



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 16

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EVENT SCHEDULE

Find the calendar for our meetings, support groups, and mentoring by visiting www.shellywilsonministries.org.

EDITOR'S PICK

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When He Doesn't Calm the Sea

There have been seasons where God did not calm my seas. Instead, He taught me how to ride the waves. Sometimes you merely hang on and cling to all Christ has spoken to you. In this, you can remember that the work He has begun in you He will also complete.

He is not a man that He should lie.

When the sea continues to toss me to and fro, I have a couple of options.

I can either give up or give in.

Giving up is what many do, and I've certainly been on the brink many times. But I've learned how to "give in" instead.

I give in to any forced rest.
I give in to any holy silence.
I give in to His holy sovereignty.
I give in and lean into His everlasting arms.

I'm learning as I age that my circumstance is not hidden from Him and regardless of my inner turmoil, He is in total control.

He seems to allow my tantrums when I've about had enough of it all, but then rocks me back to sleep like a baby in need of consoling.

Did I mention it's worthy of remembering that He is for

me, and you? Nothing that knocks on my door, or yours, has surprised Him in the least, and He is involved all the while in some kind of deep work within me.

His ways have rarely been what I thought they were in hindsight, nor were they what I would ultimately choose if I had been given the choice.

So here we are, again, often. Surfing some tumultuous seas that feel as if the entirety of the ocean is holding a personal grudge against me.

But I've learned, and so should you, that when you least expect it, you'll hear a soothing sound and look up to see what might appear as a ghost walking on the water. At that moment you'll know for certain that He is with you all the while even when He doesn't calm the sea.

Matthew 14:26-27

When the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were terrified, and said, "It is a ghost!" And they cried out in fear. But immediately Jesus spoke to them, saying, "Take courage, it is I; do not be afraid."

Heaven's Crown

The hand of God is steady still
When winds do toss on windowsills
When storms do rage tornadic news
When plots of Hell do swirl and brew.

Yet Christ is always at the helm
Steering Heaven's steering wheel
Looking out for you and me
Soon does come a calming breeze.

And when you see the storm has passed
And you were hidden in His grasp
The Keeper who is the Christ so dear
Taught you how to uproot fear.

And while it felt you'd surely sink
God was growing faith indeed
The waters Satan sent to drowned
God dissolved with HEAVEN'S CROWN.

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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 or by snail mail to P.O. Box 220 Troup, Texas 75789

We look forward to hearing from your heart.

Love Much,



SHELLY WILSON
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Let the Wind Blow

I am so mindful of the hurting hearts here. That, often, while many proclaim the good things coming from the Lord that you might be in a season where you have trouble believing it is for you.

I have been there.

There was a season that I couldn't even turn my face towards the very passages of scripture that God wrote over my life. For a season hope was hard to have. It felt like I would get to a place of promise and suddenly all of Hell would break loose and in an instant it was all gone, again.

This happened to me not once, not twice, but many times for a stretch of my journey.

For a while I thought surely I had misunderstood God. Surely, I didn't hear Him right. Surely, that promise would never happen and I just had one grand imagination. "Just accept it," I would whisper to myself.

In that season the enemy fed me constant lies and one day I realized I was starting to believe them.

My years with Jesus were precious but I was on the edge of an unexpected cliff feeling as if God was dangling some kind of carrot in front of me that was never to be reached. It seemed cruel.

I finally decided I must not have been called to it. So, I laid that thing down.

Until, the wind blew.

And God dropped some questions into my heart.

"What if the enemy knows something you do not?"

"What if the very place he kept aiming for might just be the very place of greatest anointing?"

"And maybe, just maybe, you should fight for that land."

But I was already so tired of fighting, in all honesty.

Then I remember the Lord gently putting in my heart something that sounded like this, "Shelly, I just need you to get back into agreement with



Me." And, listen, the light came back on .

From there I started gaining strength, remembering His nature as the Good Shepherd, and I started declaring that everything would return back to my hands in Jesus name.

The thief had been found out.

And now...fully brought back to life in Christ, if the devil wants a fight, then he will surely get it.

This resonates with some of you too. Perhaps I'm putting language around what you've been afraid to say. But, listen, healing comes with honesty.

You didn't mis-hear.
You're just in process.
The promises of God still stand.
And please understand that God is not the one dangling carrots.

The devil wants you to stand down and give up your land. But Christ paid a lofty price for your eternal inheritance and your earthly purpose.

Today, in Jesus name, I come before the Lord on your behalf and say, "Lord, let the wind blow once again."

Recover all that has been lost.
Redeem all the time.
Restore what the locusts have eaten.

And reposition your servants back on their God-ordained post.

It is Enough

If I never get another invitation
I am still invited to the King's table.

If no one ever wants me on their team
I am still chosen by the King of Kings.

If some decide I'm not for them
That's ok, see, I'm made for Him.

If some might think that I am weak
It is well with what you speak.

For I do know that on my own
I am nothing; but still Christ's home.

When others leave He always stays
When others mock
More like Him I'm made.



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.

THE SPARROW

www.shellywilsonministries.org

Published Quarterly

VOLUME 16

The Exchange

I could of had the masses
But instead I got "one by one"
Who in a season so heavy
Needed the touch of God's dear Son.

I could of had the applause
From crowds upon their feet
But Christ did send me to
His brokenhearted sheep.

I could of had the fame
Or maybe a noted "name"
Instead He gave me power
Accompanied by His rain.

I could of had the dreams
I once did hold so dear
But surely I would have missed
The "immeasurably more" life I live.

If I could start again
I'd change not a single thing
Exchanged I did my life
For His royal signet ring.

The Comeback Story

It's when you feel that you have nothing left that you are about to see the God of the impossible.

When the wind in your sails has ceased, that you find the on-time wind of His Spirit coming upon you. It was never "by might, nor by power... but by MY Spirit says the Lord."

Some of us have navigated season after season of trials. Long years of labor. Waiting that, at times, brought worry that we were somehow forgotten. At times the Ephesians 3:20 promise of immeasurably more seemed to be true but in the absolute wrong direction.

Let me be clear. Hell has an agenda.

Seasons have come where you've had to plead with God for breath for each day and He has been faithful to give you your daily bread.

You've had to preach to your own self while looking in the mirror, "He sees you when you rise and when you lie down, baby girl."

Yet, your body is war torn and your mind is tired. Even the wait has left a wounding that God is now healing.

You've had days you wanted the "normal" life where heavenly pursuits weren't so heavy and you've asked God to "release you."

But He won't.
He chose you for such a time as this. He will be faithful to give you all that you need to continue.

Breakthrough has a timing and God is still governing. The enemy has nothing on Him, or you.

Greater is He that is in you.

You're perfectly positioned to see a miracle of God. The very moment you feel like you're going under, here comes the heavenly hand of Christ reaching into that miry pit to pull you out.

There have been times He has had to perform CPR but He is, still, the grand Resurrector.

Some of us, like Lazarus, were buried in a tomb for what seemed like "too long"...but God.

And daily you kept showing up, obeying His voice, and walking onward despite the battle bruises.

God sees you. "Look at her go. Bleeding but still in the battle."

This is going to be a season where the Lord settles the score with the enemy. The mockers will marvel. The naysayers will become silent. Your pursuers will be put to shame. You will be like Joseph who was placed in position as ruler over the land. Prepared by God to tend the needs of the people with wisdom and grace.

Your heart was indeed shattered but it stayed turned towards the Lord. He used every valley to pour in "His gentleness that, now, makes you great." A secret recipe that David, himself, knew.

Psalm 18:35

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great".

Every tear ushered in a harvest. Every groan gained the attention of Heaven. And Christ prayed you through when you were too tired to do so.

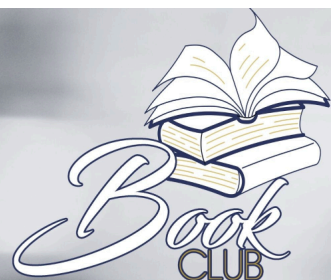
How do you feel, today, about a good ole' fashion comeback story?

The devil counted you out but there was always the fourth man in the fire.

And that fourth man has been writing your story, bottling your tears, and preparing your "due time" resurrection.

You, child of God, are coming out. Out of the cave. Out of the grave.

This is the season for your very own comeback story.



4TH MONDAYS
6:30 PM



Remain a Student

There is a weight to working with hearts. A cost to caring. Yet, such beauty in the tending.

I am, still, always learning.

This is not how I thought my life in ministry would turn out.

It was never in my plan.

It was never a dream of mine.

But it has been more than I could ever think or imagine.

I guess you could say God used my broken heart to lead me to some of my most fruitful ministry. I was utterly unaware of any of it.

I have a friend who calls me, "The grief whisperer."

Listen, don't overthink that one. She just means I have a "bent" to be of help when someone is in grief. Many a heart has needed the kindness of the Lord from someone who has endured her own grief. I learned a language I never wanted, or asked for, but as God rebuilt my own life He began to employ all I had learned in, likely, the worst season of my life and ministry.

If I had been given the answer to my prayers, I would have stopped short of God's plan for my life. My vision was too small and my dreams too single focused.

If I've done anything at all right, it's that I've known to remain a student.

A student of His Word. A student of His ways. A student of His presence. A student in every season. Never am I above any lesson of His.

The moment I think I'm beyond the schooling, I'll be on the list of the many fallen ministers we see today.

Humility must be a mainstay position. Jesus in me is powerful but without Him I can do nothing. This is something I pray to never forget.

As a student, I've been in classrooms with Christ I utterly hated, and resisted. Other classrooms were more delightful. However, it was the hardest ones that prepared me for the work I do today. The place where wonders are seen are in the deep. Sometimes it's deep pain, deep grief, and deep pruning. The one season that was half a second from taking me out cultivated in me compassion and a heart for the hurting.

A Shepherd was born beside those still waters as I walked through the valley of a shadow of death.

Who knew?

I died to who I was, how I operated, and every plan I believed my future would hold. But when I died it was a hallway to new life in Christ for me.

I could see more clearly, the matters of justice were burned into my bones, and my voice took on a sound that would often walk people through pain, loss, and a rising again.

I never saw it coming.

"I've got nothing.... but what I have, I freely give to you." is a passage I understand more fully today.

I hope this helps some of you wade your own disturbed waters. You are going somewhere you quite possibly never knew you would and you likely are becoming someone you, one day, will not even recognize.

The messages I am given to share, now, aren't mere words on a page. Rhetoric to rehearse. They are messages birthed under a broom tree.

When I begged for death, God baked me a cake

and then said, "Eat, this journey is too much for you."

Simplicity became my norm in a deep waters way and I followed Him with what seemed like blinders on. He retrained me and stripped me of theologies meant to bring death rather than life. Bondage rather than beauty. A form of godliness that denied His power. I saw Jesus in the secret and sacred place. The place no one could go but me and Him. A wilderness that wrought me sore but gave me the "more."

I learned to keep many things simple that I feel some are complicating today. The blood of Jesus covers me. The grace of Jesus keeps me. The name of Jesus is often all I need. The cross is a finished work.

I don't need to know everything or perform for anybody. The ONE who lives in me is all-knowing and I have direct access. I am my Father's daughter and He is fully committed to me.

Jeremiah 33:3 says, "Call on me and I will answer you and show you unsearchable things you do not know." I live by this scripture because I know I am still a student. Mysteries will always exist and every moment I must be found leaning on my Beloved.

The wilderness taught me to watch. Not to be gullible. Pause and discern.

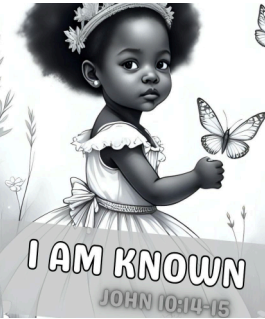
I've learned fruit tells the truth. Gifting does not equal integrity. And character can kill calling.

I've also learned to wield boundaries and borders so that I may stay in proper position. Season to season my course changes and the homework with Jesus is elevated to the level He needs it to be.

This was never where I thought I would be because His ways were always higher. The same will be true for you.

A disciple is not above his teacher, but everyone who is fully trained will be like his teacher. (Luke 6:40)

Hopefully, every class is molding us more and more into His likeness. But if we want to be like our Teacher, we must be humbly willing to remain a student.



When God Says, "No"

I've had many a wrestling with the Lord over my life with Him. I've been blessed with many a "Yes" but I've also seen my fair share of His "No's."

This week I found myself having to speak to my heart yet again, "Be silent." The heart is a complicated beast and it hates to be tamed. It wants what it wants and will do whatever it takes to get it.

You and I must be so cautious of our hearts. It is not what you want to follow. It will often steer you wrong.

Follow the Shepherd.

Within the human heart are inner needs and longings that are constantly reaching to be met. It is deceptive and wicked above all things...

I've had to practice moments with God that look like this: "Lord, did you see that?" A misguided feeling or emotion will raise its hidden head to have a say in a matter which pulls God near to begin an unexpected, and sudden, work.

I've had to whisper, "Lord, it's still there, did you see that?" The pain, the grief, the memory of abandonment seasons will pass right through the heart once again and attempt to have a voice in a matter until I firmly command it to "hush" in Jesus name.

Our heart response can be in hidden motives or agendas we don't even realize are influenced by the human heart rather than God. Staying aware and honest helps us walk uprightly before the Lord who longs to aid us in our healing and heart postures.

When God says "No" I must remember He is still the boss of me.
Kind and good.
Safe and secure.
Holy and right.
Trustworthy.
Lord and King.
The only Master to which I serve.

When your heart wants to holler a resounding, "Yes," sometimes you'll hear God whisper a gentle, yet firm, "No."

And "No" is ALWAYS a full sentence.



Time to Advance

Do not stop short of what God has asked of you.

Do not let weariness win.
Do not let insecurity have the last laugh.
Do not compare yourself to others in the room and decide to shrink back out of fear.

Every heart has been seen by the King. Planted by the Lord. Watered from a deep well. Loved with an everlasting love.

You're safe in His arms.

He will back your every move when it's in Him.

He will lift you up so you do not strike your foot on a stone.

He will be your rearguard in the night hours when sinister secrets stir and the enemy crouches at your door.

Not a single thing goes unseen by Him.

He is striking a match in this hour to ignite a wildfire of warriors.

Fearless feet running to the harvest.
Shameless saints no longer bound by their past but pushed forward by it.

Victory has been had and the blood of Christ speaks a better word over your dear life.

Your tears carried melodies that birthed new songs in the Spirit realm. Your sorrow released a surrender that tends and mends hurting hearts now.

You've not been disqualified in the least but proven mighty in Christ as a royal priest.

It didn't need to be a "pretty" little victory, you know. Some of the bravest of warriors crawled on bended knees out of that fire.

Endurance was birthed in you staying alive. And even as I write this I can see a woman slowly standing to her feet, bloodied from a long battle, weary from a wicked war, yet stand she does still holding onto a sword leaning on her Beloved.

He sees her. She has His full attention.

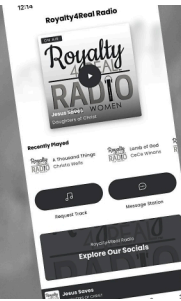
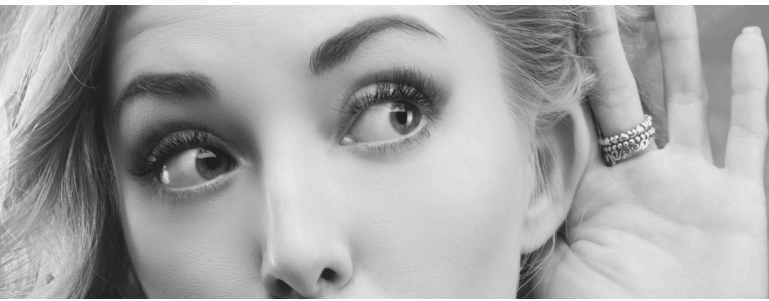
And as He does I can see Him give a holy nod as His gaze rests upon her.

It's as if I can see Him say,
"Well done, good and faithful, servant."

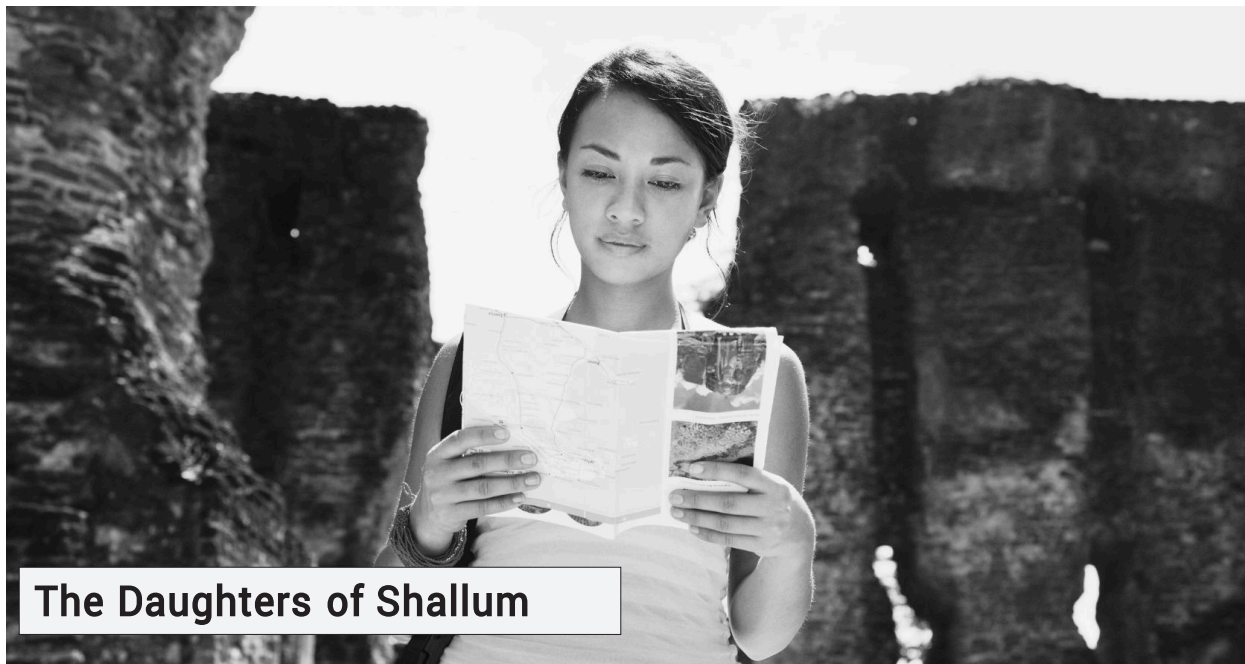
And with that comes, "Now, it's time to advance."



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The Daughters of Shallum

Nehemiah 3:12

And next to him was Shallum the son of Hallohesh, leader of half the district of Jerusalem; he and his daughters made repairs.

Within the book of Nehemiah, we see a nugget we ought to pay close attention to. Written for all of history, and generations to come, is a list of those who aided in the rebuilding of the broken walls of Jerusalem. A burden led by a cupbearer named Nehemiah.

Text after text is a divinely inspired listing of those who aided in this assignment and in verse 12 we stumble across a father named Shallum, where it also notes “he and his daughters made repairs.”

The phrase “made repairs” carries a host of meanings:

Strong's Definitions: *n. rōphâzaq, khaw-zak'*; a primitive root; to fasten upon; hence, to seize, be strong (figuratively, courageous, causatively strengthen, cure, help, repair, fortify), obstinate; to bind, restrain, conquer:—aid, amend, × calker, catch, cleave, confirm, be constant, constrain, continue, be of good (take) courage(-ous, -ly), encourage (self), be established, fasten, force, fortify, make hard, harden, help, (lay) hold (fast), lean, maintain, mend, become (wax) mighty, prevail, be recovered, repair, retain, seize, be (wax) sore, strengthen (self), be stout, be (make, shew, wax) strong(-er), be sure, take (hold), be urgent, behave self valiantly, withstand.

Rising in this hour are daughters likened to these daughters of Shallum. They do not mind the work required for the King and His Kingdom.

They tend and mend.
They strengthen and seize.
They repair and restore.
They fortify and recover.

They are well equipped, locked and loaded, full of fire. They have answered the call of God to help rebuild broken down walls.

They are being positioned by God to “make repairs.” They carry burdens of the Lord and assignments from Heaven. They are “whatever it takes” kind of girls. They, too, will be on their posts building with one hand while holding a sword in the other.

They are warriors familiar with battle. More than over-comers, indeed, who fight well among the rank and file.

They are team players. Motives are mute. Agendas do not exist. Obedience is their nature and glorifying God is their job.

Within the body are many broken places as well as broken hearts. But God is rallying the troops for the rebuilding of broken things. The power of building “together” will prevail with glorious promise while male and female join ranks to take down the enemy and restore every breach.

There is a significant treasure you should also know.

“Shallum,” the father’s name means “retribution.” And in the Bible it is a well-known meaning for “divine justice.”

Grab Your Stone

To you, who feels insignificant. Less than. Not gifted. It is merely a mirage of the enemy.

To you, who feels like the smallest of warriors among big lions. Again, a mirage.

See, you are exactly like David. The little warrior scoffed at for attempting to fight the giant. So grab your stone.

Do not attempt to war like others. You’re uniquely skilled. Christ will use what seems foolish to others through you.

You won’t need the appearance of noble rank. The name of some renowned family line. You won’t even need a title given by some man. You’ve already been anointed by God. Grab your stone.

You can see the giants in the land and you notice how some just let them stay doing nothing for the glory of God. Afraid, in essence, to take up the fight. Grab your stone, David.

The cause has been stirring in you and it burns until you can barely hold it in. Let the fire out.

Walk towards that giant with every ounce of your being knowing that the Christ in you is enough to slay that enemy. Grab your stone.

While others sit back doing religion never engaging in this war, you must contend on behalf of the King. Faith without works is dead.

Captives await freedom. The blind long to see. The oppressed have been waiting on an advocate.

So it’s time to grab that stone. You are the one.

Stop waiting for another to take this place in the Kingdom and take up your post in this hour.

You may be the smallest in the clan, the least likely to be chosen, and an outcast from the religious sect. But you are the one whose hands have been made ready for war.

Grab your stone, O’ warrior. There is a cause worth fighting for and God has enlisted you.



THE SPARROW

www.shellywilsonministries.org

Published Quarterly

VOLUME 16

The Marred Soul

Just as many were appalled at Him—His appearance was disfigured beyond that of any man, and His form was marred beyond human likeness.

Isaiah 52:14

The enemy comes to destroy a saint in a way so that he, or she, is unrecognizable. Unrecognizable to themselves in the way of gifting, calling, and even a mirage of being somehow lost to destiny and the plan of Christ Jesus.

Tis' not true.

When you think the enemy has had his victory, do remember that the Potter's hands have no trouble remaking the vessel.

A crushing on every side is often the very making of a man or woman. For it is the crushing that produces the oil.

Show me a marred soul, and I'll show you an empathetic one. You'll also find them closer in the likeness of Christ. They'll have a "way about them" that tenderly tends and mends broken sheep. Patience becomes an easier trait to exhibit, and the love-fueled by His dear blood cautions constantly to be gentle with the human heart. For they are all His dearest of treasures.

Just as your own marred soul, Christ was also marred beyond recognition as a human being after the excruciating whipping before He took up the cross.

We are all still following Him, and the pathway to Calvary is still very much full of thorns and marring.

The lowest points of our lives will soon show an intimate thread of being with Jesus and a glorious heavenly fragrance shall rise from those burning embers.

His ability to heal fully the marred life is no miracle for Him, yet it certainly is a wondrous wonder still to us.

Remember dear marred soul, nothing is impossible for Him.

The Gatekeepers

He will give a longing for justice to their judges. He will give great courage to their warriors who stand at the gates. (Isaiah 28:6)

Whether you know it or not, you are a gatekeeper.

In our Boundaries class, we've learned a lot about the "gate," or fence, and whether we should open it or not. We learn to protect our peace and our calling. We also learn that we have authority as personal gatekeepers to decide what to let in and what not to let in.

Throughout the scriptures we hear of positioned gatekeepers who are on duty to make sure nothing comes in that should not.

Gatekeeping is a lifestyle and it often takes great courage.

Personally, you must stand guard to watch your own gate. I must be intentional about keeping the enemy at bay and not allow him access through my gate. I am a gatekeeper of what's on my television, playing in my ears, and what is allowed into my environment.

As a leader I am a gatekeeper for the ministry entrusted to me and those sweet hearts I get to serve. They will tell you I am a Mama Bear when it comes to guarding them from something trying to gain access that should not be given.

There will be no negotiations with the devil. But, listen, I have learned also that I must always stay alert. We can all be deceived in a moment.

We see in 2 Kings there were gatekeepers assigned to a city. Something we lack, today, very much from a biblical standpoint. Many cities are being claimed by the enemy due to the lack of biblical gatekeepers.

However, God is raising up apostolic mandates to mark the boundaries for the Kingdom of Christ. In the Spirit, through prayer, cities will be taken back.

Gatekeepers are also critical in battle. They stand watch.

Eyes peeled.
Ears tuned to Heaven.
Discernment on alert.

Aware of their surroundings.
Always on guard.

They never cease praying and shall not be found within the lesson Christ caught His disciples in saying, "Could you not stay awake for just one hour?"

I recently had a dream where a copperhead was lying in wait. Coiled up. Waiting my foot to take a step.

It caused me to immediately go to prayer and search my gates. Do I have any place where my wall is breached, a door is open that shouldn't be, or I'm too relaxed in my boundaries?

The thing about a copperhead is it's venomous. So, to ignore the warning could be detrimental to me, the ministry, or those entrusted to me. Aren't we grateful for the language of dreams and how God can send a warning on your behalf ahead of time? Remember, always, that He is for you!

As the days move along in these latter times, gatekeeping will be even more important.

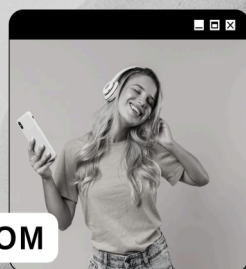
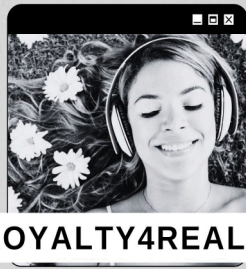
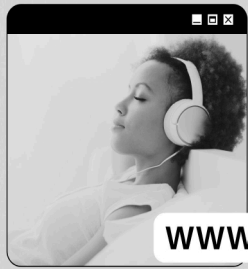
When you study wolves you'll find that they circle their prey looking for any, large or small, opening. They are crafty and cunning.

If the gatekeeper is asleep the enemy will slip in. But we are called to be wise as serpents and innocent as doves.

Stay awake, O' gatekeeper, for God will give you great courage to stand at the gate.

Your position is one of a warrior.





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Published Quarterly

VOLUME 16

Run into the Fire

We are a people that often misunderstand the ways of the Lord. Not everything within the Kingdom's rule and reign will be pleasant at times. The gospel is certainly confrontational on every front. We see Paul in Caesarea in the house of Philip. A prophet, Agabus, comes to deliver a troubling word by playing out what is awaiting Paul in Jerusalem.

When he had come to us, he took Paul's belt, bound his own hands and feet, and said, "Thus says the Holy Spirit, "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man who owns this belt, and deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles."

Acts 21:11

Paul's comrades plead with him to stay away from Jerusalem. Yet Paul explains that he is ready not only to be bound but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.

In our western Christianity has entered a "feel good" gospel. This gospel costs us nothing. In its preaching is no lack of comfort, no true sacrifice, no commitment, and no risk at all. It is the false gospel that has lulled many into a deep sleep through lifeless self-help messages, lukewarm commitment, a building of human brands and kingdoms, and a church-going faith that last only one day a week. Yet, Paul, would run right into the fire for Christ Jesus and the sake of the spreading of the gospel. He spent his life going into all the world, facing beatings and prisons, enduring stoning's, and even suffering through shipwrecks. In every circumstance, Holy Spirit led him through. Eventually, Paul would give his life and last breath for the King and Kingdom.

Have you endured suffering due to the gospel? Has the comfort of this world taken priority today, friend? Do you consider yourself a threat to Hell or a helper of Hell? Think not it strange when trials come, for it is the way of Kingdom business. Put to death the idea of soaring without suffering, prospering without obedience, victory without war, or the cross without a cost. Run into the fire and snag souls. Run into the fire and risk your reputation. Run into the fire and trust the outcome to Christ Jesus. Put your pride on the table and push back on Hell. Let the naysayers have their "say," but you, friend, "obey." It is these kinds of disciples that we need in this hour to come forth. You can faintly hear, if you listen well, the Apostle Paul encouraging you to be a good soldier of Christ and to "Go and preach," where the Holy Spirit allows, whether chains await you or not.



The Life of Grace

It is a precious life of grace to be settled into your identity in Christ.

Not just covered by that wonder-working power of His blood but finally feeling comfortable in your own skin. Able to embrace the way He designed you, even when others do not.

No longer trying to be like another, operate like another, or build what another has built, but waiting patiently for God's perfect timing and God's perfect plan that will bear Heaven's harvest field and vineyard.

If I had a room full of younger sisters, I would tell them this:

- Let God show you who He designed you to be. You don't have to chase it, only chase Him.
- Be cautious with open doors. The devil has gotten good at opening many.
- Pray before every "Yes" to wave off the devil's setups.
- Learn to understand how God wired you. It was full of divine purpose. If I had known earlier why I could "feel the room" or why "I knew things that I shouldn't have known," I could have walked in my prophetic calling more confidently in my younger years.
- Do not look to others for how God will use you. That causes frustration and can lead to jealousy and envy. The masterpiece that you are was designed for good works stored up in advance. What's yours, is yours, and no one else's.

My younger years in ministry I did a lot of striving but as you mature in Christ you learn to allow an unfolding that is likened to a flower coming into full bloom.

Petal by petal the water of life opens the tiniest of buds. Soon a lovely flower has blossomed.

Seasons are defined by Heaven and "this way or that way" is an ordering that He, sovereignly, plans.

It is also a dear grace to be able to stay focused on a lane you fully own and let all else pass you right by. For no mountain is worth my time if He is not there also.

While I always have a deep desire to build more, for more, He must first roll out the blueprints before I begin a haphazard work that will not be undergirded by His power and wind.

Numbers have fallen by the wayside in my older age because I've seen the wonder of God clear an entire room for one single heart needing my undivided attention.

And honestly, that has become what I call one grand spectacle of God's hand reaching down on behalf of one He dearly loves.

It is a beautiful place to know who you are in Christ and to grab the hand of Jesus and run with all of your might your uniquely-made Kingdom race.



A NEW MUSIC SINGLE
EMERGES AS A
DECLARATION OF
FAITH.



The Best Helper

One of my first quiet prayers when I get a new face in one of our rooms is, "Show me, Lord, who you made this one to be."

It's a question that cannot be overlooked.

Through groups, interactions, and even the normal routines of getting to know someone He has left me a trail of bread crumbs to follow. If I will follow Him then I will get to who He designed them to be.

It's like unwrapping a special gift from Heaven because that is exactly what they are.

They are not there to help me get somewhere, I am there to help them each get somewhere.

That "somewhere" is right into the heart of Jesus and His plan for their life.

He wires us each in unique ways and when I can begin to see those sometimes tiny nuances, I can see how He designed them to hear a certain way, process a certain way, and learn a certain way.

Some of my sweet hearts are artisans made by Heaven and I can expect them to respond to the creative things of God.

Some are more analytical in their wiring and they are built to run down details the rest of us might miss.

How many of us know that tiny details can be what "studies" us right to the truth.

The Lord has beautiful tapestry in His body and we all need each other to see the fullness of Christ working through His people.

Some were endowed with a gift of mercy so they supernaturally can "feel" or sense the pain of others. They make wonderful caregivers, binders of broken hearts, and shepherds. But if not guided with the gift, the devil can use up a mercy heart in ways that seem right but are not.

You see, it's super important that I can see them well. I am so glad Holy Spirit is a counselor and guide.

He is the "Lord who helps."

As a leader trained in the secular world, I knew the strengths of my team. I did not know however that one day I would use the leadership gift to help others fly in the Kingdom with Jesus. Even then I was in training, and so are you.

Whatever you might have been told about yourself or even thought about yourself I'm here to tell you that you are a diamond in the rough.

You might be covered by some debris from traumatic seasons but it doesn't change the truth of who God sees when He looks at you.

So be sure you get into a room with hearts that are helpers for you along the way.

But more important do make sure they are led by the best Helper of all, the Holy Spirit.

The Process

I've seen God work in many ways by now, yet, I am certain I have not seen all the ways He works. His Word, alone, tells me there are mysteries and unsearchable things that He shares only as He wills. I have fully embraced this mysterious life in Christ and settled my own heart from having to understand it all. Can I tell you that being in that place is a lovely freedom?

I've seen Him heal miraculously and I've seen Him heal through a process. It is why I've learned to be so careful of creating methods which inadvertently place Him in a box.

Recently, I sat across from a heart in need. She was in process but desperately wanting to heal sooner than she was. It took me a bit to help her understand that she wasn't behind on God's timeline.

In all God's kindness for us He walks us through a valley. In that place that we often wish to jump out of is wisdom and a wealth of understanding He is likely going to show us. As she healed in His perfect timing, she was learning and growing. She was learning more about herself but also about the tenderness of Christ that is unusually beautiful in any valley.

As I assured her that God was keen on her resting her heart, her body, and her mind He was indeed restoring her soul.

Years of abuses, misuses, and trauma have effects on the body. Often the mind will need to be not just renewed but retrained for environments, situations, and even responses to people. Many have to relearn what "safe" feels like and God has to also heal memories.

In this most precious job I've been given, the Lord has taught me to allow people to be where they are and to follow Him ever so carefully for His timing on every matter.

Sometimes it is not a scripture a heart needs but a hug whereby Jesus can be felt wrapping His own arms around that dear life. In all of the loss of trust, He is still willing to earn it.

If the Good Shepherd who tends and mends the broken so lovingly is willing to win a heart over by His slow and steady love for them, then perhaps this shepherd should be willing to do the same.



The Hewers

Many of you have wondered like Gideon, "Oh, my lord, if the Lord is with us why then has all this happened to us?"

Hidden away in the winepress was one unseen by man but not unseen by God.

The Angel of the Lord comes and calls out to him with a language he could not yet believe.

Judges 6:12, "...The Lord is with you, you mighty man of valor."

The time has come where the Lord is visiting the hidden ones. Those in the winepress where the wheat is separated from the chaff.

Where the valleys have brought a crushing but God has anointed with power those considered "the weakest of the clan."

When you dig into the meaning of Gideon's name you'll find it means "hewer." You'll also see it points to the word, "warrior."

What then is a "hewer?"
"one who is able to cut down, to asunder, to hew down, to chop down..."

Tossed into the wind has been your season and what has felt like hellish maneuvers has actually been a holy separation and a mere working out of Heaven's threshing floor.

Righteousness is ruling and judgement is being proclaimed in such a way that the verdict is declared, "You, dear one, are a mighty man, or woman, of valor."

Gideon is still confused because he still views himself as the "weakest of the clan and the least in his father's house." Yet the Angel of the Lord speaks clearly in verse 14, "Go in this might of yours, and you shall save Israel from the hand of the Midianites."

Gideon was called to hew down the enemy. His

very name pointed to who he was designed to be. God makes no mistakes.

In the middle of what seemed less than a miraculous moment was a prophetic picture of Heaven's divine action and in an instant the warrior hidden within Gideon was called for by the Lord.

He was being placed in position and didn't even know it.

You might come out of that hidden place bruised and sore. Feeling you have no might left.

The threshing floor felt like a thief but you couldn't see what Christ already knew. You were being separated unto Him.

You might be battle weary and worn. But as you were emptied, God filled you and now the oil freely flows.

The winepress produced something "otherworldly."

You now leak the essence of Christ that draws mankind to the One they long for.

You've been positioned as a vital puzzle piece and your faithfulness in the hidden place is what God took notice of where motives were moved out of the way and self was crucified again and again, the warrior was built.

Strong, yet humble.
Quiet, perhaps, but wise.
Settled and seasoned.

An unsuspected man, or woman, that Heaven knew as one who would destroy the works of darkness through Christ.

I believe God loves to speak "might" into an unknowing vessel of His. He is a God of the underdogs and favors humility.

I also believe Gideon's posture was not all bad. Because as we move into the days ahead

it is best to remember that in our weakness He is strong and that without Him we can do nothing.

Humility is a lovely place to stay. Let us make it our home.

Heaven's frontline army is full of the "weakest of the clan" and those thought to be "the least in the Father's house" are now being rallied for battle.

Go, in all your might, men and women of valor, and hew down the enemy's plans.

This is your hour.



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.





BUTTERFLY KISSES

A NEWSPAPER FOR GIRLS

I KNOW THE PLANS I HAVE FOR YOU.

Where little girls meet a BIG GOD!

A STAR IS BORN!



*A Star was born
When you were made
Your shine does sparkle
In a unique way.*

*Do not want
Another's shine
Do not dare wish
That 'theirs is mine.'*

*Embrace the heart
Which Christ did give
For you're a sign
Of His perfect kiss.*

*You were chosen
By this heart of His
It is not possible
That you were missed.*

*Great adventures
He's planned for you
To do what
No one else can do!*

*O little star
There's no star like you
And all of Heaven
Celebrates you.*

*So when you look
In a mirror long
Remind yourself
'I am called!'*

*To follow Him
To lovely lands
Where He will show you
His mighty hand.*

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The Coolest Story EVER!

We love studying how all creation testifies. So come along as we look at one of God's coolest creations. Page 5

Dandelions & Daisies



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NEW!

