

## The Wrestling - Echoes and Renewal

By Marnie Elizabeth Firipis

They told me I was unworthy,  
a name too stained to be spoken in love.  
I believed it once, carried it like a cloak—  
a weight woven of whispers,  
a lie stitched into my bones.

But then—  
I heard another voice, ancient and unwavering,  
threaded through scripture, etched into eternity.  
"You are worthy, not by what you've done,  
but by what I have done for you."

They said I was broken beyond repair,  
a heart too shattered to be whole.  
I wept over the pieces, held them close,  
thinking they were all I would ever be.

But then—  
The Word breathed life into my ruins,  
"You are redeemed, made new,  
not in part, but in full."  
And the fractures became windows for glory.

They said I was forgotten, unseen—  
a voice lost in the crowd, a shadow fading.  
I almost believed them.

But then—  
He called me by name.  
"I have written you on the palms of My hands.  
You are favored, loved, known."

And suddenly, I could hear nothing else.  
The echoes of doubt fell silent.  
My mind aligned with heaven's voice—  
speaking truth, breaking chains,  
making all things new.

**I am pure. I am holy. I am His.**

