

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 hourglass.
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.

Living Life

Life is not a race – but indeed a journey. Be honest. Work hard. Be choosy.

Say, “thank you,” “I love you,” and “great job” to someone each day.

Go to church, take time for prayer. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh.

Let your handshake mean more than pen and paper. Love your life and what you’ve been given, it is not accidental – search for your purpose and do it as best you can. Dreaming does matter. It allows you to become that which you desire to be. Laugh often. Appreciate the little things in life and enjoy them.

Some of the best things really are free. Do not worry, less wrinkles are more becoming. Forgive, it frees the soul. Take time for yourself – plan for longevity.

Recognize the special people you’ve been blessed to know.

Live for today, enjoy the moment.

Bonnie Mohr

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.

I Don't Love You

By: Laura Zievis

Like the ocean waves love the shore,
I could never love you less,
and I could never love you more

I held you closer to my heart
than the clouds held the rain
When you told me you loved me
Nothing could ever be the same

I dreamt of your smile
every night and day
The biggest fantasy to me
was easing all your pain

I craved your lovely words
and your gentle touch
Like flowers thirst for water
right before they bloom

Nothing else could feed my heart that much
I smiled before we kissed,
I had never loved with more faith

Did you know I'd place your heaviest thoughts
And your biggest fears
on my shoulders?
And carry it miles away?
If that's what it took to make you happy with me
For just another day?

Did you know?
I'd dive into the most dangerous ocean-
And swim down to the sand in the dark,
Blind to the possibility of drowning-
Just for you to fall in love with me
as deeply as I had for you?

I held you closer to my heart
than the clouds held the rain
It's a shame I had to learn
You never felt the same
Like the ocean waves love the shore,
I could never love you less,
But I don't love you anymore.