

Vivien Hibbert delivered the following word at Chicago's Karitos Worship & Arts Conference on July 17, 2010. It came during a time of worship being led by LeAnn Riveness. There came a quiet moment, what some might call "a pregnant pause," before the sound of Courtney Hay's oboe filled the auditorium. Mime Theo Williams began to mimic a violinist as he came up on the stage. Dancer Jeff Lewis followed Theo to the stage and began to move as though an actor. Dancers Alyse Roeder and Natalie Lewis and mime Jolie Williams came soon after, each representing a different art form. After energetically moving about the stage for several minutes, each fell to his knees before a large wooden cross draped with red fabric that stood at the rear of the stage and laid their gift before the Lord. Vivien then came to the platform and this word followed:

So I said to the Lord, "I will go and put my shoes in a pretty box and I tied them with a bow," And I got my songs and packed them with my guitar and I came before the King and said "I will sing and I will put my flute and my violin before Him", and I said, "I will sing and play for you."

And I came before the king with my pretty box and my paintings and my dance and I stood before the King

And I played

And I danced

And I sang for Him,

But I kept hearing a sound in my song and a note in my playing and a tripping in my dance and I knew there was something the King wanted to say unto me and so for a moment I stopped and I waited.

And the King put His fingers in my ears so I would be deaf to the songs that I had heard.

And He put His hands upon my hands so that I could not play again for I played the sounds that I had heard from that other place.

And he put shackles on my feet so that I couldn't dance again because I was dancing the dances that I had seen in the other place.

And my colors looked muddy because I was painting what I had seen from the other place.

And so I came before the King and I laid down my pretty songs and I bowed before Him with my violin and flute and I took my shoes and I laid them before Him. I took them off my feet to never care if I danced this way again, and I put my colors down.

He put His hands upon my eyes and He blew with His breath into my throat and He lifted up my feet so that I would dance like that deer upon the mountains.

And he filled my eyes with colors like I'd never seen before,

And out of my throat came songs that the world had never heard,

And out of my feet came dances that crushed the chains of the enemy and opened prison doors.

And with my colors I painted

And with my feet I danced

And with my songs I sang

And with my fingers I played

And this time I only played the songs from the heart of the King and I sang songs that the world had never heard before.

And this time when He said “who will I send?”

This time, I went with a new song

And a new dance

And with music that the world had never heard before

And with colors that awakened the hearts.

So come this day and lay your shoes before the King and open your throat with its silence and let Him blow a new song into your throats.

And let your feet be different than ever before

And let your fingers play songs that have never been heard in the world

And let your pictures be pictures that surprise the broken heart and bring tears to the proud and haughty.

And let your dances break the chains of the lost and open prison doors for these are the songs of the King, these are the dances worthy of His courts. This is the music that a King will process with and these are the paintings that will adorn the chambers of His Majesty. Who will go, who can He send from this place?

Vivien’s Challenge:

Take your feet, take your colors, poets do your words, potters do your clay. Make a dedication, a fresh dedication. Make a fresh dedication of your songs.

Who will be those who will sing songs that the world has never heard? Who among you will dance dances that break open prison doors? Who of you will paint, paint pictures that pierce the hearts of the weary?

The question of the prophetic song is “Who will go, whom can I send? Who will go, whom will I send?”

Then let us cry out to God and say, “Don’t send me from this conference and this place unchanged. I don’t want to be the same.” And like the mimes and dancers that danced to break open that prophetic thing, they laid it before the Lord. So bring your heart to the Potter and let Him mold our hearts today, let Him mold our hearts.”