

Track 2: Still in the Box (But Not Forgotten)

Album: From Broken To Bold

By Dr. Ralph & Lisa Roath (May 2025)

From the sermon “Lost and Found” by Dr Ralph Roath

Inspired by: Luke 15:8–10

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They said I was done—left out to dry
Just sittin’ in that box, no one askin’ why
Dust on my name, cracks in my soul
But You saw a story the world didn’t know

You didn’t walk by, You didn’t pretend
You lit the lamp and searched ‘til the end
Found me hid where hope don’t shine—
And You whispered, “Child, you’re still Mine.”

I was still in the box—
But You never stopped lookin’
Still scarred and stuck—
But grace kept cookin’
They said I was lost, said I was through
But I was never outta reach from You

Folks stepped around, turned up their nose
Couldn’t see the value, just my lows
But You swept the floor, called my name
Didn’t flinch when You touched my shame

You didn’t shame me, didn’t make me plead
You saw a key in a heart in need
I didn’t rise, I didn’t run—
You reached down and said, “It’s already done.”

I was still in the box—
But You never gave up
Still dusty, still dented—
But still full of love
They saw a throwaway, You saw gold
You don’t need perfect—just someone to hold

So don’t believe that beat-down lie—
That broken things don’t rise and fly
If He found me low, bent and bruised—
He’ll find you too—He still pursues
(Repeated)

I was still in the box—
But You knew my name
Still in the dark—
But You lit a flame
They said I was nothin'—just shame and rust
But You said, "You're Mine. Come rise from the dust."

I didn't crawl, I didn't climb—
Love came low... just in time
Still in the box? Maybe so—
But not forgotten. No, not no more.