



The Sparrow

Even the sparrow finds a home...at your altars, O LORD of hosts, my King and my God. Psalm 84:3

Just a little bird encouraging you to fly...

VOLUME 04

POETRY HIGHLIGHT

The Road Called Lost
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EVENT SCHEDULE

Find the calendar for our meetings, support groups, and mentoring.

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Royalty4Real Radio
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Until Then

I have been so mindful of God's precious way of listening. I am grateful for a God who is awesome in power yet mindful of man.

As I share my heart with Him and we discuss what I feel He is leading in this season, I ever so gently feel Him watch as a deep grief suddenly passes quietly through my heart.

I stop for a moment and whisper, "I know you saw that, Lord."

As my eyes begin to sting with swelling tears I ask Him, "Will it ever go away?"

It's an answer to a question I've asked many times over my years, yet one that has remained unanswered.

Some seasons leave deep scars and pains that I'm not sure you can put to rest on this side of Heaven. Yet, I've often wondered if for me it's equal to a thorn in the flesh. One that stings from time to time so that I might remain mindful of hurting people.

Let's be honest.
Pain changes you.
Forever.

It's not all bad change either. It teaches us to be more alert of unseen pain in others. It causes us to be quicker in grabbing the hands of others in deep valleys. It teaches us nuances that others might miss when a heart is silently crying out in pain. We can now see past facades and makeup. Our Spirit discerns more clearly needs that we could not see before.

Some of us (likely many of us) keep on walkin' this thing out with unresolved pains. Pains that you may feel God has turned His back on. Maybe you think recompense has not been equal to the cost just yet. Perhaps you're still waiting for God to clear your name on a matter. Yet, Heaven seems silent.

It's likely one of our greatest tests. Will we continue being faithful with Jesus despite the personal pains of life?

I assure you it can be challenging at times. Yet, His grip is so firm and strong that He will keep us when the waves of grief powerfully, or quietly, knock at the door of our hearts.

I've found I can bear the pains much easier when I see them being put to work in other's lives. As I help them, they help me.

We can hold on to His promise that one day there will be a moment, friends, when the pain will be all gone. A day when the tears will cease. A day when all will be made right.

Until then, let us use all that we've learned to rescue others. Their healing may certainly depend on us, but our healing may also depend on them.

*If I can place my pain of heart
Into God's hands and bear my
cross*

*Then He will forge a tool for good
That tends those who've been
misunderstood*

*It must be well with my soul
For my dear Christ I have and
hold.*

*And He will honor all my pain
by using it to exalt His name.*

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Who we are...

Editor Letters

Nestled in Troup, Texas is an equipping ministry, founded by Shelly Wilson, mobilizing women for Kingdom purpose. Within the walls are intimate classes to dig deep into the Word of God, support groups to heal broken hearts, prayer for healing and deliverance, as well as a global print magazine and radio station releasing women and girls who proclaim Christ around the world.

Shelly's music and publications are tools to share Christ in a world in need of Him. Her magazines have been used as letters of encouragement to many a stranger. She delights in sharing her life with Christ with others through music, poetry, Love Letters by Mail and God's Word. She has a tenderness of heart for the broken and a desire to set captives free. She is known to be a champion for those who have lost their voice.

For mentoring, appointments, and class schedules please go to our website or call/text 903-600-1682.

MINISTRY MISSION

To see women healed and set free to fulfill their ministries. To equip women and girls to walk in their ordained gifts freely and confidently with Christ. To release the voices of women proclaiming Christ through music, publishing, and radio media.

Dear Reader,

I pray so much The Sparrow newspaper will be an encouragement to your heart in this season. We would like to offer to you an opportunity to write to us and let us know what may have encouraged you in this particular issue. Jesus has a beautiful way of speaking to everyone uniquely and knows exactly what every heart needs. We trust that He has helped compile this set of writings for you in this hour with a right-on-time word. It is my most heartfelt prayer that every word written gives weary hearts strength, doubting hearts hope, and sleeping hearts the call to awaken to the King of Glory.

To write a Letter to the Editor you may either email us at info@shellywilson.com or by snail mail to P.O. Box 220 Troup, Texas 75789

We look forward to hearing from your heart.

Love Much,



SHELLY WILSON
MINISTRIES
INTERNATIONAL

equipping women & girls to take their unique place in the Kingdom.

Drama Queen
MAGAZINE

LOVE
LETTERS by Mail

Where the
Heart Heals
...and the flowers bloom.

Royalty
4 REAL
RADIO
FOR WOMEN

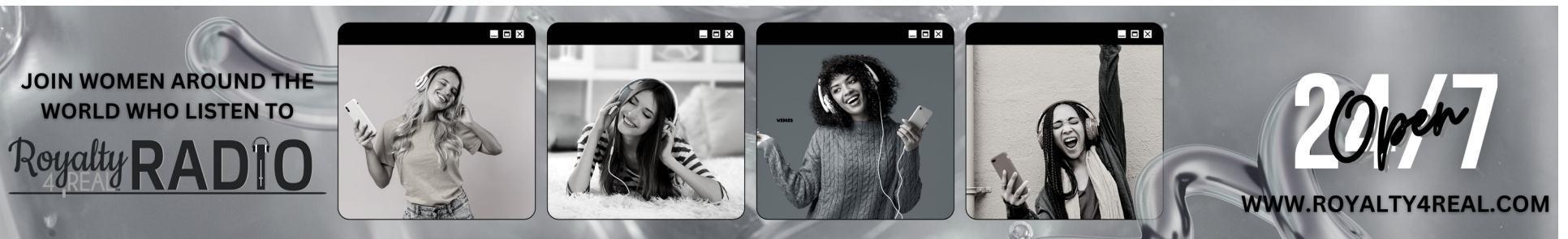
reach for the more
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| 903.600.1682

| PO Box 220, Troup, TX 75789



Local News & Events

We host several local gatherings and groups to meet the needs of women for healing of past pains, divorce, insecurity, grief, struggles with self worth, as well as groups for those dreaming with Jesus and pursuing the call on their lives. For questions, please contact us.

Where the Heart Heals

1st Mondays | 6:30pm -8:00pm

For women needing help navigating through pain from the past or current life situations. This can include abuse of any kind, insecurity, a broken heart from grief or loss, lack of healthy boundaries, and other pains that have hindered purpose and destiny with Christ.

Dream Big Support Group

2nd Mondays | 6:30pm -8:00pm

We discuss practical ways of fulfilling God's assignments as well as spiritual ways to grow in Christ through His calling on our lives.

Dream Big 4Girls (Enrollment Required)

3rd Mondays | 4:30pm -6:00pm

Teaching girls to pursue Christ and all that He has placed within them to discover and fulfill in His Kingdom.

Where the Heart Heals-Divorce Recovery for Women

4th Mondays | 6:30 pm-8:00pm

We are here to help you transition into a new life and help you trust that Jesus has a hope and a future still planned for you. We will also be here as your family to walk along side of you.

Equipping Classes & Bible Studies

Dates & Times Will Vary

We are always adding classes to help root women deeply in the Word of God as well as workshops that help release the gift in each heart.

Ministry Highlight



If you haven't tried our round-the-clock radio station for women, head over to www.royalty4real.com and take a listen.

We release the voices of women around the world preaching Christ Jesus through music. Every genre of Christian music is represented and many nations are as well!

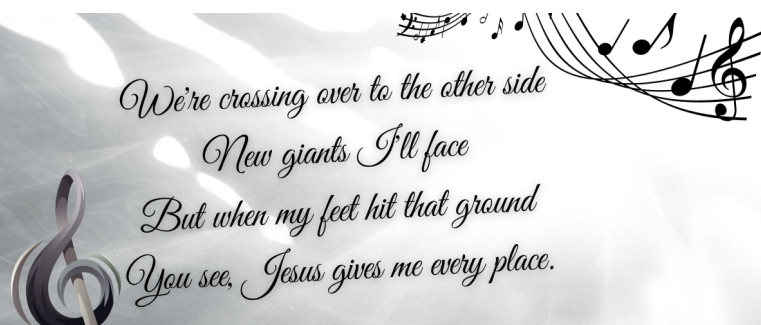
You can listen online or download several apps to keep it right at your fingertips! If you have ALEXA, you can easily tell her to play Royalty4Real Radio as well!

Also online is our "Request a Song" option that is open 24/7 where you can request some of your favorite songs as often as you would like!

We are proud to say we release indie artists you may have never heard of as well as well known Christian women in music. You will be stunned at how beautiful God's daughters are and how many the LORD has working for Him around the globe.

We hope you enjoy it as much as we do!





The Airport

Sometimes I grin as I watch one who was so broken emerge from the ashes.

At any given moment tears might fill my eyes as I see joy restored, hope reinstated, and passion kicking up dust with their heels.

I often whisper, "Fly, baby girl, fly."

It can take years of work and rivers of tears. Many comings and goings to keep processing through it all. Sometimes on my part just a lot of listening with only nods.

But one day it happens. They show up for life. They get excited about God speaking to them. They walk through the fears and see that it wasn't so bad. They hold their head higher. Their shoulders are back. They no longer shrink in the room. They sit up straight. They learned who they are in Christ. They survived the pain. They mastered the moods. They bravely looked within and did surgery with Jesus.

And me, well,
Sometimes I smile.
Sometimes I laugh.
Sometimes I cry.
Sometimes all of it at once.

Their presentation is different.
Their demeanor has shifted.
They've gone through a divine makeover.
They glow in Jesus.

They've seen the truth.
They ain't paupers, you see,
They are royalty and they are about to trail-blaze a legacy with the King.

With each "lift off" I am honored to get a front row seat in the airport.

"Go high, babe, go high."

You are fully equipped to wreck Hell and take as many hearts with you that you can. Own that unique runway with all of your heart, soul, and mind. Follow His heavenly itinerary and take every inch of the land that He places your foot.

You did the work.
You sowed in tears.
Now you'll reap the harvest.



David's Spoils

And nothing of theirs was lacking, either small or great, sons or daughters, spoil or anything which they had taken from them; David recovered all. Then David took all the flocks; herds they had driven before those other livestock, and said, "This is David's Spoil." (1 Samuel 30:19-20)

When David and his men returned from battle they found the city burned with fire; and their wives and sons, and daughters had been taken captive.

Needless to say there was much grief and weeping. Yet, David sought the Lord on whether to go on a recovery mission. The Lord gave a yes and promised David would recover all.

Some of you have been in a battle. A war on your lives as you try to move forward with Christ. It would seem one thing after another has been taken from you yet I would nudge you to look for the spoils of war.

Last night in our support group we discussed the plunder and spoils of war we might miss if we focus on the losses.

We found some had begun to flourish in gifts that otherwise would have stayed hidden if not for the raging war. Others had come out from under abuse and oppression and are finally finding who Jesus designed them to be. Others were well into new creativities because the burden of what was never God's best for them was no longer a heavy weight. Freedom was coming forward for

everyone and the spoils of war were being seen.

What, today, might be your spoils of war? You can focus on the losses and stay steeped in despair or ask God to begin to show you your spoils of war.

Maybe it's a hidden gift that God is desiring to blow His breath on. Maybe it's the first time you actually have true peace after living in a hellish situation for years. Maybe you are regaining your health because God severed that which was taking it from you. You might find yourself with a new land and territory. Your borders may have been expanded through all the pain. Your ministry is now a large part of your plunder.

The devil didn't bank on this.
He forgot the way God works.
Maybe He just thought you wouldn't know to look for it.

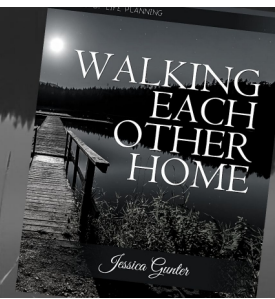
But I'm here to tell you that you have some plunder coming your way, friend.

Look for it.
Ask for it.
Focus on it.
It's time for a recovery mission with Jesus.

In the battle for your future and purpose God has gathered spoils for you.

It ain't over.
You will recover ALL, and then some.

Walking Each Other Home is a book by **Jessica Gunter** that allows you to document your detailed wishes, your notes for families, and your faith journey for those left behind. Within the pages are matters of your heart left as a legacy for those not heading home just yet.



End-of-life planning
is a gift to your
family.
amazon

THE SPARROW

www.shellywilsonministries.org

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VOLUME 4



You Are Not Forgotten

Sometimes our seasons cause us to doubt God's plan for our lives. We begin to think He has put us on a shelf if things aren't "moving forward" like we hoped.

While there have certainly been seasons of shelving a few gifts for me, it did not mean God was silent or still. It just meant I was in an "in between" sometimes.

Behind the scenes is God working all things for good, increasing some much needed pressure of patience, and wooing us to simply learn to love Him in the wait.

Some seasons bring a sort of confusion whereby we were certain we heard from God until an unexpected collision occurred and we, then, doubt whether we have ever heard Him at all.

Don't count yourself out just yet, or Him. We've talked this week about letting patience do its perfect work. That word patience translates also to steadfastness and endurance.

Isn't that quite surprising? Wow! God's word is so deep and wide!

Sometimes we endure a season and simply remain steadfast. We have to trust that the God that never sleeps is working details out for all involved in that which He has made us for.

There is a fear that comes that we might "miss it." Listen, we do not serve a God who would withhold the very thing you were made and created to perform under His watchful eye.

There is no other person assigned to it but you. Rest in that a moment. You are significant to His plan. He wants to use you. It's why you are here.

If we are seeking Him first and His righteousness He will get us where we need to be. The outcome is actually His responsibility. Yours is merely to seek Him.

Take a deep breath and let yourself off the hook He hasn't forgotten why He made you. He hasn't decided to pick someone else. He didn't decide you weren't good enough. He already knows who you are to become and is helping you every step of the way.

*Through rain or shine and winter's white
Always near is The Christ
Wooing us into His heart
Never a promise He's forgot.*

Let patience do its perfect work. Your time is coming. You are just in process.



When Words Fail

There are times when there are no words to explain your pain. No vocabulary to use that adequately describes the anguish.

Yet, the Holy Spirit groans inwardly on our behalf the much needed prayer.

It is astounding to me to remember Christ is day and night uttering intercession for us as we travail the trials. His eye is upon us and praying for our strength to return so we may stand up once again.

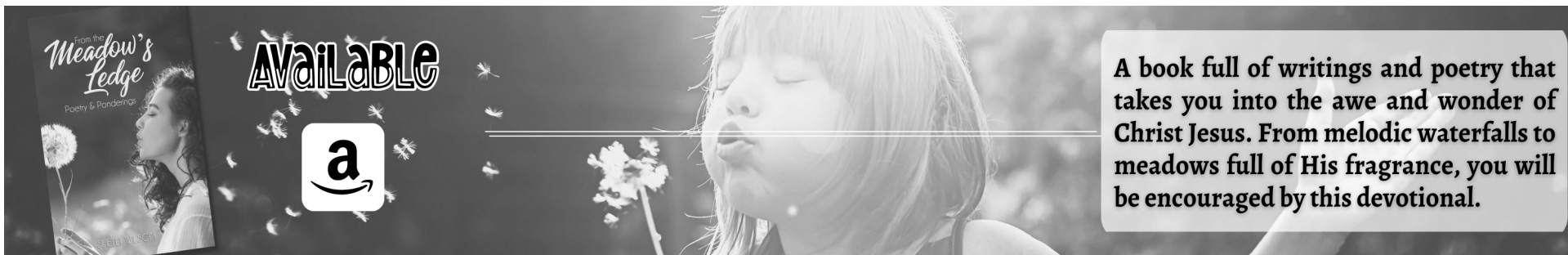
Our religious formulas can be left unsaid because tears are most effective flowing from the honest heart.

One does not have to pray long. Pray strong. Pray lovely. Only pray honestly.

And when one cannot form any words due to a sea of overwhelming grief, tears alone will ring the doorbell of Heaven.



**MOBILIZING THIS
GENERATION WITH JESUS**



A book full of writings and poetry that takes you into the awe and wonder of Christ Jesus. From melodic waterfalls to meadows full of His fragrance, you will be encouraged by this devotional.

The In-Between

David's anointing for King must have been quite the highlight. Yet, years of being in-between the call and the crown were full of exhaustion, pain, and tears.

God was making a man who could handle that crown. A man who would fall and learn to repent of his sin. A man who would learn to lead armies while inquiring of the Lord for every direction. A man who could hold a sword to an enemy yet restrain his flesh from his own hearts vengeance.

The same will be true for you, and me.

The in-between of the call and the launch of it will be full of tests.

He will test your faithfulness to His desires. He will test your pride. He will test your ability to steward well His assignments. He will test your inner motives and agendas.

Whatever He finds will dictate a necessary path that positions you while sanctifying you.

It's the in-between whereby Joseph sees his destiny in the form of a dream yet finds himself isolated in a well after a heinous betrayal.

It's the in-between whereby Joseph had to wait on the providence of God to unlock those prison doors while he learned to serve in that same jail with his gifts.

The in-between.

It can be a hard place to be.

You'll have to learn to rest in Jesus and know that what is stored up for you ahead of time will come to fruition only by His hand and in His time.

The in-between will be full of fruit inspections where Holy Spirit will divinely arrange what you'll think is the devil. He needs to see how you are in self-control, patience, long suffering.

Are the gifts in you exploited by a wicked heart or are they still under His control in Godly submission to His hand.

Can you lead others well or will you lead them to Hell? You'll be checked on this one for sure.

Is there a hunger to know Him more or simply to live a good life of less than while others stay in lack.

Yep.

It's the in-between.

Nothing Compares

Should every door begin to close
Except the door to Heaven's throne
Into His heart I will abide
Nothing compares to knowing Christ.

If darkened days do fill my years
And bring me still more waves of tears
I'll rest in knowing He is there
Faithful to my every care.

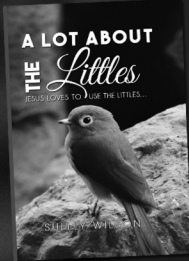
If I must walk a road alone
I'll be at peace. He is my home
And joy will still bring precious praise
To daily capture His dear gaze.

For when my closet door is closed
All the pains of past windows
Are all but counted as a loss
For precious is the Savior's cross.

Philippians 3:8

Indeed, I count everything as loss
because of the surpassing worth of knowing
Christ Jesus my Lord. For his sake
I have suffered the loss of all things and
count them as rubbish, in order that
I may gain Christ.





A new
poetry
book
from
Shelly
Wilson

A LOT ABOUT

THE
Littles

JESUS LOVES TO USE THE LITTLES...

It seems over the course of time the Lord has seen fit to give me many poems and writings about "The Little" something, or another. Compiled here are many "Little" ones who Jesus thought well of. So much that He used some as modern day parables to put to words what, perhaps, our hearts may be struggling to say. I hope you might see that no matter how little you feel, how little your gifts seem, how little strength you have left, or how little others have made you feel that you might know how precious your little heart is to Jesus.

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The Changing of a Season

On my walk today the wind was warm yet cool enough to stay for a while. It precariously blew every lovely weed, flower, and tree as if to make the statement, "It is the changing of a season."

My spirit bore witness to the Holy Spirit's presence and I graciously acknowledged His declaration.

"Indeed, it is, Lord."

We will not operate the same in this coming season.

For some of us has come a change of mantles. The change can be a removal of an old mantle but also the addition of a new one as if God has "enlarged the place of your tent."

You didn't realize the remodeling of your house and life was bringing about a fresh change where burdens would lift and there would be a deep correction of inner mindsets that were suspiciously keeping you from flourishing.

For those folks has come a confidence that Jesus in you is enough. You no longer need to constantly bring about "stand-ins" just in case what you bring is not "adequate." Instead, the Lion of Judah has carried you into your rightful place as heir and you have now taken your seat, as well as your keys.

For others, your assignment is now over and this changing season is calling you into new lands. He is attempting to give you the true desires of your own heart but you're fearful of such a change so you are resisting.

Your landscape is changing. What you thought was coming wasn't entirely true. It was only a stop on the route to your destination. The stop had some lessons you needed to learn before you continued on your journey.

Make peace with it, now. It is necessary for you to follow Jesus. You will need to consciously, and humbly, release who you were, or perhaps, thought you would be in this coming season.

Some of us are heading into a season of intense training and your changing season is all about inner change. He will be focusing on your character, your integrity, and things like gentleness. It's a full submersion in learning the language of Heaven through some of His fruits of the Spirit and how they are applied in real life. You'll feel like you're not moving forward to any place at all but you are. In order to become a great leader you first must become a great student.

The changing of seasons for some of you is now the exiting out of the wilderness season and entering into the unseen harvest it brought. The wilderness, just like with Jesus, is now bringing you out with power. The breaking has released an oil and scent meant to draw mankind to the heart of God. You'll wonder if it was worth it for a while until you see the reaping that rises from your own tears. Joy will be your portion once again.

Whatever season you find your feet in, friends, surrender fully to it. For it is a necessary place to become a seasoned saint. In every season you will be surrounded kindly by the Good Shepherd never to be left or forsaken *only to be molded into more of His likeness.*



The Road Called Lost

There was a road called "Lost"
Which I traveled at great cost
With crooked streets and no road signs
When all seemed to be left behind.

When no direction was granted me
And fog was so thick I couldn't see
I wondered if ever I might find "me"
On this road called "Lost."

Then soon some turns brought sweet surprise
And hope again began to rise
Then Jesus opened up my eyes
With a hint of unexpected sunrise.

It appeared this road that I called, "Lost"
Led me to a unique cross
Where I would find the Potter's hands
Molding me for unseen lands.

If other roads had been my plight
And the "me" I'd known had not there died
Surely I'd been more lost, yet, still
Instead of meeting the "me" revealed.

I've come to now sure understand
That "Lost" to me is not "Lost" to Him
And what a miracle I have seen
This road called "Lost" did help find "me."

*I didn't expect to be in
healing and deliverance.
I just did what Christ
placed before me.*

Shelly Wilson





Positioned

While working one morning I heard the first line of this poem begin when I soon realized I was seeing a vision of myself rooted in a deep bed of soil in a field.

A heavy wind began to blow and my hair was every which way with the wind but I remained upright despite what seemed like tornadic activity. The wind could not blow me over.

Hallelujah!

My feet never came out of the soil and I realized Christ Jesus to which I'm grounded was fully able to keep me in any storm. The same will be for you, friend.

*Positioned I am for exploits grand
If I keep steady His mission at hand
For it will require an endurance race
So keep up the training required by His grace.*

*When the winds blow keep faith in tow
His roots are deep don't you know
Immoveable you are when rooted in Christ.
No matter the wind and no matter the price.*

*Wait for dear Jesus to cease that ole' storm
For even the wind obeys when He warns
And you'll surely see that you do stand strong
Positioned with Christ the Master of all.*



A Sorrowful Spirit

Your pain is embedded so deep that your cries to the Lord can't even be heard by onlookers.

Your voice has been stifled and the anguish has kept you silent to the outside world.

Yet, God has heard your cry, "Hannah."

And she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed to the Lord and wept in anguish. (1 Samuel 1:10)

Some of the most powerful prayers are those only spoken in the heart. Those that sail on a bed of tears that have innately created a river of wanting.

With every teardrop seems to be a sound that captures the attention of the ONE on the throne and He is moved by compassion.

While your soul is embittered, a beautiful thing is happening beyond what you can naturally see.

The Holy Ghost has been praying on your behalf with His own groanings. Every pained sound of your heart He has translated and understands fully.

Released in every one of those tear-stained moans has been a call to the helper, the comforter, the counselor.

Nearer and nearer He has drawn to you because His heart is always listening for a cry. A broken heart is never despised and He has an inability to refrain from running to such a wounded heart.

Whose womb seems to be barren today? What, dear one, has been lost to you? What has caused such a deep anguish that the waves have seemed to overwhelm your life?

Grief has a way of making you look drunk, doesn't it? You try to stand again and the next wave barrels over you stronger than the last and your legs can not seem to stand in strength.

Jesus sees and Jesus knows.

Whatever seems lost. Whatever seems barren. Whatever seems unable to give birth. There is an "expected end."

Jeremiah 29:11 says, For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the LORD, thoughts

of peace, and not of evil, to give you an **expected end.**

Can you trust the Lord in that which you cannot yet see? Can you believe in your dire circumstance that His plan for you is for good and not evil? Can you believe that He set in motion before you were formed in the womb an "expected end?"

Psalm 126: 5-6 says, They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Psalm 30:11 says, You have turned my mourning into joyful dancing. You have taken away my clothes of mourning and clothed me with joy...

Chin up, sorrowing heart, His plan is still in place for your sweet life. He is never far from you. May your heart cry out as much as you need. May your pain spill over with tears as a waterfall beckoning the gaze of the Almighty.

For never once have they gone unseen or unheard by Him.

"Patience, Grasshopper"

There once was a grasshopper pining away
Wondering when God would save the day
When pain and grief rolled in like waves
"When would it surely all go away?"

The sun it would shine and give some dear rest
But soon came a haze of painful regret
And memories echoed the mountains of mind
"It seems I will never be free," I would sigh.

But patience was doing its perfect work
Tilling up treasures, revealing God's love
When all seemed lost, a surprise would be seen
God was surely revealing the real me.

The road had been long and I had been lost
Given to others at my own heart's cost
So Jesus came in for a rescue this time
What felt like loss was becoming a find.

One step, then two it was a slow go
But Jesus was faithful to have and to hold
And when I would panic at every delay
"Patience, Grasshopper," He'd whisper each day.



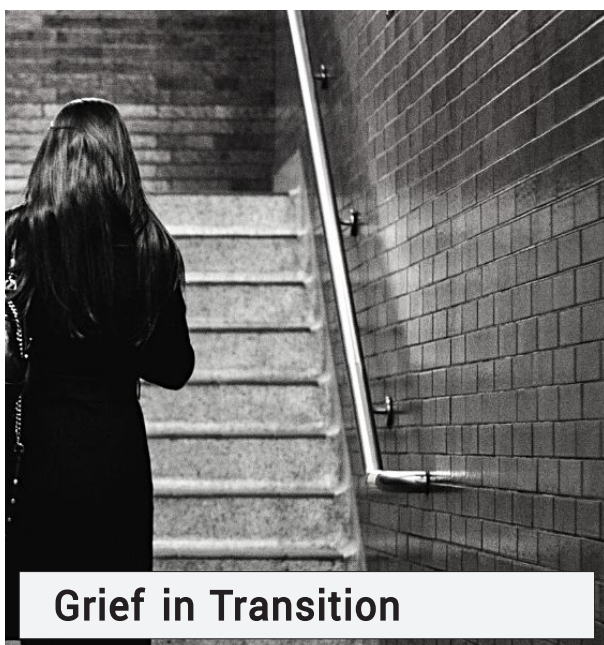
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THE SPARROW

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VOLUME 4



Grief in Transition

Have you ever grieved past seasons of life? I found myself this week reminiscing over much. It's not that I don't love where Christ has me today, but I do remember vividly the times He called me onward. This always meant I had to leave some familiar faces behind.

I remember when He called me to resign a great job with great people who had become my extended family. It took almost a month of grieving the "loss" while I simultaneously walked into the "gain." Let's face it. Change-changes things. It changes the closeness of relationships, the focus of each day's routine and sometimes even physical locations.

In other seasons I found myself with some less and others more, and quite honestly, while excited to see what Christ wanted to do in the new season, I always felt the grief of the old season. It was never far from my heart. To this day, it still isn't.

I'm the girl that had white knuckles holding onto the familiar faces and trying to drag everyone along for the ride. Rarely did it work like that in God's economy of things. I would have to learn unfamiliar things, make new friends, and trust Him in the transition. Can we just be honest? It's hard.

I have a particularly loyal heart. This can be good and bad all at the same time. The heart will want to "stay" when Christ is saying, "go." It can cause quite an internal war. If I could put my finger on one of the hardest things for me about following Christ, it would likely be this very thing.

Those who know me well know this about me. They've come to expect it in transitions. While joy bubbles up, often so does grief, mainly because I know the signs. I can usually discern the shift now and I've come to understand the cost of following Christ can be steep. We have long talks about it when a particular wave of grief passes thru my heart that I've come to know He always sees. I am reminded of His own walk here on earth and the times He must have felt the sting of the assignment. It meant He couldn't stay some places too long or go some places with the gang.

He had a mission and it had to be fulfilled.

If you are in a transitional season with Jesus, it's ok to grieve the shift. He understands. But do make sure you continue forward. Don't look back for too long yearning for what was. If you do, you might miss what is.

God did bow really low
And whisper in her heart
"I made you to dance for me
But you must do your part."

With utter joy she took her place
And practiced hours a day
She surrendered to the discipline
And soon she became great.

She thanked the Lord for helping her
And teaching her His ways
He whispered, "Little ballerina,
Your training was not in vain."

Hebrews 12:11
No discipline seems enjoyable at the time, but painful. Later on, however, it yields the peaceful fruit of righteousness to those who have been trained by it.

The Little Ballerina

There once was a little ballerina
Still only in her dreams
She watched the dancers pirouette
And wished she could be like these.

They twirled and twirled in perfect form
"Oh, one day this I'll be"
But the little ballerina
Had no idea, you see.

That perfect spin upon the toes
Was years and years of work
Practicing with bleeding sores
And feet just needing soaked.

Their days were filled with discipline
To learn their craft so well
One day they reaped all they had sown
And danced they did so well.

They missed a many playful things
That others got to do
But stirring deep inside their hearts
Was God's little dancing tool.

So the little ballerina
Who knew still but a dream
Pondered in her heart, again
If she could dance like these.





The Precious Place

There's a precious place for you to operate in all Christ has called you to be. Beware of going with those who follow worldly little gods. You're gonna need to discern who, and what, is alluring you in these days.

Crucify following crowds. Gathering followers. Mimicking others. Climbing up ladders. Beating down doors. Leave behind usury. Manipulation. Lying and deceiving. Puffing yourself up.

Go low. Grab a towel and roll up your sleeves. Get into the pits and prisons with people. There you'll learn more about Jesus and who He desires you to be.

None of the rest treks are needed when you understand your Kingdom inheritance.

Chasing Jesus, alone, rather than people, places, and platforms will take you right to the doors Jesus intends for you.

You may find some other doors through other avenues but you'll find much of them are distracting devils that eventually wear you out and leave you unfulfilled. It's because "they" weren't Him.

You will never miss God's appointed place for you if you are focused on knowing Him and His heart better.

He knows the plans He has for you. The problem is you and everyone else has plans for you, too. So, you (and me) end up choosing based on unhealthy desires, a bit of coveting, a mix of insecurities, and the fear of missing out. But if I believe He has plans for me and that He is not a

man that He should lie then I can be safe and secure knowing He is at work and unfolding before me what I am created for.

It will take patience on my part because part of the process is an inner work. As much as I am trying to get somewhere for my purpose, He is working in me to become a new man more likened to His image. I need to be full of more of His Spirit and fruits of His Spirit. It is not an addition to purpose or a detour that is a secondary priority. It is the most critical part of "getting there."

If my character and integrity lack, I'll sabotage every opportunity that comes my way. If my heart is in need of much undone healing I won't be as effective as I should be. If I am so busy wanting what everyone else has then I have a lapse in my judgment on who Jesus is and who I am in Him.

If my past of people pleasing had been allowed to reign one minute longer my purpose would be stalled out while I made sure everyone approved of me instead of remaining true to who God called me to be.

It is a precious place to watch God position you, but also change you.

If you're struggling with any or all I've mentioned seek first His Kingdom and righteousness. Period. The chosen place of the secret closet will lead you exactly where you need to go.

Don't miss out on the precious place Jesus has for you. Every other place and space will pale in comparison.

You Can't Hide

Some of you have been hiding for so long you can't even remember why. Hiding from others, hiding from Jesus, hiding from the possibility of pain, and hiding from yourself. Here's something beautiful you need to remember. You can't hide from grace.

His grace has a divine radar detector perfectly positioned to track you at all times. The sorrows, the joys, the fears and the insecurities. He's got your number, you know.

In the corner of many caves are prophetic warriors who decided to hide.

I hate to tell you, Elijah, but His grace is yet surrounding you.

Yeah, it's ok, Jonah. You just keep running. You're gonna get super tired but His grace has feet so swift you'll never outrun them.

All you Esthers toying with the idea of remaining silent so you can stay hidden in a comfortable and cozy little life.

Yeah, not gonna work. Grace doesn't mind snatching you right out of all that is comfortable and teaching you how to fly by dropping you off some unexpected high cliff. Don't worry. He does circle back around to catch you. (Been there!)

Some of you prophets are hiding in the crowds. You've taken an oath to keep your mouth shut so you don't look different than the other church folk. News flash: You can't help it. Even when you're hiding that Holy Ghost grace comes with fire and your mouth shoots His heart like a polished arrow. It's just simply who you were made to be. So, just own it, will ya?

Friends of David!!! Listen! That cave you ran to so you could hide from the Saul's in your life, well it served a purpose you know. It became an appointed rendezvous point to gather the rejected in society. Guess what? You are now their leader!

Grace went ahead of you, friend.

Man.
GRACE.
It. Is. Spectacular!



When Grace Speaks

Let me be ever so clear on something. I am still amazed that God would even choose to use somebody like me. Every day I walk into a beautiful ministry building that is full of His kindness to me and those I serve. There was no good reason He should have chosen me. Not one.

Even today, 20 years later, it's a miracle. You see, I know myself. I, just like many of you, struggle with patience and lack of knowledge at times. I wrestle with what others think of me, very often. I fear at times I didn't counsel well a heart in need or that I dropped the ball with someone counting on my attention. I've wondered many times how I have wrecked so many things yet kept His favor.

Grace is hard to explain. I do not take it for granted. I am kept only because He chose me and I didn't choose Him. Before He formed me in the womb, He knew me. In me He crafted by hand a mission for the Kingdom. It's been pretty messy at times if I'm honest. There are times I've begged out of my calling when the suffering few see is more than I can handle. I've been just like Elijah and pleaded for Heaven after full scale victories. Weariness and fatigue have overtaken me at times and I have thought seriously about staying down for the count on many occasions. But Grace kept speaking.

Grace is a God who has picked me up in His arms and carried me to the finish line again and again. Yet, Grace is the same God who chose to leave some painful thorns so I could minister better out of them. I've spent countless hours in prayer trying to cast out those same thorns. Deliver myself. Declare them gone. Yet He says, "My grace is sufficient."

I'm grateful for Grace. It's beautiful and lovely but can have, when necessary, a lion's bite.

I've wept in His arms at times when I've foolishly rejected His counsel and suffered the

consequences of my own choices. He didn't get me out of them but He did get me through them with hard lessons to go share with those in need.

It's been quite a journey with this God of Grace.

Maybe you, too, feel unworthy of being used. Frankly, it doesn't matter what you feel. He does the choosing so you best just say, "Yes, Lord." If you decide to do so He will help change you along the way. He will also help you do things you never dreamed possible.

I know me but He also knows me. Yet, somehow, He never changed His mind.

He feels the same about you.

His Majesty

In the book of Job we are often taken by Job's sufferings. While it is certainly a good read and faith builder we mustn't miss an incredible glimpse of God Almighty as He reveals Himself intricately in the midst of Job's crises.

If we keep reading long enough, we will see a dialogue that magnifies the majesty of God and we see what we may otherwise miss about His nature and sovereignty.

He lays out before us how He has a "treasury for the snow and a place where the hail is made and stored." He gives us the secret of how a lightning bolt goes nowhere without His command and follows His specific path to strike.

We see how He has placed many animals in their specific habitats and designed them with unique tendencies that only He knows intimately. Even the deer gives birth by His command.

This majestic God of ours gives us a peek at His power through His creation and most importantly His Lordship and authority over it all.

All things are under His command and dare not act without His consent.

We see the oceans have boundary lines and the thunder is acknowledged as "the tremendous voice of His majesty." (Living Bible Translation)

He declares, "He clothes the seas with clouds and thick darkness and barred them by limiting their shores." Every wave limited to its place and space by His sovereign rule.

We read of "springs from which the seas come from" and He lets us know subtly of His "walking in the source of their depths."

He points out there is a proper "sequence to the seasons" and each day rises the sun by His command causing the morning to appear again and again.

We see the eagle mounts up at the Lord's command and makes her nest high on the cliffs per His instruction.

This is the God, Elohim, whom we serve. The Creator of ALL things.

"Mother Nature" does not exist. Let us remove this from our language.

Only God is the one who "holds back the stars" and knows the "home of the east winds."

The very same God who "dug valleys for the torrents of rain" and "causes the rain to fall upon the barren ground so it is satisfied with water."

If you would like to give your life to Jesus and begin a brand new life with Him simply tell Him so. The Holy Spirit will come to live inside of you and help you to walk in the light of the truth and freedom Christ died to give you.

For questions or help on your journey you can call or email us.



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