



CARON CARROLL

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE
FOLLOW ON [FACEBOOK](#)

BELOVED

Beloved: One who is dearly loved.

"I WILL BE A TRUE FATHER TO YOU, AND YOU
WILL BE MY BELOVED SONS AND DAUGHTERS,'
SAYS THE LORD YAHWEH ALMIGHTY."

2 CORINTHIANS 6:18 (TPT)

I am in awe knowing we are called beloved by God. Talking with the Lord this week, I recalled some God moments in my young life where the very nature of God's Spirit overwhelmed me.

I think oftentimes it may be difficult to create this atmosphere in our own homes because we ourselves haven't fully grasped the depth, length, breadth, and width of His love for us. If only I had had the courage and boldness back then to bring little pieces of my God encounters home with me to be a blessing to others....

I will attempt to share my story with you.



From the time I was in the 4th grade until the 9th grade, I had the benefit of attending a camp for kids where the Spirit of God was invited to saturate Himself there and change the atmosphere even before we arrived. Filled with expectancy that was difficult to contain, every January my parents and I would complete the application for a June reservation.

Driving through the white-gated entrance, we are surrounded by the vast beauty of God's creation: creatures great and small, rolling hills carpeted with lush grass, and towering oaks. As we cruise the winding road to the top of the hill to check-in, we come upon the familiar "big lake" on the right and the go-cart track on the left. Majestic horses hang out around the barn in the distance.

Jam-packed with an assortment of activities and God moments for kids, Brookhill is an oasis where my heart can be filled with the love of Jesus for six days. Already feeling the stress and trials of life that kids can deal with, this is the perfect escape for me to feel free.

The counselors there were different. They had a peace about them I wanted to know more about. They had something I craved as they talked about Jesus as if they knew Him personally. Their faces would glow. I hardly knew anyone back home who had such genuine joy in their souls.

During the week, there was a reenactment of the crucifixion of Jesus. Beginning at dusk, we gathered at the bottom of a hill. It is so real as I see a man off to my right, dressed as our Lord and carrying a wooden cross to the top of the ridge above, to die for our sins. Every camper is kneeling and sobbing tears of sadness, gratefulness, and regret for our wrong doings of the past. I repent and seek forgiveness and ask Jesus to save me once again.

No one ever wants to leave this place. A one-week visitation experiencing God per year is not enough for me. I don't want to go back to the familiar, the mundane. My desire is to go home and have the same experience there. This is how I want to live. I wish I could bottle it up to open when I get back home or bring it out at school. I don't want to lose this warmth in my heart.



Early Saturday morning, as we prepared to leave, I would reflect on my short time there. Morning devotions always provided a heavenly perspective as the warm rays of sunshine beamed down on a fog-covered basin below. Devotions after supper would complete each night. To an accompaniment of chirping crickets and fireflies that lit up the darkening sky, camp counselors strum acoustic guitars and played our favorite songs such as "Father, I adore You," and "Seek Ye First."

Later on the morning of our departure, we would head over to the pavilion for our last few moments together. I see my parents and know the time is drawing close. I am so sad to leave. Our parents have gathered to view the awards ceremony and to watch their babies say one last good-bye.

During the closing ceremonies, the counselors prayed over the campers individually. As we hugged and cried on the shoulders of the red shirted leaders, do our families know why we are crying? Do we even know why we are crying? We had all undergone an inexplicable transformation in our souls as a result of the overwhelming, unconditional love.

There is a sweet spirit that dwells there at the camp. My soul craves it and I don't want to leave it behind. Why can't the euphoria come with me? I had experienced a spiritual high which I needed in my life.

Leaving to return home with my parents, I felt a separation from my tangible Heavenly Father. With my limited capacity as a child to understand the supernatural power of God, I couldn't explain what had taken place in my heart the previous week as we drove away.

In the natural, I felt connected and loved by God with a lack of inhibitions that was everything I was searching for. In the supernatural, the Spirit of God had revealed himself to me, and His Spirit was dwelling in me.

I had tasted the goodness of God without knowing of the ability, courage, or wisdom of how to carry His Light with me. I was a child trying to find my way, to do good, and to be good, but as I was unaware of this, I feared I would be lost without this Light shining in me and guiding my path.

Looking back through the rear window for one final glance, I leave my love for another year, not understanding that the same Spirit is inside of me.

“WHO IS THIS ONE? SHE ARISES OUT OF
HER DESERT, CLINGING TO HER BELOVED.
WHEN I AWAKENED YOU UNDER THE APPLE
TREE, AS YOU WERE FEASTING UPON ME, I
AWAKENED YOUR INNERMOST BEING WITH
THE TRAVAIL OF BIRTH AS YOU LONGED
FOR MORE OF ME.”

SONG OF SONGS 8:5





I had the privilege of sending my own two children to encounter the tangible love of God at Brookhill, carrying on the tradition.

There are three main reasons why I believe a summer camp filled with the Spirit of God is a must for kids to help bring transformation of the heart and lasting relationships with the Father:

1. It is where I experienced my first love, the love of my heavenly Father. It is where I saw and heard the truth of God on a spiritual level meant just for kids.
2. The character of God was shown through the mercy, grace, and compassion of Jesus Christ.
3. Holy Spirit poured love, joy, kindness, and patience onto each camper, freeing us to be who God created us to be.

Children need to know they have value and are deeply loved by God, even more than they could ever imagine. Being set apart from the things of the world to gain a closer glimpse of God in a spirit-filled camp rates as one of my most favorite memories!



“

**Look with wonder at the
depth of the Father's
marvelous love that he
has lavished on us! He has
called us and made us his
very own beloved
children.**

”

1 JOHN 3:1 A (TPT)