

Invited...

Some are quite hopeless  
Before we begin to see  
That we can't do it alone  
And there's something else we need.

So, when we become desperate...  
With little faith, we pray...  
Unsure of what to ask for,  
Unsure of what to say.

Eventually, our eyes are opened  
And we recognize an answered prayer.  
We may even call it coincidence...  
Too stubborn to believe God cares.

However, God doesn't quit...  
He continues to hear our cries.  
He allows us to make mistakes  
And He sees our little lies.

But once we begin to accept  
That God has, undeservedly, blessed us...  
Our hearts begin to change;  
In Him, we begin to trust...

Suddenly, life takes on a whole new meaning...

It's when we're in the dark,  
That we will begin to see...  
That He whispers words of encouragement  
During our most desperate times of need.

The Father wants us to know  
That we are never too far down.  
He is always able to reach us  
And plant us on solid ground.

So, in our darkest moments  
We will rebuke the devil's lies;  
And trust that God is with us...  
That He hears our every cry.

Being Accepted...

Let the words that beat from my heart  
Be words that you would speak...  
In order to lift and encourage others  
When they are feeling weak.  
Hear my every thought, Jesus...  
and allow them to go unspoken  
Until I'm ready to speak for you ...  
For by you, my soul's awoken.

Some have called you crazy...  
Some called me crazy, too...  
Now, "crazy" graciously reminds me...  
I'm understood and loved by you.  
It's an excellent example, Father,  
Of how you use all things for good.  
Your fruit is now growing  
In a place the devil once stood.

We all, at some time or another  
Feel unwanted, ashamed, or hurt...  
Oftentimes, its our families...  
That, unintentionally diminish our worth.  
I am beginning to understand, though...  
That the reason this might be...  
Is because there's an open invitation  
For us to join YOUR family...

And once we accept the invitation,  
We desire to please only you...  
Thus, changing who we are  
And the reason for all we do.  
Work is no longer work...  
But an opportunity to serve...  
To give back to you, Jesus...  
Because you loved us, unreserved.

Our emotions don't control us...  
We understand the devil's schemes.  
We know the battle is raging...  
It's not the people who are mean.  
We rebuke the enemies lies...  
And listen to your truth...

We plant our seeds and say a prayer  
That it may one day, bare good fruit.

Money holds no power...  
For only YOU can fulfill our needs.  
We'll use it to bless others...  
And not boast of our good deeds.  
We're not materialistic,  
We live a simple life.  
We strive to be peacemakers...  
And avoid unnecessary strife.

Your women dress modestly  
Not to flatter or tempt the eyes.  
It's you that makes them beautiful...  
In every color, shape, and size.  
They are extremely dedicated  
To their children and their spouse.  
They are always keeping busy  
To ensure a tidy house.

Your men have much self-control...  
Over their eyes, ears, and mouth.  
They are able to rebuke sexuality  
As the devil attempts to arouse.  
They can appreciate physical training...  
But seek godly training above all.  
They love and encourage their wives...  
And they will never let her fall.

Our Children...

We teach our children to sing...  
We teach them how to dance.  
We teach them to do good in school  
So that they may "have a decent chance".  
We teach them to play sports...  
We teach them to "be nice".  
We teach them how to "shop a bargain"  
So that they may recognize a "fair price".  
So, who are we NOT to teach them  
What this life is REALLY about?  
When unsure of how to "teach" them...  
We ask Jesus to help us out!

Seeking His Face...

An old broken house,  
Stands helplessly by the road.  
Beaten and abused  
By the rain sleet, and snow.

I would often say to my daughters...  
"I'd love to see it restored"  
I imagined what it looked like  
Many years before...

I never noticed anyone working.  
However, today I saw  
A beautifully restored house  
And I gazed, completely in awe.

Jesus, I thank you for restoring  
This old, broken soul.  
I could not see past my failures...  
But you saw me pure as gold .

Sometimes, I'm too distracted  
To notice the work you do.  
But when I stand still in your presence,  
My faith is always renewed.

Lord, I trust you to restore things  
To what you need them to be.  
Thank you for your sacrifice  
And never giving up on me...

Use my struggles, Father...  
To bring glory to Your name.  
Allow me to shout from the rooftops  
How you have taken away my shame!

## Compassion, Hope, and Prayer for Others...

There's something beneath the surface  
Of every tree that grows.  
Something that feeds our spirits  
Through the rain, sleet and snow.  
We are constantly being planted  
On various types of soil  
Some have been contaminated  
By a black, heavy oil.

But the farmer is always working...  
Tending to our space.  
He wants us to continue growing...  
So he extends the hand of grace.  
Planted in fresh soil  
Our roots begin to thrive.  
Baby leaves begin to form  
And there's hope that we'll survive.

As some continue to grow,  
Others resist the light.  
They're used to contamination  
And begin to wither out of sight...  
But the farmer does not quit...  
Spiritual rain continues to fall.  
We're all in the farmers field...  
May he grow YOU nice and tall!!!