

Healing Prayers

A series of small booklets designed to be read at the bedside of those who need healing. They are a Christian faith based collection of prayers, dreams, scriptures and inspirational pieces.

**Repentance for Yesterday
Strength for Today
Hope for Tomorrow
Preparing for Eternity
Fast Track Healing
Vacuum Cleaner Salesman**



HP-6
\$2.50 USA

www.gloryboundpublishing.com

Vacuum Cleaner Salesman

Calling on the door of God's heart.
A poetic Prose



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Look into the Prayer Thyme Cabinet

BY SHERI HAUSER RN

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with steps to Salvation through Jesus Christ

Strength for Today-Directives for prayer

Hope for Tomorrow-Hope and faith to
believe in that which is not seen

Preparing for Eternity-Passing from this
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Fast Track Healing-Simple steps of prayer
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Because, son,
it is you that have been gone.
Come home.
And, when you enter the house,
take off your shoes.
My carpet is white.



*Father,
I have been gone way
too long and want to
return to Your house. I recognize that I
have not been an active part of Your fam-
ily and haven't checked in much. I really
do need You to buy my wares. I am over
burdened with many things. Please forgive
me and accept me back into the family.
I promise to check in more often. Amen-*

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VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN

There are passive pursuits of the heart.
Feeble efforts.
Those without motivation that comes
from the core.
There is no inner drive.
For, the heart pulsates from the center
of our chest.
It resides in the very core of our being.
It is our bosom; our soul.
We knock on the door of God's heart
with ours.
But, sometimes we only tap.
We tap, tap, tap.

2

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2

Why?

For, with only a tap,
you do not show that
you plan on a response.
You show by the timidity with which
you seek Me,
that you do not expect Me to answer.
I am your Father,
yet you do not act like you know Me.
Because you don't.
But, that's OK. For,
we can make up for lost time.
Like a father and son who have been
separated for years,
we can make up for it.
But, there needs to be effort on your
part.

15

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15

enough at My heart's door to knock
 with some energy.
 Put your wares down long enough to
 pay attention.
 And, look for the response from the
 other side.
 Set down your burden, focus on the
 door, and use the door bell.
 There is a doorbell, you know.
 Did you think I disconnected it
 when I failed to respond quickly?
 No, my love.
 I was merely in the back of the house.
 You never gave Me time enough to
 respond.
 But, you only tap on the door of My
 heart.

But, there is no response,
 so we hang our head and go on down
 the street seeking another
 to fulfill our need.
 Like a door to door salesman,
 we move through our block.
 No sale.
 We go home empty,
 holding only what we brought.
 Our baggage.
 Like a vacuum cleaner salesman,
 we continue to carry our burdens,
 indebted to the company
 we put our hopes in.
 But, our success depends on our sales.
 And, we treat the door of God's heart
 like any other door.

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 like any other door.

We approach the entry way
with caution,
thinking a dog may be lurking to tear
us to shreds.
Will The Enemy rent us before we
even reach the door?
Or, maybe the sprinklers might come
on.
Will he rain on our parade?
Is our request refused before we ask?
But the house is intimidating.
So big.
So beautiful.
And there is a gate.
A huge Roth iron fence with delicate
designs.
Curved eloquence adorns the gate to
God's heart house.

4

thinking you were not responsible
enough to be trusted.
I decided to leave it
under the pot for you.
So, when ever you come home,
you can get in.
But, you continue to stand on the porch
tapping at My heart's door.
Why?
Like a child when he is born,
we know him, but he doesn't know us.
He learns to know his parents.
You must learn to know Me.
I have always known you,
yet you do not know Me.
I am your Father.
Oh, that you would be persistent

13

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13

The difference is that what is on
 the inside of My heart
 works to change the world,
 rather than the world to change Me.
 The sun is inside My heart,
 not outside.
 I illumine Myself.
 I provide My own light.
 And, My light is pure.
 It stays within My place.
 So, My door is shut to the world.
 But, even they can knock on the closed
 door of My heart.
 But, you have a short memory.
 Don't you remember
 when I gave you a key?
 But, you refused to carry it,

And beautiful evergreen trees,
 carefully manicured beds of rainbow
 colored seasonal bedding plants.
 It always looks freshly painted,
 glistening in the sun.
 But, who will meet us at such a door?
 Dare we knock?
 Surely the Master will send another to
 respond.
 Encumbered with our boxes,
 we bring all we brought,
 to His doorstep.
 Tap, tap, tap.
 We hold the door solid gold door
 knocker within our right hand.
 But, we refuse to put down what we
 have brought;

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 Tap, tap, tap.
 We hold the door solid gold door
 knocker within our right hand.
 But, we refuse to put down what we
 have brought;

our prized vacuums and brushes.
For, we have come to sell ourselves
to Him.
We need to present our stuff;
lay it all out in front of Him.
We need a sale.
Our hands are full and our pockets are
empty.
Our children are hungry,
our mortgage needs to be paid.
The pension plan has not been met,
and we are too young to retire.
But, we don't knock with vigor,
because we can't.
Our hands are not intent
on the mission of our heart.
We refuse to put down

Would a father who has not seen
his son for years
not buy a vacuum from him?
I would certainly buy everything you
have to sell just to hear your voice.
You choose to live in poverty,
refusing to come home.
The door is closed to my heart.
But, child,
it is only closed for a reason.
To keep out the weather.
I keep out the whether or not.
For, I don't change.
I am not altered
by the seasons of the world.
I am God.
It is My house.

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the lace curtain,
 watching you walk by
 to another's house.
 And day after day, I am disappointed.
 You never call anymore.
 You don't stop by for lunch.
 Your Father waits.
 And waits.
 And waits for you to come home.
 Don't you realize that it doesn't matter
 what you bring.
 Everything you need I will provide.
 But, you treat Me like a stranger.
 You only pass by because you want to
 sell Me your needs.
 And,
 do you think I will not buy them?

what we brought.
 We bring our wares to His house,
 but cling to them,
 unwilling to even set them down
 long enough to knock on the door
 with clear intent.
 For, when we knock on a door,
 we should expect an answer.
 Is God's house not a place where we
 can expect an answer?

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GOD'S RESPONSE

Oh, children, do you forget that I am
Your Father?
How you grieve My heart.
Did you not notice
I left the gate open?
Are your eyes so distracted by your
own burdens that you failed to see
your own initials
etched in my mailbox?
By the way, when was the last time
you picked up your mail?
I thought you were born again
into My house?

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By the way, when was the last time
you picked up your mail?
I thought you were born again
into My house?

You are short sighted,
forgetful;
looking down your own shirt,
forgetting who your parents are.
You think that you live to pursue
your own heart?
I have been waiting for you.
It's just that the door is heavy.
My heart is heavy because you have
been gone for so long.
Can you imagine the heaviness
of a father's heart for his child who
has not visited the place of his birth,
yet he resides
in the same neighborhood?
Day after day I stand in my upper
room, peeking through the veil;

You are short sighted,
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