



## Mumford & Sons

Another long one but I have to get it out of me and onto “paper” for posterity's sake.

*In all my doubt  
In all my weakness  
Can you lead?*

*I fall behind  
But like you promise  
You wait for me*

*And I feel a spirit  
move in me again  
I know it's the  
same spirit that  
still moves in you*

*I don't know  
how it took so long  
to shed this skin  
Live under the  
shadow of your wing”*

Lacey, being the force of nature and hustling koala that she is, is going back to work. Which is wild enough on its own, because she’s also still running a successful Etsy business and in grad school. So with all of that, we’ve reached the point where we need to bring in home healthcare to help take care of me.

Today the nurse came by for the intake and evaluation. She was an older woman. Very charming. Very thoughtful. The kind of person that is made to do what she does.

I had a Mumford & Sons playlist on the TV while she was here and during “Malibu” she stopped right in the middle of asking me something and said, “Is this worship music?” I told her no, not exactly, but that Marcus Mumford definitely leans spiritual sometimes. She then wrote something down and I’ll bet, dollars to doughnuts that what she scribbled was

“Marcus Mumford.” This moment stuck with me.

Because even from this bed, even after all this time, this spiritual reawakening keeps finding its way to me. As if, since I can't go to a park or church pew or a forest trail to find that still small voice and see the signs, they come to me. Literally, physically and that's the part I can't shake.

I've been in this bed for 18 months and somehow over the past few weeks the theme keeps repeating itself. In music. In conversations. In little moments with strangers from miles away who have no clue what's been going on inside of me, yet still end up brushing against the exact thing I've been feeling. The exact thing I willfully broke away from, swore never to come back to and looked at those who followed spirituality before practicality to be fools. I digress...

There was just something about hearing an older nurse, someone I've never met, hear that song and immediately ask if it was worship music. It felt like one more nudge. One more strange little confirmation that what has been stirring in me isn't just me projecting onto songs because I have way, way too much time on my hands. Or maybe it is that too. But even that feels like part of it.

What I do know is this: I don't hear Mumford & Sons the same way I used to. We all visualize the narrator and subject of songs. Sometimes it's us singing to a loved one, sometimes we just visualize strangers, if you're odd like me sometimes you're out of body singing to yourself from your better self... But now I keep hearing something deeper than that. Now I hear my soul trying to speak to God. Or trying to find God. Whatever that may be. Or I hear it in reverse where my creator is singing back at me. Or maybe just trying to crawl toward peace, toward mercy, toward rest. Because, trust me, after 18 months in bed, rest is the opposite you might think. Rest for me will be being able to go to a park with Lacey this spring and fly a kite, or go to a movie, play or concert. Which is to say I think this form of “rest” will be another layer of whatever is going on right now. Again, I digress.

This has completely changed the way I hear Marcus Mumford's song writing. Because look at these lyrics:

“And I feel a spirit  
move in me again  
I know it's the same  
spirit that still moves in you”

“Live under the  
shadow of your wings”

“You are all I want  
You’re all I need  
And I’ll find peace  
beneath the shadow  
of your wings”

“Walking through  
the valley was what  
brought me here  
I knew I would never  
make it on my own”

I mean... come on.

It’s not technically spiritual music. Maybe that’s not how it was written or marketed or intended. But I completely understand why she heard it that way. I hear it that way now too.

I think that’s what’s so striking to me... Not just that she called it worship music, but that it felt true when she said it. She sort of put words to something I’ve been circling for a while now but hadn’t fully been able to sort out.

The universe, or God, or whatever language fits best here, really does seem to keep trying to get my attention from this bed. Not with flashing neon signs or anything dramatic. Just these small, oddly precise moments that land right where they need to.

And I know for sure all of this is doing something in me.

Preparing me.

Softening me.

Reorienting me.

Like maybe after 18 months in this bed, the point hasn’t just survival, it’s also re-alignment. Maybe it’s getting me pointed toward whatever comes next with a little more depth, more gratitude, more understanding of my suffering, and maybe even something worth giving back when I’m finally able to step back into the world again.

Anyway, if you’ve made it this far here is a lyric video of the song she called Worship music and changed the way I hear their music and the way I think and feel, yet again.



**MUMFORD & SONS**  
**MALIBU**

