

Dove Diaries:

—Streams from Lebanon—

Book 2: Memories and Meditations

SoS.1:15 Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

A glimpse into my personal journey and communion with Jesus while living in Lebanon, drinking His waters of refreshing and meditating on His workings in my life from then and compiled from other years. —Koriane Qui

Memory Lane

(5-AUG-08)

(Taking to Jesus, remembering a special event on our relationship:) It's still vivid as if it were yesterday. It was a memorable moment, Your response to my heart's desperate plea. After another week of giving care to the little children—day and night I cared for them, as a fulltime nanny. When my day off came, I so wanted someone to then be there for me. To hold me and wipe my tears. To listen to what I wanted to say. To encourage me in the things I was going through. To fill that emptiness I felt when the stillness and solitude surrounded me.

My desperation and need to be held and loved drove me to grasp on to You for my very life. You said you were our heavenly Husband and could fill the needs of every heart. I turned wholeheartedly to You to give you a chance to do what Your Word promised. But words just didn't fill the need for someone in person. I knew You could break through the barriers that kept the physical and spiritual realms in their own dimensions.

I knew You had the power to appear, to touch me, to be there for me in more ways than merely in my heart's embrace. Oh, I ached and cried out for You to do just that. I was a teen at the time, and filled with so many emotions.

Your words to my plea pierced through the cloud of despair directly into my heart and mind with such clarity.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for. The evidence of things not seen." (Heb.11:1)

I cried knowing it was You indeed speaking those familiar words. This time they meant a million times more to me than before. It was Your personal answer to my request. Those words have lingered with me to this day. I surrendered to Your wisdom and have found the door, the entrance, to a life with You by my side, while in this physical dimension. Yes, You would be there with me. And through faith I would realize the truth of Your close presence.

1PE.1:8,9--Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

My Body Guard

(12-AUG-08)

I saw him in my mind's eye one morning, as if he was in morning meditation and prayer. Calm, but focused on the mission before him that day—his God given duty to guard me for life. My own heavenly body guard. His light-coloured hair and strong muscular body was the way he appeared to me the only time I have seen him in a vision. It brought peace to me knowing his strong link with the God of love, and his soberness and dedication to this mission.

I seldom hear him speak to me in words, as in a spirit conversation. When I turned 25, on my birthday came a wonderful gift of Jesus' love to me. I had slept alone in a quiet guest room, in order to have peace and quiet and some special time with My Heavenly Husband on my birthday. Jesus thought of a new and creative way to show me His love. The thin veil that seems to keep him and I in our realms, parted. I didn't not see or feel my angel guard there in the physical, but he was there in a way he had not been before. He told me such stirring, beautiful, personally encouraging words—whispered them to my heart and mind.

There is a connection between our hearts, one that I'll only fully know when I meet him on the other side. But in those rare times he speaks to me in words to my heart and mind, it always pulls a string and the tears flow. It's something I don't understand or know now.

I remember several years ago in a particularly dark and stormy time of my life what Jesus told me about this angel, and my time before coming to earth. I was so despairing my place on earth, and battled great loneliness, not having had a "special someone" for what seemed an eternity. My job was caring for and teaching a sweet and brilliant little girl. I could have been having the time of my life, but my despair and the inner struggles and turmoil of heart and spirit threatened to steal away my very life if I didn't hold on very tightly to Jesus.

Jesus invited me to commune with Him on my life before coming to earth, and on our communications about what it would entail and the costs. Though I had responded that I couldn't make it, and it would be all too hard for me, that I took courage when shown who one of my constant companions would be.

Something about seeing him and knowing how he would bring Jesus love and help to me on a daily basis turned the tide and I took the plunge to head off with courage to my mission on Earth.

On most birthdays from then on he speaks to me. They are meaningful and deep times, and words that are remembered often.

Jesus only knows the foes he helps me to fight, the battles he is engaged in for not only my survival but to finish the mission we set out to accomplish—together. I probably will never know the lengths and depths he has gone to fulfill his commission from our Lord of love. But it's all to pass on Jesus love.

He chooses to be invisible, so that Jesus is most glorified. It's like his mission is as a link so that I can be connected to Jesus' love, and to fight in the spirit to bring me through the mine field of this earth, with the trophy of "mission accomplished" in my hands. Words can't express the intensity of the battles I have encountered. But I have never been alone, and have come through each one, thanks to the love of Jesus and these ones who fight for and with me.

Clouds

(17-AUG-08)

(Praise:) The creative way You choose to show Your love never ceases to thrill me!

(True story:) I had been out camping in Mexico several years ago—roughing-it style with a group of half a dozen teenagers. We had no tents and it was drizzling part of the night. We shivered in our sleeping bags, and saw the power of the keys stop the rain and blow the clouds away and bring some stars to watch. It had its own thrill, but not something you'd repeat nightly! We bedded down real early, as the wood was too wet to build a fire with.

The teens needed some fun and adventure, and this must have been just the thing for them. The hiking on the mountain the next day in the warm sun was beautiful, while the cliff edges and places to fall, break a bone, sprain ankles—plus the presence of rattlesnakes kept me praying for their safe keeping. (One very large rattlesnake had been slowly slithering across the path we hiked when we were there for the day a couple weeks earlier. I saw only part of his thick body as he slithered around the rock I was walking over. I never saw his head or tail. He was big.)

After our camping adventure we drove back in a pick-up truck. The family I was staying with had come to drive us home. As many as could fit in the cabin did, and I and another boy offered to be in the open back. I am a strict advocate of safe keeping with cars. But since there was no way around it, and someone had to be in the back, doing so myself would ensure one less teen at risk.

The wind swept hard as we zoomed along. I covered myself with every bit of clothing I could scrounge. Entertaining myself I began cloud-watching. I was so very thankful for the miracles of safe keeping. I had clung desperately to the keys and the Lord, and he had come through and proved His supernatural power. There hadn't been even a scratch. If you had seen the terrain and knew the adventurous nature of this group of teens you would be as relieved and amazed at this miracle. This was one of the bigger responsibilities and dangerous endeavours I'd tackled. It was not without much prayer, hearing from the Lord and claiming His promises continually.

The clouds had been noticeably interesting, taking on the forms of various animals, very distinctly shaped. Then I noted one that looked like a very large smiley face, but just the side view—like when you draw “stickmen” and it's looking to the left. There was a big fluffy round cloud and on it one smaller grey circle for the eye, and then the half part of the smile.

It was perfectly drawn. I was amused. But as I looked at it, thinking how neat it was that Jesus was making this cloud show for me, all of a sudden the big circle cloud turned. And now staring directly at me, was a perfectly formed, very large, complete, “smiley” face. With two big grey eyes, and a grey smile. It seemed to be alive! I squealed aloud. It just about freaked me out in a good way. I knew there was only one person who could do that—and know that I was watching. He was saying through it, “I love you. I see you. I'm proud of you for giving all you can to others.”

It was so vivid, and thrilled me. I love the way He chooses to say hi and show in real ways that He's right there, and show in very personal ways His deep and amazing love--though remaining invisible. Yes, we need faith to believe “that He is”, as Hebrews 11, says. But He also “is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.”

The Angel without Hands

(29-JUL-08)

(True story:) The lot had been vacant and unused for the 2 years we had lived in this area. Now for the first time it seemed to be open for parking, with an attendant sitting at the entrance. I was (and still am) living in Lebanon, in the “ritzy” area, where ladies doll up for hours to walk to the corner store. I definitely stood out as I struggled—as gracefully as I could appear—to push my toddler in the stroller while carrying my newborn baby in the sling. Time for make-up or fancy hair-do's seemed light-years away.

My husband had unexpectedly had to leave the country—with only 2 days notice—and had been unable to return for several months, due the legalities. In his absence I'd had gone on vacation with our co-workers, had a baby (a sudden C-section weeks before my due-date), and now had two little ones growing and learning along with me in this new stage of motherhood.

As I was walking with my little boys to the nearby store, that hot summer day, I saw the look I haven't forgotten yet. It's etched in my memory. The new parking attendant looked up into my face. What I saw could only be described as an angel or God looking through him to me.

He had a gentle smile on his face, and eyes were filled with compassion mixed with faith, as if he knew my situation, and was tenderly trying to encourage me. There was a godly light, a loving warmth in his gaze. It both caught me by surprise as well as deeply encouraged me—I looked back twice just to see it again, it made me feel so good inside.

What gave me renewed strength for any struggles I faced after that was the fact that this man was handicapped. He had no hands; his arms ended at the wrists. Yet he sat there like anyone, confident and comfortable with himself and doing his job. If he could be content, and tackle a job that it would seem impossible to do in his state—(counting money, giving change, opening and locking the gate), so could I handle things in my far more fortunate condition. I had hands. What could you say? Comparatively there was nothing I was limited in.

When I returned on my way home, he looked like any other old man, sitting there smoking his hubbly-bubbly. Somehow God had looked at me in that moment, and used the perfect one to do it.

He sat there day after day, through the hot summer sun—at least whenever I went out he was there. Just looking at him gave me a boost of courage. After leaving the country to join my husband for a few months, and being able to return all together, I found the parking lot closed again, as it always had been. No sign of this stranger. But every time I pass that corner I remember “the Angel without hands” that held me with his gaze, and pulled me through, without hands. And I also learned the value of a single, well-timed, smile. I’ve tried to share mine more freely with others since then. (I still wonder who he was. Was he actually an “angel unawares”?)

The Shelter of His wing

(23-AUG-08)

(A praise to Jesus:) Some things can’t be explained in the physical, because they are mysterious and wonderful happenings that You alone can do—nor can they be verified by anyone else, because I was alone with You, or it happened to me alone. But the reality of the event and the way it touched me made a memory, something we alone share, and it’s one more proof of Your amazing, every present and all knowing love and care.

(True story:) I lived on a larger property. My bedroom that doubled as an office for me, was in a separate building than the main house. It was one of those “raining cats and dogs” days, and I was in the main house kitchen about to walk to my room. Huge drops of torrential rain were falling. I’m not afraid of getting a little rain on me, but the amount of water coming down per square foot at that moment was stronger than I’d receive standing in the shower! I decided to wait till it let up.

I prayed what to do, Jesus said to wait, and help out in the kitchen. So I put the clean dishes away and tidied up. I did have plenty of work waiting for me to do, so I was rather anxious to make it back to my computer at some point this afternoon!

“Okay Lord, what shall I do now? Dishes are done, and You’d said that it would be fine for me to walk afterwards. But the rain is still coming down hard.” I prayed and waited for a short reply. “Go ahead and walk”, was the instruction.

I didn’t have an umbrella or hood or anything to shield me. I opened the door and took the first step, the then next and made my way down the long driveway. Mysteriously, though rain continued all around, it was as though a Heavenly umbrella was above me. I didn’t feel a drop! Wherever I stepped, no rain fell. I made it to my room without getting wet.

These special moments of His love being so near gave me courage to keep holding on to His love, when it was all I had at the time—as far as mate or close companion. He was reminding Me of His reality and care for me. How I love these special moments and tender, thoughtful experiences, “under the shelter of His wing”.

PSA.57:1—Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

Starburst

(3-SEPT-08)

(True story:) The balmy night was perfect for a night-time stroll on the beach. There was also going to a meteor shower. Years ago on my birthday evening we all went to the beach at night to see the shower, sit and have hot coco, talk and enjoy this evening. Several of us even took a dip in the calm beach waters. But I'm getting again of my story. As we were walking on the sandy beach to our spot, I looked up into the sky. I saw the most amazing, unusual "shooting star", if it could be called that. The star in the sky exploded with traces of red mixed with white, and then shot across the sky. I took it as a sign of His personal love and "birthday candle" or "fireworks" for me that He lit at that moment.

I had wondered whether or not I should go on that evening outing. I was feeling rather emotional, wishing I had someone special to spend my birthday with. My loving Heavenly Husband didn't need to do anything more to show His care. Through that sign I knew He knew and said He loved Me and was near in His special way. Some people go many years of their life wishing to see a "shooting star". I feel so blessed that it's been a frequent message of His love to me. Whenever I am really in need of a "pick me up", I love to look up at the stars. And Jesus will often encourage me with His presence through a "message in the stars".

(Jesus speaking:) I own the Heavens, and yet I'm interested in small and lowly you! Or so you might feel. But you mean a lot to Me. —Your heart, emotions, thoughts, what you choose to do, who you hang out with, who you fashion your life after, the words you say, the things you choose to research or take time learning, the ideals you strive to reach, the benefits you are able to access through your choices and what you give to others and to Me.

I pour over every minute of your day, trying to make each thing count for you and for others, thinking of ways to create beauty and sense of each part of your life. There is so much I do. Most of the things you seldom notice or think is Me doing it. I can't always use "star bursts" to get your attention. Though I would if I could. But you aren't always outside, nor is the sky always cloud-free. And then you might even take them for granted and they'd lose their flair. But you can always be looking up to Me in heart and spirit, and asking Me to clear away the clouds of your mind, and reveal to you in the colour and splendour of Heaven, My signs and gifts of love to you that moment.

I'm always here, and always showing love to you in some way. —Like those who care for children are busy every moment caring for and teaching, creating fun new materials, cooking and feeding, talking and explaining, watching for dangers, helping to instruct or correct for their own good, hugging and comforting in times of hurt or sadness. Would I do any less? I'm not a "part time care taker" but on the job, every moment, caring for and reaching out to each one of my precious children.

It's not that I happen to "think about you" every now and then, with everyone else there is to manage. You are a universe to me, and I created you knowing that I would pour a lot of time into your care. I love everything about you—from the way you walk, to the sound of your voice, to the lines on your face, to the way your mind works and ticks. And I just love being a full-time, intricately involved, happening part of your mind, heart and life.

Candle's Shadow

(1999)

PSA.17:8—Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

(True story:) I let out a little gasp, as it took me by surprise. How very creative, I thought. A very unique way of saying He loves me and was there with me that night. A large silhouette of the face of Jesus—down the detail—was displayed on the wall and ceiling above my bedroom door. It was a night I had set aside to spend with Him alone. I lit a candle and was just getting in cozy in bed with a little drink and some words of love to read to Jesus.

Somehow He'd made the candle light's shining, beside the other items on the table, cast that shadow perfectly. But I think He had His own special touch added to it. There was the long eyelashes, just like I enjoy, the beard, and the face was like it was illustrated on Bible cartoons, chisel drawn style. I sat in bed communing and talking with Him, and felt very comforted seeing His face displayed like this for me.

Vanishing Sting

(16-SEPT-08)

(True story:) I'm not known for my cooking skills, and whenever it's my turn to cook a dinner, I'm in great trepidation all day to pray down a miracle. Well, a different miracle happened one summer while staying on a ranch property in California several years ago. I was on my way up to the main house to cook the dinner, when one of my least favourite encounters happened.

A bee found its way into my sandal and inevitably stung me! Not only was it very painful, but I couldn't think of having to stand on it for the next couple hours to cook! But just before being at a loss of what to do, I remembered the recent promises He'd given in prophecy to us all about doing the impossible. So, I gave it a go, to see if this was under the umbrella of such promised miracles.

I claimed, in prayer, for the impossible to happen, and that from that moment I would feel no pain and be able to be on my feet cooking without trouble. And, well, it shouldn't have surprised me, but I was pleasantly surprised when that's exactly what happened! There was a kind of tingle, as if the pain was supposed to be there, but it had vanished the moment I called for relief and Heavenly power. Thank You Jesus!

The Sock That Came Home

(2007)

(True story:) It would be easy to dismiss the mysterious happening of the sock, were it not for the almost electric feeling it gave off when handling after it somehow re-appeared in my bag. I'd gone on a walk together with someone, along with my toddler in the stroller, and new baby in the sling. The road didn't have a sidewalk and it wasn't easy with the stroller. It was a hot summer day, and trying to get to our destination as quickly as possible, and get off the road was really all we could think about.

I'd put my favourite little socks on my newborn. While at the most dangerous part in the walk with cars zooming, I noticed that one sock had fallen off. He didn't have many that fit him well; and funds for buying clothing was nearly non-existent. This was at a time when my husband was refused entry into the country for several months. Going back to retrace our steps to find the lost sock was really not a good and safe option. We quickly walked on, and I "gave it up". I took the other sock off so both feet would be matching, ha! We were out for a couple of hours, and arrived back home.

I put away the items from our trip, and unpacked the backpack. Then noticed that somehow there were two socks among the stuff! There I was holding both matching socks. I was amazed and felt that wonderful feeling of God's love in such a personalized way. But then I began to think, "Oh, maybe I somehow put it in the bag... I didn't remember..."

We're far too quick to brush off the supernatural with some carnal thinking. But really I didn't notice it coming off...and wouldn't have pulled it off his foot and put it in the bag! So as I got that thought, and held the sock it started to vibrate with that feeling when electricity is going through something. "Ooops, sorry Lord. Yes, I believe you did that sweet miracle, and thank You so much!"

Cyrus

(Written 16-SEPT-08)

(True story:) One of the bigger signs of Jesus' love for me was the time He sent His love in an angel, packaged as a person. When it happened, it moved me so. It was so deep a feeling of awe that He'd go that distance for me. I couldn't even talk about it with my best friend for weeks. I felt in a daze. My mind was reeling and in shock. I was deeply emotional, and cried tears of joy often.

Ah, the clear memory is still there. Come to think of it, it happened right at the same time as one of the bigger personal challenges and trials of my character and "Christian graces" began and lasted for the next couple years. There were numerous other personal challenges and difficulties at the time. But holding on to this memory over the years has been one of those "sure proofs" of Jesus' amazing love and reality. It was more than just a spiritual encounter. To express the story and the situation almost brings it to the earthly plane.

I was on vacation with my parents. We'd done a whirl-wind trip to Vancouver island, in one day, from Vancouver. I was 19, still very shy talking with people, and didn't have anyone I could call a boyfriend—never had. Vacation was a touchy time emotionally. But I tried to enjoy it the best I could with my parents, knowing that I was getting older, and we wouldn't always have this time together.

On the way back, while in the car waiting for the ferry home I prayed to meet someone on the boat, someone I could talk with, perhaps witnesses to. It was going to be a long ride of sitting there feeling alone emotionally for a few hours, and it was the end of vacation too.

There weren't a lot of people on the ferry, and we wanted to sit somewhere private, and have our "space". There were six seats facing each other. We spread out our bags and settled in. My parents wanted to look around, so I stayed there to watch the stuff. Then he came—the stranger with the eyes of an angel.

Too numerous to expound were the qualities that verified the fact that he'd been sent to me from Heaven. But the most outstanding one was the fact that I virtually never looked anyone in the eyes at that point in my life. Yet his gaze was one unlike anything I'd seen. I looked him squarely and deeply in the eyes, and felt comfortable doing so, for the whole time we talked. I'd never done that till then, and have never had that happen since.

We walked on the deck, talked about the Endtime, and events in his life, and tried to find out what his work was. "Security" is all he answered. Hmmm, mysterious. When leaving the ship he made sure to go behind all of us, as if guarding. Then came the "disappearing act".

As we waited for the bus, he was walking in the nearly empty spacious parking lot and smiling still at me. He walked till the bus was blocking him from view. "Oh, I should get his address so I could follow up..." I stepped out of line to walk out and ask him. Gone! In that moment he had vanished.

As tired as I must have been when finally getting in bed at 1 or 2 AM after being up since 4:00 that morning and traveling and walking all day, I couldn't sleep yet. My mind was exploding with all the odd and interesting occurrences of the encounter. I didn't think of him as being such when I was on the boat. But now it was all flooding and I was emotionally bursting. It was too sacred and wonderful to even tell my parents 'till much, much later.

To tell the details of our conversations, and all that happened seems too trite to put into words. I've only described a couple things. To very few have I shared the whole account. I hold it dearly in my heart as one great way my Heavenly Husband showed me that He cared, and there is no denying that.

Keys of Warmth

2003 (written 23/10/08)

(True story:) Before being a mother, and being pregnant and nursing for most of the past four years—which warms up my body—I used to get easily chilled, hard to keep warm, and was often coming down with colds. The day I arrived in my new mission field of Mexico it was a teen girl’s birthday, and tickets to a movie had been donated for that night.

We all piled in the pick-up truck to go and see it. I didn’t know what the temperature was yet in the evenings, and by the time we arrived at the theatre, the evening had cooled down. I just had on a little summer outfit and no jacket. The wind started to blow, and I was getting cold and chilled. Then, inside the theatre was even colder with the air conditioner on.

The thought of sitting for two hours in this cold room was not a welcome one. I knew I would get sick for sure, no way around it. I reached out my hand of faith to receive help via my only option—I called on the Keys of warmth, for the first time. Then the miracle happened. I was not cold. It was as if an invisible blanket of warmth was on me. I was completely fine. Ah, with this kind of power available from such a heart of love, things were going to be okay, no matter what, the Keys would help get us through.

A Banana and a Glass of Milk

Event in 2003 (written 23/10/08)

(True story:) I had just arrived a day or two earlier, to my new home in Mexico. There were six lively children needing care and attention. We weren’t that well off, and food wasn’t super abundant. But we had some provisioned goods. We got by. It was the afternoon and the kids were hungry for snack. I had to come up with one for them. What could I use to make one? I located a banana and there was one cup of milk left in the fridge. I looked further and found a small portion of leftover oatmeal, maybe half a cup. Then I prayed.

I put them in the blender with water and ice. And somehow it made a tasty thick milkshake that that filled 7 cups. The children liked it and were off to play. Praise the Lord. A miracle snack. It was an encouragement that with the Keys, as we obey, He can help us do whatever we need, and fill in what we can’t.

Rose Petals

(OCT 2008)

(True story:) In 2002 I had taken a very big and challenging step. I’d moved away from what I’d known for so many years—what I’d known as “my life”—my work, my friends, my family and parents, to go and help a family with their children Mexico, in a semi-out of the way house. It was what God had told me to do. There wasn’t much chance for friendships with peers, and most of my exhausting days were spent with the children—five active boys, and one girl.

I was tired to the point of wanting to crawl, while trying to do the dinner dishes. I was lonely and there was no hope anytime in the near future for companionship. I clung to Jesus’ love and His promise to give us strength. While finishing up in the kitchen one of the children asked me to come and see something. Did I have the strength to go upstairs one more time? His mom had been gone to a seminar for nearly a week. I was trying to be the best nanny I could. I put on a smile and said I’d come and look.

He brought me to my own room and showed me a display on my bed. He’d picked rose petals of different colours from the bushes outside and sprinkled them all over my bed, with a hand-written note saying Jesus loved me. It touched me so. I let a tear fall. Jesus could get through to me anytime, using anyone.—Even a challenging-to care-for boy. I didn’t have to have my perfect situation to of what I thought would make me feel happy or loved. Jesus loved me and He could tell me so in any way He was able to. I had renewed strength to keep on.

The Butterfly

Event in 2003 (written 22/10/08)

(True story:) I had a pet butterfly for nearly three days! It would not leave my side, and no matter where I placed it, it would fly back to sit on my arm and shoulder. I was in Mexico and had a pretty rough day the day before. I felt like a failure and had people upset at me.

I was exhausted from trying to do everything from watching the kids to overseeing the teen's school work, making the schedule, teaching the toddlers and keeping them throughout nap for their equally busy mommies (one was fulltime caring for their handicapped child while also schooling the 1st and 2nd graders, the other was the only native Spanish speaker who was plenty busy and was a mother of many in her blended family.)

One father was often on the road, raising funds and taking care of the business, doing all the driving and so forth, and the other dad was working from his home office fulltime, which brought in the rent. I was usually on the go from 6 am till 11:00 or so at night. I think I wore the same black jeans for two weeks straight, at least once. Quick, easy, and showed no dirt.

I woke crying, feeling at the bottom one morning, after a particular blunder the day before. I was trying to do what was right for the teens, but not everyone thought I and one of the mothers had made the right call in the situation. So, some friends got offended, and blame was placed on me. We also were not doing well financially, as our personnel wasn't sufficient to operate properly, and scraped by with the basics of food for everyone.

So another day began, with the added weight of feeling I was the "bad guy". I couldn't stop crying, probably mostly from exhaustion. Then one of the kids told me of a butterfly that was outside. It had a bit of a ripped wing, and was wet.

I put him in the sunshine to dry off and hopefully fly again. But he came again to the door, and crawled on my finger. From that moment on he would not leave me. He perched on my arm or shoulder, no matter what I was doing. All of a sudden, I felt loved and not alone. I needed to cook, so I put him on a plant, but no, he just flew back to me again.

When he got hungry and thirsty, his long tiny tongue was extended all the way out. I put a drop of juice from a piece of pear on my hand, and touched his tongue to it. It was enough for his meal then. At night I had to place him somewhere, so put a box by my bed with a cover on it, with air holes. In the morning he was still alive and happy to be my partner for the next day again.

He stayed with me all the next day. His wing was getting worse, and torn more. That night he again slept in the box. The next day I was going out, in the car, to a restaurant and to a plantation. My butterfly pet came with me of course. But one of the times we got out of the car, and the wind was blowing, it seemed to take him away with it, he just disappeared and I didn't see where he went. But it was time. He was hurt and getting weaker. God took him then. His mission was accomplished, and I was greatly encouraged by this butterfly friend.

Mystery Milk

Event in 2003 (written 22/10/08)

(True story:) One morning in Mexico when struggling financially and facing the "we don't have milk for breakfast" situation, I prayed an unusual prayer. We had only enough money to get one carton of milk at the corner store. We had 15 people (mostly teens and children).

That day as I prepared the breakfast I thought how nice it would be if for today, as an encouragement, everyone would be able to have a glass of milk. Just one cup meant so much to each one of the growing young people.

So I lined up 15 of our big cups, opened the carton and prayed. I told Jesus how nice it would be for the one carton to fill the 15 cups. I told Him it wasn't something that He had to do to show He could do it. And I wouldn't doubt the power of prayer or the power the Keys of the Kingdom, or His love were He to not choose to fill this request. But I told Him I knew He could do it, if He wanted to. And if it was His will, with the power of the keys, to make it stretch to give a portion to each one in the home.

And so I poured, and poured, and poured some more. Each cup was filled. Everyone had milk that day. Praise God! What a wonderful treat and surprise. It didn't happen again, that I know about at least, but in time things changed. The large family moved on to a better situation; I moved on as well. But it was a sweet gift of His love to encourage us when we really needed it.

The Passport and the Angel

(2003)

(True story:) It seems he could only have been an angel sent from the Lord to help me. Jesus knows what we can do, and covers for the rest. I had been living in Mexico for several months, and though I was trying to learn Spanish, it was still toddler level.

I had to go alone to a new city—Guadalajara—for a day, to renew my passport. It had worked out to stay with a family who I had previously been living with before they moved to Guad. They were happy to see me—they and all their 7 children. To raise the funds for this legal work I'd been able to spend two exhausting days at the entrance way to a Walmart in Texas, and offer heart-feeding magazines to those going in and out. And over 100 people also had prayed with me to receive Jesus Christ into their heart and life. It was a great time reaching out—as I usually was at home caring for the children. And I was very happy to have the miracle of the supply of funds. My nationality passports are not cheap to say the least.

So with that first miracle taken care of, as well as my photos that were done at a photo shop for free—donated—I took a bus to Guad. Travel in the city and all the legal work had to be done alone. There wasn't anyone I knew who could go with me, or translate for me, or to help me with the legalities. This was the first time I was to apply for a passport without my parents.

I was given some verbal instructions of where the embassy was—how to find the bus, and where to get off, what land marks to look for. It was all going to be new for me. So I started off by faith. I don't think I've ever really gone out alone around a city like that before. I felt so alone, but kind of excited, because I knew Jesus was with me and I was interested to see how He was going to pull this off. I walked to the place I was told to get the bus, and saw the bus coming to me. Got on and it was fine. I found out later that I'd walked in the wrong place—but somehow Jesus made the bus come there to me anyway, ha!

It was all such a big step. So miracles happened and I made it to the embassy, had gotten off at the right stop, asked around and found the building, and the right office in it, had made phone calls and gotten the additional info I needed, filled out the forms, and so forth. Phew! All done finally. Or was I? The lady took the forms and photos, and then informed me that the photos were not to specs!—A few millimetres off.

I'd need to come up with more photos, and correct this time. Oh, boy! She gave me a business card of a place to go to. That's when the challenge escalated to needing greater miracles. How, where... and to get it done in time before needing to return to my home. I didn't even know how to find the bus—or what direction to go. Taking a taxi would have been way too expensive. I stepped out of the building with that trembling, yet excited feeling, like I was walking on the water. There was no one to help me out, or to even understand what I would want to ask for. It was me and Jesus.

I walked to a line of taxis and declined their eager offers. Finally, I got through to them about my need to find where I could take a bus, and showed them the address. They pointed where to go to find the main road. I walked to a bus stop where they pointed. But there was one on the opposite side of the road too. What side was I to be on?

There was a Mexican looking man there, and he noticed how perplexed I looked, and I showed him the card, and he tried to tell me that I needed to go across and take the bus going the other direction. They he asked me in Spanish, and somehow I knew what he was saying, "Shall I accompany you?"

Now, from the experiences that I'd had there thus far, this wasn't something to take lightly. Once I'd merely held on the arm of my friend's friend when crossing a big road. And something triggered in him—all the wrong signals. He seemed sure not only did I desperately want him that night, but wanted to leave all my mission commitments and marry him, and live with him for the rest of my life. Oh my!

Another time I'd invited a friend to a fund-raising event, and he likewise thought I was personally welcoming him to so much more--and drove clear across the country in record time in his best duds, with gifts and all. Oops, strike two.

Us ladies couldn't walk comfortably around the neighborhood without being gawked at, whistled at, lustfully drooled after, and feeling if you were alone and it was dark, there was no doubt about what you'd experience. Another time in a small park across the road from our house I was sitting alone on my day off trying to get some time with the Lord, reading the Word. A drunk man came and kneeled down and began holding and kissing my hand, and would not go until the father of the house I was living at happened to walk over, and came and walked me away from him.

As a "welcome to Mexico" experience, when I had been there but a couple days, the Mexican driver who I was accompanying to do a pick-up of free food with, I guess was trying to do that also—and before leaving had me cornered for a deep kissing session. I looked around at the parking lot while being "lip targeted", and it was the done thing. Ha! So... now, with all these thoughts suddenly coming to my mind as this stranger at the bus stop asks me the question I need to answer. "Do I want this Mexican man—a stranger to accompany me..."

I surely prayed. The options on either side were just as scary. I took the step of faith that it was from the Lord. "Yes," I said to the man. He then led me across the road and on to the right bus, paid the fare for us, and got me off at the right stop.

We walked and walked till we found the right address—because each shop on that very long road wasn't numbered in order. They read something like: "17, 22, 5, 31, 10" etc. It would have been impossible to find it without knowing or being able to talk and understand instruction and directions from others.

The photos got taken, but wouldn't be ready till the next day. The embassy would be closing soon, so I'd need to stay another day or so in that city to finish this all up. I wasn't in the best of health with my heart condition, and had to keep a pretty healthy diet, and eat frequently too. I'd gotten stronger over the months, but going for long periods without food and walking lots, being out for long periods was very tiring for me. The fund raising event at Walmart for those two days took me about a week or so to recover from.

I wouldn't have known where to eat on this day I was out, or how to find someplace and still be able to find my way home again, without totally losing my sense of direction. And I didn't have just tons of free cash to spend. I was going to be traveling to another country soon and needed all the funds that I could.

This companion, who hadn't even so much as asked my name, but had been such a gentleman, offered to take me to lunch. Again it was a step of faith, but I agreed. And the place he took me to is something I've never experienced yet, but it couldn't have been more perfect. And how would he know not to go to some fast food place? It was an all you can eat buffet restaurant of nothing but 100% natural, organic and healthful foods, grains, salads, bread, etc. That was a special treat—and paid for by him of course. He walked quite a while with me, down this and that street and road, to find this place.

It was time to go back to the home I was staying in. I wouldn't have known how to get there at all. I would have been sooo lost. This man got us on a bus, but would let me say when to get off and try to remember. We got off at the wrong place at first. Oops. But there was a phone booth so I phoned to get directions again how to make it to the house.

So we found the right bus and I was about to get on it, but he indicated for the first time that wasn't going to go with me this time. I walked towards it and turned to say good-bye. In that second, he was gone. We'd been walking across some grassy area to get to the bus. He couldn't have walked out of sight that fast. He definitely wasn't a normal "man". Just the fact that he never asked my name or where I lived or where I was from and all those things was very different. He'd done his job, and I could make it from there.

To show how I am at directions--and how much I needed that help when going to the photo place the first time--I then got off the bus to the house and was walking in the grassy area between the two lines of houses... and I didn't know where to go, which house it had been, what side of the park. I had to ask someone for a phone card to help me phone the family again. They sent one of the older children outside to walk me to the door. Ha!

The next day I had to repeat the experience of going to the photo place to pick up the photos, and then to the embassy and make it to the house again. But it was doable, though a challenge no less, and took plenty of time. Jesus sent people on the buses to help me know when to get off and so forth.

There was the additional challenges of trying to find a place to change money, and where to mail the passport forms, and doing it all on foot. These kept the day one filled with stories. But all is well that ends well. And the day after I was on the bus back to my home.

There were other delays with my passport, but after much prayer, and even a day of fasting and prayer for the needs of my next trip—moving to a new mission field—the passport came through and was delivered to the house the day before I needed to leave and begin my trek!

It was a string of miracles big and little that got me where I am today—and also the faith it helped to build in my heart prepared me for where I am also. But the angel who helped me on that day showed me how when you really need to step out and it seems like the ground isn't under your feet yet, just take that step and He'll either carry you, or put something under to step on to get you where you need to go.

Fountain of Youth

(6-NOV-05)

(Jesus speaking:) I want to take you to the fountain of youth, where you can drink and be fully refreshed. Let Me bathe you under its refreshing waters. Let Me wash you of all stress, tension, worries and all that is cluttering your mind and thoughts. I want us to have crystal clear connection, as clear as this water. I want you to be bubbling with joy in all you do, just as this water bubbles over. I want you to feel rejuvenated, just as this fountain gives cool refreshing to those who drink of it. I want you to stop, several times a day to be renewed by this fountain, to drink, to wash, to be rejuvenated.

Whenever you are feeling the stress, the tiredness, the boredom, the cluttered thoughts and muddled feelings, the lack of focus because there's so much to do, stop and picture yourself in My arms, happy and laughing, enjoying this fountain together—drinking, splashing, and being refreshed. Stopping for a moment to enjoy Me and take in this water of Heaven will do wonders for your soul and your body likewise, keeping you going happily for a long time, and making the lives of others happier too.

The Rain

(23-OCT-08)

(True story:) Autumn had arrived, and it was the first day of rain in a long time, here in Lebanon. But we had planned to take the kids in the car with a friend to go out and do some musical instrument research. In a place where rain isn't a constant thing, or too often, it's more dangerous to drive, as people are unaccustomed to it, and many accidents occur.

The man we were going with was soon to arrive for our appointment to drive out. But it was raining so hard it was like a curtain or sheet of water, white, coming down. It was definitely not a good idea to take the little children out in this weather. But cancelling at the last minute for reasons that this friend might not understand would have been equally not preferable.

I looked out the window at the pouring rain and prayed. "Lord if You want us to go, You could stop the rain." It seemed like there was a lot more where that rain came from, looming in the sky. But still, all things are possible. I walked to the next room to talk to my husband about it. We walked back together to pray and look out that window. By the time we'd walked back it'd been about 3-5 minutes. Huh? The rain was stopping! A minute or two more it had completely stopped, and stayed that way for the duration of our trip our trip for the next couple hours. Our amazing, wonderful Lord, doing it again for us!

Token of Love

Event in 2001 (written 23/10/08)

(True story:) Several years ago the graphic design team I was working with at the time—caring for their children—had moved to a temporary apartment, while we were still trying to find a better house. It was a big deal getting set up, while trying to keep the work flowing along as well. I spent 10-12 hours a day caring for her at that time. I had just moved on from someone that I loved, but who didn't share the same feelings. I was struggling to feel fulfilled and challenged.

One day the mother went out and got some second hand items. I was starting to get down again, thinking how I would have loved to go out and do shopping too, have a break, do something fun, find neat things for myself. There was a box of crayons the mom had just gotten, which the little girl promptly dumped all over the floor. But it was a divine idea she'd had.

As we began to clean them up, I saw a beautiful blue heart earring. Just the kind of style and shape and colour that I liked, and it matched what I was wearing that day too. I wondered if there was any far-out chance that the matching earring would also be in the crayons. And it was! Wow!

A free pair of earrings for me, just exactly what I would have chosen. I was greatly encouraged by this gift, so totally a miracle from the hand of the One Who knows and loves me. I stopped feeling sorry for my "lot" of "always being home". He knew how to cheer me. With that kind of Heavenly Husband, I really had nothing to feel down about. Every day He touches me in a special way.

Immediate Heavenly Help

(17-JUL-03)

(True story:) One of the toddlers I was caring for was playing outside near the cement steps, in our concrete tiled driveway. Another child came to play with her. He picked her up and placed her feet on the bottom step, facing upwards. Something happened, and he lost his hold on her. I was just half a foot away, but not quick enough to catch her as she fell backwards off the first step. The back of her head hit the hard cement ground with a thud. I knew it was a bad fall.

Immediately I picked her up and held her close. I laid my hand on her head and with fervent desperation called on the Keys of the Kingdom to completely take away the pain and heal whatever damage there was. She initially started to cry, but after a second or two, it was as if nothing had happened. She stopped crying, and was happy and fine, bouncing off to play. All glory to Jesus!

The “Warm Sensation” of Healing

(JULY 2003)

(True story:) I had not been able to have regular exercise, so when I had the chance I used heavier weights than I should have. I could feel something wasn't right in my back the next day, and since it was my day off I spent most of it resting. I thought that would take care of it. However, when I got up to go to dinner that evening, I felt my whole torso cramping up so tight I could barely move. I had to lie on my back with a hot water bottle all night, to be barely able to sleep. I wasn't able to do anything but rest the next day. I was praying and claiming the Keys, and others laid hands on me to pray for a miraculous healing.

A few hours into the day the miracle began. I could physically feel a warm and tingling sensation in my back, then soon I could do certain moves without pain. A few hours later I was up on my feet helping with a project. It took a few days to feel completely well again. But it was a wonderful miracle going from being immobile, to going being up and around, helping out. What a wonderful Doctor we have!

Vanishing with the Keys

(JULY 2003)

(True story:) For as long as I can remember I've had a problem with dandruff on my scalp. It's been bothersome, and more than anything, embarrassing. I feel it makes me look dirty and like people would be put off, not thinking me attractive in the least.

Once someone gave me some dried nettles to boil and soak my head in the water, once cooled. It did wonders and I was fine for a few weeks. But it just came back again. I always wanted to try it again, but nettles like that are just not around in some places. When I moved to a new country, with a very dry climate, for some reason my condition began to get worse. I didn't know what to do or try. I'm careful about using strong shampoo, as my hair is fine and dry and splits easily. So I try to be gentle with it. I'd rather try something natural, that would be better overall for the rest of my long hair.

When combing my hair one morning, and looking at the state my scalp was getting into, I spontaneously prayed, claiming the Keys of the Kingdom for my dandruff to be gone. It was still pretty new at that time for me to exercise the Key power, so it was kind of a new step of faith to ask for something so down-to-earth and personal. In the back of my mind I thought perhaps the dandruff would be something that the Lord would choose to use to keep me humble, rather than heal. But my sweet Love astounded me.

From the time I prayed that prayer the dandruff completely vanished. It just didn't exist any longer. I didn't do anything special to get rid of it the next time I washed my hair. It was just gone, instantly. I noticed it the next time I looked in the mirror that day. And every day I look in the mirror I just stand amazed at the supernatural miracle of His love and mercy.

The First Miracle

(OCT 2001)

(True story:) I was attempting to fix a clogged toilet, using all the tricks I could think off, and it just wasn't working. This was before we were so accustomed to using the words, specifically in our prayers, “call on the Keys”. But in a desperate attempt, as I was short on time, I used these words for the first time in prayer, for that toilet to flush.

What happened amazed me! I had already tried using the plunger and poured a bucket of water in it, and nothing happened. There wasn't any sign of success. The toilet bowl was instead just fuller than it previously was.

However, the second I prayed, calling on the Keys of the Kingdom, right before my eyes, without lifting another finger to do anything, the toilet flushed fully, on its own! That moment I saw the reality and power of the Lord available, if we'll step out and call for it, even if we don't understand exactly how it works. PTL!

“Broken Bodies are Mended”

(JUN 2002)

(True story:) Our house in Mexico was quite a ways out of town. We had a big red pick-up truck, which only one driver was legally permitted to drive. Needless to say, we couldn't just pop in a car and drive off whenever we wanted to. And gas was expensive for it too.

On our property we had mother, father and puppy dogs. They were a smaller size breed. One day as I was in the house reading stories and God's Word to the four young boys I taught, we heard the loudest yelping from a dog you can imagine. It was loud and continuous. Her crying was of extreme pain and wasn't stopping.

We looked out the window and saw it was the young dog, and she was sitting bent over and her hind legs totally immobile. The big pickup truck had run over her while trying to park better in the garage. The boys and I stopped and prayed a fervent prayer, calling on the Power of the Keys for supernatural healing—that no damage had been done, and she'd feel completely well, miraculously.

The result: Within seconds, her crying completely stopped. Within the hour she was walking again. By the end of the day it was as if nothing has happened. If we had had the means and time, as well as the resources, we could have taken her to the vet then. But that really wasn't possible under the circumstances that day. Later on, she did see a vet, and there was never any signs of this incident. Jesus really had done the miraculous. When sizing up her small bones, and that huge and heavy truck comparatively—only Jesus could keep her like that!

“Power to the children with the keys!”

Heart Necklace

(OCT 2002)

(True story:) As a going-away gift, my dad had given me two little crystal hearts to go on a necklace. I wore them often. Now, to explain, our temporary housing situation was less than ideal, in the new home I was in. We had too small of a house and hardly any furniture or closet space. The girls' room, where I stayed, slept many girls, and virtually no place for us to keep our things, except for under the bunk beds. As one might imagine, our room continually looked like it literally had been hit by a tornado, in spite of our best efforts. Thankfully this situation didn't last too long before the Lord opened the doors for a change and people to move on.

It was my time to go as well, and I had a few weeks left. But to my disappointment I noticed my necklace and both hearts had gone missing from beside my bedside. I prayed for a miracle, through the power of the Keys, for me to find them. A few days later I saw someone swinging a chain around—and find out it's mine! They'd found it in some other part of the house. Praise the Lord!

Then a few days later, I spot in the middle of our bedroom floor one of my little crystal hearts! A total miracle. I was amazed and very grateful. I would have been happy with at least just one, but I prayed again, with the Power of the Keys, just in case Jesus wanted to bring the last one to me. A week later, heart number two is on our floor! He's so sweet and does these personally inspiring miracles just to show His love. It really touched me.

Not a Sneeze!

(25-OCT-08)

(True story:) I never had hayfever before, but in the few weeks before having the new baby, I seemed to be sneezing a lot more than usual. I wondered if I was going to start being subject to the unwelcome yearly affliction. It wasn't too bad, just a touch compared to what others were getting. But maybe that was to amplify the supernatural miracle that occurred.

I had to have an unexpectedly early C-section, and it was a wonderful thing to be healthy, and that there were no colds or coughs going around at that time. I was thankful for that. The last thing you need to do while trying to heal such a deep and painful wound is to cough, sneeze, or even laugh too much. From the moment I had the baby, till three weeks later, I did not have a signal sneeze! Or even coughing on water, or anything of the sort. And believe me, it's something you'd remember if it happened!

Once, when it had been about two-and-half weeks, I felt a sneeze coming. I was thinking, "Oh no, what's this going to feel like?" super bracing myself. The "Ahh-ch.." part started, but then just stopped mid-air, half-way, and vanished. It wasn't like those "I feel like I'm going to sneeze" and then it just doesn't come kind of things. It was different, I had begun. But the part where it would pull and tighten my abs just didn't happen.

When the first sneeze happened later on, it was doable. I'm often chocking a bit on water, since I need to drink so very much, for breast feeding, being pregnant, and just health in general. But to have not even the slightest "Cuh" or anything for that whole time, was a super touch of His tenderness and compassion and care for the smallest things.

Walking on the Water

(13-AUG-2002)

(True story:) In August 2002 there were teacher meetings held in another city. Two of us needed to take the bus back afterwards. When we arrived in our city that night, it was bucketing down rain. More than being concerned about getting wet, when looking at the condition of the highway, we wondered how we could possibly cross.

To get from the bus station to our homes, that were located not too far from each other, there was no other way to go but across this main road. The water was about a foot deep. Cars were stuck and the water was muddy and grimy. I was suggesting we stop our hemming and stalling and just take our shoes off and walk through it. But if it was that dirty, and we didn't want to ruin our shoes, then walking with bare feet wouldn't be real safe!

As we looked at the flood, the jammed cars trying to struggle through this night, I claimed the Keys of the Kingdom. And claimed the promised that He said we'd even be able to walk on the water.

A moment later a quad (like a motorcycle, but with four wheels) was effortlessly driving through. The man on it was coming to help his friend. I ran over and with hand motions and a few Spanish words got the message across, if he could help us too. He agreed.

We all four sat on and a minute later were at the other side of the road—dry. Our wonderful God of miracles helped us—maybe not walk—but cross through the water, without getting wet. Praise His Name! –This was also on my birthday night!

In my hands within hours!

(JULY 2004)

(True story:) “What shall I do for my husband-to-be, it’s his anniversary for the day he chose to be a fulltime disciple of Jesus?” I prayed. A short to the point message came—about receiving a special prophecy for him—and giving him a ring.

The first part would be do-able—but a ring? Where? Do I buy it? What funds would I use? How would I even get out to a shopping area to try? Maybe it was just nice idea, but wasn’t meant to be practically done. I only had two days to come up with it, if I was to do it.

Knowing “our God is a God of miracles” I prayed at nap time, that if there was some reason why this was very important, that through the keys He would get a ring to me—either a way to get one, or to make it appear! (Maybe someone on earth had one that didn’t need it and He could transport it to me. Ha!)

After nap that day I happened to ask one of the guys (the dad of a child I was caring for each day) if he had a spare ring! A bold and strange question—but the answer lifted my heart in praiseful words. Yes! Within hours of being told by Jesus to get it—there I was standing, almost in a daze—holding the item I nearly deemed impossible. It meant so much to me to be able to pass on something extra special from Jesus to my fiancé.

Wedding Gifts from Jesus

(OCT 2004)

(True story:) The day of our wedding was set. The outdoor site had been chosen. It was the place where we had our first kiss, on a woodsy hill. We were putting together our scripts and things to read and say, the music, the schedule of events, timing it right with the sunset and all. Time was running out till the wedding date, and I still needed something to wear and the wedding rings, and a pendant on a chain I was planning to give to my husband, as part of the ceremony.

Money to get these things was a factor too. We usually got about 5-10 dollars worth each month for personal needs. Some of which I would give to help pay for the taxi so my fiancé could come to visit me each week. Some of it I would set aside to eventually add up to a small gift to give to someone in need, once or twice a year. What was left I used for either myself, or gifts for people’s birthdays, etc. So I usually didn’t have much on hand at all. A few dollars maybe.

So when the day came that I was going to go out to get the things needed for my wedding, I looked in my wallet and strangely there was about 12 dollars or so. Don’t know where it was from. Just seemed to be there when I needed it. And now for the next miracles—to get a dress and ring and pendant and whatnot with that amount—and to even find the needed items, and in the short amount of time I had that day. I really prayed and claimed the Keys of the Kingdom.

I had this “wish” of a type of dress that I wanted. My mom had a dress for years which she gave to me. It was of a certain type of material, and creamy white, spaghetti straps, long, etc. She’d given it to me a while back, but I had to forsake it, sadly, cause I had to really cut down on possessions to travel overseas a few times. Just wasn’t a “have to have”. I was sad I hadn’t somehow held on to it.

We found a silver ring for a good price and a pendant. That was neat. But in all the second-hand stores there wasn’t anything that could be used for a dress. And the fun and fancy looking dresses were way, way too expensive—even the second-hand ones. It was getting late and we needed to go home.

We just looked quickly in one last store. And oh! I found it! Almost the very dress I was dreaming of. Same material, colour, cut, everything. Just a few little differences, that made it even more fitted and nice looking on me. It was very dirty looking and looked like it had stains on it. I put it on and just knew “this was it”. I was thrilled. The man came down even more in price because it didn’t look that great. But when we washed it, everything came out and it looked beautiful. Such a cool miracle and touch of His love.

In all the clothes at all those stores, and being in a completely different part of the world, here was just what I was looking for. Nothing had even come close to it thus far. I'd never seen a dress similar to this type as my mom's had been.

Then as we were going to get in the taxi, we stopped in a cloth shop, and there was a pretty, cream colored shiny cloth cut-off, just the right matching colour, and the man gave it to me for free. It was to go over the shoulders, adding to the outfit. Jesus blew my mind again with this whole outing and supply! Oh, and earlier I had looked in a box of things for whoever wanted them and found the perfect, dainty creamy white shoes, that fit just great. Thank You Jesus!

"Their angels do always behold.."

(29-OCT-08)

(True story:) I walked to the bathroom in the night, and saw something that brought a smile. It was one of Jesus' little messages to me. There is a picture of Jesus, that always is stuck on the bedside table beside William's bed. William was sick and must have also been having tummy issues that caused him to roll around and out of his fold-out bed. Only his head was on the bed, and he was curled up, partly sitting, partly lying down.

I saw his favourite picture, propped up right beside him leaning on the bed, totally upright and completely straight, as if it had been placed there. I found it had stuck to his long hair, and somehow in the night through rolling it had travelled with him. But to see it totally placed perfectly beside him, was miraculous and heart-warming, Jesus saying how close He was. And William had miraculously had a good night's sleep, though he'd had a cold, was feverish and had slept most of the afternoon, and his tummy was not comfortable. Thank You Jesus!

The Golden Egg

(6-NOV-08)

(True story:) It was a scientific phenomenon—at least to me. Ever heard of an egg that after being boiled, painted by a child to resemble a bird's egg, placed in a decorative nest, displayed on the shelf for months—and then when it was opened one day, was found to have turned into golden coloured glass? It was like an amber stone, or glass. It didn't smell in the least. It didn't go bad. But was hard as glass, amber colour, and clear (as in not foggy, but like glass, though coloured)—the "white" of the egg, that is. I still have part of it. I'd like to know about it. This happened at the time my husband was gone for 6 months, and my one-year-old, and new born were with me.

(Jesus speaking:) Your heart, though it went through the fires—like the egg that was cooked—came forth with gold faith, knowing I would carry you and the children, through anything. It didn't happen overnight. It took many months for both the miracle of the egg, and the miracle of your faith to turn to something strong and beautiful.

I did the miracle with the egg to show you that I can do the impossible, and bring forth gold, and good, from even the most unlikely circumstances. If I can change what should have been an old rotting egg, to something resembling a jewel, so can I transform any situation in your life to something beautiful.

Water Spray Bottle

(6-NOV-08)

(A praise to Jesus, remembering a true story:) One of the memorable times that helped to show me Your reality, Jesus, was that time when I was about 10 years old. I'd found a water spray bottle, and wanted to use it on the plants, in the hot Brazilian sun. It wasn't something I remember getting to use much, if at all, when growing up. So it was something fun and novel, and it was green too, which I liked.

I just really wanted to use it. But this one seemed to be broken, and nothing would come out. I was disappointed, but had a flicker of hope that You could do the miracle, Jesus. I guess I was trying out this “prayer” thing, to see what would happen, and just what things You’d do, and how real You really were.

So, I prayed that it would work, if You wanted it to. And the next time I pulled the lever, it worked! I was pleasantly surprised. It still was broken, so it didn’t spray all that much before stopping again. But the fact that You heard my little wish and prayer, and answered immediately made such an impact on me, and helped me make that connection with You, that You were real, and wanted to have something to do with me, and be a part of my life, and would do fun things just to show Your love.

(Jesus speaking:) Ah, it was fun watching you grow up. You didn’t feel very “cool”. Your life was a humbling one—being smaller, frailer, “late bloomer”, not agile, frequently sick, shy, quiet, and so forth. But I am drawn to the humble, and I so wanted to be a part of all you did. It can be frustrating to feel someone doesn’t know you love them, when with all your heart you are so longing to be a part of their life. Thank you for reaching out to Me, using your loneliness to make Me a part of your life.

Baby, there are so many ways I try to get messages through to you, little (and big) “I love you’s”. Some you see, others you don’t notice, because you are wrapped up in what you are thinking about. But when you do see and realize and feel loved, and return the love again, it makes it all worth it, and I want to keep trying in all the ways I can, to show you how My heart wants to be so closely knit with yours.

A Gift from my Heavenly Husband

(1998)

(True story:) There is a special type of men’s cologne that I really like. It reminds me of the Lord’s love for me. Sometimes when I need encouragement, I’ll just smell it in the air, out of the blue. It’s a mystery. One day years ago there was a whole bottle of it on sale. Jesus knew just what to do to encourage me. I bought it and kept it as something I could hold and have, from my Heavenly Husband. Sometimes for our special times together I would spray it on my pillow or in the air, and it made me feel Jesus so close. Here’s what he said about the bottle He gave to me:

(Jesus speaking:) It’s a gift, My love, to you, My precious. This is a symbol of our loving, the scent of this cologne. Our love is embottled in this fragrance, that it may remind you of how real and near I am to you, and that you may know My presence in more real ways than you have known.

My precious dear and darling one, oh how I love thee so. Were you surprised? Did you expect that? Indeed I worked it out that you receive this token of My affections, and I saw you overflow with My joy, in awesome appreciation at this gift that I have given to you.

Let this be a symbol that from here on out you will put Me first, you will love Me above all loves, you will give to Me your time and concentrated communion. For indeed we are one. You are My mate, and here is a physical token that I am with you and abiding among you, and we are wed. You just can’t see Me, but the trace I leave with you there, in more ways than one. I leave the trace of My love upon you when you awake and feel My embrace; when you sleep and know that I am right there, loving you completely.

These are the things that mean the most to Me about you: that you care about My feelings; that you so want to please Me with every bit of your heart; that you love to thrill Me and fill Me with love and will pour it forth unto others for Me—for that is My pleasure and will. I love the way that you inspire Me, how you connect and trip out into this realm to abide with Me. I love that we can spend time together.

Oh, be My baby, precious one. Be the bride I have longed for you to become. For when I created you, I had a special certain thing in mind and I wish to fulfill it with your life. Oh, Honey, you are going to be so thrilled with the outcome and rejoice that you got hooked up with Me. You’ll know I was the right Guy for you, and you will thrill to such joys.

(Bride speaking:) Sweetheart, I want us to be like in a real marriage. I want it to be a real and constant part of my life. I want us to be close, like husband and wife. --That I will always counsel and get Your consent on various matters, of what I do and how I am, just like any loving couple would be. I want to exchange wedding vows with You.

I want to hit the outer limit, the ultimate edges of one's relationship in a real way, with You. I want to go for it. I don't want to offend or be cut off from others, but just make the most of my time with You, and do the most and abandon all, and really go for it with You, being and doing all You'd want me to. I want to counsel and be in sync with You about all aspects of my life.

(Jesus speaking:) Okay, Babe, I'm your Man and I'll do it for you. In quietness and confidence in Me shall be your strength. You have to know I love you immeasurably and not doubt that because I love others also that it changes anything at all between the two of us.

See what I have for you to learn in the spiritual realm. See what it is I wish for you to partake of and learn from. There are many here waiting to lift you above and love you through each circumstance and each bit that you embark on crossing, and add to your training and knowledge. Learn here and now to avail yourself of the help of My aides by your side, helping you from the spirit world. I shall be ever present unto you, both here and now, when we must abide in this realm, and I shall be ever more real unto you when I lift you up above to be with Me.

Oh I'll joy in that day, when all Earthly troubles will take flight and you will melt ever close within My arms. What a day that will be! Won't it, Baby, be great? Oh yes, I'll make it great--and your love for Me is what will give you joy all the more. So let us love one another and enjoy being in each other's arms, and so shall you be Mine. I'm so thrilled you wanna be closer, 'cause you know, so do I, and I will teach you the ways of love, the ways to please your King. I will be more to you than any earthly being can ever be.

Key Powered Laptop

(OCT 2008)

(True story:) It's never ceased to amaze me, the fact that the little tiny laptop that He supplied for me has worked without trouble, pretty much of any kind, for all these 5 years that I've had it. It already was 3rd hand, ha! I've prayed lots of over it and claimed the Keys of the Kingdom for each and every part to work, as I don't think it'd be able to be fixed around here. It doesn't even have a reliable CD drive, so can't easily even install new programs and all. But just looking at it I see the Power of the Keys.

It's endured lots of heat and cold. Survived having two little children. It's also been dropped on to the hard tile floor from about two feet up by my little one year old. We all knelt and prayed over it, and it was completely fine. It's powered by the Keys, I tell people and know. There's no reason for it to be so trouble free, except by the power of God. And I've been sooo thankful for it. Especially, because it has a touch screen.

And when my first child was born and up until he was nearly two years old or so, any little noise would wake him up, especially the sound of typing. So I couldn't do much. But I could then silently touch it and be able to read on it, while he slept. (Things like paper's shuffling, or pouring a glass of water would wake him! The little sounds.)

It's what I used so much to have times in the Word and prophecy times, and write my husband when we were courting. It's been extensively used for preparing classes for the children, make making Word time activities. As well as the pre-school teachers' projects and files I worked on for many others. I'm so so thankful for it, and I know every day is a miracle, a gift of His love.

Once it wouldn't start properly, and I thought "this is it". I turned it off and couldn't use it for a month. There really wasn't a way to get it fixed. It's just a different model. But I prayed lots for it, and then gave it to the Lord. Finally, I tried turning it on again, and was prompted by a message, to chose the option to "delete" somethin. It was a step of faith, but when I clicked on it, then everything worked fine again. It was neat to get it "back again". And made me twice as thankful and prayerful as before. It's one of those gifts of His love and care, daily!

National Geographics

(SEPT 2006)

(True story:) A couple years ago I had next to nothing in the way of childcare materials and teacher items for my growing baby. There was one thing that I really wanted—pictures, from magazines, so we could look at them, put them into scrap books, make picture facts, etc. They seemed hard to come by where we were—good nice coloured photo pictures. I had wished for something like National Geographics, but even good shopping-mall catalogues would have been great too.

During the war in 2006, in Lebanon, we went on the evacuation with our then nearly one-year-old and stayed with my parents in Canada for a few months. I was fulltime with him, while Michael was tight with his deadlines in a music project, and my parents were house hunting and trying to move, within a short amount of time.

Then one day a miracle happened. There was a garage sale within a few minutes walking distance of the house. I was able to walk out to look at it. And what could it have but several years' worth of National Geographics! And they were all for free, because I wasn't able to get there until they had ended the sale, and it was just in the "take it" pile. Wow!

I looked through several, but later we took the whole box. Someone kindly helped look through them all and pull out neat pictures and make a file folder on all types of themes, to bring back home.

It was such a neat and personal gift from my loving Heavenly Husband. Such a great teacher tool I now have on hand. It's just amazing to think about the factors that had to be in place to make that miracle happen—the location, the day they had the garage sale on, the fact I was able to go, what they decided to sell that day, and the fact that I didn't make it on time till it was in the "give away" pile. Praise the Lord! These kinds of things make me realize and remember how He knows my heart's wishes, and also how much He loves and cares for the children.

The Perfect Toy

(25-OCT-08)

(True story:) It's so hard to come by good toys that don't break easily—at least within our price range. The infamous "made in China" types seem to be the most abundant kinds. The other day I was longing for the good old fashion "Fisher Price" kind that kids like and are durable. Even the toy I invested in for my 3-year old's birthday broke in a day or two. Thankfully He'd supplied a good bicycle also, so that one wasn't the only thing he'd gotten. But when he saw the bicycle, our son's first words were "Wow! It's not broken!" Ha! --But pitiful, and sadly frustrating.

Anyway, then around the same day I put up the request or wish to Heaven, my son also gets the idea that he wants to play "shop". A few days later when looking through boxes of donated clothes, shipped from overseas, I see this one bag in the corner with some stuffed animals in it. Within the bag is another plastic bag. One wouldn't have even been interested to see, it looked all tacky and old. I wanted to be able to bring something back home that afternoon, but there wasn't toys in this shipping.

Then lo and behold, in that old plastic bag there was none else but a Fisher price cash register toy! Complete with the coins and all. I was thrilled. The date printed on it was the year I was born. The kids all enjoy it, and especially my toddler boy. It's mechanical and you have to think a bit to figure out how to make it do the different things it can do. Jesus gives love in such individual, special ways! How long that miracle must have been in the making. Certainly "before I called" He was working on the answer. Praise His Name.!

Anniversary Flowers

(27-NOV-08)

We have two wedding anniversaries, because we had two weddings—the first one on October 18th, with family and friends; our first and main one. Then the second on March 27th, with relatives and the minister, the “legal” one on our documents. It fell on an Easter. That was extra special.

This year on March 27th our son comes home with a spray of little white wildflowers he’s picked while outside with the other children and their caretakers. I thank him, hug him and set it on the sink to decorate it. The stem is pretty short and I didn’t put it in a cup or anything. Then a few hours later I notice that it is still bright looking and not withered at all. The next day the same thing. The blossoms of small white flowers are still as fresh as if they had just been picked. It was a least a week or so that these little flowers lasted, without water and without wilting in any way, or getting brown. I took it as a little sign of love and a “anniversary miracle” from Heaven for us. Small, but noticeable and a sweet way for Him to say He loves us and is congratulating us!

IF I CARED...

--Written around the Mid 1990’s

Why should my life be thus controlled
By craving passions that I hold?
With a soul entwined to be,
To love, to hold, who cares for me?
Like grasping on a passing breeze,
I cannot turn my heart to these.

For if I cared, of that I wot,
Would only make me sore distraught.
To need is human, to love, divine,
Of these passions I can't decline.
For though I bar my soul in brass,
Inside would crave this wanting lass.

So I'm resolved of what I'll do
To tame my heart, yet life pursue.
I will not hide for fear I'll show
The feeble side, or bending low.
I shon't condemn the way I am,
But trust the sculpturer of this dam.

Not with worry, pride and doubt,
Measure love that I give out.
If I'm aloof and cannot deign,
Then me Christ's love does not constrain.
For freely give and I'll receive,
His boundless joy, if I believe.

I will not care for Earth's attire,
To eyes and mind and heart inspire.
For things not mine I will not lust,
Sole things that stand the test of trust.
God can fill every desire,
Though my need be oh, so dire.

Contented I will be in Him,
For His Love makes all else seem dim.
Christ, divine, immortal treasure,
Will give unending, haunting pleasure.
There's not a thing that makes me whole
Than cherishing the Lover of My soul.

Finding Real Pearls--My True Love Story

(13-AUG-94)

I sought to find the treasures of the deepest yearnings of my heart. My heart ached, wanting full fulfillment, and at times sinking with loneliness within. My heart cried out, "Is there anyone there who can truly love and care for me in the way my heart most seeks?" I seek to be enwrapped in fullness of love; knowing someone loves me completely and totally, just as I am. I desire real depth in some soul who is ever near to God.

I desire intimate closeness of spirit with one who can know and understand all there is about me. One who I can be all that I am, and yet be at complete rest and ease with, with never a self-conscious worry, such as I oft times feel with others.

There were some that my eyes would look upon with love, and my heart for a little time fluttered for. But never had I the pleasure of them filling my dreams and desires.--For I did think yet that it was possible for someone in this world to fully satisfy the needs that I had for some lover and companion to fulfill the things I did seek. I had gone without, for many a year, these things that I so desired, getting filled partly from time to time, then I would return to the One who had made me. Learning time and again that the Lord is the One Who my heart should be given fully to, yet, still hoping that some earthling could fill His shoes in some way. Surely, now I should know that He and only He, the Lover of all loves is the only One Who could be my all in all.

* * * *

At long last, my heart did find one who seemed to me the dearest and best there was. My heart and my mind filled with love and admiration for this one I finally did find. My heart saw in him all I ever had longed for all these lonely years, completing each un-lived dream. Now my heart was filled with love and delight.--To none else could my heart give the dearest place this one now had. I was now determined, in my heart he would stay, never would I let his love leave. He was the one I had needed, and with long last had found what I had yearned for. The love of my life, for who's love I now lived, had a special, forever place in my heart, which for none else I would ever give this one up.

The love he bestowed meant more than life to me and went beyond all my dreams. The loneliness I had felt had vanished away--as long as I had his love I was safe. My life now stable and fixed. This was the answer to my cry. I had found real love, and these pearls I held close and tight to my heart.

But just like the fulfilled dream this was for me, soon reality turned into dream. This one that I loved moved on, and now all I had were my thoughts. It didn't seem to matter to me whether he was here by my side or gone, as he was now so deep in my heart and mind, he was with me wherever I went.

Alas, after a while I was weary of this dream world I was wrapped up in, I no longer wanted to live this way. I wanted to see things the real way that they were, but from my thoughts it seemed I could not have full rest. I wanted relief in my mind from all this, but yet wanted to still keep him deep in my heart. This was all I asked. For I could not forsake the place I had for him, in the special places of my heart.

* * * *

One day, as I prayed about this burden on my heart, I heard yet another voice speak to my heart. He was the One Who I knew to be the One Who loved me more than any on earth. Just why He loved me, this I knew not, yet He knew all there was about me. Understanding even more of me than I could, who desired true closeness with me. He was the nearest to God One there every was and will be.

He spoke gently and loving, wooing and chiding, as He held me in His gentle breast. "Is this one who you love like none else but a portion and an imitation of what really your heart doth need? Lo, you rejoice now and think that fullness you have found, never wishing to give it all up. Yet here am I, the Love of all love, the One who created you, not finding a full place in your heart. I've put those desires in the dear heart of yours, and only I can truly, completely fill them."

I said, "Oh, Jesus! I love this one greatly. He is so wonderful to me. All that I've wanted seems to be fulfilled with him. This one is in my heart; I could never give up the place that he holds within me."

He spoke gently again, in my ears He did whisper,

"Are you not worshipping the creation more than the Creator? I'm the One who made him so and formed him after my pleasure. All that is good in him has come from My hand, each bit of love he has, has been from me. I have passed on My love for you through him, yet you think it was all only him."

I looked deep in to my heart and saw that all He had said was true, though it hurt me so to see. I had made in my heart my own idols of this one so wonderful to me. Now there was not room enough for my full heart to be filled with all the love My Lord wished me to have. He wanted my heart, every place, each part, to be fully and firstly for Him.

I said, "Lord, if I love you with all of my heart, mind and soul, forsaking all else that I cling to, how will I have room for the love for others? For surely you want me to love my brothers?--It's just human to be so this way."

He said to me,

"My Dear, give first your all to Me, love Me first with all of your heart, then you'll see how I mean it to be. For the love I shine in your now cleaned out heart, will then be reflected and shone out to others. You'll love with My love, and not just with your own. And My love can never run dry. The more heart you give Me, the more love I'll give you to fill it, and you can then give it to others.

"So now I bid you, My love, My bride, forsake from your heart those useless pearls that are worn and are now burdens you bear. Clean your heart now from all idols you keep, and devote your whole self to me."

With crying and tears, I asked Him to take from me the wayward ways of my heart. I prayed,

"Cast out my sin, and enter in. My Lord, be born anew in me today. Make me clean. Give me a new start. I give my heart all to you. I know You are the One my heart has really desired and yearned for deeply within. In Your hand you hold every missing piece I have felt in my life, and You and only You can complete me. Fill me with Your love, oh, King of love, and the One Who is nearest to God. You love without measure and I know not how or why you love me the way that you do. Wash me and make me clean and anew.

"I now deny my own self's wants and desires and will carry the cross You have for me. For You I will lose my life, for time is so short, and I know I will find my life in You. Fullness of joy, pleasures unspeakable have you for those who do this. For if we seek our own life here and now and try to fill up our own cup of pleasure, as we drink it down, no real joy will we find, for You only are the true life giver.

"Keep me faithful and true, devoted only to You and the cause for which you made me. Keep my heart clean from all else that would seek that place that should really be only Yours. When I begin to worship one else with my heart and mind, it puts them into my heart. Thus pushing You out, as I give them room. Help me to only give you the honor and worship that I know is only for You."

Truly Yours. Forever and always forever. Amen!

"Blessed it she, the daughter of peace, that hath found a place within His Kingdom, a safe harbor within His arms!" (Mop#13:72)

Flower Ring

(9-DEC-08)

(A Heavenly thought:) He gave me a ring as I left paradise to complete my mission on Earth. It's gold with a solid heart. It's a chamber and He can slide it open to reveal the gem flower hidden inside.

As I rub it with my thumb and close my eyes, I'm transported magically back to the moment of the reception of this gift. I can smell the aroma of the glorious flower garden once again and can relive, in an instant, holding hands tightly—His warm, tender, hand grasping mine.

There was a "parting period" where we spent many special moments and memories and times of preparation. We didn't just have one "farewell" time. He enriched my soul and suited me with gifts and words, with tender and special times. Each main thing I was to go through on Earth had it's mate in time spent with Him. We communed and prepared for everything.

Thorns of Life

(29-APR-08)

(Jesus speaking:) There is a thorn and rose bush in the back of the palatial mansion resort where you can visit with Me in spirit. And each thorn on it has been placed there by Me, one at a time. When touched, you see once again what "thorn" in your life happened, or topic of the thorn. Then you can smell the rose, and feel the soft petals of the rose—the one that lights up—and see the good that came or will yet come as a result of the thorn.

A Trip to the Heavens

(13-AUG-97)

(Jesus speaking, with a vision:) Hi, sweetheart, My love. So you came, after all! Well, My dear dove, I kiss your hand and we'll walk arm in arm. Let's go walk through the moonlight, fly through the stars. We can go anywhere. We can spend time anywhere that we want, that pleases you.

This is where we first met, among the stars, in the glorious ambiance of My nature up above. This is where you first saw Me gaze into your eyes, with the adoring looks that made you most curious at My love for you, and how I wanted to embrace you and hold you tight.

But you were first of the curious type. You wanted to check it all out. You wanted to make sure it was sure and safe ground to place your love upon. But now you know. Now I've sent you down below and you've understood and you've grasped My love in deeper ways than you realized while Up Here in My sight, in My embrace. And for this love, your returned love, I am grateful.

So never forget, our love was born among the stars. Tenderly caress Me in the moonlight hours. I am so thankful to have you so near. And when drops that sad, lonely tear, and you see there's not another soul around, remember this treasure I've placed in your heart, and there's solace and peace to be found.

Ravished

(13-AUG-97)

(A message received for me from a friend of mine, as a Birthday gift.)

(Jesus speaking, with a vision:) If you close your eyes, I'll help lift you into My world, and we'll have some wonderful loving! You're so gorgeous, you know. And in the spirit, in My realm, you want to know how you look? That beautiful hair of yours is long and falling over your shoulders down to your thighs. You've got a pretty diamond crown on. Just a little one because it's sort of a sneak preview on the wonderful crowns all My faithful children are going to get later on, but it's still a crown.

And for this special occasion you have a pretty, white sheer gown on. I bet you want to hear the details. All right, it's got no sleeves, and is gathered with a little bunch of tiny diamonds on each of your shoulders, and then it comes down to a V-neck. There are angels all around here while I'm celebrating! They're oohing and aahing, and looking forward to when you're able to join them up Here in Heaven.

Back to your pretty garments. It doesn't gather at the waist, but hugs it real tight, and around your hips is a diamond studded tassel that ties real low and then hangs to just about your feet. The rest of the dress flows down to your feet. It's like the skirt is made of different pieces of white, so you have lots of pretty slits, which I know you like, right?

Then you've got a nice little anklet on one of your ankles. It's silver, and then has a little pearl on one side. Oh, and you've got pearls on your neck too, and a little arm band with diamonds forming a big heart. You don't have any shoes on because you like to be free, free as the wind, free as the gypsies. Your garments are white because it's not just your birthday, but it's like we're getting married all over again.

We love to get married, you and I! It's such a wonderful thing. That first kiss of marriage, the excitement of the first night, the romance. It's strange, but you know, anything can happen here in Heaven. So many people look forward to the first night, and then after that they think there's no more excitement. But it's not like that for us! For us we can have another "first night" whenever we want! And so we're celebrating again tonight, re-living our "first night". Only it's better than our first night, because we've grown so much closer since then, become so much more in love!

Okay, the musicians are going to play us some songs. There's little children angels walking and flying about. I know you love children, and you love to have them around. Don't worry, they won't be there when we want to get close and private. But for now, we're enjoying their presence.

We're just sitting together on a nice comfy couch. But it's nothing like the couches on earth. It's beautiful. It's soft and velvety and the legs and arms are made of pearl. You've got your head against My shoulder, and your legs on My lap. We're making a toast to love, to the Family, and to each other. It's just so beautiful!

Then you whisper in My ear that you're going to do a special dance for Me. It just touches My heart to see your love for Me coming out of your eyes and out of every movement.

Then I get up and ask if you want to dance. Together we're so close, we're almost as one, dancing so tight that our hearts are beating as one. And while we dance, I'm filling you up with My love, filling you with everything that you need for the year ahead. And you're communicating your heart's desires, your love, your prayers, and your humble requests. It's like our hearts are making love. Your prayers are going into My heart, while My spirit and love and faith is going into yours.

Part of You

(10-SEPT-00)

You let me become part of Your world,
Of You, You made me a part.
You took me in Your arms, wiped my tears aside,
Placed Your key in my hands--free access to Your heart.

When You caused my life to form,
Knowing I'd affect you forever,
You said with pleasure, "I won't regret
This moment I made you—not once, not ever."

Sure, You'd know some pain
When it seems my heart strays far.
Though You knew the depths Your heart might go.
Your love and Your plans nothing could mar.

All would give great dividends
And not only to you—me as well.
You accepted me into Your heart, Your world
The full effect of this love time will tell.

You weren't afraid of pain,
Said the tears that'd flow,
Would only deepen and enrich this love,
Cause a fervent flame to burn and grow.

Your thoughts and words came true
I see this fire each day,
Setting ablaze fresh parts of my soul
This heart You ravish, set free, yet tame

'Tis a mystery to me.
I'll thank You for eternity
I want to live out Your dreams, darling Love
I surrender my all, I'll live but for Thee.

Life's Joys

(15-DEC-96)

(Jesus speaking:)

I have called you away
On the bed of sickness to lie
Though you hurt and understand not why.

But, My love,
Through your toil and your tears,
Can you see how I've carried you all these years?

You fuss and you sigh,
And say life's joys you are missing,
That there are things your heart is wishing.

Do know that I care,
Every prayer, thought and part
Of your life is dear to My heart.

I will answer your prayers,
Every broken piece mend,
Fear not this isn't the end.

For joys you will see
As you have before.
I have so many things in store.

But come now, My dear,
My love, to Me,
By My side is where I want thee.

You love Me, 'tis true,
And you want to be near,
So I've brought you, for a while, right here.

So give Me your heart,
Love Me like no other,
And I'll be your greatest Lover.

I'll tenderly care,
Love gifts I'll bestow,
Thrills and joys you can know.

(Bride speaking:)
Lord, You know I want you,
So I'll take this time
To love You with all heart and soul.

Teach me what You want to
So with You I can shine.
Please cleanse Me and make me all whole.

For You I do live,
My life's not My own,
All I have now is merely on loan.

I'll trust that You're doing
For me what is best
And I yield to you through this test.

Ah, yielding brings rest,
Trusting brings peace,
Causes trials and struggles to cease.

Just think, Dear Lord,
It's just You and me,
We can love so passionately.

How much fun we can have,
Like a honeymoon,
We can praise and kiss and spoon.

As I receive Your Word seeds
May they be part of me,
And change me to be more like Thee.

Lord, You see all My flaws
Yet You love me still
And continually with love You fill.

Please teach me greater love
So when I arise and go
Your unrestrained love I can show.