



# 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 12

## POETRY HIGHLIGHT

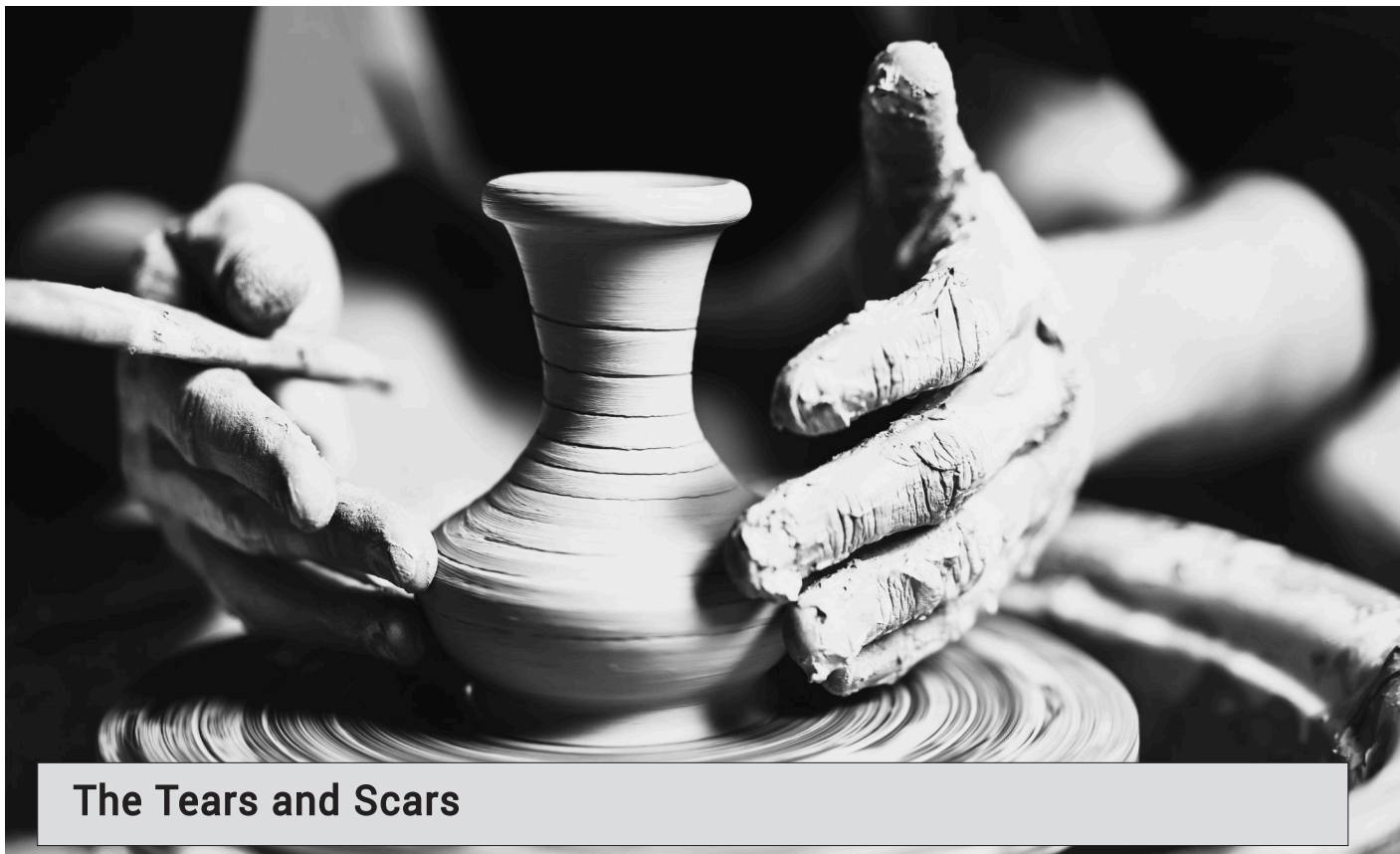
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## EVENT SCHEDULE

Find the calendar for our meetings, support groups, and mentoring by visiting [www.shellywilsonministries.org](http://www.shellywilsonministries.org).

## EDITOR'S PICK

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May every scar and every tear  
Now sing a song of Christ so dear  
For His great love has anointed  
pains  
To go be a balm to those who  
remain.

Rev 21:4 - "And God will wipe away (anoint) every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away."

Gal 6:17 - From now on, don't let anyone trouble me with these things. For I bear on my body the scars that show I belong to Jesus.

### The Tears and Scars

Every scar marks a moment in time where Christ, the King, can be found victorious. The trauma might be devastating indeed but Jesus shall be seen in it.

He doesn't merely wipe those tears you know. The meaning is actually that He anoints them. In some miracle only God can provide is now a teardrop infused with divine power.

It is now a powerful passion for the weeping minister who knows that trial firsthand who can then hand deliver the message in a heartfelt way rather than an intellectual one.

In that cry that produced countless tears will be heard the very heart of Christ. With every drop is coming a future moment where compassion speaks very different within you. Those tears will turn into a tool fit for Kingdom use. There has come a new weapon not of our own choosing but one that God intends to use powerfully against the enemy of our souls.

The tears are molding you. Reshaping you. You will see different than ever before.

I've often wondered if Heaven hears a very real vibration as each tear falls to the ground. For they know that in the hand of God, tears remain somehow His treasure. For what other reason might He bottle

them if they were not counted as precious to Him?

Every scar tells a story of some battle you'd wish never happened but since it did let us make sure divine retribution is ours as the royal priesthood of the Lord's.

Let the marks show me faithful to the cause of Christ in that while still pressed on every side, we would be found true.

No longer running from coming storms but running to them. No longer fearing the devil's tactics but knowing we come from the winning army, indeed.

It might be that we are full of scars that have marked us up on every limb and every inner heart chamber but let me be clear that there is only ONE who was also marked in many ways that assured you and I a very clear victory.

The Christ born as a babe who shall return as the undisputed King of Kings.

May all the tears and the scars of this season continue to bear a holy witness of a love that has no end.

“

HIS EYS IS ON  
THE SPARROW  
AND HE  
WATCHES OVER  
ME...



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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 903-969-5406.

## MINISTRY MISSION

*To see women healed and set free to fulfill their ministries. To equip women 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](mailto: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.*



Where the  
Heart Heals

...and the flowers bloom.

support groups for women



THE SPARROW

www.shellywilsonministries.org

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## Unwrap It

Sometimes you'll hear a kind whisper from the Lord as He shares with you a secret. A secret you might not know, but He does. It's when He shows you how He wants your whole heart but you've sealed off a little place from Him.

It was a place damaged and tucked away. From others and even from you.

As He walks you through healing, it might catch you off guard when He gently places His finger on it. You might feel immediate anxiety as you think about even talking it through. Your fight or flight might kick in as you stop yourself from running swiftly from it.

He is a safe place for you to unwrap it now. It holds memories and moments that need to be processed. If it doesn't happen, other things won't happen either.

You might find you have trouble in relationships because you always guard yourself from future pains. You might also find yourself always being skeptical of others intentions because of unresolved trust issues from past hurts.

A tainted lens will always point a finger but Christ has a way of placing, not pointing, His finger on a pained place in need of healing.

He will unwrap the wound slowly being sure it's not more than you can handle at one time. He will let some things stay hidden while He prioritizes the pains. We humans should take a mental note on this one and put our guns away. Firing shots was never His style.

The wound you've been protecting has always been within His sights. He has not been ignoring it. He has simply been waiting for His perfect timing pre-recorded in history for His coming.

Now the beautiful work begins. It'll be hard and it will hurt. Likely more than the initial injury itself. But the healing will be full and likely cover many unseen areas of needs you didn't know about.

When He is finished, that scar will sing. It'll sing of a victory in Jesus that now touches other lives. You'll be amazed at how far it reaches and how many hearts now wonder at the miracle they now get to partake in.

You can trust Christ with that place you know? Just let Him unwrap it.



## Walk in the Light

There will be a season where God will force you into confrontations. Not to harm you but to help you. Maturing in the faith is understanding hard conversations are necessary for growth. We also have a responsibility to help one another. If we never have hard conversations we aren't being very kind.

I remember Corrie Ten Boom sharing a story of her relationship with a woman who was her assistant. She made it a habit to "walk in the light."

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanses us from all sin." 1 John 1:7

Her habit was a practical one, as well as spiritual. It was that if there were any questions being pondered in the heart, any silent offenses stirring up the devil's pot, or any sign of the heart bleeding sorely that it would be talked out fully and brought into the light. I've found, personally, that when this doesn't happen nothing can be remedied. Many a relationship is lost in the body of Christ because someone refused to walk in the light.

I keep telling our women here, "Honesty is still the best policy." Honesty with God, honesty with myself, and honesty with others. What in our lives might quickly be reconciled if we were brave enough to bring all things into the light?

Long lost relationships would not be torn to pieces had an honest conversation occurred. Repentance of a harmful hurt might bring about a much needed change should someone approach the hard conversation. And perhaps we might find ourselves being groomed as God's leaders should we learn the art of "walking in the light."

Why is this so hard for us when we know full well that the truth is what sets us free?

Where in our lives are we dancing with the devil in dark places? Walk it into the light and watch what Christ does with that simple act of obedience.



Join us to become stronger in Christ through healthy boundaries.

Learn how to use your voice and say goodbye to people-pleasing, codependency, and toxic behaviors.

Protect what Jesus has placed inside of you and fulfill your calling with confidence.

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## Detaching the Heart Strings

While in prayer I could sense that in this season the Lord is detaching our hearts from things that have "kept" us.

Some of those "things" are people and places. Some are emotional strongholds. Some are lingering past pains. Some are alignments and assignments.

Detach: (Dictionary)

verb

disengage (something or part of something) and remove it.

leave or separate oneself from (a group or place).

While we've moved forward the best we could, many of our hearts have fallen far behind with a never-ending ache.

It has caused fatigue and weariness. A feeling of heaviness likened to a ball and chain.

Every step you have had to muster up strength was like walking in deep water. It has taken all your physical, emotional, and spiritual strength to keep on walking.

God is setting people free from these tethers. As I write this I can see a gentle clipping with scissors of every heart string that God is releasing you from.

In essence, God is performing surgery to release the ties that bind.

Your heart will be at peace again and able to rest. There will be no push and pull exhausting you.

You will be in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee. Clarity is now coming and freedom is near.

These scriptures come to mind as God begins to release you. Renew your mind faithfully to prepare for your "next."

Philippians 4:8-9 which says, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you."

## The Unfolding

You often become the "thing" you were designed to be without even knowing it is happening.

I began many years ago by writing blog posts that mostly shared my "moments with Jesus." I remember when a dear pastor friend said, "There's something about your writing, Shelly." I had no idea what he meant.

I was focused on music at the time so that precious comment, which was pointing me to a seen gift, passed me right by in some ways. I became a writer without knowing I was a writer.

After my first album was released which was full of songs I did not write, I was pretty satisfied with what I was doing and who I was becoming. However, that same writing began to take on formats with added melodies from Heaven. I became a psalmist when I didn't know I was a psalmist.

Those two places and spaces fill me with indescribable joy every time I see God minister to others through writings or music He wrote through me.

Watching a song go from my head to the finished piece is still a miracle to my heart.

As we walk with Christ He unfolds in us what He knows is already there. Should I have stopped walking with Christ, it is likely those gifts would stay dormant within me. It was the love of Jesus and who He was becoming to me that stirred up every word on a page or line of lyrics.

I'm much older now. But this week I've had a new

desire to "dream again." To keep my eyes wide open for new adventures with Christ. To not only see more of Him but to also see more of me.

I watch many who follow Jesus get to a place where honestly they don't mind staying where they are with Him.

There's no excitement, no growth, no more passion to pursue the immeasurably more life in Jesus.

That's sad to me...but I do get it.

The kingdom work itself can lull you to sleep with demands that suck the "dreaming" right out of you.

But I know He still longs for us, no matter how mature in the faith we are, to dream again, scream with utter joy again, laugh like little kids at the amazing surprises only He could do.

Might we believe our story with Him is still unfolding before we decide to "hang it up."

Might we declare, "Jesus! Take me on a new adventure!"

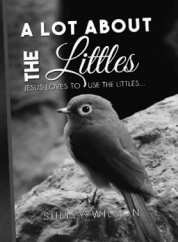
Might we be found belly laughing at some soon coming wild ride He wants to take us on where suddenly we become "something more" before we even know that there is "something more" still in us.

What I feel in my Spirit today is the unfolding of beautiful things that you, and I, have still never thought or imagined.

You ain't seen nothing yet!

Ephesians 3:20

Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us,

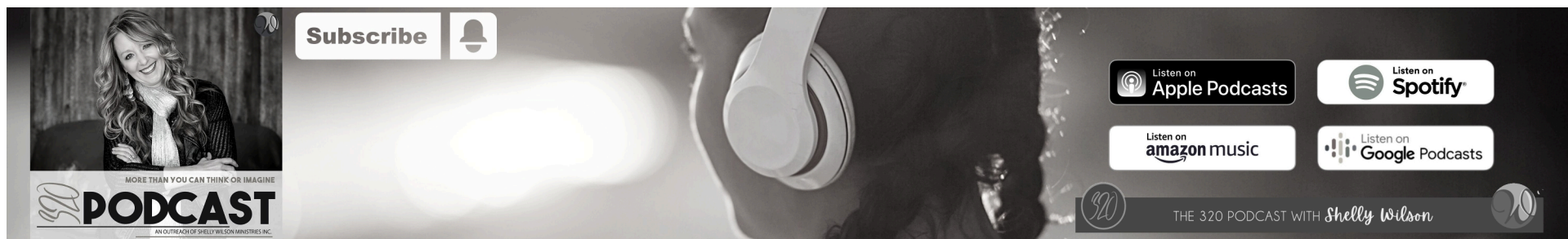


A new poetry book from Shelly Wilson

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.

www.shellywilsonministries.org



## Affliction

Endurance is such a gift of God. For without it we might faint. The endless trials that come might well take us under but for the staying power of Christ.

I have loved this scripture deeply,

But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were in dread of the children of Israel (Exodus 1:12.)

Every time the enemy comes to afflict you, God multiplies. That crushing produces more and more oil until it becomes obvious the enemy of your soul shudders when you walk into a room. For his plan might soon get a good shattering because The Christ in you comes to rule and reign in that earthly place. Isn't it interesting that the affliction sent to harm then produces a multiplication and a growth?

Let's look at what the word "grew" actually means from the scriptures below:

- to break through or down or over, burst, breach
- to break or burst out (from womb or enclosure)
- to break through or down, make a breach in
- to break into
- to break open
- to break up, break in pieces
- to break out (violently) upon
- to break over (limits), increase
- to use violence
- to burst open

It seems there is something of significance that arises in any affliction moment. A type of "breaking through."

Something perhaps not seen for a season but eventually coming to the surface in the fulfillment of,

You intended to harm me, but God intended it for good to accomplish what is now being done, the saving of many lives. (Genesis 50:20)

In the moment of the affliction you'll likely not spot the increase. You'll only see the loss and pain.

But joy is coming in the morning, friends.

The "breaking out of the womb" can be likened to the passage in Hosea 2:14-15 whereby that Valley of Achor (trouble) becomes a door of hope and soon you find your valley opening up to wider spaces as a lovely miracle is birthed from Heaven in a most surprising way.

God is secretly preparing for your multiplication moment whereby all that you endured comes to now haunt the gates of Hell.

Jesus was in your place of affliction. Jesus was pouring grace to the exact measure necessary for you to endure. Jesus was covering you from the "too much" that you thought might drown you.

Always standing ready was Christ in your stead. When you couldn't stand, He did. When you couldn't speak, He did. When you couldn't rise, He did, gently carrying you beside the still waters where He faithfully tended to you. You saw something of Him you had never seen before in that bitter place. But you also saw something of YOU that you had never quite seen before in that bitter place.

That affliction caused a growth you didn't expect. God gave you new wisdom through it all. New insight and revelation. New eyes anointed to see and new ears that were now more in tune with His sweet voice.

Today, I, too, bear the scars from my own seasons of affliction. But do you know what is the coolest thing ever about those scars?

Today, the devil is feeling the sting of them also.

I have found the thief, and he must restore to me seven times what he stole. (Proverbs 6:31).

So, chin up saints! Jesus has a hidden multiplication on the horizon and all of Hell is now dreading The Christ in you.

## The Dream


I had a very short dream recently. I was being chased by an enemy of some kind. But a man who I knew was a protector grabbed my hand and ran with me. Suddenly we dove into very deep waters and I soon felt I was running out of air. So, without much of a choice, I took a breath while still under the water.

In the dream I thought, "Wow, I'm still alive."

Then we continued to swim in deep waters but I realized I could now breathe just fine underwater. When I woke up I felt the Lord showing me that no matter where the enemy comes from I could drink deeply from the living water and be safe.

When obstacles seemed impossible, He would make a way where there seemed to be no way. But what I also remembered was how the scriptures say that those ships who go down into the deep, they are the ones that see the wonders of God. Like me being able to breathe underwater.

Nothing is impossible for the Lord:)



**For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope.**

**JEREMIAH 29:11**

## You are not Desperate

Within the beautiful confines of God's plan for your life is the security of calling. As He unfolds His heart to you, I can assure you He is working on your behalf. He is lining up millions of details not just for you but also for those He desires you to serve. We are never called to some self-focused vision but always to live our lives for the sake of others.

In past seasons, I'd be desperate to "find" my place in the Kingdom. That's not all together bad but it can be dangerous. Desperation I've said before can be quite the troublemaker. My desperation would override the heart of God at times not quite understanding just yet that it was His plan that needed to be fulfilled, not mine.

Lately I've been saying to many hearts seeking Christ, "You are not desperate."

You're not desperate for a title.  
You're not desperate for a position.  
You're not desperate for a calling.

It's already written within your DNA. Everything you are and will be has been perfectly planned out before you were even one day old.

So relax.  
Rest.

Let Jesus carry you into His heart and vision for your dear life. If you're feeling desperate to "Get somewhere" let's reposition your mind:

Stay desperate for only more of Christ.  
Stay desperate for only more of His presence.  
Stay desperate for only more of His Word and Spirit.

But when it comes to your royal position in the Kingdom, my friend, *you are not desperate*.

Psalm 138:8  
The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Psalm 139:16  
Your eyes have seen my unformed substance; And in Your book were all written The days that were appointed for me, When as yet there was not one of them [even taking shape].



## The Pressure

God will often use pressure to mold us more into His image. Sometimes it's the pressure of the enemy but God soon takes the reins for our good.

In a valley season the pressure that erupted in my life revealed some things in my own heart that needed to be tended to.

The pressure revealed I had a trust issue between me and God, and now people. From there we had to rebuild.

The pressure squeezed out of me the pain of codependence in such a way that almost took me out. Anybody been there?

During any kind of birthing you'll feel quite a bit of pressure.

All that hinders you will be brought to the light and every hidden pain pushed down into the deep places of your soul will be found soon erupting onto the scene.

Every insecurity began to show itself. I no longer felt safe. Every fear met me face to face. All the constant efforts to try to earn love to "keep people" was glaring back at me in the mirror.

I thought I was secure in Christ, and I was. He held me firmly in His hand through it all but the

problem was more that I wasn't secure with who Christ was in me. God knew there would come a day where His voice alone would have to be my guide. My inability to use my voice confidently over my lifetime had to be corrected or I would never be who I was designed to be.

God knew I would have to learn to stand taller instead of shrinking back, speak up when necessary instead of remaining silent, and learn to not be afraid to expose the enemy even when others didn't quite see him at work.

Although a lot of negative things were revealed, so were beautiful things. The pressure birthed the hidden poet. The pressure revealed a shepherd's heart. The pressure birthed a woman called to prepare the way of the Lord. Who knew?

In all of these births, I would have to be sure-footed so as not to be moved by every wind of doctrine or the opinions of others. My response to the pressure was initially messy and not very God honoring in all honesty. I was in a pain I couldn't explain and was suffocating. Desperate for a quick fix and a relief that God seemed to refuse to give me at the time. It was a very long valley of pressure upon pressure. I counted every year down wondering if Joseph did the same as He waited in his jail cell. I look back and see mountains of lessons that have served me well since.

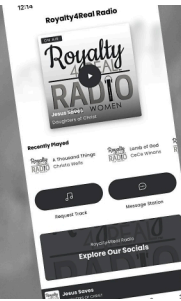
I learned my response to a situation and how I handled it was as important to Christ as the situation itself. Responses reveal the heart needs and where we might need to grow.

I learned who I was and finally saw who I was not. There's a real pressure in that lesson all by itself. You'll find yourself wrestling with God trying to stay who you expected to be instead of becoming who Christ called you to be.

Likewise, I learned that Kingdom work in itself brings an intense daily pressure and if I was going to be able to withstand the daily grind and attached warfare sent by the enemy, well, I had best learn how to handle *the pressure*.

Romans 5:3-4 And not only this, but [with joy] let us exult in our sufferings and rejoice in our hardships, knowing that hardship (distress, *pressure*, trouble) produces patient endurance; and endurance, proven character (spiritual maturity); and proven character, hope and confident assurance [of eternal salvation].

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THE SPARROW

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## The Window Pane

While in worship, Jesus seemed to visually take me to a window pane.

As I looked through the glass, I could see beyond the seasons of rain and now came forth a field of buds where flowers were blooming.

I could see fields as far as the eyes could see. The landscape was full of rolling hills and glorious meadows. The land was covered by flowers of every kind arrayed in colors that would take your breath away.

The sunflowers I could see stretching tall to the sky following the sun and everywhere it would shine. The lilies were white, white as could be, bowed so beautifully their heads in humility.

While roses bloomed in reds and whites, I could feel the very heart of Christ. It caused me to consider His crown of thorns and how beauty could come during times to mourn.

Leaning on that window pane, I gazed upon the vast lands. He was tending His garden. Nurturing every single bud so that it would grow. For there was a language that He whispered, uniquely, to each one.

Some He had to prune so they could grow more abundantly. Others He had to dead-head to allow for new growth.

There were dandelions maturing causing them to change entirely into a new creation. This birthed a beautiful airy puff-ball that the wind gently blew into other fields. As they would land they would naturally reseed and multiply into whole brand new areas for miles and miles. They transformed

whole landscapes.

I noticed tulips and greenery clothed in such vibrance that I knew He must be very pleased.

Life was blooming everywhere.

Then I realized His play on words.

That "window pane" was really a "window pain" and He was showing me what He would do with every pained heart who would allow Him to gently tend to them in rainy seasons. I began to feel a lump in my throat as tears streamed down my face. Then I could see that as He called the wind out of its storehouse it appeared that the flowers were now dancing.

Brought to my heart was this lovely scripture,

Psalm 30:11

You have turned for me my mourning into dancing; You have loosed my sackcloth and girded me with gladness...

The Message: Psalm 30:11

You did it: you changed wild lament into whirling dance; You ripped off my black mourning band and decked me with wildflowers.

## The Goodness of God

I'm certain I made a few cars double take today as I drove home from a sweet gathering of a now birthed dream with some precious ladies.

The Lord woke me up yesterday to the lyrics of the song, Holy Forever.

So my ride over to the gathering was this one song over and over.

And the angels cry, "Holy"  
All creations cries, "Holy"  
You are lifted high, "Holy"  
Holy forever

Then on the way home it rolled over to The Goodness of God.

"I will sing of the goodness of God. His goodness is running after, running after me."

My heart melted and the tears began to flood my face because I felt like Jesus was speaking into my season of "Whatever."

"All my life He's been faithful."  
It's true.

I was thinking of this lyric because it hasn't meant that I always got what I wanted. Nor has it meant I've had no pain. It hasn't meant that I haven't been abandoned, rejected, insecure, confused, or lacked something I thought I needed.

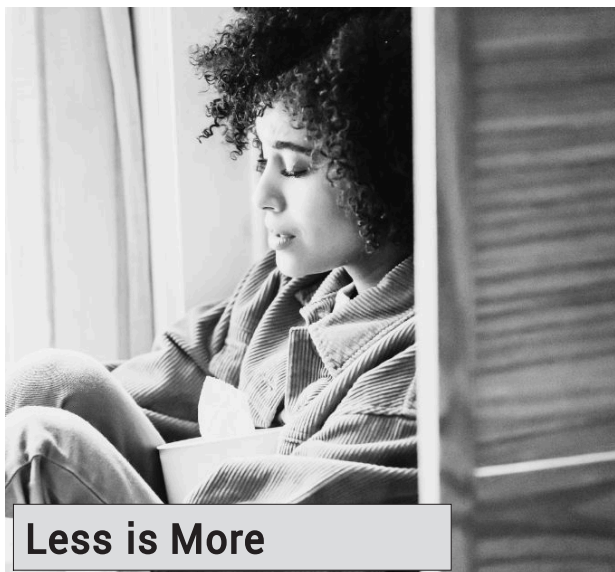
But it does mean that in every one of those places, I've seen Him, known Him, and had to choose to follow Him. The goodness of God that has been running after me picked me up when I fell, carried me when I was too tired to walk, and held me when I was wounded.

I've never had to wait very long for Him to show up in a season of sorrow and I've watched Him tend to me like a fragile little bird again and again.

His goodness has unlocked prisons for me. Prisons in the mind, prisons of sickness, prisons of fear, and prisons of people-pleasing. Prisons of expectations. Prisons of the past. Prisons of all kinds.

Every time we ended up somewhere I didn't want to be I soon learned that I was in a place I actually needed to be because He saw some hidden need that I couldn't yet see. That's how His goodness is running after me, and you. Sometimes we only want the outward work when the most critical work is an internal one. In that place where He knit us together, He sees who He created and often the devil comes to rob us of all things good, and God.

So maybe, like me, you could ponder for a while those same lyrics and realize that whatever you're going through, the goodness of God is not far behind.



## Less is More

In a trying season of beautiful busyness the Lord has begun to speak to me once again about the call to "less." Perhaps it's the same for you.

Less will become more in this coming new year whereby margin is created to cultivate more depth with Christ.

The Lord has been consistently changing our meetings from season to season based on needs. We've learned to follow the shifts.

For those whose feet are like concrete in which I can see that you're stuck in the spirit unable to move, you'll be exhausted without necessary changes.

Less makes room for the unexpected with Christ. It allows room for rest and renewal. It gives the time and attention necessary to study well for us leaders so that we give the people what they need without shortchanging them.

It also will strengthen us to endure the work at hand in the midst of trials and warfare that often knock on our own doors.

Presence must take a more prominent role over the performance.

Less will become the new normal but it will also yield a surprising increase of fruit that will be so lovely.

The grace of God will pour out more with your less. Follow His lead.

Whatever needs to go, let it go, so that you have room enough for the increase that is coming with the less that is more.

## Work that Gift

I heard the Lord drop a phrase in my Spirit that made me smile, "Work that gift." So here's what I believe that means to me, and---

Hey You!  
I'm talking to YOU.

Work your gift. What Christ has given to you is meant to be put to work for the King and Kingdom. Some of you keep hiding that "thang." Or maybe someone has tried to kill it within you?

I'm calling for a raising of the dead over you and that gift. The body must have you in full operation in this hour. It's all hands on deck now! No time for hiding. That gift has Heaven's power in it. Power to transform lives.

When the Lord, through a friend, asked me to start writing poetry for graduates in their addiction recovery program, I had no idea that God was about to give me words of knowledge and prophetic utterances through poetry. Each one is uniquely given after prayer. The words would go into personal places I shouldn't have known, and it became a beautiful thing to be used by God in a supernatural way only He could have orchestrated. It built my faith tremendously and helped me lean into hearing His voice so much better. Like a fine-tuning.

Don't underestimate the power of your gift.

Those in our groups and prayer meetings know I'm a big believer in "putting gifts to work." I don't believe in idle gifts sitting on shelves. Honor His gift in you. When you use it, you honor Him and allow Him to be all He wants to be through you. If you put away your gift, in part, you also put Him away. Don't ever do it. He fully expects you to use what you've been given.

I send books I've written and music I've recorded weekly to people and places to make sure my gifts are fully engaged and working. He had a purpose in every piece, so I make sure they get into hands that need them. You can do the same.

You must be intentional. Sometimes we wait for Him to tell us every move to make when He has already spoken through needs or circumstances.

Work the gift. Whatever it is. Use it to share Jesus. If you love people through food, send a scripture with it. You'll be surprised how many

people are praying for encouragement right now. You might be an answer to someone's prayer, *if you work that gift.*

## A Little Bit of Tired

If a little bit of tired is all it takes  
Then Satan has built a pretty good case  
That faithfulness is easily swayed  
So a little bit of tired is what he makes.

If a little bit of tired is all it takes  
For us to sit down on the job of grace  
Then Satan has surely sealed our fate  
For a little bit of tired is what he makes.

If a little bit of tired is all it takes  
Then man oh man we're now in a grave  
For Satan doesn't want the church to awake  
So a little of tired is what he makes.

If a little bit of tired is all it takes  
Then we won't endure in these last of days  
And much is heating up like a violent  
earthquake  
Cuz a little bit of tired is all it takes.

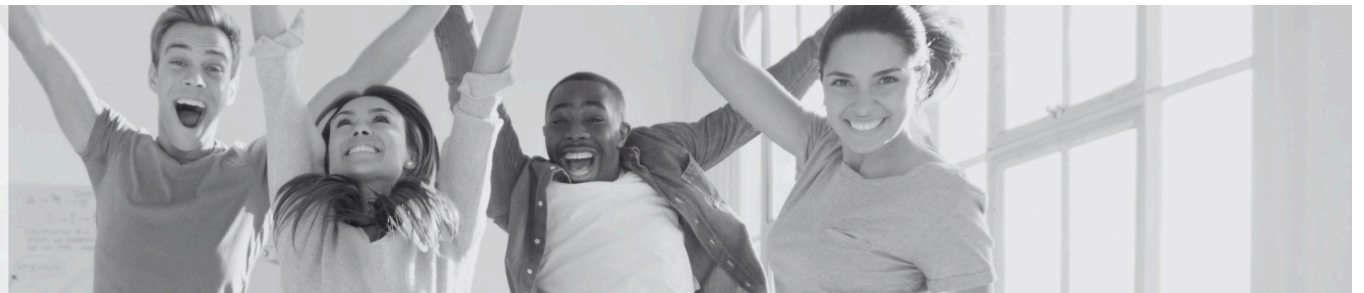




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## Waves of Wonderful

Some of your next seasons will hold a kind of new identity. I don't mean the identity in Christ but I do mean "what you'll be known for." You'll likely have a difficult time surrendering to it. You're as use to who you've been as anyone else but Christ is advancing you in brand new ways.

If you'll release the old you'll walk into a season where Christ unfolds more of His heart to you. Your relationship with Him will be full of waves of wonderful. At times you'll feel like you're walking on water but you'll have moments of fear when the waves reach a place you've never been. You can trust Him.

Can you release who you were to become who He needs you to be in this next season?

You'll have to let go of other's expectations who will also have a hard time excepting the new you. Their voice cannot be louder than that of Christ Jesus. (There shall be no other gods before Me.)

God has prepared people to step in and take what remains. However, it will not be something you carry any longer. You'll feel joy and grief all at once. Excitement will bubble up while simultaneously so will a sense of loss. It is normal for the human heart so do not misunderstand this moment. It does not mean God is not still asking you to advance.

You've asked for "more." He has answered, however, you didn't realize it would mean letting go of some things which are now either being finished or transferred in responsibility to another prepared Saint.

Do not buy into the lie that what has now passed is somehow more fulfilling than what is to come. There will be renewed joy, renewed passion, renewed peace, and abundant fruit.

So...  
What'll it be?

Shall we say "yes" to some new waves of wonderful?

Those who go down to the sea in ships,  
Who do business on great waters, They see the works of the LORD, And His wonders in the deep.

Psalms 107:23-24

## When God is Silent

There have been seasons of my life that to this day are not at all understood. Although I've spent countless hours begging God to talk to me about certain situations, some things He has chosen to remain silent on.

Yes, it's hard. Yes, sometimes I get angry. Yes. I've spent many a night crying myself to sleep over it. However, part of my healing has come because I know that my own painful seasons have poured out a much-needed rain on other little flowers of His.

Yet, I can not hide that it still exists. No one is immune to life's pains.

Sometimes I wonder if it's a "type of" thorn in my flesh, so I can remain tender to other heart needs. I find we are pretty quick to forget people in their suffering moments. These days, a large part of my calling is simply to stay in touch with broken hearts. I've had seasons where I needed any kind of lifeline touch to keep going. I've not quickly forgotten those moments. Even writing this, the tears flood back. If ever I think I've mastered a painful moment, I assure you it can come quickly racing back to show me otherwise.

Jesus has spoken to me in seasons through songs, poetry, closet moments, and more. He has faithfully walked with me through every season. He talks with me about many things. But I sometimes find that certain things He keeps quiet about.

I've had the late night, "Jesus, can I ask you a question," moments whereby He listens but doesn't really answer, although I could feel His presence and knew He was near. Some days you'll find it easier to accept. Other days, not so much. It is often a process.

Sometimes I actually find it harder when you know the truth of spiritual matters. The truth is that He is in control. He is sovereign. He orders steps. All of my days were planned. It's how I learned that hugs can be more effective than tossing scripture at broken hearts.

This week brought with it some flashbacks of pain. Pain from those still unanswered questions. The bazillion "why's" that haunt a heart. The "what if's" I had done this or that. The mental torment of grief that can resume from one moment in time that

sends you back to a past pain.

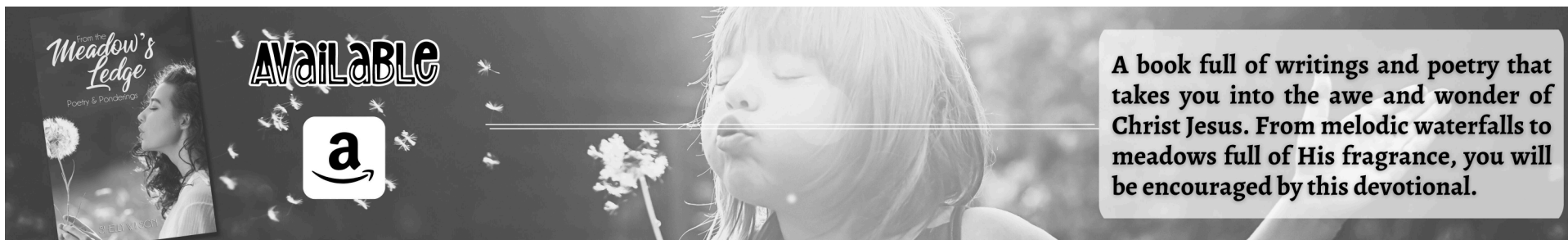
The only answer I have for you is to keep running to Jesus, as many times as you need to.

What has "kept" me in every season is that I know I can always run to Jesus. I do not know how others make it without Him. He has been that faithful Rock of Ages for me, personally.

His silence doesn't mean He isn't involved. It doesn't mean He is not watching. It doesn't mean He doesn't care. It just means that the time for me to understand has not yet come. I've had to trust Him when He has chosen to answer and, likewise, I've had to trust Him when He has chosen not to. There is something at work that is still a mystery, and in the end, it will be beautiful in His time.

Maybe that will bring you comfort today. It is a truth I cling to as well in those times when I feel like God is silent.





**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.**



## A Prayer Meeting

I've written on prayer a lot. I remember when I came to Christ I was scared to death to pray out loud. The thought made me so anxious. My palms would start sweating. My voice would begin to shake. What if I did it wrong? What if I said the wrong words?

A prayer partner "pushed, "and I do mean pushed me into praying out loud. I wasn't happy about it in the least and did not believe it was at all necessary.

Boy was I wrong.

Many years later now the work I'm called to do is rooted in prayer. Not silent prayer but always praying out loud.

I realize the devil knew something I didn't long ago. That commanding demons to flee would require me using my voice authoritatively out loud. That serpent knew I'd be praying in the spirit gently over hurting hearts and that the precious Holy Spirit would touch people in their pain.

Even the devil knew the power of prayer.

Last night in prayer, the body was mobilized as God began to answer prayers through words of knowledge and various visions given. Deliverance of deeply rooted pains is God's specialty and He has a lovely way of getting to the exact point of a matter.

Scripture was being brought to our minds as we prayed over each heart. The room sang over one, "This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it

shine." God is so good.

Songs were coming into hearts that caused us to stop and play them to understand what God might be saying.

PTSD was being healed in Jesus' name as trauma was being unmasked.

God is a kind deliverer and restorer of every breach. His coming is a combination of power and gentleness at times. Healing and delivering in one sitting of glorious "suddenlies."

Sometimes He encourages a heart with a nugget of wisdom they need that is precise. Other times He unravels a string of pains so He might bind them thoroughly.

It's a work only He can do honestly.

We needed it.  
They needed it.  
I needed it.

A prayer meeting. The most intimate and active place with Christ you'll ever be.

## The Struggle

It is in the struggle that often Christ is seen the clearest. When all seems lost and friendly faces flee and it is just you and Jesus. There is nothing like a victory when you know that only God could have done it.

There was no human wit about you. No people

running to your aid. No voices willing to intercede on your behalf. In that place, you saw the magnificence of Christ, The Keeper.

When no one answered the phone in your struggle, He did. When no one knocked on your door to check-in on you, He did. When none could relieve you with words for the weariness, His did. Jesus. The very lover of your soul. Without Him you would have died a sure death. But The Helper did help, indeed, and while He pulled you through He also pulled you higher. This transitional triumph has been one of the most heinous struggles you've entered into but in all of His goodness of help you graduated with honors. You weren't given some sort of diploma or some kind of human accolades, but the kind where you're being given double honor for the times you suffered dishonor.

Heaven scheduled your celebration and they knew exactly what was at stake. You were becoming the warrior you were meant to be and this has been training. You were never alone.

God dispatched His angels concerning you. He guarded you as thousands fell at your side and tens of thousands at your right hand. He kept you shielded in His armor without you often being aware. You gained strength and power. He also gave you more authority as you navigated each obstacle. What was sent to kill you, well, made you stronger in the Spirit.

I saw in prayer yesterday the Lord showing me an arrow was stuck in my heart. He had me gently pull it out by faith. It's the same for some of you. That arrow was meant to destroy you. To cause a struggle that you couldn't recover from. But Jesus. The enemy sent it to the exact spot of greatest harm to your heart, but he failed. You are more than a conqueror through Christ Jesus and you shall live and not die and declare the works of the Lord.

Go ahead and pull that arrow out of your heart. Break it over your knee soldier. Then get up and go again. The struggle is coming to an end but you, dear one, have been strengthened through this war.

Eph 6:12 - For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the powers, against the world forces of this darkness, against the spiritual forces of wickedness in the heavenly places.

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## Isn't it Time?

There is one who has loved you all of your life. Before you were formed in the womb, He knew you. He planned your days before you were one day old and made you for something very unique.

You were made for more.

More than waking up, going to work, and coming home to do it all over again.

Placed inside of you are special qualities that were given to you on purpose.

You hold a fingerprint meant to leave a footprint upon this earth.

Christ died so that you could live.  
Are you living dear one?

There is an abundance of life prepared for you that even when tragedy comes, a peace is present.

This peace is a person.  
His name is Jesus.

When the valleys of life sneak up on us, Christ prepares in advance a way for us to make it through.

Beside still waters He will always come tend your sweet needs never forsaking you.

He has seen the world try to rob you of His goodness and convince you that you are not loved. But, the devil is a liar.

Not once has God's eye not been upon you. He gave you a name with a special meaning and purpose was placed within it.

You'll always be searching for some kind of happiness that will flee from you should you not turn to Christ and welcome Him into your heart and life.

There's a hole that will never be filled apart from Him. He saved that place for Himself alone when He set eternity in your heart. It will always be quietly aching for Him until you call for Him to abide there.

So what do you say?

Isn't it time to let Him in?



## The Little Violin

There once was a little violin  
Her strings prepared just so  
She looked for a place to play  
The melodies in her soul.

The tunes they sung in the night  
With Glory from Heaven's throne  
Her Father a Master Conductor  
Arranged each chord and note.

The tones at times shrill with anguish  
Revealing inner fears and wars  
While others seemed calm as a river  
Where swans could glide evermore.

The days of lengthy playing  
Left her strings at times very sore  
Yet joy would flee and diminish  
If she should play no more.

Her ears were tuned to the throne room  
Where Father prepared her piece  
The angels formed an orchestra  
That helped her keep her strength.

Each song of intense rehearsal  
For years now seemed to release  
It's time for the little violin  
To play Father's Masterpiece.

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 you can call or email us.  
Jesus loves you dearly.

## The Sparrow

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