



Tell Out My Soul

Singing Gratitude

Music is breath. It is heartbeat. It is the voice that rises from within, unfiltered, raw, and real. Sometimes joyful. Sometimes aching. Always true.

The Xhosa melody *Ndisondela Kuwe* walks with me. It is more than a song—it is a doorway, an invitation into sacred spaces. The words mean *I draw near to You*. A hymn, yes, but more than that. A prayer. A surrender. A call not to seek answers, but to seek God. To move toward the divine, not from a place of strength, but from exhaustion, from the longing that lives in every human soul.

When this song is sung, something happens. The air changes. A quiet wind moves through the room. Voices tremble, crack, and finally break open. Long-held burdens slip through the cracks. In that moment—vulnerable, stripped bare—the Holy Spirit meets us. Guides us. Pulls us closer to God, and closer to one another.

This is stewardship. To step forward with what we have, trusting that it is enough. Gratitude gives us the courage to give without fear, to pour ourselves out while still holding onto the song that makes us who we are. We do not shrink when we give. We do not lose ourselves. We grow.

Gratitude makes it possible to sing. To share. To let go.

And when we sing together, each voice rising with its own story, we find something greater than ourselves. *Uxolo!* tens.org



Questions for Reflection:

I wonder, how does gratitude help you to dare to share your song? *Yebo!*



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