

## Heaven Within Me

By: Laura Zievis

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I've been searching for you in subways  
Scanning breezeways for your smile  
Eyeing faces behind windows of cars that pass by  
Trying to find a warm heart in strangers' eyes

There are silent empty stares at the grocery store  
Frigid glares of people who don't know as little as my name  
It's hard to see if dismally they're looking at nothing or at me

Why do I look for angels,  
Living in the dark?  
When tears of people drown the ground,  
I ask you, God of the flood and Noah's ark  
Are you enough for us to fix our gaze on you again?

Everyone stuck in the wheel of their mind  
Going around in circles, trying to turn back time  
wishing we had taken different paths so our location in life would look different now  
But you tell us to be present, not in tomorrow or yesterday

I'm climbing and I'm calling,  
You hear me crying with faith, believing your promises  
My soul cannot sing without you—

Even though sometimes I feel no one can see  
I still feel you glowing in the holy spirit's light  
Flowing into my heart in the lonely nights

You love me when I feel weak  
Call me by name, when I forget who I am,  
You walk on water toward me,  
when I'm too fearful to stand  
I am not alone, Lord  
your love is Heaven within me

## The Sand

By: Whitney Hanson

@whitneyhansonpoetry

POETRY BOOKS written by Whitney Hanson: *Home Climate Harmony*

In English we say, we never know how much time we got.  
In poetry, we say, they told me to imagine my life as an hour glass.  
Sand slipping through my hands  
But I've always found this idea out of reach  
And hard to understand.

Don't get me wrong. I have a great imagination I can see the glass if I close my eyes.  
The problem is that I can never see how much sand it has inside.  
I could have years or months or moments left.  
I could catch tomorrow's sunrise and it could be the last one I see.  
I could look into your eyes and it could be the last time that they meet.

So tell me, how do I manage my time when its measure can't be known?  
What do I do with this life? The only one I own.  
I could have years or months or moments left.  
A century with you or just a second to hold your hand.  
Tell me how to make the most of my little bit of sand.

# NAIL IT *To the Cross*

Each worry, stress, or sorrow,  
each need you're thinking of...  
Nail it to the Cross,  
and entrust it to Christ's love.

A trial or temptation,  
a challenge hard to face...  
Nail it to the Cross,  
and give it to His grace.

For Christ redeemed all suffering,  
all struggles, loss, and death...  
He "nailed" the world's salvation  
as He took His final breath.

## **Prophets of a Future Not Our Own**

"The Deardon-Untener Prayer"

A Prayer by: Bishop Ken Untener

October 25, 1979

It helps, now and then, to step back  
and take a long view.  
The kingdom is not only beyond our efforts,  
it is beyond our vision.

We accomplish in our lifetime only a tiny fraction of  
the magnificent enterprise that is God's work.  
Nothing we do is complete,  
which is way of saying  
that the Kingdom always lies beyond us.

No statement says all that could be said.  
No prayer fully expresses our faith.  
No confession brings perfection.  
No pastoral visit brings wholeness.  
No program accomplishes the Church's mission.  
No set of goals and objectives includes everything.

This is what we are about.  
We plant seeds that one day will grow.  
We water seeds already planted,  
knowing that they hold future promise.  
We lay foundations that will need further development.  
We provide yeast that produces far beyond our capabilities.

We cannot do everything,  
and there is a sense of liberation in realizing that.  
This enables us to do something,  
and to do it very well.  
It may be incomplete, but it is a beginning, a step along the way,  
an opportunity for the Lord's grace to enter and do the rest.

We may never see the end results,  
but that is the difference between the master builder and the worker.  
We are workers, not master builders;  
ministers, not messiahs.  
We are prophets of a future not our own.  
Amen

## **Fellowship of the Unashamed – A Martyr’s Prayer**

### **“My Commitment as a Christian”**

By: The author is unknown but is believed to be a young pastor in Zimbabwe who was martyred for his faith in Jesus Christ. It was found in his study.

*I’m part of the fellowship of the unashamed. I have the Holy Spirit’s power. The die has been cast. I have stepped over the line. The decision has been made — I’m a disciple of His. I won’t look back, let up, slow down, back away, or be still.*

*My past is redeemed, my present makes sense, my future is secure. I’m finished and done with low living, sight walking, small planning, smooth knees, colorless dreams, tamed visions, worldly talking, cheap giving, and dwarfed goals.*

*I no longer need pre-eminence, prosperity, position, promotions, plaudits, or popularity. I don’t have to be right, first, tops, recognized, praised, regarded, or rewarded. I now live by faith, lean in His presence, walk by patience, am uplifted by prayer, and I labor with (Holy Spirit’s) power.*

*My face is set, my gait is fast, my goal is heaven, my road is narrow, my way rough, my companions few, my Guide reliable, my mission clear. I cannot be bought, compromised, detoured, lured away, turned back, deluded, or delayed. I will not flinch in the face of sacrifice, hesitate in the presence of the adversary, negotiate at the table of the enemy, pander at the pool of popularity, or meander in the maze of mediocrity.*

*I won’t give up, shut up, let up, until I have stayed up, stored up, prayed up, paid up, preached up for the cause of Christ. I am a disciple of Jesus. I must go till He comes, give till I drop, preach till all know, and work till He stops me. And, when He comes for His own, He will have no problem recognizing me . . . my banner will be clear.*