

## Identi-Tea

By Erin Davis Gibbons

The days of defining yourself by your friends, school clubs, or academic major may have passed. So where does your identity come from now? Meet up with a friend and talk about identity.

### For

Young Adult

### Season

Spring

### Needed

Tea or coffee, friend, Bible or Psalm 139 worksheet (see last page)



 by [Herr Zoepfi](#)

### Prepare in Advance

Invite a friend or two to meet for tea or coffee in a place where quiet conversation will be possible. If you won't have Bibles available, make a copy of Psalm 139 worksheet (see last page) for each person.

### Activity Plan

1. Take a moment to recall together the days of high school labels and names, groups and cliques—jock, nerd, hipster, geek. If you've been to college, recall how you were identified by your major. How have your relationships defined who you are—married, single, divorced?
2. Affirm that you can't define yourselves by a relationship status. Or being stuck in a dead-end job. Or living with your parents. That's not *who* you are. That's who you're with or what you do. So how do you define yourselves now? Discuss your answers to the following questions:
  - How did you identify yourself in high school and after high school?
  - What parts of those identities are completely gone and why? What parts do you still see in yourself?
  - How do you define yourself today? Does this feel accurate, or are you struggling to identify yourself with greater purpose?
  - If you could pick exactly what you want to do—with no consequences, no risks, and no concerns about money—what would you pick and why?
  - What does this image of an ideal life say about your identity?
  - What are the challenges to achieving your ideal life? How could you overcome them?
  - How can you help each other be true to your identities?
3. Pray about it. Use the prayer below, adding your doubts and concerns where indicated.

*Dear God, you created us. You made us who we are and led us to where we are. Some days, it seems like life is on track. Other days, it seems like you're absent and we're stuck. Please listen now to the doubts we have...*

*Lord, show us who we really are. Light our paths so we can move forward with confidence. Give us patience to know that your time is not our time. And when it takes longer than we'd like to get where we're going, remind us that you will never abandon us. Amen.*

4. To close your conversation, read Psalm 139:1-18, 23-24 together, either silently or aloud.



## Psalm 139

- <sup>1</sup> Lord, you have searched me and known me!  
<sup>2</sup> You know when I sit down and when I rise up;  
you discern my thoughts from afar.  
<sup>3</sup> You search out my path and my lying down  
and are acquainted with all my ways.  
<sup>4</sup> Even before a word is on my tongue,  
behold, O Lord, you know it altogether.  
<sup>5</sup> You hem me in, behind and before,  
and lay your hand upon me.  
<sup>6</sup> Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;  
it is high; I cannot attain it.  
<sup>7</sup> Where shall I go from your Spirit?  
Or where shall I flee from your presence?  
<sup>8</sup> If I ascend to heaven, you are there!  
If I make my bed in Sheol, you are there!  
<sup>9</sup> If I take the wings of the morning  
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
<sup>10</sup> even there your hand shall lead me,  
and your right hand shall hold me.  
<sup>11</sup> If I say, "Surely the darkness shall cover me,  
and the light about me be night,"  
<sup>12</sup> even the darkness is not dark to you;  
the night is bright as the day,  
for darkness is as light with you.  
<sup>13</sup> For you formed my inward parts;  
you knitted me together in my mother's womb.  
<sup>14</sup> I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.  
Wonderful are your works;  
my soul knows it very well.  
<sup>15</sup> My frame was not hidden from you,  
when I was being made in secret,  
intricately woven in the depths of the earth.  
<sup>16</sup> Your eyes saw my unformed substance;  
in your book were written, every one of them,  
the days that were formed for me,  
when as yet there was none of them.  
<sup>17</sup> How precious to me are your thoughts, O God!  
How vast is the sum of them!  
<sup>18</sup> If I would count them, they are more than the sand.  
I awake, and I am still with you.  
<sup>23</sup> Search me, O God, and know my heart!  
Try me and know my thoughts!  
<sup>24</sup> And see if there be any grievous way in me,  
and lead me in the way everlasting!

