

To  
Tell You  
The Truth

*Selected Poems and Journal Entries*



Grace Veronica Peart

To:

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From:

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Date:

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Occasion:

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*"As* each of you has received a gift (a particular spiritual talent, a gracious divine endowment), employ it for one another as [befits] good trustees of God's many-sided grace [faithful stewards of the extremely diverse powers and gifts granted to Christians by unmerited favour].

Whoever speaks, [let him do it as one who utters] oracles of God; whoever renders service, [let him do it] as with the strength which God furnishes abundantly, so that in all things God may be glorified through Jesus Christ (the Messiah). To Him be the glory and dominion forever and ever ....  
Amen ...."



1 Peter 4:10-11





*To*  
**Tell You**  
*The* **Truth**



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The Truth

*Selected Poems and Journal Entries*



**Grace Veronica Peart**

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# YOUR GIFT

And now, Lord, I give Your gift back to You.  
I do what I've known You want me to do.  
I pour out my soul now for all to see,  
To help them to be what you want them to be.

I beg Your forgiveness for wasted years.  
May each one respond when Your call he hears.  
I give You my voice, Lord,  
This is my choice.  
I give You my voice, Lord,  
This is my choice.

*- Grace V. Peart*





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I would also like to acknowledge and say thanks for the spiritual and moral support and encouragement, the feedback, expertise and technical support received from immediate and extended family, friends and associates. They are too numerous to all name here, but I must particularly recognize the following: my brother James Peart and Dianne Ashton-Smith who have with patience, creativity, expertise and professionalism helped me to transform my auditory dreams into reality; Novelette McLean Francis, the late Paulette Roberts, Kerrith Watts, Winnie Berry, Nadine Simms, Joyce Graham Royal, Phyllis Hemmings, Marcia Beckles, Marjorie Vassell, Linda Lowe, Dr. Maureen Irons Morgan, Bishop Hopeton Clennon and last but by no means least my pastor, Rev. the Hon. Dr. Burchell K. Taylor.

While these persons have not contributed to the actual contents of the book - except where photographs were generously provided, which are acknowledged below - they have proved to be helpful and encouraging sounding boards as to the effectiveness of the material. I must also thank Ramon Hill for his readily available computer expertise, and Phillip Supersad for making his skill as a master potter available to be photographed.

All persons both named and unnamed have provided a nurturing environment that has enabled me to fulfil the first phase of a task that I have for many years sensed to be a part of God's mission for my life. May God be truly glorified.

*Picture credits:*

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# INTRODUCTION

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*The author at age 14*

At age thirteen I made my first diary from a tiny, old, blue, soft-leather-covered “needle-book” belonging to my mother. The book had pages made of calico, and in it different types of needles were stored. It was all held together with a dainty string of matching blue leather, and had a beautiful - but faded - floral design on the cover. It had seen better days. Some of the few remaining needles were large, some small, some curved. I removed the cloth pages and replaced them with plain copy paper and parts of pages from an exercise book, and in it I wrote my little secrets in a code that I had invented. Don’t ask me what I did with the needles.

You see, I had been reading the diary of Ann Frank, and was both moved by her plight and intrigued by the idea of having my own private place to record my thoughts and experiences: to converse with myself, to mull over my views on life and to dream my dreams about the future. I soon became tired of writing in code, but continued writing, and I have kept that humble little book through the years. I later graduated to a handy little light green ruled 4” by 6” paperback notebook with a maroon-coloured logo on the cover. In it I included my thoughts about the boy across the street, the new manse we were moving to in the ‘country’, as well as floor plans and an ‘artist’s rendition’ of how I would arrange my bedroom when we got there. (That little book I’ve also kept.) At that point, I had not yet made a formal commitment to Jesus Christ.

I abandoned journalling for a few years. During that time, I became a Christian in high school, and went to Bible College just after leaving sixth form at the age of eighteen. Then, in a first year course called *Christian Life*, I was reintroduced to writing down my thoughts: this time, thoughts I had received from God during personal devotions, and prayers I had recorded in order to track when or how they had been answered. As a part of that course, I also wrote my testimony (such as it was at the time). I have included that effort in this book. I must say, though, that I consider the entire book to be my testimony.

Over the years, my writing has evolved instinctively from thoughts and prayers recorded during Quiet Time to thoughts and insights and prayers recorded at any time of day or night in poetry or prose as the Spirit moved me. You could say that after a while I had no specified Quiet Time. Writing became as important to me as breathing: a form of release in times of stress and a way of rejoicing in times of success; a way of mulling over thorny issues; of enjoying nature; of marking major developmental milestones in my life; of questing after Truth, and of recording precious truths as taught to me by the Holy Spirit. Finally, writing has been a way of opening up my very heart and soul to commune with God in complete honesty and sincerity.

As a result, making this material public has been one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I have struggled against it for many years, but through it all I have always known that what God has taught me could be of benefit to others. (Time and again I've been blessed by reading over material I'd previously written.) My Journey is obviously not yet complete. I am still making entries as the Spirit leads. However, you should never say 'no' to God. Others are robbed of blessing and enrichment, and so are you!



*Where it all began.  
The Albion Heights house in Montego Bay today (remodelled).*

# How to Read This Book

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This book may be used in several ways. You may choose to travel along with me on my journey from spiritual infancy to greater maturity as a Christian. There is a certain unique perspective to be gained if the book is read in the sequence in which it was written. I highly recommend that you do this before trying any or all of the additional suggestions on this page. Not all the entries that were written are included in this volume. Nevertheless, dates are provided, and most entries are in chronological order. There are, however, times when prose entries from later years are interspersed with early poems simply because their contents add insights that enrich and support this material.

You may decide to read entries at random, based on your interest or spiritual need at the moment. Each one is a complete development of thought on its own. It may be used for personal devotions, or by prayer partners for discussion and for prayer about personal weaknesses and areas that need spiritual development.

The book may also be used for individual or group Bible study, as there are many issues, spiritual truths and principles for daily living that can be explored in greater detail.

Last, but by no means least, this material may be used simply for comfort and as a means of gaining personal strength and solace on the Christian Journey. You may find that some of the insights which I have gained might help you to cope with situations you may be encountering, or to better understand sections of your own life's journey that you have already traversed. No effort has been made to separate poetry from prose, as both literary forms were used of God to support each other in the process of the writer's spiritual growth.

A word of advice. This book is best savoured a little bit at a time, somewhat like the Bible. There are many insights and experiences that will

take some time to absorb. I commend it to you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. May it be used to help guide you into all Truth.

*June 2015*



# How to Use THE AUDIO BOOK

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The audiobook may be used in several ways. You may choose to travel along with me on my journey from spiritual infancy to greater maturity as a Christian. There is a certain unique perspective to be gained if you listen to the audiobook in the sequence in which the material was arranged. I highly recommend that you do this before trying any or all of the additional suggestions. Not all the entries that were written are included in this collection. Most - but not all - inclusions are in chronological order. There are times when prose entries from later years are interspersed with early poems simply because their contents add insights and show growth and development that enrich and support earlier material.

You may decide to listen to entries at random, based on your interest or spiritual need at the moment. Each one is a complete development of thought on its own. It may be used for personal devotions, or by prayer partners, small Bible study groups and Sunday School classes for discussion as well as for prayer about personal weaknesses and areas of life that need spiritual development.

The audiobook may also be used for individual devotions or for family and other discussions as you travel around in a car or other means of transportation. There are many issues, spiritual truths and principles for daily living that can be explored in greater detail as you sit in bumper to bumper traffic or cruise along the highway.

Last, but by no means least, this material may be used simply for comfort and as a means of gaining personal strength and solace on the Christian Journey. You may find that some of the insights which I have gained might help you to cope with situations you may be encountering, or to better understand sections of your own life's journey that you have already traversed. No effort has been made to separate poetry from prose, as both literary forms were used of God to support each other in the process of my spiritual growth.

A word of advice. This material is best savoured a little bit at a time, somewhat like the Bible. There are many insights and experiences that will take some time to absorb. I commend it to you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. May it be used to help guide you into all Truth.

*June 2015*

# MY TESTIMONY

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*(Written at age 18 years)*

You know, Jhn.16:24 means a lot to me. It says I shouldn't hesitate to ask God for anything in Jesus' name, because if I'd only ask I'd receive, and my joy would be full. Of course, I have to allow God to take over before I am able to think in such a way as to ask what He would be overjoyed to give.

This isn't easy, but thank God His Holy Spirit has been pointing out areas, attitudes and ways of thinking that would lead me to ask God harmful favours, and I've been allowing Him to change these.

Before I became a Christian I felt a strange emptiness and barrenness inside. It made me increasingly restless, and I didn't know what was the matter. After becoming a Christian, though, the emptiness was instantly filled and the restlessness went away.

I became a Christian at a Keswick Convention here in Mandeville three and a half years ago. Do you know Mr. Tom Skinner? He's an Afro American Evangelist. He spoke at the Convention that year. The sermon he preached really got to me and my insecure feeling about getting to heaven. I knew I should take a stand for Jesus, but Satan kept telling me I wasn't that bad, so while feeling very uneasy inside, while trembling and weak-kneed,

and while my heart thumped wildly - I “watched the sinners go by”. God won the battle, though, and I went down the aisle, feeling very conspicuous, as you will imagine.

God has been really changing me. It’s a miracle to me how I managed to survive, much less grow in the Christian life, because though I lived in a Christian home and we had family devotions daily, as a young Christian I had little or no personal guidance from anyone around me. One thing, though: there was a lot of Christian literature around the house I could read. I see now that God never forgets His children, and takes care of them while His Holy Spirit teaches them.

How did you feel when you became a Christian? You aren’t one? Don’t you feel something is missing in your life?

# UNDERSTANDING

*(Written in tribute to every human soul)*



Every human being craves understanding. And naturally, so do I. I want you to understand my hopes, my failings, my feelings, my joys and sorrows - because you matter very much to me. Couched in my need for understanding is a powerful need to be accepted in my own right: to be respected and loved.

If I do something that, to my thinking, ought to raise questions in your mind, I hope and pray that you will believe in the purity of my motives.

How I wish that you could get into the skin of my soul with me: into my past and present experiences, into those reactions and responses with me. If you but *knew* what I bear, how I perceive life; what motivates me; what my strengths and weaknesses are! You would know what makes me laugh, what makes me cry, what frustrates and what elates me; when I need your love and sympathy - and when I want to be left severely alone ....

I want to prove myself to you: to count for something in your eyes, but not at the expense of being myself!

Do I expect you always to agree with my actions and points of view? Certainly not! That's childish. You may not agree with my outlook, but my individuality deserves your respect.

I know I'm not perfect, and with time I'll mature, but try to appreciate me, respect me, understand and accept me - just as I am.

*Written at age 28 years.*



## My Stubborn Sins

Sometimes the devil subtly comes,  
And in my ear he blithely hums:  
"It's not so bad, you know.  
The Lord won't mind.  
He's loving and kind,  
And will forgive, you know."

I stop and think:  
"There's nothing wrong with doing this!  
The Lord won't find a thing amiss.  
He wants all for His glory."

And so I yield,  
And shift the shield  
Of God's Protecting Word.  
I do the act.

And then the devil comes,  
And he will wisely hiss:  
*"Yessss! Yessss!  
You missed! You missed!  
What'ssss the ussse?  
You've no excussse!"*

October 10, 1972



## Bitter-sweet Sorrow



Slowly He turned, deeply He sighed.  
It was so calm and restful there.  
An air of sadness, air of peace  
Was ling'ring on the balmy breeze.

Upon the dark and greeny foliage  
Steeped in time's uncertain age,  
The moon had etched in silvery-grey:  
Patches of light, exquisitely blended.

Elusive shadows flecked the ground  
Beneath those olives gnarled with age.  
In the blue-black distance could be seen  
Jerusalem's lights in the dusk of e'en.

Sharp stones pierced His tired knees  
As prostrate He knelt beneath the trees.  
'Twould burst your heart with deep despair  
If only you had seen Him there.

He smiled – a tender, all-embracing smile,  
Yearning to have His love returned.  
Those eyes with molten love were glowing  
All His bitter-sweet sorrow showing.

From the core of His very being was ripped  
A deep and long heart-rending groan;  
He choked and sighed, and swollen-eyed  
He raised His face in prayer to God.

Emotions mixed and many were there.  
Torn with sorrow, torn with care,  
Blood-like drops of sweat it bore  
Oozing from its every pore.

His eye-lids fluttered suddenly,  
And bathed His face with unbidden tears.  
The words stuck in His throat, it seemed,  
As He gaspingly prayed with quiv'ring breath:

“Oh Father, Oh Father, 'tis too much for me.  
Would nothing else be pleasing to Thee?  
But if this is the way that you'll have it to be,  
I'll gladly be tortured upon the tree.”

He thought of the cross, He thought of the shame;  
The blows, the anguish, fatigue, and the blame.  
Already He felt His flesh being ripped  
As with vigour He was relentlessly whipped.

Already the nails were piercing His hands.  
The blood gushed down on His naked arms.  
Oh soldier, soldier! Hear Him groan  
As you slowly, deftly, drive each one in . . . .

He smiled that tender, caressing smile.  
His throaty sobs were soft and low:  
Forsaken — of dearest friends bereft,  
For there in the shadows: on they slept . . . .

Awake! Awake out of your sin!  
Abhorred, deceiving, subtle Sin.  
Awake, be cleansed all through and through:  
Now that you know what He suffered for you!

*January, 1973*

# GETHSEMANE TODAY



## Where Are You?

My shoulders shake with sobs  
Heard only by my two ears -  
And God.  
How childish, I muse, to feel so  
Unloved, distrusted, despised.  
Surrounded by enemies?  
I shudder at the thought.  
Where are you, Sincerity?  
I grope in the dark for you.  
I search in faces, deep within eyes -  
But you elude me.  
Oh Love, where are you?  
You have fled the corridors of heart and  
dorm.  
Oh, but I plead: Please! Never leave me!  
My heart aches for you.  
Revisit my sisters - Oh, I beg you!  
Wipe from those eyes the glossy light  
Of masked insincerity.  
And in its place -  
Exude your light of tenderness, warmth  
And sisterly concern - LOVE!



In the dark there glimmers a faltering  
light  
Of hope? I wonder.  
I'll wait and see.  
Cheer up, my heart!  
'Tis nothing strange.  
He walked this way before.  
He's love.  
He'll never leave you - He promised!



*March 11, 1974*

## The Princess



I'm a Child of the King!  
Therefore, let me sing,  
And rest in His tender care.  
Thou art a princess!  
Why then, thy distress?  
When the enemy growls:  
"Beware! Beware!"  
He's there.

I'm a child of the King!  
Yet oft I ne'er sing  
But rest on the arm of fear!  
Oh why? Oh why, dear God?  
Let me hear You say:  
"I care, I care!"  
Right now.

*March 12, 1974*

## Stormy Weather

The storms of life will blow my way:  
I slip, I stumble, waver, sway.  
Oft from the anchor do I stray ...  
But pray, what is my state today?

Alas! I've dreadful sins amassed!  
I droop with eyes avert, downcast  
And probe the regions of the past ...  
No wonder I can't brave the blast!

If I were loving - obedient too -  
I'd find it small Your will to do.  
I'm stubborn, hardned - nothing new  
Doth make me want to be true to You ....

*March, 1974*



## How Can this Be?

Friend of the friendless:  
Lovest thou me?  
In all my wretchedness?  
How can this be?  
Humans do shrink from it.  
Whisper and sneer at it.  
I groan, yet ask: How be it  
That Thou lov'st me?

Life's naught but sadness?  
How can this be?  
Joylessness?  
Cheerlessness?  
That's all I see.  
Yet I do glimpse the rays  
'Midst all the grimy  
maze.  
I know I can't count the  
ways  
That Thou lov'st me.

O wondrous comfort  
and bliss  
Knowing I won't go  
amiss.  
Knowing in all of this  
That Thou lov'st me!

*April 20, 1974*



## Why are We Here?

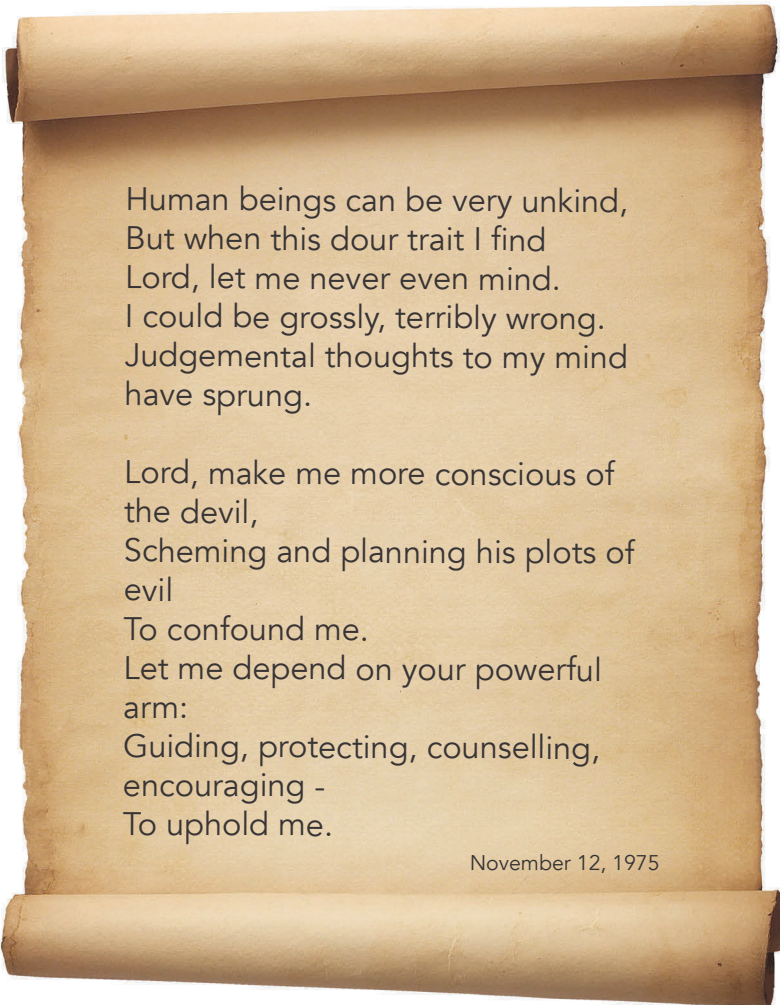
Why are we here?  
I wonder just how much we care;  
I look around and actions see  
That make me say: "It seems to me  
We do not care to a high degree  
What God would have us be."

Why are we here?  
It seems to me a little rare  
For me to hear such sayings queer  
As: "God is evil, doesn't care  
About us human beings  
down here."

Why are we here?  
Oh let me not be swift  
to judge  
Or hastily one's  
character smudge.  
I'm not alone, for  
others care.  
You'd hardly even know  
they're there  
Yet they do quietly,  
quietly care  
What God would have  
us be.

*October 5, 1975*





Human beings can be very unkind,  
But when this dour trait I find  
Lord, let me never even mind.  
I could be grossly, terribly wrong.  
Judgemental thoughts to my mind  
have sprung.

Lord, make me more conscious of  
the devil,  
Scheming and planning his plots of  
evil  
To confound me.  
Let me depend on your powerful  
arm:  
Guiding, protecting, counselling,  
encouraging -  
To uphold me.

November 12, 1975

## Music In Me

There are times I yearn with feeling  
For an intimacy rare:  
Mutually, constantly  
With my Lord - beyond compare!

There are chords within my being  
Waiting to be gently plucked:  
Masterfully, skilfully -  
By my tender Saviour's hand.

Yes, there's heavenly music in me,  
Waiting till my soul is stirred.  
Create within me tunes, Lord Jesus,  
That I've never even heard.

For discordant is this music -  
Waiting to be harmonized.  
Lord, compose with  
matchless beauty  
Strains I've never realized.

*September 9, 1976*



## Longings

Oh, that I could know Him more:  
Probe His Being,  
Search His Soul.  
Oh that He would in His love  
My broken fellowship restore.



Oh, that I could love Him more:  
Yield myself,  
Him adore.  
Oh that my heart with His were fused,  
That love we could mutually outpour.

Oh! Then I would serve Him more!  
Then I'd be  
Joyfully  
Rushing to do His each command;  
Responding to each reprimand.  
For I'd *know* He does it -  
Tenderly.

*September 9, 1976*

## Loneliness

Loneliness.  
Silent, persistent, gnawing  
Loneliness.  
Desire to be wanted.  
Desire to be loved.  
Desire to be wanted,  
To be wanted . . .  
To be loved . . .  
Wanted!  
Loved.  
Loneliness . . .  
The body functions still:  
Mechanically.  
You laugh,  
You're witty,  
You think,  
You respond.  
Yet nobody wants you  
For what you are.  
They want you for what you  
Can do. For what you have.  
So you're used.  
You do what's asked  
Of you.  
Yet there's always this  
Burning, aching emptiness:  
Like a smoking, humid, hot dark hole:  
Airy in its hot dark emptiness:  
In its loneliness.  
***I'm lonely.***

*November 23, 1976*



*“... Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.”*

William Cowper, 1774

# DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY

The art of being sensitive to people's needs, problems, hurts and other emotions without becoming vulnerable to being hurt and becoming petty myself is: **not to allow myself to take what they think and feel as attacks upon my personal dignity and integrity** - even if I *am* being attacked (if that is their intention) *not to be afraid of what people are thinking of me as a person.*

This, however, carries the inherent responsibility to live a life that is **(before God [through the Bible])** above reproach. Any other reproach *is irrelevant and of no consequence.*

This means learning the art of projecting my love for each individual in such a way that is helpful to him or her; seeing what I can do to help him overcome his difficulties of relating and whatever hidden problems of which his spiritual, emotional and moral reaction to me may be symptomatic.

In other words: **I should be intent on pleasing God, not men: on doing His will, not theirs, except where men's will coincides with God's.** Yet I should try to be as considerate and accommodating as possible - **but not ever because I am afraid of people and of losing their respect and agreement with my actions!** - (And all this **even though I have a deep love for each person.**)



*We all need praise, but only the insecure cannot thrive without it.*

*June 23, 1977*



## Just Love

Love when there's a rebuff.  
You just can't love enough.  
I know it's going to be tough,  
But: love when there's a rebuff.

Your love must never be earned:  
Love when your love is spurned.  
This lesson just has to be learned:  
So - love when it's never returned.

Love when you feel least like it.  
Some may even dislike it.  
But there's just no weapon like it,  
So love when you feel least like it.

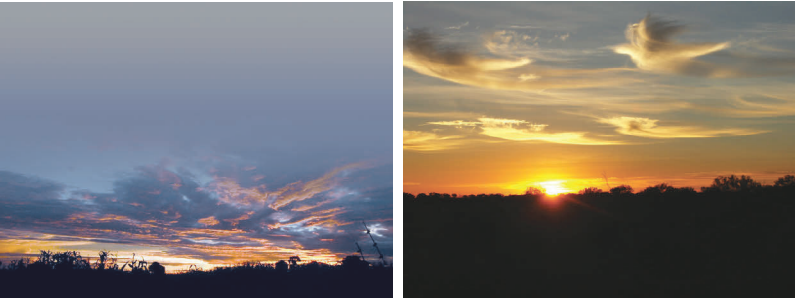
Often, to love you must first  
forgive.  
You must search your every  
motive.  
Thus in constant victory you'll  
live:  
So just love when there's a rebuff.  
Love when it's never returned.  
Love when you feel least like it,  
And in victory you shall live:  
**Just . . . love!**

*January 31, 1978*



## Early Morning Glory

The early morning silver sky  
Reminds me that my Lord is nigh ....  
As the sun sheds its light  
While still out of sight:  
So the Lord is near.  
I need have no fear,  
Though I can't behold Him  
On this pathway so dim.



Ah! The Sun has come!  
And all else has become  
The sum of nothingness.  
In His brilliant glory  
All else is dim.  
For I can now see  
Naught else but Him!

*May 14, 1978*

# Truth

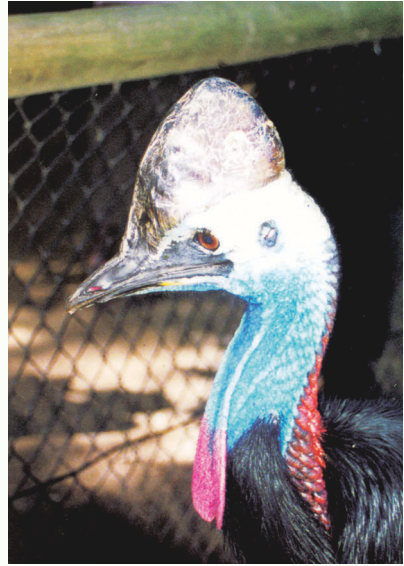


Truth is in the treetops;  
Truth is in the sky.  
Truth is in the flowers,  
In the wind that's passing by.  
There's truth in life's experiences: -  
In the well-worn sayings we know.  
But it never becomes **truth** within **my** life:  
Until God tells **me** so.  
Oh yes, I'll have a problem  
And I'll battle to and fro.  
Then a well-worn saying surfaces —  
Just the right one for my need.  
And oh, the joy, the wonder  
When I see: "**It's true indeed!**"  
For Truth lives in the heart, my friend:  
Not stored within the head.  
Yes, if left in such a place, my friend,  
It is but knowledge dead.  
God's Truth must dawn upon you  
As you journey through each day.  
Only then will it be possible  
To truly **live** the Christian Way.

*December 12, 1979*

## The Real Me

Call me what you want,  
I know what I am.  
I will not let you bother me,  
For what's inside  
You cannot see.  
Should I be myself,  
Or what you demand?  
Change to suit your every  
command?  
**No**, no. A thousand times no!  
If you don't like me so,  
Then you're free to go.  
**For myself I must be  
To be true to me . . . .**  
So you misunderstand?  
That pain I must stand,  
If I'm to be that rare bird  
Of which you've never heard:-  
**That's** my God-given destiny.  
So call me what you want.  
I know what's inside.  
I won't let you bother me,  
For what's to be  
You certainly cannot see.



January 9, 1980

# ULTIMATE PERSONAL FREEDOM

For me the ultimate personal freedom is to have mastered the art of gritting my teeth and, uncaring, fearlessly to do what I know to be right in the face of cruel criticism, malicious lies, deliberate insults and callous misunderstandings.

Misunderstandings . . . insults . . . lies and criticisms . . . .  
Funny how they have the power to sadden the heart. One feels violated, betrayed: as if caught in the inescapable, sweltering heat of a Jacksonville August Day . . . in a car-oven . . . in an unsheltered parking lot. The metal of cars absorbs heat. Concrete reflects heat. Asphalt reflects heat . . . and the sun keeps mercilessly adding more heat of its own. You're forced to sit it out until your hosts return.

Life's like that. People apply heat from every quarter . . . *and you're forced to sit it out.* Sigh.

Oh, you can invent your own brand of air conditioner. In fact, sometimes you'd fall apart if you didn't apply some form of defense mechanism, but that's only temporary. You can't hide from Life's blazing realities indefinitely without being considered - and perhaps indeed becoming - unbalanced. To master these ills one has to dare to face them: *with courage.*

It takes great courage and self-sacrifice not to live to please people. It is a grave temptation, yet only a fool stoops to it. The wise have enough discernment to see that to live for others' approval pleases no-one in the end - least of all oneself - and that in doing so one simply succeeds in being unanimously voted a complete *jackass*: your own vote included.



No. The true exercise of freedom requires courage; courage to unflinchingly walk through the scorching heat of lies, criticisms, insults and misunderstandings like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. True Freedom is the freedom to exercise one's integrity within the confines of the permissive will of God. While being experienced it may appear fearsome. It may appear monstrous and unbearable: even detrimental to one's personal wellbeing, let alone one's personal witness. Yet in the end the pain and suffering bring with them the mellowness of tolerance, understanding, a forgiving spirit, and a much greater devotion to God.

At such a time you have learned to love Him *so much*, to know and understand Him so much that you have but one pressing desire: **to please only Him**. Oh, you're human. At times you feel like giving up, like turning aside to another way, or like turning back altogether. *Yet His love keeps you going on.*

Yes. Freedom has constraints . . . . It is indeed a paradox. The essence of my personal freedom lies in the limitations I place upon myself . . . **for the sheer love of Him**.

*December 6, 1987*

# GOOD MORNING LORD 1

Lord?

Good morning. Good morning on a new day in my life: a Day I've been groping for, wishing could be, hoping would come.

At last, Lord. At last I'm at peace with myself - not completely, mind you, but I sense a new joy in just being alive; a new sense of my personhood; a new enthusiasm bubbling within - and a hope for the future. Life may not bring me what I fancy I need. But Life will certainly bring me what I **need** - what **You know is best for me, what You know I need**. What a glorious thought! (Sigh.)

I've gone up and come down the bumpy Cairn Curran road and now I'm just past the smoothness of the Darliston cross roads. Though I can't see around the bends, the road of my disposition is much smoother - easier to negotiate.

I ask You now for a precious gift: a sense of the present that doesn't crowd out the future, but allows me to live each moment **to the fullest** and enjoy every minute of it.



Thank you for how far you've brought me on this lifelong journey. I'm deeply grateful. I've far to go yet, but I think I've arrived at an emotional plateau. They say at 25 you "level off" and begin to mellow. I'm nearly 26 - and I've begun to see a side of me I dearly love, respect and I'm anxious to share it's preciousness with everyone I meet:

A calm, gentle but mischievous, compassionate, sensitive but sensible, efficient but empathetic, enthusiastic woman with a deep and strong faith in God that's been tried and proven by life's cruelties; a woman whose sense of humour enlivens both the trite and the momentous moments of every passing day; a woman whose love for her God, her people, her work and respect for herself carresses her voice in every word uttered and hugs her every deed.

O, dear God: shape me into such a person - or rather: continue shaping me thus. I want to live a life that will long be remembered because of its positive influence: but most of all, a life that will glorify You.

I love You.

# PEACE

What is peace: inward peace, that is?

Peace is Love. Peace is Joy. Peace is Self-understanding. Peace is Self-acceptance. Finally, Peace is Self-respect.

Peace is God Himself loving me, loving *in* me: enabling me thus to love my neighbour, my brother - *as I love myself*. Such love creates Joy.

Peace is studying my human nature in light of the God within: His principles, His Image, His Word: and in light of the world without. Such study creates self-understanding.

Such understanding creates greater love - for God, for myself and for my neighbour. And greater love creates greater joy.

Peace is accepting my strengths, my weaknesses, my experiences of triumph and of failure - as part of my Individuality: part of the Me that God "intended" - the Me He cherished enough to *die* for; the Me He loves dearly enough to live with every day.

Such acceptance by Him creates even greater love for Him, even greater joy in self-understanding. His unconditional acceptance creates unconditional self-acceptance.

I can thus respect, love and accept others as well as myself, for *He* the Holiest, *He* the greatest Lover, the Giver of Joy: loves me, understands me, accepts me and has thus given me the greatest gift of all: The Gift of Peace.

*July 11, 1983*

# HAPPINESS QUIZ

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"Happiness is ... different things to different people ..." So the song goes. Is it, really? Last night - both for edification and for the fun of it - I did a happiness quiz from an old newspaper. Strangely enough I scraped through to the highest score bracket, but the glowing remarks that were passed seemed to me to be not what I had, but what I was constantly striving for. And to crown it all, ironically, how I truly felt about myself and what I knew about my life and behaviour - were explicitly stated in the lowest score bracket! Yet to the best of my ability I had truthfully answered the questions (within the limits of the possible answers, of course). Just goes to show that happiness is indeed elusive.

Half an hour ago I thought of making up my own quiz, then comparing it with the Beatitudes.

Here goes:

- When do you feel most at peace with yourself?
- How would you define peace?
- Do you make a conscious effort to achieve it?
- Are you comfortably satisfied with your:
  - a) home environment: i. relationships?  
ii. location?
  - b) job: i. fulfilment? ii. relationships?
  - c) church: i. spiritual nourishment?  
ii. relationships? iii. opportunities for service?

- Do you think you are living within the will of God?
- Do you pursue your own agenda and seek His sanction?
- How often do you ignore that Inner Voice?
- Do you feel guilty about anything?
- Is there anything you simply can't forgive someone /others for doing?
- Are you suspicious of others' actions and remarks?
  
- How much recreation do you plan into your:
  - a) day? b) week? c) year?
- Is there any dream you'd like to pursue but which you keep putting off?
- Are there regrets which you keep fondling?
- How much of your personal taste do you indulge:
  - a) food? b) clothes? c) men /women (friends)?
  - d) decorating?
  
- How often do you think of another's needs over above your own?
- Are you happiest when pleasing yourself or when helping others?
- Do you enjoy your own company, or must you always be with others or be listening to the radio or watching television, etc.?
- Are you your true self around others, or do you:
  - a) do and say what you think will make them like you?
  - b) take the line of least resistance for a peaceful life?
  - c) stifle your conscience?

- Are you always yearning for:
  - a) things you don't have? b) things you don't need but which you think you should have because others have them?
- Do you like:
  - a) men? b) women? c) children? d) people in general?
  - OR: do they irritate you?
- Are you always trying to improve:
  - a) people? b) places? c) circumstances? d) things?
- Do you stop to enjoy:
  - a) nature? b) a joke, even at your own expense?
- Do you ever change your mind about doing something you had emphatically refused to do?
- Which do you do most easily or often:
  - a) laugh? b) become irritated and use sharp words? c) criticise others? d) see the good in a situation?

Well, there you have it. It needs polishing, but it reflects the elements of self-acceptance; the ability to laugh with, appreciate other people and help them; contentment tempered by a healthy ambition: all enveloped by a sensitivity to the call, will and touch of God on one's life. These ingredients, to my mind, constitute true happiness.

*January 17, 1988*

## *My Personal 23rd Psalm*



You, Lord, are my mountain retreat.  
I have admired your scenic beauty from a distance.  
I have been drawn by your magnetism: by the  
enigma of your shaded undergrowth  
and beckoning peaks.

Now you allow me to wander among the greenery,  
and beside refreshing streams.  
From their quiet beauty and faithfulness I gain soul  
refreshment, for you know when to make me pause  
for reflection.

And, yes, though I grapple with the valleys, the  
shadows and the deadening experiences of  
Life, I can face them with courage, for you are  
always there: even though I may only know you  
are present by the dappled light dancing in leaf-  
shadows on the ground.

Your map and street-signs give me what guidance  
I need. You prepare sumptuous fare for me in the  
presence of my sisters. The anointing oil of your  
Spirit's presence fills me with reverence.  
I feel comfort and joy!

Surely, the remembered goodness and mercy you  
have shown me here shall follow me all the days of  
my life, and even when I go to dwell in your House  
for ever.

*Montreat Presbyterian Women's Conference, 1988  
Montreat, North Carolina  
August 9th.*



# SHARING INTIMATE CONFIDENCES

---

Prayer is the sharing of burdens, hopes, dreams, fears, plans: intimately private feelings and secrets with a very close and trusted Friend - the sort of thing you would't *dream* of telling mere acquaintances. We have made prayer into a formality, into a ritual: thereby robbing it of its very soul. The last thing you do with an intimate friend is stand on ceremony. If you relate in a formal way to a person, that's the last one to whom you'll choose to bare your soul. Or, on a formal occasion even if your intimate friend is present you feel it's just not the place for soul-searching: for sharing confidences. You feel watched.

Both individual and corporate prayer presuppose a deep level of mutual trust and affection, of warmth and harmony between God and the person(s) praying. No wonder many people are repulsed by the idea of praying today. The mutuality, the confidentiality and the warmth are often lacking. It is therefore like being asked to bare your most private feelings to a Stranger or to strangers....

For some, to pray is to be spiritually molested: violated. It starts with being almost compelled by Bible-brandishing, often-bellowing preachers - or seductively coercive ones - to trust yourself to the Stranger of Galilee. You may be acquainted with a person for *years* and yet not feel drawn to share your more private self with him or her. And on the rare occasions when you give in to the odd impulse you afterwards feel most vulnerable. You ask yourself:

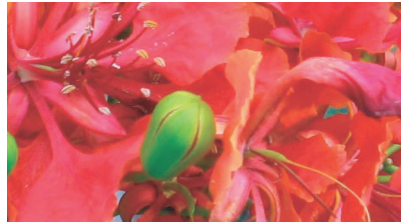
"What does he/she think of me *now*? Will what I've said be used to hurt me? Will he tell others or is he laughing at me behind my back? Do I dare to face him again? Maybe I'll keep my distance as of now. I shouldn't have trusted him."



But what is *Trust*? Trust has to conquer fear of hurt - even fear of past hurts being repeated. Trust has to stop clutching at fastened buttons and buckles and zippers and press(ure) studs and *voluntarily*, - confidently - strip naked before God. Trust has to be prepared to face the pleasant shock of seeing God as He is: to be willing to cope with the intimacy of *His* personality which He yearns to share with you....

Open your heart to Him. He already knows and loves *you*: body and soul, but He's a gentleman. He never forces His attentions upon anyone. Give in and be wooed.

*June 28, 1988*



# AN ACT OF SURRENDER

Trust .... It's a beautiful feeling. So childlike and unworried and ... I'm searching fruitlessly for words. Trust can't be adequately described. *It has to be felt*: to be understood. It has to be felt to be understood. When I trust I feel secure. I feel companionship. I feel an unbroken bond of loyalty: as if I'm safe from danger or deception or betrayal from the person trusted. I feel *loved*. If not, certainly liked and/or respected or protected.

But trust is something more... something unpinpointable. It sometimes results in a union of spirits; its a willing giving of one's Vulnerability with the confident knowledge that it will not be abused or used to slice the giver's soul. It's like my cat rubbing devotedly against my legs, then lying down on his side and sliding in enjoyment on to his back to expose his downy neck and belly: an act of surrender ....

*Trust is an act of surrender*: the surrender of one's personal defences, one's instincts for self preservation: secure in the knowledge that one will come to no personal violation by so doing.

*December 7, 1988*

# WHEN A LOVER COMMUNICATES

Lord? Open my heart to hear every time you whisper, every time you sigh, or groan or utter my name; every time you entreat me to do something or simply tell me of your love. I don't want to miss any of your endearments - or your displeasure either. I want to sit still with you and simply enjoy the silence of our communion. I want to hear your Words and I want to hear what you say in our silence together. I want to feel your love in our silent communion, in the way you touch my life each moment of every day.

I'll never forget that when we first met I never loved you. I wasn't even attracted to you. I'd heard of you but took you for granted. And I was tired of hearing people sing your praises. Yet you loved me long before I even knew you. You planned how to meet me. You yearned for my companionship, and longed for the day when it would finally dawn on me that you existed; longed for the day when I would stop taking you for granted and really **see** you as a person in your own right. I would stop ignoring your obvious attempts to get close to me; stop snubbing and cold-shouldering you: when with the light of new love in my eyes I would smile at you . . . .



Oh, the bitter-sweet pain of unrequited love! You were devoted to me in spite of my callousness. You took delight in giving me pleasant surprises. You paved my way wherever you thought it would do me good.

You did many thoughtful things for me, but - gentleman that you are - you kept your distance: my secret admirer! And yet at the same time your love for me was no secret. Ever after you "showed your hand" you left me in no doubt of how you felt about me.

Our life together has been stormy at times, but it is the gift of the rich heritage of your love through the ages that has kept me on even keel. It has prevented me from terminating the relationship altogether! At the times when I feel like leaving you, the memories come flooding back: memories of your aggrieved wrath mixed with unselfish tenderness.... of your yearning for the company of those you dearly love - of your brokenheartedness over the estrangement; of your gracious and untiring forgiveness....

It is true that sometimes the fire of my love for you flickers in the winds of "busy-ness", distraction, worry, complacency and resulting estrangement. But if my fire seems to go out it is comforting to realize that you know me intimately enough to understand that there are always deeply smouldering embers of love and longing for you in the very depths of my frail human soul ... and that I'll always keep coming back to you.



*October 14, 1988*

## Rambling Roses of Thought



I was just watching Whitney Houston on video/TV. (Yes, I do still watch some shows – selectively). I sensed *such* a sense of self-satisfaction emanating from her as she sang and acted the various scenes of the video: such an obvious enjoyment of what she was doing ... and I thought: wouldn't it be great to be so good at what I do that I'm acclaimed world-wide? To be living so harmoniously with my surroundings that I enjoy my job, live my own life, do what I want without being bossed around, and enjoy people and the good things of life without thought of what it costs? I know things only *seem* perfect for her. She has to project a positive image to "sell" her product (self and voice). It's really that inner knowledge that she's good at what she does and that everyone knows and respects this fact - *that's* what she has that she is comfortable with, and which is worthy of emulation ....

**Friends** .... I'm gradually learning the golden worth of having them. To put it more accurately, I'm learning the value of **being** a friend. I've never seen fit to open myself up to people enough to consider the act of interacting with them to be simply **pleasurable**. There's a hidden joy (hidden to me till now, anyway) in simply giving your love to people: caring about them without reservation or expectation of any form of personal reward: material, emotional or otherwise. It's the very **seat** of Christianity: love the Lord... with all your heart, soul, mind and strength - **and your neighbour as yourself**.

I don't often have sustained warm feelings for anyone apart from family - except a man I may think I love. Sigh. I need to care deeply about **everyone**, Lord: do kind and thoughtful things for them; think kind thoughts and say kind things about them, not harbour resentment or unforgiving feelings about anyone - **reach out** to people by phone, letters, gifts, visits, cards, etc. simply to bring them joy: and my just reward will be the fellowship it brings .... Didn't I say I didn't want any reward? But I do: I want to **enjoy** loving people and sharing with them. Let me not care if they like me or reject me, Lord. Let me only care that I've done something that may eternally touch a soul.

Amen.

"I give you a new commandment: that you should love one another. Just as I have loved you, so you should love one another.

By this shall all [men] know that you are My disciples, if you love one another [if you keep on showing love among yourselves]."

Jhn. 13:34-35.

*January 3, 1989*

## An Act of Love



Praying is an act of love - or *should* be: especially praying for other people. That I should care enough for someone to wish him (or her) well, to hope with such earnestness that good things will happen to him that I will ask Someone to bring it about is a great act of unselfishness. To do so not once or twice but repeatedly shows great caring and considerateness concerning another's welfare.

Such praying calls for the brushing aside of one's own personal needs and aspirations and concentrating with the whole mind, being and emotions upon another's needs or torture or misfortune or frustration or pleasure or ultimate joy.

To put my needs, my hopes, my frustrations - in short my own happiness aside, Lord, and concentrate *with equal interest and concern* upon doing *the same type* of praying for someone else as I would do for myself is indeed an act of selfless love. It's called *interceding*.

July 22, 1990

# THE WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE

---

Who ever said that the wilderness experience was something bad? From the (colour) pictures I've seen of wilderness areas in Palestine, a wilderness is a deserted place, yes. It does have starkly arid desert conditions; few scraggly brambles that pass for trees. Stony: shades of brown and gold and grey stone. Hardly ever even a tiny touch of green anywhere ... not a human or other being in sight: no speck of life .... But the vast, expansive, pale-blue sky spreads its wings above, and somehow it blesses you with a sense of the hovering presence and peace of God Himself. You sense Him in the shadows; in the wall-like mountainsides and their hollows; in the very nakedness of the landscape; in its ruggedness, in the very seeming absence of life itself: in the silence ....

And in that silence, in that absence of life-movement: God speaks. He is free to speak. His whisper seems to shout at you: quietly. There is nothing to distract, to compete for your attention. In the stillness, in the compelling sense of desertion, of impending danger, of being bereft yet enveloped - God communicates.



*The Judean wilderness in Israel today. (Qumran/Dead Sea area)*

Christians too have wilderness experiences. Yes, they *are* harrowing emotional and physical experiences. You are faced with the barren nakedness of your soul. Your life seems to come to a standstill. You look in every direction around and there seems an absolute absence of anyone to really help or who truly cares. Then you look up ... up into the blue skies of Eternal Hope: and suddenly the deathly standstill becomes the stillness of recognition of a Presence other than your own. Your sense of torture against which you have struggled gradually becomes a Relinquishing: a surrender ... and in its place you are pervaded by a sense of peace, of divinely-given gladness and hope.

He speaks. He is free to speak, for He now has your undivided attention. And even through your compelling sense of desertion, of impending danger, of being bereft yet engulfed - God communicates: through all the hollows and shadows of fear of rejection, through the wall-like appearance of unbending circumstances, through the seeming absence of any "greeny" balm of comfort.

When so enveloped you come to see that there is an urgent but timely and necessary purpose in being lead alone into the wilderness. Only there can you truly face the naked barrenness of your soul; and with no flowery pridefulness to distract you, you come face to face with the Power, the Presence, the Providence and the Purpose of a majestic yet intimate God who dearly loves you.

Only then does He truly communicate. His very whisper seems to shout at you: quietly ... and you are still ....

Who ever said that the wilderness experience was something bad?

*March 25, 1989*

# BE STILL AND KNOW

---



There's something else on my chest this morning, Lord. I don't quite know how to get it off, but I'll try .... Just listen to those birds chirping - happily, I take it; and the rooster crowing over and over: dutifully. I hear all kinds of city sounds: a child calling "*Mommy!*", dogs barking, cars rumbling, factories rattling and moaning, a horn blaring impatiently, a vendor crying: "*Broom!*", children playing, and behind that the sea roars endlessly: a low, subdued sound. Yet in all of that there's a quietness, an inexplicable stillness undisturbed by the hustle and bustle of life. It's a typical tropical morning that I see through my window. The sun is rising: green-gold on leaves of the almond tree next door. It fingers the leaves on the lower branches while it gently strokes and caresses the top of the hedge nearby. Not a word is said, and yet it whispers promises to faithfully produce another lovely day: unselfishly - for all who wish to enjoy it.

A minivan is groaning up some hill far away. A bigger bus sings to itself as it hurries busily along, changing high-pitched gears. Most of the people they carry won't stop and think of the quiet beauty of this Saturday morning. It is eighteen minutes past seven ....

Curious how quietness and hubbub can exist side by side: within each other, in fact. It's a quality of life, a lesson from Life that I would do well to cultivate: to emulate at all times. In the same way that I'm aware of the world yet locked away (in my bedroom) and tuned only to the beautiful rise of another sunshiny day, let me - in spite of the distractions, dangers, hurts, even the enticements of this world - have eyes and ears only for the

quietness and beauty that You alone can bring into my life through these things, yet in spite of them. And this quiet is always there: whether it's sunny or raining, day or night .... A dog flaps his ears nearby. Another one barks further away. Another bus sings - this time monotonously. Children are calling. Another rooster crows, and birds chirp like chickens. The siren wails out the start of another day at the cement factory ... and I am at peace. "*Broom! ... Broom!*"

Think beauty when you're angry.  
It will get you through the moment  
Of torment.  
Think beauty,  
Not out of duty,  
Just think beauty for its own sake.  
When you awake  
Or wish to quake  
Or life itself seems just a fake,  
Think beauty.  
It will make Life **beautiful!**  
It will heal you,  
Not congeal you:  
And bring to the forefront:  
**The real you.**

*I feel beautiful, Lord:*  
Just from thinking beautiful thoughts,  
Just from writing a beautiful word.  
Ugly thoughts make me feel inferior  
As I explore the dark interior  
Of the Past.  
Help me think of what will last  
As on You my load I cast.  
Help me think of things of beauty  
In every way . . . .  
Every day.

*January 31, 1987*



# CHARACTER REFERENCE

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*"O LORD our Lord, how excellent... is Your name in all the earth!" Ps. 8:1*



Dearest Jesus,

As I lay in bed and communed with you; as I read the devotional from "Our Daily Bread" about honouring and glorifying You, the word "magnify" leapt out of the page at me. (Lord, I'm just Your humble servant, and what I'm writing doesn't even seem spectacular to me as I write it, but use me anyway.) Sigh ....

As I was saying, the word "magnify" leapt up at me from the page. I thought: "magnifying glass ... make big, enlarge, larger than normal, easy to see in great detail without much effort .... Glorify - to praise, enlarge God's character, say good things about Him; give Him an excellent character reference: to speak about His character with certainty and the confidence born of personal experience; to endorse His integrity and dependability the same way you would a trusted and valued person or worker who has personally proved his or her worth - to enlarge such a

person's good qualities for easy viewing by those who have not seen them." **To glorify God and praise and magnify Him is simply to give Him an excellent character reference born of my personal experience of what He's capable of!**

You have revealed yourself to me in so many ways, my dearest, darling Lord and God and Friend and Confidante and King and Creator - and Judge. I'm ashamed to say I spend most of my time begging from You; using You, trying to manipulate You, taking You for granted and trying to squeeze every possible drop of blessing out of You for the least possible commitment in return ... **and You take it all.**

Forgive me, my dearest Friend. I want to just enjoy You for who You are: to just **be** with You - revel in Your personality, Your Spirit, Your company - Being You and You being me and we being part of each other: me not asking for anything for a change, just being satisfied with enjoying being (I'm truly just beginning to understand McQuarrie).

Oh, Lord, there's a joy (which I could only guess at) in just allowing You to flood my being with Yours: to be my best self for me when I let go and allow You **to be Lord, Master, Spirit, Power, Energizer, Controller, Possessor of my soul - for its own good and the good of humanity.** You're already there, Lord. Break the shackles of my last reserves and pervade the inner depths and recesses of my being - places even I have never been. I give You full power to take control - to permeate me.

And when in frail humanity I seek to take the reigns again - in Your gentleness and love overpower me, that I might gladly surrender to Your loving masterfulness once again ... for Your sake,

Amen.

*January 02, 1997*

# THE GIFT OF PEACE

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I struggle to find peace of mind and spirit every day of my life: in every situation in which I find myself: myself and *everyone else in the human race*. It has finally dawned on me that what I've been taking for granted that I know I hadn't truly grasped.

Now I know that to be truly at peace is to be unperturbed by whatever unpleasant is happening within your life: to be completely confident in God's power and ability to masterfully orchestrate with the human and



other instruments in the situation to create a beautiful symphony! ... and I wait at peace and in expectancy in the audience ... waiting to be thrilled by the music He makes of my life. Some of it will be melancholic. Some

will be light and playful, some will be worshipful hymnody. Some will be contemporary Christian and some will be "pop". Some of it will be downright irritating to my musical taste, and I will want to close it out...

But it all takes patience and self-discipline and more than anything: trustful surrender. *Peace, then, is an act of self-disciplined, unperturbed self-surrender to the permissive will of God.*



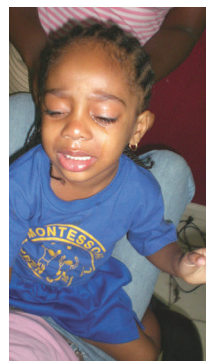
*Alpha Boys Band – Kingston, Jamaica.*

Only a gift from God can bring about such an attitude - sustained over time and consistent in every situation: irksome or otherwise. That, I think, Lord, is what I came to this school to learn. Let me not leave without passing this examination: without accepting this gift from You.

*March 15, 1989*

# SITTING STILL

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Lord, help me sit still while You work on my character: while You knead my will to make it pliable, while You take my heart in the palm of Your hands and mould its every attitude into a uniquely beautiful shape. Help me sit still while You remove the Presence of Your hands and allow the breezes of Circumstance to harden my sticky impressionableness into strength and solid permanence.

Help me to stop moaning and complaining and struggling while You repeatedly clean and dress my wounds. You know it hurts. I often forget that: forget that You feel my pain, but that what You do is necessary if I'm to be healed.

I'm like an apprehensive little girl whose hair has been washed and dried. It hurts so much when someone tries to pass a comb through the tangled knots that she wiggles and squirms and cries out in pain and pouts mutinously. She even tries repeatedly to get away. But that is neither here nor there. She carries the problem on her head. Sooner or later she will have to sit still and allow her hair to be painstakingly untangled. Sigh.

I've come to that point, Lord. I need to stop flinching while You chisel away at my rough, unwilling spirit: at my uncooperativeness; my indiscipline and inability to see a project through to the end. I need to sit still while you sandpaper away at my fears of people and my personally manufactured sense of impending doom: while you rub so insistently that I feel rubbed **raw**; while I feel like the tenderest flesh of my being is being mauled by callousness and insensitivity. Sigh.

Give me a waiting, pliant stillness, Lord: a trusting quietness that is my very strength. Help me to allow the necessary pain of Circumstance to wash over me without resisting. Resisting only brings greater pain, but resting brings release.

Amen.

... And Lord?

Help me stand still while you hammer the nail of my rebelliousness till its head is effectively subdued: till it is level with the smooth surface of Your will for me.

*April 13, 1990*



# I THINK THIS IS *THE GIFT OF PEACE!*

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It's a giving *in*, not a giving *up*. It's a stopping of the kicking, of the thrashing about and the wanting to shout - at people. Sigh. It's an acknowledgement of my helplessness in a situation. It's a drawing strength from this helplessness by the acknowledgement that my powerlessness only leaves more room for proof of Your powerfulness ... and it makes me *love* You, Lord: love You with tenderness born of my vulnerability. The devil's ploys bring tears to my eyes; he's been riding me with a sense of guilt that whips me every time I hear certain groans or complaints, or when word-bayonets are twisted inside my guts with the expertise of long-practised precision.

I can't stop myself from kicking or railing inside, Lord, so help me accept the gift that's always been mine to take. You'll even have to show me how to take it. I don't know how. I only know that it has something to do with the verse:

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Thank You ... as I live in hope.

*August 24, 1990*

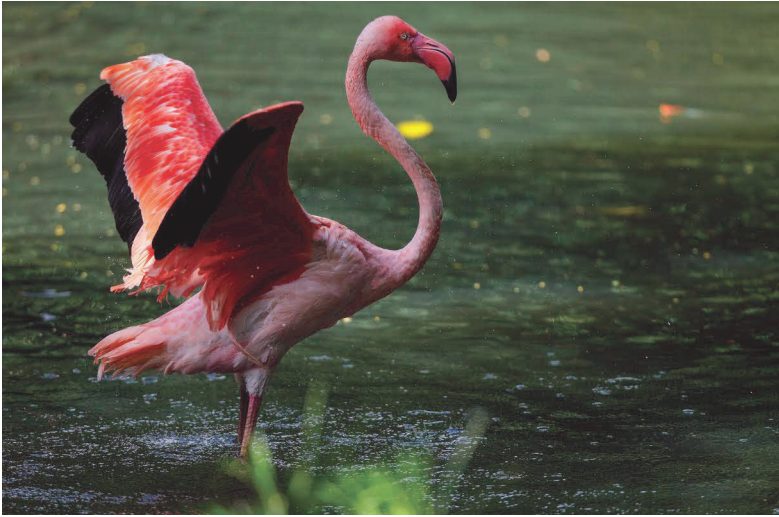
*A*ND THE JOURNEY CONTINUES





# FINALLY

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Lord,

I am *so* happy with my life. I must pause to tell You about it: to tell You thanks. At any rate, I may as well, because I can't seem to concentrate on my work. I'm still bothered by my recent illness, but I'm beginning to feel better . . . .

A sense of well-being is enveloping me: a subdued excitement - probably best described as a chuckling, slightly giggling, soft-inner-laughter kind of happiness that makes it difficult for me to do anything but think of the good things happening in my life: I'm making a new friend and new acquaintances. I'm not bothered by ... irritating circumstances. My surroundings are clean and orderly. I'm doing things I've always longed to do - and *enjoying it!* Things are not perfect, but there is just the right blend of challenge to keep me stimulated. I have goals to work towards, interesting things to do, potential friendships to forge ... it seems too good to be true. It seems I've come into my reward. Your word says: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy", and again: "He that goeth forth

weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” (Ps. 126:5-6 – KJV)

Thank You for proving Your faithfulness to me, Lord. I trusted You in the dark. It's such a *joyous* thing to be able to sing songs of trust and hopefulness and certainty in the light!

I've certainly had my share of weeping ... it's about time I had my share of joy! You *promised* it, Lord! I was beginning to wonder if in some uncanny way I was excluded from those glorious, almost unbelievable promises: if something disqualified me.

Thanks for just loving me, Lord: for caring so much. I wouldn't have my life *any other way right now*.

*November 06, 1990*



# MY CREDO

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***"To get the best out of Life, you have to give it your best."***

This calls for the most intelligent response possible in every situation. I tend to react impulsively and with much thin-skinned sensitivity and aggressiveness to irritating, embarrassing or otherwise adverse circumstances: *so I'm in constant misery*, for not a day goes by that does not have its own collection of negatives. ***I could go on like that all my life.*** But then, is that the most intelligent response for one empowered with so much creative potential ability - with God's help - to outsmart and overcome adverse circumstances? ***Definitely not!!***

***The essence of my nature is beauty and harmony of soul and surroundings*** - more than a tinge of perfectionism. I believe in things being done correctly and to the best of one's ability....

But Life is not perfect. ***No-one*** is perfect. So the most intelligent response is to constantly look for the beautiful things in Life and dwell on those (Phil. 4:8). Where I cannot find beauty, may God help me to create it myself. If it is needed in people, I should pray for and actively nurture them, and try to be used of God to bring out the best in them: to use my talents to bring beauty to their lives. If it is needed in places and things I should consciously and creatively work to beautify them with whatever resources are at my disposal. If it is lacking in myself I should strive both to look my best and to allow God to beautify my soul - unreservedly, for as the song says: "Give of your best to the Master."



Dear Lord,

I have several books on inner and outer beauty. I'm going to take a course from You in Beauty Culture. It's not going to be easy, Lord, but help me to live it for the rest of my life: ***Help me take a positive rather than a defensive, aggressive approach to life ....*** Help me be consistent in this effort. And Lord? I'm back home to my journaling after such a long absence. It feels good to be home.

Amen.

*September 03, 1994*

## One Moment at a Time



I choose, dear Lord to represent You  
One moment at a time.  
Or I choose my witness to undo  
In one moment:  
What a crime!

Principalities and powers  
Hover o'er my daily hours.  
And moment by moment  
The Evil One devours  
My credibility.  
And I affect other people's lives -  
Perhaps for all eternity ...  
One moment at a time.

And every day he wrestles,  
With constant irritations he nags and hassles:  
Discrediting others just like me.  
And we become ashamed  
That among the Saints we have been named,  
And yet Christ's Name we have defamed!  
We are His witnesses,  
Or so we've claimed!  
For every moment of our time.

Lord, I bow before You:  
Character-maimed.  
To live for You I long have aimed.  
And my daily life You have reclaimed  
In this moment of my time.

And the Saints of God should as a team  
Work together, moment by moment  
To bring new babes into the Kingdom.  
And the Siamese natures of sinner and saint,  
In each new babe to separate  
Is God's to do.  
And though the saint must live  
The sinner must die,  
If praise we must give  
To the Lord on high -  
And we do or die, often with a sigh:  
One moment,  
One moment at a time.

Lord, give us the power  
To glorify You each passing hour:  
One moment,  
One moment at a time.

*September 21, 1994*

## In Just a Minute



Funny how in just a  
minute  
Before you know you've  
slipped into it:  
You're besetting sin.  
Without a thought  
You have been caught  
From morn till setting  
sun.

For the Serpent will set many a trap  
And himself around you wrap.  
Yes, your spiritual bones will snap  
And your energy he will sap.  
As your peace he comes and bothers  
You in turn will snap at others.  
'Tis the natural thing, its true,  
But a most unchristlike thing to do.  
So be ever more alert,  
Or your witness he will hurt.  
And Christ's name will be like dirt  
If another you try to convert.  
So be ever more aware:  
Whatever your weakness,  
He'll strike you there.

Call upon God's mighty power  
To strengthen you each passing hour!  
For in spite of Evil's onslaught  
Christ with His blood your life has bought!  
And the Enemy **must** fall,  
For God in the end will conquour all!

*September 21, 1994*





## The Vineyard Prayer

Dearest Lord,  
Fill my soul with peace,  
Not turmoil.  
Fill my heart with rest,  
Not anxiety.  
Fill me with a sense of  
achievement,  
Not frustration.  
Fill my heart with a  
sense of expectancy,  
Not impending doom.  
Fill my life with a sense of  
hope,  
Not hopelessness.  
Fill me with zeal,  
Not restlessness.  
Fill my words with balm,  
Not aggression.  
Give me a sense of tranquility,  
Not hostility.  
Let me feel vindication,  
Not a sense of guilt.  
Let me feel blessed by the  
outpouring of Your Spirit,  
That I might draw comfort  
from Your presence  
Every moment of each day of my life of Toil -  
In Your vineyard.



*December 19, 1994*

## Down From the Mountain



I've come down from the Mountain,  
With my face all aglow,  
His commandments to do  
Because I love Him so.  
But my mind's still on the Mountain,  
Whence many blessings flow,  
And my work I cannot do:  
I have to struggle so!

We can conquer Life's mountains,  
As we go busily to and fro;  
Seeking His will to do,  
And Him to others to show.

If we let His Spirit guide us,  
He will walk beside us.  
And whatever betide us  
His victory we shall know.

My heart is filled,  
So filled with love,  
For the Lord, the Lord above.

I'll let Him use me:  
Hand in glove  
'Till my heart,  
My heart is stilled.

*January 31, 1995*



## The Stamp of Godliness

My face is a mirror  
Of the contents of my soul.  
It should show Christ to others:  
That should be my goal.

But oh, to my horror:  
When trials take their toll  
My face reflects the image  
Of Satan in my soul!

I feel each taunt so strongly.  
But I react so wrongly,  
That God's Spirit in me is quelled  
And others are repelled.

Lord, I've asked You for self-control.  
I've asked You to make me whole.  
But now I see that what I need  
Is not just a change in word and deed.

Lord, I need You to take me  
And to **remake** me,  
So that when Satan prods with ill  
My spirit will be still.

For whether it be joy or woe,  
What I feel will always show.  
And while I'll have to deal with sorrow,  
My face should always glow  
With the joy and peace of the Lord I know!

*February 11, 1995*





## Something Beautiful

Something Beautiful is happ'ning to my life  
Even in the midst of all of Earth's strife.  
I can feel the Spirit moving in me  
Jesus is speaking to all the world through me.

I can feel Jesus stirring in my soul  
Making me want others to be whole.  
Jesus my Lord and God, this is my goal:  
To love You, to serve: You've taken full control!

Jesus frees us, Jesus frees us!  
May it please us to bow to His control.  
May nothing else appease us  
Though others may jeer and tease us  
And Life may take its toll.

May something beautiful happen in your soul  
May you gladly, dutifully change your every goal.  
For Jesus is in love with you -  
Though you might not know.  
He wants to live above with you:  
By His very death it showed!  
Yes, something beautiful can happen in your soul  
If you take the risk and give Jesus full control.

*December 26, 1995*

# CLOSE TO YOU

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Lord?

What does it mean to be truly close to You? I don't think I know anymore. I used to be able to sense Your mind: know instinctively when You were speaking to me; have an inner certainty about what You liked or disliked - about what pleased You or what went against the grain of Your personality.

I'd talk to you about big things and about the little, seemingly insignificant things in my life - at odd times of day or night. We were best friends: we lived and breathed each other and thought each other's thoughts. When my heart ached I told You. When I needed comfort or guidance You talked gently to me and made me feel cared for and remembered in a world full of people so busy with themselves they made me feel lonely. When I felt joy or tasted success we rejoiced together; and when I felt guilty I bowed and wept before You. When I didn't understand things in life I trusted You enough to leave it to You - most of the time, anyway. I was always hungry for You: to know You better, to spend more time with You, to understand the way You thought and how You acted. I yearned for You with a burning desire....

*But not anymore.* I'm all revved up like an engine whose starter and horn have malfunctioned both at the same time, and they can't be turned off. I'm all fired up about the cares of my life and can't seem to stop toying with my thoughts about them. During my sleep and in every waking hour I feel as if I'm on guard duty, I'm on call: my beeper goes off at every opportunity. There are constant messages on my mind's answering machine - messages left both by others and by myself: and I keep playing them over and over. When I'm not listening to them I keep looking at the message light to remind me they're there! The talking clock wakes me at four every morning, and I can't even remember to turn it off.

Help me, Lord! I'm miserable. "Restore to me the joy of my salvation." I humbly acknowledge my worry, anger, frustration and lack of faith in You. How *dare* I even *think* of living without Your guidance, power and protection?

But **that's it**, isn't it, Lord? I haven't been thinking - about You. And believe me, I have cause to be sorry. Oh, Lord, please purify my life without and within. My heart-life needs renovating. It is in shambles. My daily life is nearly in ruins - especially at work. The most recent hurricane of my passionate mismanagement has left things in total disarray. Of course I know I'm exaggerating, but out of the deep I cry unto You, oh Lord. I lift my hand for Your help. Please lift me out of the pit of this sense of failure. May I once again see the sunshine of Your face.

*September 15, 1996*

## GOOD MORNING LORD 2

Good morning, Lord.

Willing myself to make time for You is **such** a struggle. Using every spare moment to answer to the demands of my job and my family is **such** a temptation. I'm having to rebuild and restructure my entire coping strategy from dawn to dusk and back to dawn again. **It's hard!** When does family take precedence over work? When do **You** take precedence over my family's needs? Aren't they both a part of serving You?

I must admit that the quality of my life has already become richer since I've turned down the volume of work round the clock and forced myself to give You more out-of-work hours. Have I ever sat quietly on the verandah in the cool, bright early morning hours and written my thoughts to You like this? Never .... Its peaceful, its rejuvenating; it gives me strength of soul to face the day .... And yet I'm worried that I won't finish my work. Show me ways to accomplish my work: **all** my work in the 8:30 to 5:00 slot, please Lord. There's so much else I'm looking forward to doing with my time. Help me look at the out-of-work free time as my reward for completing my job(s) on time: as incentive to complete the Government's work and get it out of my way that I may be free to be with You and serve You.

Only You can help me or can achieve this for me, Lord. It's more than I can achieve myself, knowing my limitations. But **You** gave me my talents. You hand-picked me to serve You in a special way. It's **Your** responsibility to work with me on bringing this new lifestyle about for Your glory .... So I'm counting on You. Do something, please. Amen.

*April 2, 1997*

# COMPLETE TRUST

My dearest Jesus,

I love You so much. But I don't know how to sit still and enjoy Your company. I don't know how - much as I yearn so much to do it - to snuggle up against Your chest and relax: let my worries and anxieties slip away completely and for good. My body feels as if there's a raging fever humming through my blood: so much tension .... The hardest lesson I've ever had to learn is to **trust You completely** "no matter what" - as Charles Stanley would say.... And I still haven't learned complete trust, even though You've lighted not one but two or three blow torches underneath my tail.

Oh God, I beg for courage to let go: to stop trying to keep control and direction, to think out the repercussions of every thought and act, but to **yield** - to allow You to drive my car without trying to give instructions from the passenger seat, to surrender and **trust Your judgement** and Your management capability, and to believe that You love me so tenderly that You'll do (and **are** doing) the best that is possible for me at this point in my life.

The truth is, even after You've proven Yourself so many times by coming through and being there for me in trying times - even so I still find it very difficult to jump from the plane in what seems a very dangerous sky-dive. The parachute has been checked and tried and proven, but I'm downright scared. The parachute might malfunction: or worse - not open....

*December 1, 1997*

# “HAPPY NEW DAY TO YOU”



I just came up the steps of the building where I work and greeted a colleague whom I'd not seen since arriving at work. The first thought that crossed my mind was my usual greeting at this time of year .... But then, I've seen her so many times since the new year began. So my next thought was: "Wish her a good day."

"Happy new day to you", I said.

She was touched by the sentiment, and I myself was inspired by the originality of the remark.

Dearest God,

How beautiful it would be to live each new day in the happiness of the peace and rest in You and sense of unhurried, unflurried well-being (no

matter what my current circumstances) that I was asking You for in the traffic on the way to work this morning.

*"Use each journey that you make in the car each day as a consciously set apart time of prayer and fellowship with Me ... especially since you know that it is one of the weakest areas of your Christian Walk. In fact, make a list of your weaknesses of character: of the ways in which you are failing spiritually and a) pray about them b) plan strategies by which to outsmart the devil as he seeks to use them to destroy:*

1. your witness 2. your fellowship with Me 3. your sense of well-being and 4. your spiritual growth."

So each day I'd like to say to myself: "A happy new day to you", and calmly wait for You to release the joy of the Lord in me during the day - "no matter what", as Charles Stanley would say.

Sigh. I don't have time now, Lord, but later I'll work out the details of this with You.

*January 8, 1998*

Hello, my darling Lord! How are You this morning?

I've just been reading Ps. 145, as You know. It says that every day there are new reasons for me to "affectionately and gratefully praise" You. If I can just keep my focus on finding these daily reasons, upon remembering the kind of person You are. Verses 8 and 9 say You are "gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and abounding in mercy and loving-kindness ... good to all and [your] tender mercies are over all [your] works - the entirety of things created." You always do what is right and just, and because You are more powerful than anyone else this is no problem.

When I feel overwhelmed by my responsibilities and difficulties, let me think about how kind and faithful You've been to me: about how much I have to be thankful for, because that's the only way I will have joy in my life.

*"Focus on who I am, and what I can do, not on who you are and what you haven't been able to do or don't think you can do. That is the secret of joyful and victorious living."*

Thank You, Lord. I'll start now.

*January 19, 1998*

## ROBBED

On Sunday morning gone Charles Stanley's sermon was about the wiles of the devil: how he uses every possible means - mostly unobtrusively for the Christian - to prevent him or her from reading the Word and communing with God, because he *knows* that that is how a Christian finds power and strength to live obediently and effectively for God. He said that when God plants the Word in a believer's heart Satan tries to steal it away before it can grow and bear fruit. *So I should write it down.*

*Well, he's been jiggling with the lock and trying to break into the home of my heart since early this morning.* So now, Lord, I'm going to place these truths You've been telling me all day into my safety deposit box - this journal - before I'm robbed of them ....

*Something happened this morning, Lord.* A televangelist was speaking and invited people to receive a fresh anointing of the spirit of Joy by just asking the Holy Spirit for it, using the words of a prayer which he said. I did. And I believed. And right away something happened to my perception of You. You started giving me these precious insights:

"I've promised to wish myself a happy day every day, but it's not happening. Why? Because I give God my anxieties and then drag them around with me every moment of every day. So I'm tormented by feelings of being overwhelmed and in danger of losing face, integrity, my job, my witness, my friends (or rather finding out that I have few or none at all); of being used by others for their own convenience and not being valued for myself. Why?

Because: a) I don't - after all this time and so much You've faithfully done to support, guide comfort and bless my life - after all that I don't trust You enough to just leave everything (troubles and dreams and all else) to You to manage. Why? Simply this: ***I don't know You well enough.*** I know that You are quite capable of organizing the disarray in my life - masterfully too. I know in my mind that You love me, and sometimes I feel that loving, tender, personal care .... But anxiety is my besetting sin: probably due to childhood experiences of which you already know, particularly those of finding out that persons I thought were friends could not be trusted.

And Lord? As I thought of my family and friends and acquaintances You said to me:

*“There is a level of knowing a person that is self-serving. A person may use you with or without feelings of covetousness and envy and ill-will. Some people may get close to You just so that you may help them achieve their goals (be these for the betterment of humanity or just for themselves). They may know what you are capable of doing and what powers of influence or position you have: and use you. They take little or no pleasure in you as a person. They don’t call you up just to talk. They’re not enthusiastic about getting to know how you think and feel about things that don’t affect them personally. If they do, sometimes it’s just to gain your trust and stoke the fire for future use. They don’t long to be with you simply for the sake of intimacy and companionship.*

*And you do the same with Me. **You don’t really know my heart.** You’re fitful in your desire to know me for who I am - and you never maintain it for long. You simply come to get personal needs met. Even if its companionship you long for its so that you might feel happier and more complete (without a man, I might add)... And there’s nothing wrong with seeking guidance and praying prayers that will better mankind and which reflect care and concern for others.*

***But I’m tired of being used. Sigh. I want you to come to Me just to be with me: just for the joy of My company. That’s why there’s no lasting joy in your life.** Oh, how I long to just be with you: to bare Myself , My soul to you, to reveal little-known aspects of My personality to you. My darling, stop making so many half-hearted demands on Me and start getting to know Me for who I am - nothing more. You’ll find out then that you don’t even have to ask Me. As soon as you think a thought or have a desire I’ll grant it - within My will, of course. Remember:*

*‘ ... before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear.’ (Is. 65:24 - King James Version) and:*

*‘Delight yourself in the Lord, and He will give you the desires of your heart.’ (Ps. 37:4 - English Standard Version) and:*

*‘ ... whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.’ (Rom. 10:13 -King James Version)*

*You are very precious to Me. You have an unusual capacity for love and generosity of thought and clarity of expression of the the deep intensity*

of your feelings - both for Myself and for human beings. **I want to use these gifts, but only if you'll allow Me to liberate you from yourself and your fears. I not only want to use you to help others catch a closer glimpse of who I am, but I long just to enjoy the beauty of soul that I've created in you, my darling child, sister, bride and friend. I love you dearly. Please return my love.** Show the same interest in Me that I have in you. Try to, anyway. I don't expect perfection, but the communion will be well worth the effort. I'm waiting ...."

*January 20, 1998*



*I'm waiting....*

# THE WIND OF YOUR SPIRIT'S COMMUNION

Lord,

I hear the Wind of Your Spirit whispering gently: communing with my soul. Let me call it "The Wind of Your Spirit's Communion". It's a whisper that tells me Your secret thoughts: Your desires for Your world, for Your work and for me. It's intimate. It's personal. It's quiet. It's gentle. The Spirit is not pushy, but He wants to be my constant companion. He shows so many of Your characteristics as You coax without insisting: revealing when I'm ready, willing and able to listen and to respond with *all* of my heart.



*Overlooking the Sea of Galilee and its environs from the Mount of the Beatitudes*

Some things You only reveal in the quietness of a submissive and reverent spirit. This morning I've finally seen that, for many years - and especially on this job during the last ten years - I have nursed and actually nourished a rebellious, resentful spirit.

I've gone along with Your plans for my life and for my good, but often under varying degrees of protest. I've suffered so much because of it,

as I've wallowed in self-pity and in fuming, bridled rage at times. Then at other times I've partially submitted, but never had lasting victory. It's certainly been a "swing-swang" experience, constantly ascending to the heights and plummeting to the depths.... (Charles Stanley would say You had to light a blowtorch under me, but I'd say You've surrounded me with a veritable *forest fire!*)



And in all of this, in my limited way I've loved and served You with my whole heart. Two days ago, a verse of the old hymn "Hark My Soul, It Is The Lord" came to mind:

"Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet, I love Thee, and adore;  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!"

I must copy the hymn and put it up in my office ....

As I was saying when I started, Lord: I think I've finally found the right attitude to have on the job - and elsewhere, but especially on the job. In my spirit there needs to be a quiet, adoring listening reverence that makes my day - whatever it contains - not only a thing of beauty but an act of

worship as I listen attentively to Your whisperings, Your instructions, the thoughts which you instil in my mind about how to proceed in word and deed; how to let my worshipful attitude spill over to those with whom I relate. As Your Word says:

"... in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength ..."

Is. 30:15 - King James Version

Having found this precious secret, Lord, I expect to hear from the devil. I expect him to be outraged, to cut me to the quick and try to nip this in the bud. Dear Holy Spirit, guard the door to my thoughts and emotions, that I might indeed *respond* with winsomeness rather than try to control unhealthy and unchristlike reactions.

Not only stay with me, Lord, but please actively participate in my emotional life today - and every day.

So let it be.

Thank You very much in advance, and for Your insight. In all of this I haven't asked forgiveness (on paper, anyway)! I did ask You by word of mouth, but for the record: I'm truly, truly sorry I've been such a poor witness. Make me a respected, dignified ambassador for You.

*September 28, 1999*

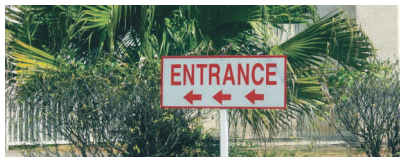
## Hark My Soul

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
2. 'I delivered thee, when bound,  
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. 'Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yea, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
4. 'Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5. 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!

*William Cowper. 1768.*





## Choices

1. Do you make choices that lead you to sin?  
Does it not matter the state you are in?  
Will you be blessed, or will you be cursed?  
Are you in service or failure immersed?

Cho: Just say:

"Jesus, I come to You now.  
Sinful but contrite I bow.  
Without reserve I renew my vow,  
Oh, Jesus I come to You now."

2. Are you entrapped by the fruits of your sin?  
Is there no longer a conscience within?  
Haven't you tired of excuses rehearsed?  
Have you forgot what you promised God at first?

Cho:

3. Don't lie with the Snake of Sin coiled in your bed.  
It'll one day lie coiled in your bosom instead,  
And feed itself full on your goodness of soul  
Till you find you are totally out of control.  
Know this: that Life's not a jest, not a mime.  
Your soul will be stamped with Life's grease and its  
grime.  
So commit yourself **now**, my friend: now is the time.  
To admit you are wrong is by no means a crime.
4. To know Jesus' tenderness, forgiveness and care  
Is a more beautiful experience than you'll find  
anywhere.

To share of your soul with Him day after day  
Is so intimate, so precious, so satisfying  
That doubters all find it mystifying!  
Oh, taste of the beauty of Jesus my friend.  
Life still won't be easy, but great comfort He'll  
extend.  
So you who are followers that fell by the way,  
Just reach out your hand: He still loves you today!  
Just ask His forgiveness and return to His Way.

Cho:

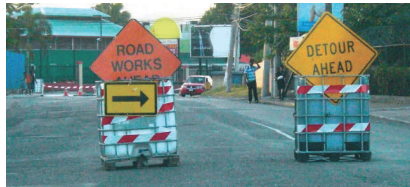
5. And when in the end you do taste of death's sting:  
What will you say to your Master and King?  
Will you have died in your soul long before?  
You will then live with your choice evermore!

Cho: Just say:

"Jesus, I come to You now.  
Sinful but contrite I bow.  
Without reserve I renew my vow,  
Oh, Jesus I come to You now."

*January 31, 1995 / October 22, 1995*





# Commitment Song

*(Your Gift continued)*



1. And now, Lord, I give Your gift back to You.  
I do what I've known You want me to do.  
I pour out my soul now for all to see:  
To help them to be what You want them to be.  
I beg Your forgiveness for wasted years.  
May each one respond when Your call he hears.  
I give You my voice, Lord,  
This is my choice.  
I give You my voice, Lord,  
This is my choice.
2. Now Lord, as You open doors unto me,  
I'll be what I've known You want me to be.  
Help others to see fresh glimpses of Thee  
That will help them to be what You want them to be.  
We wrestle with evil in Life every day.  
We struggle to share You each step of the way.  
We give You each voice, Lord, this is our choice,  
As we speak with one voice, Lord, let us rejoice.

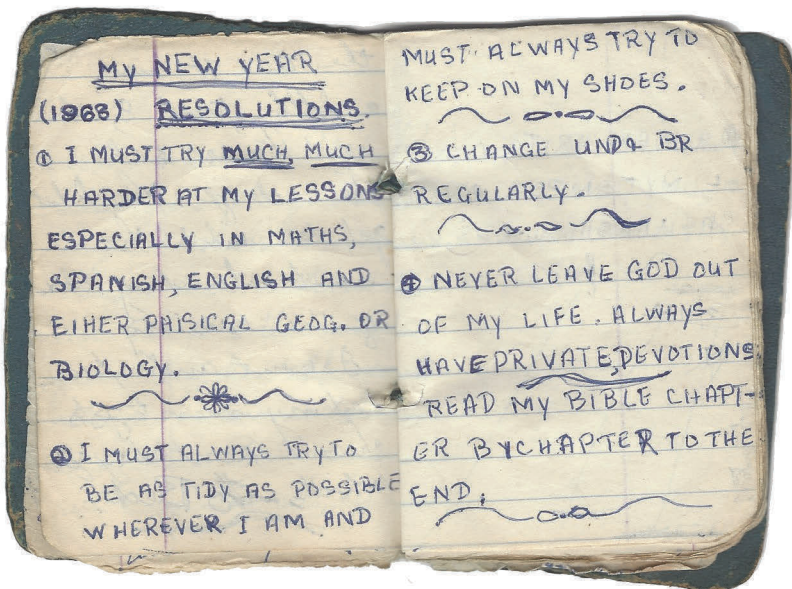
3. So now, Lord, we give Your gifts back to you.  
We do what we've known You want us to do.  
We pour out our souls now for all to see,  
To help them to be what You want them to be.  
We beg Your forgiveness for wasting Your Word.  
May each one respond when Your call is heard.  
We give You each voice, Lord, this is our choice,  
We speak with one voice, Lord, this is our choice.

*September 8, 1994 / October 21, 1995*

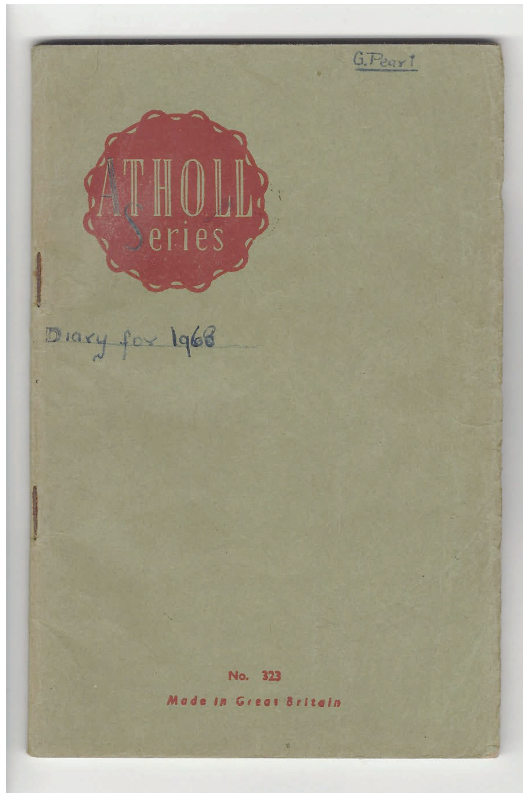




Grace Peart's first diary



2 pages from Grace Peart's first Diary



*Grace Peart's second diary*



