploiting it. She returned to My presence without demanding outcome. That is why weight did not crush her.”

The Needy shifted—uneasy at first, then resolute.

“We leaned,” they said. “Not thoughtfully. Not carefully. We leaned because we were breaking. And she did not fall. She did not fix us or consume herself for us. She redistributed weight wisely. She stayed warm under pressure. We found rest not in her answers, but in her steadiness.”

The Watchers listened.

They always do.

Then they spoke—not with authority claimed, but authority recognized.

“We opened,” they said. “Because gates respond to likeness. She approached without presumption, carrying the mark of time spent with the King. We saw the ruby glisten in her eyes—the covenant of blood remembered, not performed. We saw gold woven by glory, not ambition. She looked like Him. That is why cities yielded. That is why nations listened.”

Silence returned.

Not the silence of uncertainty, but the silence of alignment.

They realized then that each had been searching for the same thing—naming it with different words, testing it with different measures, recognizing it at different moments.

Wisdom had called it *alignment*.

Time had called it *endurance*.

God had called it *trust*.

The Needy had called it *safety*.

The Watchers had called it *authority*.

But it was one reality.

Virtue.

Not an attribute to admire.

A capacity to be entrusted.

Not moral polish.

Not religious performance.

Not strength on display.

Capacity.

Governed strength.

Entrusted weight.

They did not congratulate her.

That is not what witnesses do.

They agreed.

And in their agreement, something shifted—not in her, but around her. The air carried clarity. The ground held firmer. The pathways ahead arranged themselves without force.

Because when witnesses confer, truth gains permission to speak publicly.

They turned then—not toward the woman, but outward—toward rooftops and walls and places where voices travel far. Toward the places where declarations are not whispered, but released for the sake of orientation.

The search was complete.

The testimony was aligned.

It was time.

THE ROOFTOPS

(Witnesses Unified — The Call Before Declaration)

Intro — breath gathering

hhh... hhh...

(deep collective inhale)

mmm—mmm—mmm

(low hum forming one tone)

Verse 1

We searched with different eyes

mmm—abb

We weighed by different means

shhb—fff

But what we found was not divided

It was one unseen thing

mmm—mmm

Pre-Chorus

whooo—hhh—mmm

Alignment stood

When tested by years

shrr—fff

Trust remained

When stripped of cheers

mmm—abb

Chorus (unison, restrained)

We agree

mmm—abb

We have seen

shhb—fff

What was formed

In the hidden place

Now stands between

Heaven and earth

Carrying grace

mmm—mmm—abb

Verse 2

Wisdom heard the sound

mmm—abb

Time traced the trace

shhb—fff

God entrusted weight

The weary found space

mmm—mmm

The gates replied

Without command

bbb—mmm

Bridge — authority forming

ffff—bbb—mmm

This is not a claim

This is not a rise

shhh—abb

This is recognition

Across every line

mmm—mmm

Final Chorus (slightly lifted)

We agree

mmm—abb

This is true

shhh—fff

What endured

Now must be named

What was hidden

Must pass through

mmm—mmm—abb

Outro — the pause before proclamation

bbb... mmm...

(silence held)

The rooftops wait

shhh...

ROOFTOP DECLARATION

Orientation, Not Elevation

The rooftops had been waiting,

They always do.

These were not platforms built for spectacle, but vantage points shaped by necessity—places where messages traveled because they had to. Where voices rose not to impress, but to reach. Where truth was spoken aloud so it could orient a city before confusion did.

The witnesses climbed without ceremony.

Wisdom came without flourish, carrying clarity rather than explanation. Time followed, steady, allowing silence to finish its work before a word was spoken. God's presence was already there, as it always had been—weight without noise, authority without display. The Needy gathered below, not in orderly rows, but in the loose formation of those who have learned to listen with their bodies. And the Watchers took their

posts along the walls, facing outward, because this declaration was not for the inner circle alone.

No one mentioned her name.

That was deliberate.

Names can distract when orientation is required.

The wind lifted, as it always does when truth is about to travel. It carried the residue of earlier songs—the cadence Wisdom had followed, the echo Time had traced, the steadiness the Needy had leaned into, the authority the gates had recognized. The city felt it before it understood it. Something aligned. Something quieted.

Then the declaration came—not shouted, not embellished, not rushed.

It was spoken plainly.

“Behold the way of the Lord.”

Not a person.

A way.

“Strength governed by reverence.

Authority carried through communion.

Power restrained by love.”

The words did not accuse.

They clarified.

People paused mid-step. Conversations stalled. The hurried felt their urgency falter, as if it had been revealed as unnecessary. The weary lifted their heads—not because a solution was promised, but because a direction had been named.

The declaration continued, layered and precise.

“This is what endures.”

“This is what can be trusted.”

“This is what does not collapse when leaned upon.”

Some searched the rooftops for a face to fix upon.

They found none.

Because the declaration was not pointing *to* her.

It was pointing *through* her.

“Look for the fruit that remains.”

“Listen for the sound that carries peace.”

“Follow the light that leads you into His presence, not into performance.”

Children tugged at their parents' sleeves, sensing recognition without vocabulary. Elders nodded slowly, remembering something older than systems. Leaders stood still, feeling the recalibration of responsibility settle where ambition once lived.

The city did not erupt.

It realigned.

That is how true declarations work.

They do not demand agreement.

They create orientation.

And somewhere—not on the rooftop, not in the crowd—a woman continued on her way. She did not pause to listen. She did not look up to see if her life had been named. She was already seated inwardly, already aligned with the One who had formed her in the garden long before rooftops were involved.

The declaration had not elevated her.

It had clarified the path.

Those who were hungry followed.

Those who were threatened resisted.

Those who were ready turned.

And the world—quieted, oriented, unsettled in the best possible way—began to understand where authority actually comes from.

Not from visibility.

Not from force.

Not from acclaim.

But from time spent with Him.

The wind carried the final words outward, across streets and walls and thresholds where decisions would soon be made:

“This is the light that leads you home.”

And with that, the rooftops fell silent.

The work was done.

Only one movement remained.

GO SEATED

(The Final Movement)

Intro — breath of release

bbb... mmm... shhh...

(breath moving outward)

mmm—mmm...

Verse 1

You do not go alone

mmm—abb

You do not go undone

shhh—fff

What shaped you here

Will shape the road

You walk upon

mmm—mmm

You do not leave the garden

When you rise to go

bbb—mmm

You carry it within you

Everywhere you go

mmm—abb

Pre-Chorus — authority resting

*w**hoooo*—*bbb*—*mmm*

Not sent in haste

Not sent to strive

shrr—*fff*

Sent because

You stayed alive

mmm—*abb*

To Me

bbb—*mmm*—*abb*

Chorus — commissioning spoken in song

Go

But stay seated

mmm—*abb*

Move

But do not rush

shbb—*fff*

Lead

But never leave

The place where you learned to trust

mmm—*mmm*—*abb*

Go

With weight and grace

bbb—*mmm*

Go

With light restrained

shrr—fff

Go

As one who knows

Where power is sustained

mmm—abb

Verse 2

You are not sent to shine

mmm—abb

You are sent to point

shhb—fff

To where the weary

Lay their crowns

And choose to sit

mmm—mmm

Let them follow

If they will

bbb—mmm

Let them turn

If they must

You are not responsible

For their pace

Only for trust

mmm—abb

Bridge — heaven entrusting earth

ffff—bbb—mmm

I give you ground

I give you gates

shhh—ahh

I give you cities

I give you weight

mmm—mmm

But more than that

I give you Me

bbb—fff—mmm

Remain

And you will always see

shhh—ahh

Final Chorus — quiet authority

Go

But stay seated

mmm—ahh

Walk

But do not strain

shhh—fff

Carry what

You've been entrusted

Nothing more

Nothing less

Nothing feigned

mmm—mmm—abb

Go

In morning dew

bbb—mmm

Go

Through heat and night

shrr—fff

Go

As living witness

Of My light

mmm—abb

Outro — the seal

mmm... bbb... shhh...

You are sent

But never separated

mmm—abb

Remain

And the world will find Me

bbb... mmm... shhh...

WHEN THE SEARCH ENDS

You have heard much.

You have listened to Wisdom follow a sound most ignore.

You have watched Time trace what remains when enthusiasm fades.

You have stood quietly while God weighed what few ever submit to examination.

You have felt the Needy lean and not fall.

You have watched gates open—not because they were persuaded, but because they recognized likeness.

You have heard songs rise from gardens, from silence, from gates, from rooftops.

None of them were written to impress you.

They were written to orient you.

Because Proverbs 31:10 was never a poem meant to intimidate or idealize.

It was a question meant to slow you down.

“Who can find a virtuous woman?”

Scripture does not ask this because she is **theoretical**.

It asks because she is **formed**, not assumed.

She is not found by searching harder.

She is found by searching **deeper**.

The chapters you have read do not describe a woman to imitate externally. They reveal a **posture to inhabit**. A way of staying. A way of carrying weight. A way of sitting in the presence of God until strength learns restraint and authority learns reverence.

Virtue, as Scripture names it, is not gentleness without backbone, nor strength without tenderness. It is **chayil**—capacity rightly governed. Strength that does not need to announce itself. Obedience that does not demand witnesses. Power that remains answerable to presence.

If this story unsettled you, that is not failure.

If it slowed you, that is not resistance.

If it exposed impatience, ambition, or fatigue, that is not condemnation.

It is invitation.

The virtuous woman was not found because she was exceptional.

She was found because she stayed.

She stayed in the garden when leaving would have been easier.
She stayed obedient when silence followed faithfulness.
She stayed restrained when influence became available.
She stayed seated when the world demanded motion.

And in staying, she was formed.

This is the admonition the story leaves with you:

Do not hurry to be seen.
Do not rush toward gates you have not been shaped to carry.
Do not confuse sacrifice with virtue, or visibility with authority.

Return instead to the place where worth is formed.

Sit where God weighs without spectacle.
Remain where strength matures quietly.
Let your light learn how to rest before it learns how to shine.

Because the answer to Proverbs 31:10 is not merely that she can be found.

It is that **she is found among rubies**—
among those shaped under pressure,
refined by light,
and entrusted with weight.

And if you are willing to stay,
to listen,
to be weighed,

to remain—

you will discover something Scripture has been whispering all along:

The virtuous woman is not rare because she is unattainable.

She is rare because few are willing...

to dwell, to align, to be formed,

to remain seated

in the garden

with Him

without applause

without recognition

to remain

to abide

to solely stay

seated with Him.

Proverbs 31:10

אֲשֶׁת-חַיִל מִי יִמְצָא

Eshet chayil mi yimtza

A woman of strength—who can find