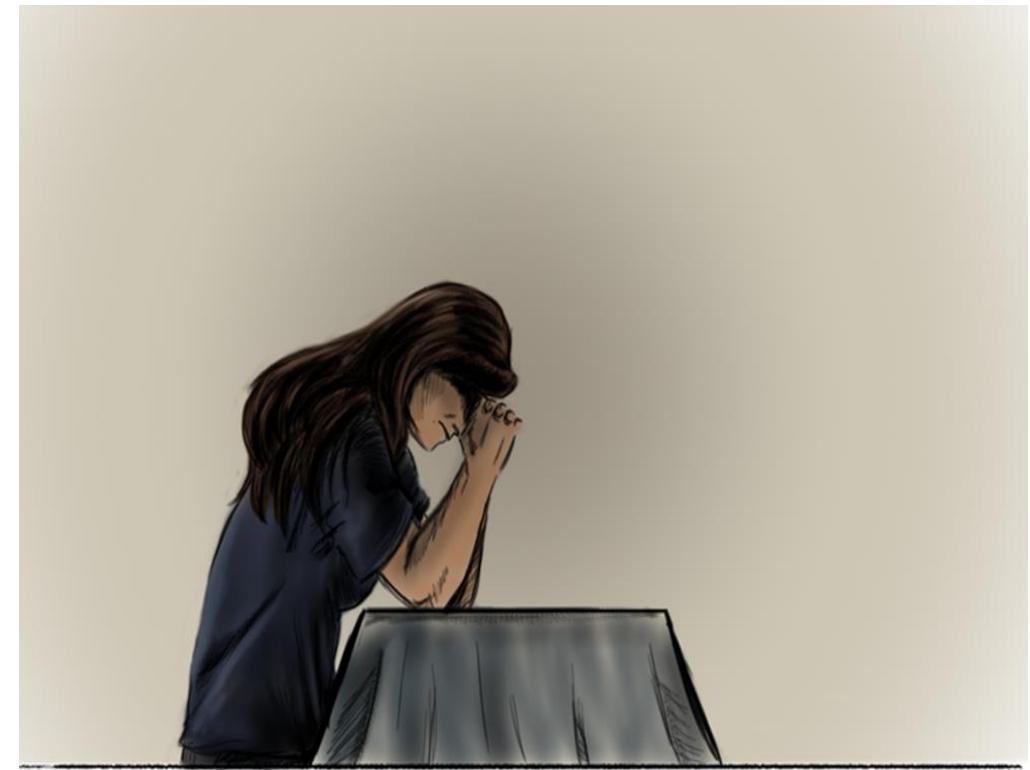


A Question of the Heart

I know your heart,
I see your doubts,
But this light of mine will not go out.
I want you to know that I am real;
 What I believe is real.
And not only that it is real, but that it is alive in me.
 If you know nothing of me,
 Know my Lord.
 If we part ne'er to meet again,
 Remember my Savior.
 Know that if anything is true, it is this;
 That Jesus Christ is my Lord and Savior,
The light of my life and beloved of my soul.
 Know that He loves you,
 Desires to know you,
 And would call you His own.
 He is waiting—He will wait forever.
 Know that you will never be alone.



God Still Speaks:

I Know Because He Speaks to Me



This PDF file shall not be used for monetary gain in any way but is only offered by the author for the strict purpose to be available to those who could in some way benefit from its contents

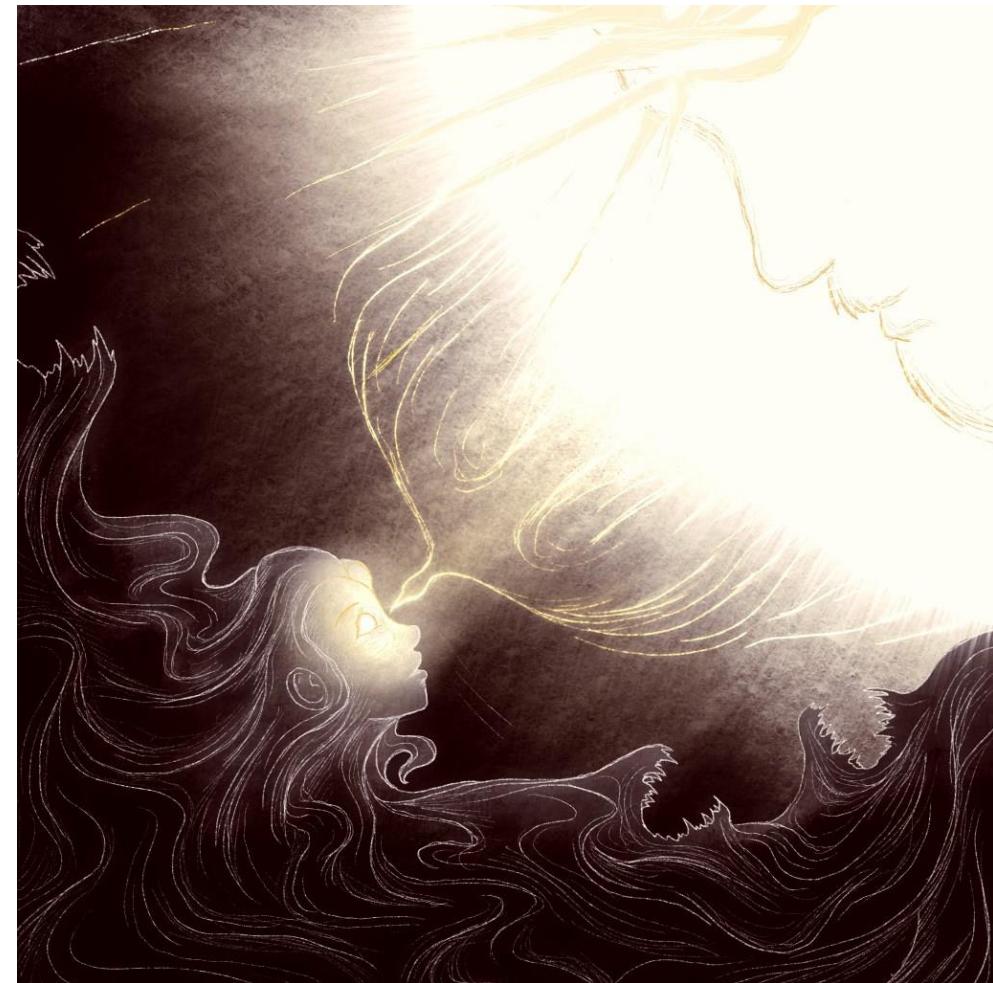
This poem was one that I began all on my own about an individual in my life whom I am not, shall we say, overly fond of. But while I only saw what was on the surface, God saw the heart. I love the fact that you can see the end of me and the beginning of Him so distinctly.

Lost Wandering Soul

Poison pours off your tongue,
As smoke billows from your mouth.
Bitterness seeps from your pores;
You're toxic, right to the core.
For you nothing is ever good enough,
You keep reaching past reality,
Setting your hopes on everything that could never be.
You live off the "if onlys" you tell yourself,
And your heart aches each and every night,
Searching and searching for home;
For happiness,
But you keep telling yourself that it's just out of reach and "if only",
Then you could rest and be at peace.
But I'm telling you that home is here,
Home is now.
You are safe to live and dream.
You don't need all your if onlys,
You don't need all your walls,
Choose to rest and be at peace.
Happiness isn't always just beyond your fingertips,
It is a choice you keep denying yourself because you're too scared.
You've been in pain for so long,
You've been let down so many times you don't know how to feel safe and be
at peace.
You don't know what life is like without these things and you are scared that if
you let go that there will be nothing left.
Your walls aren't only keeping others out,
They are keeping you in.
Your spirit wasn't made to be kept in a cage;
Choose to be all that you were meant to be,
And set yourself free.

2 Corinthians 4:6

"For God, who said, "Let light shine out of darkness," made his light shine in our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ."



Art by fullofeyes

Take my hand,
I see a way out.

Know that some chains will be harder to break than others,
But I will be right here with you.
Together we will fight this and
WE WILL WIN!

Contents:

Intro

The First Time I Remember Hearing the Voice of God

He is My Healer

Sight

God Changes Everything

Nicodemus

Sick and Tired of Being Sick and Tired

My Child

Daughter

The Jars

Beloved

The Truth

Someone As Insignificant As I

Redeemed

By the Blood

Poems of Spiritual insight God gave me about others:

Self-Destruction

Lost Wandering Soul

This poem was given to me in a dream about a friend of mine whom I have not seen in years. I believe that God told me these things that I might pray for them in the troubles they were facing during that time in their life.

Self-Destruction

I see you there, old friend, time and time again,
Drawn to the poisons of this world.
All you want is another drink,
Smoke,
Night out "wild and free".

But that freedom is only a temporary illusion whilst the chains bind you all the more,

Leading you down a path of self-destruction.

When the illusion fades into reality you'll see why I've been so worried all along.

At one moment you'll feel like you're flying
...and the next...

Your chains will halt you in your tracks;
Chains so heavy you can hardly breathe.

They'll pull you this way and that, to things you once thought you enjoyed,

But you'll see them for what they really are
...now...

But is it too late?

I tried to warn you before it came to this,
But you wouldn't listen.

Already you were ensnared and blinded,
The poisons whispering their lies into your mind,
Making you think you had found joy sublime.
But it wasn't so and you see that now.

You begin to struggle and fight,

Your efforts seeming so minute against the links of iron that bind you.

Freedom seems impossible,

But it's only impossible if you stop fighting.

Again and again they'll tell you, "do this and you'll be free."
Don't listen to them, listen to me!

I am a follower of Jesus Christ and I believe that He is the son of God and that He died and was raised to life again. Throughout my life I have met people who do not believe what I believe and who try to convince me any way that they can that what I believe is not real and is not Truth. I admit that there is much that I do not know, but I Know my Lord. My soul has heard His voice and knows, although I will be the first to admit that there are many times that I have yearned to hear His voice again and have been met with silence. We are told in Isaiah 55:8 that His ways are not our ways, and yet we are called to trust Him and the plan He has for us even when we cannot feel Him or hear Him and when we believe that we are utterly alone. Deuteronomy 31:8 tells us, "The LORD himself goes before you and will be with you; he will never leave you nor forsake you", and we have to hold this in our hearts that we may not forget during our times of trouble.

This collection consists of the words el Elyon has spoken to me or through me. I believe that God did not speak these things for my ears and heart alone but that He is calling me to share these moments with His people who are hurting and need to be reminded of His promises, His love, and His Truth. I pray that they meet you just where you are, bless you, and bring you comfort and hope.

By the Blood

God,

I am on my knees again,

Wondering how You could ever forgive me of all the things I have done,
Wondering how You could ever forget all I have done.

My mind is undone.

All these things,

All these fears clouding my mind,
Keeping me from You.

Because how could You ever love someone like me?

But all of the sudden I hear Your voice and all else is silent.

“By the blood of My Son whose sacrifice you have accepted in place of your
own,

You have been redeemed.

You are a child of the King of Kings,
And you are pure and blameless in My sight.”

The First Time I Remember Hearing the Voice of God

The first time God ever spoke to me is my earliest memory from childhood. We were at church in the back room because my mother was still nursing my younger sister. I was three, perhaps four. I remember our pastor talking about Jesus; how he died for our sins so that we could have a personal relationship with God, and he was inviting those who had not accepted Jesus as their Savior to pray with him. And I heard God say to me, “this is how you Know Me.”

I cannot remember specifically hearing His voice before, but as a child I knew His voice; without any questions, without any doubt I accepted Jesus Christ into my heart that day, and I thought it the most natural thing in the world.

Redeemed

I am a screw up,
And that is all I'll ever be.
I can't face the things I've done,
The things I've said;
Both who I was,
And who I thought I wanted to be.
There are so many things I regret and wish I could do over,
But no matter how far I run,
They are always right there behind me,
And I can't seem to alter this essence of me.
I'm sorry—
I'm sorry for who I am,
I'm sorry for my very existence.
I don't deserve anyone's kindness,
Or forgiveness;
Least of all Yours.
My Lord, it is You who I've wronged the most,
It is You who should find me sinful, guilty, and unclean in Your sight.
I have no right to ask You for anything,
And yet my lips pour forth atrocities You already know,
And I find myself kneeling at Your feet.
And I hear myself begging You,
“Please,
Please,
By the blood of Your Son.
Would You please forgive a sinner like me?”
You whisper to my soul the one word that changes everything;
“REDEEMED”.

He is My Healer

My God is here for me,
He is my healer.
He takes all the broken parts of me and makes them whole again.
He takes all the pain and suffering and turns it into something beautiful.
When I allow Him to come into my life He keeps me safe from harm,
And battles all the daemons in all the wars I thought I'd lost.
Now that I have acknowledged Him I don't know how I ever lived without
Him.
I have found that my God is not only my healer but THE HEALER.
He touches the soul instead of just the heart,
Fixing, twisting, turning, changing;
Making that which was broken...Whole.
He is there for the meek,
He comforts those in need,
He heals the sick and even brings the dead to life again.
Over and over I am amazed by the magnitude of His power and the strength of
His love for people such as I,
For there is nothing I can ever do that could make me worthy of the loving-
kindness He has shown to me.
He takes me just as I am,
Loves me just as I am,
And all He wants is my love in return.

Sight

At the age of unbelieving, everything that can't be seen is not.

What if that was so?

If people only relied on their sight, what would be left?

You can see people, but not their hopes, dreams, and desires.

You can see books, but not the stories inside them.

You can see trees, but not the wood beneath the bark.

You can see the beauty of a bird, but cannot hear the beauty of its song.

You can see the leaves rustle, but you cannot feel the breeze that makes them move.

You can see food sitting before you, but you cannot taste a single drop.

You can see that an animal is alive, but you cannot see its heart pumping or the blood flowing throughout its veins.

You cannot see the infinite mind or hands that created such creatures and gave them life,

Yet we know they are there.

Seeing is not always believing,

And your senses cannot be trusted to tell you everything.

Sometimes faith is needed to fill the gaps left by sight.

He is teaching me and preparing me to be His hands and feet;
To be a light and a beacon to those around me.

You.

You know the strength of the Lord Most High...and you are afraid.

You know how the war ends.

You know your destiny.

And you are afraid.

You are taking your pain and frustration out on the world.

You want us to be consumed by our pain and misery like you are, And you are trying to make us believe that we are alone, and that there is no hope,

But we will continue to fight and seek the truth.

God is on our side, and with Him for us,

You cannot stand against us.

Someone As Insignificant As I

I see it now...the truth.

I know the plans He has for me;

And I know why you have been striving to take my life for so long.

I know how you multiplied my pain,
And whispered your lies into my head,
 Into my heart,

 Telling me that MY LORD had forsaken me.

Telling me that I was filthy and undeserving of His loving-kindness.

How could He ever love someone as broken as you made me believe I was?

 How could He ever love someone hurting like I was?

 And if He truly loved me,

 Why didn't He take away my pain?

You made me feel like I was alone, when He was right there waiting for me to
 take His hand and give it all to Him.

 You have been fighting these battles,
 Waging this war,

Hoping that you could break me and make me believe that there was nothing
 left,

 Hoping that you could manipulate me into taking my own life.

But why would you work so long and so meticulously on someone as
 insignificant as I?

 It is because you are afraid;
 Afraid of ME.

You have seen the hand of the Lord on my life and you know that He has
 called me His own.

 You know that He loves me and has great plans for me.

 He has designed me for His glory,
 And through all you have done,

He has been shaping and forming my heart to match His own.

 He is taking the pain,
 He is taking the perceived brokenness,
 And is reforging me anew.

He gives me strength, kindness, and compassion,
 He is showing me how to help His people.

God Changes Everything

 Listen up,

 I've got something to say!

 Don't listen to them, they're lying!

 Evolution is a myth,

 Their explanation of creation, a lie.

It doesn't make sense; I can't see how it all fits,

 Everything comes from something.

 How can a world, a galaxy appear, –

 “Boom!” Out of nothing?

 It can't.

Just as trees don't make themselves into furniture,

 Just as bricks don't appear or form a building,

This galaxy couldn't make itself even if there was something to make it with.

 There had to be something out there,

 And there had to be a plan somewhere, somehow.

 And if there is a plan, there had to be a planner.

 Don't you see?

There is only one explanation, and that is – God.

 And if God is real, that means:

 We're here for a reason; we have a purpose.

 We are not in this fight alone; we never were.

 God changes everything,

 And with Him EVERYTHING falls into place.



Someone As Insignificant As I intro

This is when my own fetters fell from my eyes and the spiritual warfare in my own life was revealed to me. My deep ongoing struggle with depression and suicide is not something that I hide—not anymore. I don't know exactly when I started struggling with depression but I do remember wanting to take my life in the third grade; I was only eight. I used to not know why satan would see fit to bother himself with so young of a child, but now I do. Spiritual warfare begins affecting us when we are young because satan is intending to cripple us before we can ever learn to walk. Emotionally, spiritually; it doesn't matter, he will inflict as much damage as he is able and oftentimes, we are right there helping him do so. Satan's intent with all of this is to prevent us from becoming the person God has made us to be, and one of his weapons and one I personally know well is isolation, physically and spiritually. This makes us feel powerless even though "[God] is right there waiting for [us] to take His hand and give it all to Him".

God has a plan for our life, and guess what...satan doesn't like it. I remember that with my depression I would oftentimes say something along the lines of "but this isn't me. I don't know what's going on, but this isn't me." At times I could feel the difference of an unseen presence but I didn't know what it was or what to do because at the same time the depression was within me and it was overpowering me. Depression was an everyday battle. Not committing suicide was an everyday battle. My life was so full of pain that pain was all I knew. I barely held on day after day, and that was only by the grace of God and a glimmer of hope within me that I didn't even know existed. Although, looking back, I can see it now.

Satan was trying to kill me. He was doing everything he could to prevent me from doing whatever it is that God has planned for my life and his primary tools in my life were depression and lies. Afterall, is he not the father of lies? But just as the poem says "why would [he] work so long and so meticulously on someone as insignificant as I?" It is because I am anything but insignificant; and neither are you. God has designed us for His glory and with Him we will move mountains because we were made to change the world for His glory. We are creations of an almighty king and as such we were made to be beacons to the lost and dying world around us. But the lost and dying world is dark...and it is hard. There is spiritual warfare all around us—within us, but God says to take heart for He has overcome the world (John 16:33). Do not forget this and no matter what you are up against, remember to always seek the Truth.

Sometimes God will bless you when you are not even looking, not even thinking. He will do something spontaneous right out of the blue just to let you know how much He loves you, and cares for you. Just to tell you that He sees you, and that He is always right there with you day by day, moment by moment. This is one of those times, and this is one of those moments.

Of course, it was just like any other day. I had things to do and was just going with the flow. I was looking for a hamster, and of course I thought I already had something in mind. I entered the building and right away God leads me, just as if He had taken my hand, to something altogether quite different. He takes me over to an aquarium of standard hamsters. One of the young ladies opened it up for me and as my eyes roved over the various hamsters, they were drawn to a little igloo house with a little slip of a paw peeking out.

"Go ahead." He whispered to my heart.

I gently removed the little house to reveal who was hiding within.

"I made him for you and his name is Nicodemus."

I took Nicodemus home that day and I can't even begin to describe what a blessing he was in my life. I am astounded that God would make him for me. That He specifically created him with me in mind, to bless me and remind me how much He loves me.

I'm telling you this story because I want you to know that to God, even our smallest seemingly insignificant things matter. He loves us, and He wants us to know that He is here with us, and that He is waiting for us.

Sick and Tired of Being Sick and Tired

The Truth

I hate you.

I hate what you try to make me believe I am.

I hate who you try to make me believe I am.

I am the child of a King who shaped me and formed me,
A child of a King who calls me perfect and His own.

He loves me and treasures me,

He knows me more intimately than you ever could,

And He has decided who I am.

You....

You are nothing...no one.

You try to blot out His truth with these lies,

You try to make me hate myself and want to die;

But His still quiet whisper cradles my heart and comforts my soul.

I listen, and am at peace.

I am loved.

The King of Kings made...Me.

And loves...Me.

I am precious to Him;

He calls me beloved.

Nothing you can say,

Nothing you can do can change that.

I just need to listen and remember the truth.

Even when it's hard,

Even when I'm hurting;

I just need to listen and remember the truth.

I don't know where to begin. I started getting sick in high school. I didn't tell anybody because I didn't believe that my health was that bad. But sometimes sickness creeps upon you slowly, taking everything you love piece by piece so that you don't realize how much you have lost.

At first, I was just sleepy all the time, and then that was all I was doing. I slept my junior and senior years of high school away, barely able to stay awake for classes and falling into bed as soon as I got home only to rise again for school the next day. My eyes burned all the time, my skin began to sting and crack and ooze, I began to have a perpetual brain fog, but still I found a way to hide it all from everyone in my life and I took care of the various symptoms the best I could as they came up. It was the summer after high school graduation that I almost died of anaphylaxis and if I had known what was happening at the time, I would have sat and welcomed death with open arms. Let's face it...life isn't a piece of cake; in fact, it is often full of pain. If you have read some of my poetry about my depression you already know where I was mentally. I had already been emotionally hurting for so long, and now I could hardly function day to day. That incident opened my eyes to all I had lost in those two years previous and led to multiple different doctor's visits where I was met with the same thing over and over.

"All the tests came back negative."

"We can't find anything wrong."

Some of them even suggested that I was making it all up and all I could think was, "can't you see me? Does this look normal to you? Does this look well to you? Healthy?"

During college I was so exhausted and full of pain that I couldn't even keep my head up for my classes. I laid there, listening, just trying to make it through the day. I was put on various medications to cover up some of my symptoms, but none of them were working well enough, or their side effects only made me more miserable. There was nothing left of me. I was a shell of what I once was, and as for quality of life—that was a joke. I wasn't living anymore; the best I can word it is that I was trying my best to survive and failing.

On this particular night I was pacing my room. It was some time after midnight and the tears were streaming down my face. I was so tired, and I hurt so much: emotionally, physically. I felt like I just couldn't do it anymore. I was all worked up, pacing, heart pounding.

"I want to die! Just let me die! I can't do this anymore!"

I was trying to keep my grip on the tenuous strand that was my own life, but it was slipping and I didn't know if I would make it to see the sunrise only a few long hours away.

That was when I heard Him.

Hush my Child.

My breathing slowed; my heart quieted in my chest. It all drained from me as I crumpled on the bed, rocking, tears still streaming down my face. All I could do was listen as my Lord whispered to my heart and soothed my tired and worn soul:

Don't listen to the voices that rage within you, they speak only lies and seek to destroy you. For they know I have made you resolute, empowered you beyond reckoning, and have great plans for you.

I was writing His words down as fast as I could, but I couldn't help but lift my face to the ceiling. I was drawn to His presence, so alive and real, enveloping me in a love I can't describe, and speaking directly to my weeping soul.

My Daughter, together we will move mountains. All of creation will know you are mine, and that you were made to change the world. My Darling, you were made to stir up the people. To help bring their hearts back to me. Do not let the lies of the devil fill your head, nor your heart; and do not let his tricks hinder your way. Know not only have I given you all you need for your journey, but also know I will be with you every step of the way. Do not forget this. Hide it deep within your spirit. For the way will not be easy. My Love, you will be misunderstood, mocked, and hated for my sake. At times the way will be dark, you will feel that you can no longer hear my voice or feel my presence, and it will be difficult for you to remember all I have told you. But I promise you this: that even in your darkest times, when you feel broken, and unable to go on; I will never leave you nor forsake you. You are mine, and I will never let you go.

I was still rocking. The tears still poured down my face. But I was brought to a place of love and comfort I had never known; it settled into the very essence of my being. I can't describe the feeling that washed over me-the nearest thing I can think to say is that I felt WHOLE. I was at peace. And I lived to see the sunrise that morning.

I have His words written down as the poem *My Child*. God's poem that He gave me to remind me that He loves me and still has a plan for my life even when everything seems shrouded in darkness and despair. I will treasure His words always. I often read them to myself to remind me of that night whenever times become dark again, when I cannot feel His presence, or hear His voice.

I have empowered you beyond reckoning and have great plans for you...

I will be with you every step of the way...

I promise you that even in your darkest times, I will never leave you nor forsake you...

You are mine, and I will never let you go...

I only hope that wherever you are and whatever you are going through; that these words also bring comfort to you and remind you of the promises God has made. Know that He is with you and do not give up hope.

Beloved

Beloved,
Look at me.
I made you;
Before even the fabric of time I knew you by name.

I know everything about you,

All the good and the bad;
Child, I formed you,
And I deem your worth.

You are precious to me, Beloved;
I cherish you,
Every part of you.

I anxiously await the day you accept my son Jesus as your savior,
For without his sacrifice we would be apart for all eternity.

My child, sin has separated us,
But I have provided the way for you to be able to come back to me.
I sent my one and only son to die,
To take your sins upon himself and die for you so that you could be found
blameless in my sight.

But it is up to you to accept his sacrifice,
And it is because I love you that I leave this decision up to you.

The Jars

(Psalm 56:8)

Last night I dreamed of a place more beautiful than any I had ever known,
More exquisite than the fairest sunlit glade,
Or the forests of my home.

It was a bright and airy room;
Well furnished with everything else beside,
But there was something unusual about that place,
Something fairly hard to describe.

Wall to wall and far beyond ran shelves with various jars,
Some were tall and some were short,
And some were the most peculiar sort.
Fat and thin,
Whimsy and plain,
Not one appeared to be the same.
As for what's inside,
I couldn't say for sure.

A clear liquid like water with white crust bordering the rim.
Saltwater my brain surmised,
And I reached out to see if this was true.

“Do not”, His voice commanded.
“What are they”, I inquired.
“Why, they are tears my child.”
“Tears?”

“Yes, they are all the tears, of all the people, throughout all of time.”
I looked around in astonishment and wondered; *which were mine?*

“Don't worry little one”, He chuckled,
“I know which ones are yours.
I fashioned each and every jar myself,
To hold the tears of all my children,
And I record them in my book.
Not one goes unnoticed,
Not one escapes my sight;
For I am with you always,
Even through the night.

And when your time on earth is done,
And if you have trusted in the sacrifice of My Son,
I will wipe away your last tears,
And remove all your pain,
And you will be with me for all eternity.”

My Child

Hush my Child,
Don't listen to the voices that rage within you;
They speak only lies,
And seek to destroy you.
For they know I have made you resolute,
Empowered you beyond reckoning,
And have great plans for you.
My Daughter, together we will move mountains,
The very earth will tremble and quake beneath our feet.
All of creation will know you are mine,
And that you were made to change the world.
My Darling, you were made to stir up the people,
To help bring their hearts back to me.
Do not let the lies of the devil fill your head, nor your heart;
And do not let his tricks hinder your way.
Know not only have I given you all you need for your journey,
But also know I will be with you every step of the way.
Do not forget this.
Hide it deep within your spirit,
For the way will not be easy.
My Love, you will be misunderstood, mocked, and hated for my sake.
At times the way will be dark,
You will feel that you can no longer hear my voice or feel my presence,
And it will be difficult for you to remember all I have told you.
But I promise you this:
That even in your darkest times,
When you feel broken,
And unable to go on;
I will never leave you nor forsake you.
You are mine,
And I will never let you go.

My Child with corresponding Scripture references

Hush my Child, (*Exodus 14:14, Psalm 37:7*)

Don't listen to the voices that rage within you; (*Romans 7:18-23, Matthew 26:41*)

They speak only lies, (*John 8:44, John 10:10*)

And seek to destroy you. (*John 10:10, 1 Peter 5:8, Ephesians 6:13-17*)

For they know I have made you resolute, (*Psalm 125:1*)

Empowered you beyond reckoning, (*Psalm 18:32-36, Ephesians 3:16*)

And have great plans for you. (*Jeremiah 29:11*)

My Daughter, together we will move mountains, (*Matthew 17:20-21*)

The very earth will tremble and quake beneath our feet. (*Joshua 1:5*)

All of creation will know you are mine, (*Isaiah 43:1*)

And that you were made to change the world. (*Matthew 5:14-15*)

My Darling, you were made to stir up the people,

To help bring their hearts back to me. (*Matthew 28:19-20, John 15:16*)

Do not let the lies of the devil fill your head, nor your heart; (*Ephesians 6:12, 1 Corinthians 16:13*)

And do not let his tricks hinder your way. (*1 Peter 5:8-9*)

Know not only have I given you all you need for your journey, (*Psalm 18:32*)

But also know I will be with you every step of the way. (*Deuteronomy 20:4, Isaiah 43:2, Matthew 28:20b*)

Do not forget this.

Hide it deep within your spirit, (*Proverbs 3:3-4, Proverbs 6:21-22*)

For the way will not be easy. (*2 Timothy 3:12*)

My Love, you will be misunderstood, mocked, and hated for my sake. (*1 Peter 4:12-13*)

At times the way will be dark,

You will feel that you can no longer hear my voice or feel my presence, (*2 Corinthians 4:7-9*)

And it will be difficult for you to remember all I have told you. (*John 16:33*)

But I promise you this:

That even in your darkest times,

When you feel broken,

And unable to go on; (*Psalm 73:26*)

I will never leave you nor forsake you. (*Matthew 28:20, 2 Thessalonians 3:3, 2 Timothy 4:18, Deuteronomy 31:6*)

You are mine, (*Isaiah 43:1*)

And I will never let you go. (*Psalm 73:23-24*)

Daughter

My daughter,

Do not listen to those around you,
Do not believe the lies they tell of you.

This world seeks to destroy all the beauty I have instilled within the earth,
It seeks to destroy all the beauty I have instilled within you;

The beauty of your spirit,
And the strength of your soul.

The world will do all it can to tear you down,
Reduce you to nothing;
For if it doesn't,
If it allows you to remain as you are,
You will bring it to its knees.