

inklings



celebrating the art of written expression
composed by people from the
Living Word family

Spring 2011

The Arts Ministry of Living Word wants to awaken the artist within you. This ministry is here to encourage everyone: the artistic dabblers to the established artists and especially those who are interested in developing their creative life. It's true, we are all created in God's image – which means we all have the ability to create. Is something holding you back? Let's dive into our God-given creativity in the context of a grace-filled community.

The arts @ living word



www.lwcc-arts.blogspot.com

the Studio

A monthly gathering for established and emerging visual artists to connect as artists to other artists, to the church, to the community, and more importantly, to God. The studio meets on the third Wednesday of each month from 7:00—8:30 PM in the Gallery @ Common Grounds (rooms E & F), Living Word's Coffee Bar.

Wednesday Pages

This writing group meets on the second Wednesday of each month, 7:00—8:30 PM in the **coffee bar rooms E & F** at Living Word Community Church. Bring your laptop or notebook and a writing project you've been working on OR we'll have writing prompts for you to choose from.

Questions? Contact deAnn, *Director of Creative Arts*, at 755.0089 x126 or droe@lwccyork.com

Inklings is published four times a year: January ~ April ~ July ~ October.
To submit your written piece(s) for consideration, email deAnn Roe.

About Inklings

Inklings is Living Word's in-house publication featuring written expression composed by people from our church family. Anyone can write for **Inklings**. Are you a poet? Like writing short stories? Or are you someone who is introspective and enjoys writing spiritual reflections? The next issue of **Inklings** is the summer edition, July 2011. If you have work that you'd like to have considered for publication, please send it to deAnn at droe@lwccyork.com.

Deadline for July issue is Monday, June 20, 2011.

You can also find this edition of **Inklings** and past issues online in the form of .PDF files, in full color! Go to:
www.lwccyork.com/creativearts. Or simply go to:
www.lwcc-arts.blogspot.com.

If you have any questions, please call or email me!

Grace & peace,

deAnn Roe

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A Week During Lent

The week began with routine, however not long into Monday morning change began to take place. As the week went on, normalcy was disappearing (and I like normalcy). By Thursday morning I found myself waking in an odd mood. Some might describe it as “waking up on the wrong side of the bed” or “a funk” or “an attitude,” at any rate, I was there. I didn’t like it, but instead of just asking God to “move me out of it” I asked Him to help me in the midst of it, to go deeper.

Many things unfolded in my mind and heart as I looked at things that had taken place during the previous days. As I began my intentional looking at what was taking place, God in His graciousness allowed me to see several things.

One of the places I was struggling was in an attempt at communication that resulted in a non-responsive person. As I dug deeper in thoughts and conversations with the Lord, I found myself having compassion at a different level with someone else who experienced the same thing in a similar situation. Gained insight number one: A newness of compassion.

As I looked at another place I was struggling I wrote this in my journal: *There is rarely a time that I can't find something to bring me comfort. If I feel uneasy, I grab a cup of coffee, a piece of chocolate, or turn on the radio. If I am unsure of the result of a conversation, I will go and make sure I communicated correctly so that I know the other person and I are "OK".* Gained insight number two: I easily resist being uncomfortable and therefore control the situation in my own way.

Journaling more, I wrote: *I don't know that it's necessarily bad to find comfort in some of this, but I cannot depend on it like I should be depending on you, Lord. In the same sense I don't want to have a martyr mentality.* Gained insight number three: Resist finding comfort in earthly things for deeper dependence on God.

Continued...

A Week During Lent

Contemplating a bit more I began reflecting on Jesus' forty days in the desert without anyone or anything to comfort him. Gained insight number four: Deeper and more intimate appreciation of what my Savior did for me.

Where do you find comfort? What would it be like to resist those comfort places for a day? What might God have in store for you in the midst of looking at the sacrifice of comfort to move even further in your dependence on Him?

By Celesa Hagan

Lent

Lent...today...the beginning of Lent
Growing up my memories of Lent are varied
Giving up chocolates and sweets
Hoping to drop a few pounds in the process

Always started out strong the first few days
Determination, discipline, and pride
As if I were doing something heroic

As the days wore on it became harder
Thus the rules began... it was OK to "give in"
To the desires on Sundays
Oh... I only had to make it to Sunday!

I was typically unable to make it an entire week!
Shame...guilt at first...
Then the lies..."You're not as great as you think you are."
You can't even sacrifice something for one week!"

Continued...

Lent

Why is it we desire something so strongly when we are forbidden to have it?

Tell me I can't have something and I can obsess over it with a passion.

I eventually gave up on Lent...the whole idea

I was a failure

It made me feel inadequate

As a child of God

Unworthy

Seems to me there is something more

You want to say to me during this season

There must be something of value

In this ancient practice

It has always been about giving up something

A self-denial of sorts...

Jesus, what I can't deny

Are Your great pleasures

Your *grace* in recently painful situations

Your *mercy* when I have deserved it not

Your *arms* that have wrapped themselves

Around me as I've wailed to You for help

Your *Presence* in the stillness

Your *Spirit* whispering, "Trust me."

Continued...

Lent

The beauty of my surroundings
Clouds somersaulting across the sky
Bringing pink and purple hues behind them

Although the breeze still chills my bones
Sounds of robins in the morning sky
And sunlight peeking through the bedroom blinds
Remind me of the warmer days ahead

These are all signs of Hope
HOPE

Hope in a future that will change
Sadness will be lifted
Pain that rips apart the insides
Will lessen...subside...be erased

Maybe what You are calling me to
This Lenten season is a giving up...
A self-denial... but denying what
Will not benefit me...the very things
That pull me from You

WORRY

Anxiety over things I can't control
Fretting about those close to me
Stressing about the decisions they will make
Things far removed from my reach

Lent

And maybe the second part of this Lenten season
Should be embracing what might be
If I deny myself the worry

Peace

Joy

Contentment

A future of prayers answered for those closest to me

Prayers...Prayers

To embrace Your mercy

To rest in Your amazing grace

To discover Your

Mysterious Love

Anonymous

Love First, Ask Questions Later

St. Francis of Assisi once said, "Preach the Gospel always, when necessary use words." This is a statement that I have recently seen in practice. Last week, I spent some time in Chile where I met an amazing family whose love for God is contagious. They have lived out their faith and have made it the central focus of their lives. It was remarkable talking to them and hearing what they were doing around the world. Their ministry has affected the lives of hundreds of Chileans and has impacted the lives of many more around the world. Their mission has been simple and that has been to love others as Christ has loved them.

Sitting on the patio of my host's house, I saw this small stray cat. It was rather small and had clearly missed quite a few meals. At the time, it was trying to get at a small bit of water. I got down off the chair and attempted to simply show it some attention. Being a stray, it was unused to attention and thus ran off without any water. I thought about that for a while and how similar it was to the world. There are many people out there who have been hurt by Christians or have been turned away from Christianity because of some bad experiences in the church. They have seen us as hypocrites and judgmental. The reason why, though, is because we have often lost track of our vision or calling. We have traded it in for condemning others and making ourselves out to be perfect. James tells us that faith without action is dead: "Suppose a brother or sister is without clothes and daily food. If one of you says to him, 'Go, I wish you well; keep warm and well fed,' but does nothing about his physical needs, what good is it?" (James 2:15-17) If we are to overcome the animosity against us we must first love and continue to love as Christ loved us. Just like the cat who was wary of people and needed first to be shown that I was trying to help, people need to see our message of love and hope and know that we care before they will be willing to listen to our message.

Continued...

Love First, Ask Questions Later

This is how my host has treated the small town of Iloca. Iloca is a small town on the coast of Chile that was ravaged by a tsunami caused by an earthquake almost a year ago. While the people were able to get to high ground in time, many of the houses were completely destroyed. Many people were left homeless and many were left with nothing. Their entire livelihoods were taken by the tsunami. My host and his organization have spent the last year building homes for these people. They have raised money and brought teams down from many different churches to provide this very basic need to the people of Iloca. Around town, he is known as Papo because of the work that he has done there. He has gotten to know the people and through his actions the town has seen his love and passion and has desired to know where it comes from. After a year of building relationships and twenty-six houses, the village has asked Papo to plant a church there. They want to know where the love that he shows comes from. They can see something different in him and the rest of his family and desire to have that same passion and love. Going to the first church service in Iloca, I was humbled to witness many people come to listen to the message and subsequently give their lives to Christ, many of whom were friends of Papo.

Too often we as Christians are so focused in preaching the Gospel that we forget to show the Gospel. We get into debates with people, we argue our viewpoints, we ridicule others, and we tell others where they have gone wrong and are in need of repentance. We forget that Jesus first showed His love to them. People around Him knew that He cared. They saw the love in His actions and eagerly listened to His words. Their desire for repentance stemmed from His love for them when they were strangers. Jesus desires us to love people and to share the Gospel with them. As Papo illustrated to me in Iloca, Chile, we must love first, and ask questions later.

Eve Restored

I sit in stillness

Muddle through the chaos and distractions

And breathe...

Breathe Him in-

to stillness

I wait...

Wait to hear His whisper

in the silence

in the breath

in the Power of His calm.

I come to Him, broken-

Wanting love... to be loved-

Seeking worth- worthy of love,

Of living and desiring

Needing to be desired

in this skin

with this mind

Yearning to be fulfilled

Wary of disappointment

Protective of the pain.

He meets me in this darkness

Carries me out of shadows

Redeems me in His light

Eve Restored

And I am renewed in the TRUTH

that I do have a voice that wants to be heard

I do have beauty reflected in His eyes

I do have desire that is met with His longing

He pursues, validates, assures His creation

I am on purpose...for a purpose.

I am no longer enslaved by my past

I am freed in offering my life to His hands

and rejoice at what He crafts out of my surrender.

I am known, gifted- I am equipped.

I have dreams, visions.... I hunger.

I am vulnerable, tender- I...am...lovely

Free to struggle, to ache and yearn-

Unbound.

I am a woman-

intuitive, instinctive, TRANSFORMED

I dance in response to His affection

He moves me into wholeness

His Spirit expands my being

He renews

He revives

He delights at my heart.

In the serenity

In the being

In this moment

In this space

In my devotion

and His commitment

Continued...

Eve Restored

I am confirmed as His love, His everything

I am His daughter-

Eve Restored.

By Kestin Krupinski

To Read More From These Contributors...

Celesa	www.reflectionsthatcome.com
Emily	www.withinyouembrace.blogspot.com
Ryan	www.longing4passionatesurrender.blogspot.com
Jeff	www.55blahblah.blogspot.com
Renee	www.tandemjourney.blogspot.com
Linda	www.vawriter.blogspot.com

Found

Oh God, You are amazing.
I have felt your love and grace.
You have filled my heart with hope,
and I have finally found my place.

I will get to know you well,
for I embrace your voice.
I know you mean for all to hear you.
I choose to listen, I've made my choice.

You've surrounded me for decades,
and I just passed you by.
I will no longer lose that time with you,
nor question when or why.

For now it's me who sought you out,
unlocked my heart and let you in.
I will fill my void with faith,
and never lose my way again.

By Amy Cunningham

Along The Long Way

Flying solo in Red Lion.
Going loco in Red Lion.
Anxiety, fear, and doubt -
I need You, Lord
to help me out.
Tangible ways and detailed ways,
be my Hero and come through.
You always say,
"This too shall pass."
And in looking back
I will see how much I grew
along the long way.
But not before I pass through
the place where I may not see You.

By Emily Stump

Letting Go

A phone call: “Mom, Tennessee requires I show my original birth certificate to get a license. Can you please send it?”

“Sure, Ben, I think I know where it is.”

After the upheaval of our move last year, I suspected it might be in a folder in my office marked “For Lock Box” (a box which I have yet to rent.) And so it was. The birth certificate was printed on stiff, official paper with an embossed seal, and there was a substantive heft to the envelope. The heading read, “Mary Immaculate Hospital, Newport News, Virginia.” I slipped it into a larger envelope to take to the post office, just another stop in my list of chores for the day.

I found myself lingering at the window to chat with the dark haired young postal worker, telling her about my family. I knew I was over-sharing, but for some reason I was finding it hard to turn loose of that envelope.

Virginia is the land of our birth, but where none of us now live. Art and I married at Virginia Tech’s chapel and later moved to Hampton, in the Tidewater region, where our baby girl, Ahna, was born. Seventeen years afterwards, her brother Ben came along and we moved to Williamsburg. In all, we spent 38 years within the watery boundaries of the York and James Rivers and the Chesapeake Bay.

Ahna was the first to fly away to Pittsburgh, where she settled to start her career as a horsewoman. She wasn’t intending to stay in the land of gray skies and long winters, but met and married a man whose roots reach deeply into that soil.

We were next. God sent a pretty clear message through a year of unemployment that He wanted us to go north. Art’s new job was in Maryland, but we had slipped over the Mason/Dixon Line to Central Pennsylvania. That left Ben, a college student, as the last Virginia hold-out. Then came 2010 and graduation. Ben’s girlfriend and a new job are in Johnson City, Tennessee; thus, Ben is also there and needing a new driver’s license.

Continued...

Letting Go

All of this history and more is flashing through my brain as I linger in line at the Red Lion post office, babbling just a few of these details to a patient young woman, stretching the moment. I grip a corner of the glossy white envelope, resisting a gentle pull. Behind her glasses, her brown eyes seem to soften and warm. Compassion makes her realize what I had not until this moment of transition.

This is a big deal. It should be marked and recognized as such. But it is time to let go.

And so I do.

By Linda Phelps

I See Him at the Corner

I see Him at the corner, at the bottom of the bridge where he lives, at the light that I must turn at to get to work. I have seen Him often, but not every day. I have walked to meet up with Him many times before, but found Him not there during my lunch hour. This day, I am very early to work and, once parked, I begin my day with a walk to the corner, at the bottom of the bridge where He lives.

He sits on a cement wall, sign in hand: "Homeless, Crippled, God Bless." The morning sun is not fully up, yet the first rays of light are already reflecting off the steel gray legs of the crutches beside Him. A pair of aluminum legs for the one He is missing. I approach Him and as our eyes meet, the weariness seems to perk up in a sign of recognition. "Black truck" He says to me as I nod. We have met on many mornings in passing, some to His benefit of a few dollars passed through a window. I offer my name and He gives me His first. I ask Him if He would like to go get some breakfast and coffee, His head glancing up the bridge to see if any other donations were coming His way, then returns to look at me and nods. He gathers His crutches under His arms and begins to lead the way into and across the street to the Seven – Eleven two blocks to the left. That accomplished, we return to His office on the corner, at the bottom of the bridge, where He lives.

I sit with Him, dressed as I do for work, and we eat and converse about several things. Seems I do most of the asking, He does most of the talking. He has been in and out of the system, He is a vet, and this is His corner. I ask if He has a pet and He says no but gives me a strange look. I tell Him that I asked that because I wanted to know if He wanted work, and a pet would be difficult if He said yes. He thought a moment and asked about the work and I explained that I could use help doing lots of odd jobs in the labs but that this would be temporary, until the third week in August. He was interested but

Continued...

I See Him at the Corner

worried about His appearance, clothes, and His ability. I assured Him that we have a place to shower and we can get Him clothes and have His other items washed while He works. I also tell Him if He does come to work, that I will, when the work is done, pay Him each day. I also suggest that we could work on a resume while He is there and that I will give Him a letter of recommendation when the work is complete and put Him in touch with a temp agency. I don't set a time that He had to show up, allowing Him to complete His work at His "office." As the time passes, more and more of the people employed with me drive past. I see the expressions of curiosity on their faces. I also notice that He is not getting any further compensation for displaying His sign as we talk, but He doesn't seem to mind. I tell Him where to meet me if He wants to, tell Him what I will pay, and that it's all in His court. I leave Him with a hand shake and blessings for His day.

Upon arriving at work, I talk with my associate to explain to him what I'm doing and that this in no way reflects on his work, or ability to get it done, but is a chance for him and me to help someone else. He agrees and I feel assured he understands my faith and confidence in him and his abilities. We come up with many projects He could help us with . . . if He shows up.

FAST FORWARD

It is nearly two weeks now since that day. He didn't show up that day, or the next, or the next. Each morning coming to work, I had driven by His office at the corner, at the bottom of the bridge, where He lives and I had not seen Him. But, on the third day, a Thursday, He showed up unannounced, on His crutches, with a bag of clothes in His hand. I met with Him and then showed Him the shower and offered

Continued...

I See Him at the Corner

Him jeans and t-shirt and socks. They fit (with the help of a rope belt) and then we were off to the labs where my associate put Him to work. We got his clothes washed that day and I picked up some items for Him at the store. At the end of His first day, He was paid and sent on His way with clean clothes and a smile on His face. For several hours a day, each day since that first day, He walks out of His world and into this one. Each day I meet with Him, we talk about the work, He shows me what He has done with pride, and He contributes more each day.

I recently answered the question “If you could have anything from God, what would you ask for?” that I wanted to see Christ in everyone I meet. Out of the Word God answers my prayers in verses found in Matthew 26: 31-46. On that Monday, weeks ago, Christ was on the corner, at the bottom of the bridge, where He lives.

By Mike Johnson

Wednesday Pases

Writing Group

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droe@lwccyork.com or 755-0089 x126.



The Stranger

From Matthew 25

Then the King will say to those on his right, "Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in. I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me." Then the righteous will answer him, "Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?"

Once again, in a moment where I might have shown some of the sacrificial love Christ asks of us and is modeled by the early Church, I chose my own comfort and convenience. Here's the story...

I was driving home from my job a couple of nights ago about 10:45 p.m. and passed a man walking on the shoulder of the road. I was on a limited access section of Route 30, driving at about 60 miles per hour. By the time any real recognition of the scenario entered my brain, I was half a mile past him. He was wearing a black leather jacket with a well-worn, sleeveless denim jacket over it. The thought crossed my mind that perhaps I should see if this fellow needs a ride. But, what if he's drunk? What if he smells bad? What if he's going somewhere way out of my way? What if he's an axe murderer? And, now I'm 2 miles past him, so I'd have to get off the next exit, go back in the opposite direction, get off, back on. As the next exit came into view—the one I'd need to take if I was to act on this idea—the debate in my mind became more urgent. Is this one of those hungry/thirsty/stranger situations Jesus spoke of?

Continued...

The Stranger

I did not take the exit. I continued home, with the Christian contemporary radio station playing some song with lyrics something like “where you go I will follow”... Apparently for me, though, as long as it isn't out of my way.

Would you have stopped? Would you have backtracked? How would you feel if your wife told you she, in that same scenario, had given him a ride? What if he looked, or was dressed differently? Where do we draw the line at this “love your neighbor” business? Me? Obviously not where Jesus would want it drawn.

By Jeff Strine

Enjoy the Ride

"Life is truly a ride. We're all strapped in and no one can stop it. When the doctor slaps your behind the day you arrive, he's ripping your ticket and away you go. As you make each passage from youth to adulthood to maturity, sometimes you put your arms up and scream, sometimes you just hang on to the bar in front of you. But the ride is the thing. I think the most you can hope for at the end of life is that your hair is messed, you're out of breath and you didn't throw up." ~ Unknown

I have to admit, I'm not a huge fan of roller coasters. I don't avoid them. Well, I avoid some, like the Sidewinder at Hershey - I always come off that thing with a wicked headache. I like the Great Bear and Lightning Racer. I will never step foot on the Storm Runner. So, guess you can say I'm semi-adventurous when it comes to coasters.

I'd also say I'm semi-adventurous when it comes to life. But it wasn't always that way; "semi" rarely described my manner as a young adult. I recall a couple of times when, just after getting my driver's license, I decided to, *say...* drive south to see where it took me. At the time, I lived in Sacramento, so driving south meant San Francisco or the surrounding bay area. I set off on my adventure, armed with only my camera and \$20 in cash. Of course, there were no cell phones or GPS back then. I didn't even tell my family where I was going. I'm shocked that I am alive today. Imagine the crazy things that could have gone terribly wrong.

Anyhow, I had some of the most amazing adventures on these spontaneous outings. One particular trip landed me in the heart of Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. The day was cool and I arrived just after the morning fog had burned away, leaving behind a sky bluer than blue. I parked my diesel 1981 VW Rabbit and strolled aimlessly around the docks, taking in the scene with all my senses; the constant squawking of hungry seagulls, the pungent smell of the fresh catch,

Continued...

Enjoy the Ride

the stickiness of the salt air on my skin and in my hair, all the vibrant colors of the fishing boats, and lastly, the taste of that hot cup of perfectly brewed coffee. I stood there on the end of that pier, my senses fully loaded, and I was in harmony with...*my life*.

Adventures awaken something dormant in us. That day I felt something unfamiliar, yet so comfortable, emerge. The rarely seen or felt side of me that says "swim against the current" and "enjoy this life because it's here for you to take pleasure in."

But I was only seventeen. So much life has taken place since then and I'm a different person now. I have *responsibilities* and *important things* to take care of. I don't have time for such childish adventures!!! Sure I say that, but deep in my soul, there is an inexplicable longing to explore, to go on an exciting adventure, to be child-like and free! In Luke and Matthew, Jesus says, "I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it." I think of my day on Pier 39 in San Francisco ~ I felt *free* like a child. The gift of that day just waited for me... to wake up *that* morning and make the wild decision to drive 90 miles and arrive at an unfamiliar place. In a strange way, I received a taste of the kingdom of God that amazing day.

What is holding you back from "receiving the kingdom like a little child?" What is holding you back from pursuing the gift that awaits your arrival? What is holding you back from the creative adventure that longs to begin?

As for me, I want to stop the death grip on the bar, throw my hands into the air, laugh out loud, get knots in my hair, and enjoy the adventure, enjoy this ride called *life*! And maybe, one day, even enjoy the Storm Runner.

By deAnn Roe

Haiku Poetry Explained

Haiku is a very important form of traditional Japanese poetry. It is based on a Zen Buddhist philosophy of brevity and simplicity and is believed to have originated in the 17th century. Haikus are designed to convey the essence of an experience in a short format. Traditional haikus frequently mention natural themes or images and are often yearning or wistful in tone.

The name haiku arose in response to confusion surrounding related Japanese poetry terms. Hokku, meaning "starting verse," was usually the basis of a longer string of verses, called haika. Because it was considered a privileged art form, poets would often compose a hokku and stop there. The term haiku was coined in the 1890s to denote this new and self-contained type of poetry.

Source: <http://www.wisageek.com/what-is-haiku.htm>

General Haiku rules:

First line is 5 syllables

Second line is 7 syllables

Third line is 5 syllables

Here is an example:

Christmas

Glass balls, glowing lights.

Dead tree in living room.

Killed to honor birth.

© by Ron Loeffler

I was reminded by a wise man that Haiku is to be read slowly, imagined, and savored by the reader. He sent me this story...

A Japanese gardener cultivated a magnificent bed of flowers in his small back yard. One day a local man of some importance asked if he might come by and see the flower bed. The gardener agreed, and invited the man to come back the next day.

When the man came back the gardener took him to see the flower bed. The man was surprised to see only one flower in the entire bed. When he asked the gardener where the rest of the flowers were, the gardener told him that he had just cut down all the other flowers so that his visitor could truly see the beauty of one of the flowers.

Quiet listening
Your splendor fills my senses
Sitting in your peace

Tired weary scattered
No direction or purpose
Cling to God for strength

Early morning peace
A quiet time set aside
Hearing you whisper

Thankful for this space
The promise of your presence
My heart rests in you

Silence of the dawn
Opens today's challenges
Trusting in your word

Wait, listen, respond
Moving forward, believing
Trusting you always

By Cheryl Johnson

February 8th

Under my angel
A forgotten bulb poked up
Through the frozen mulch

In Awe

Not a day goes by
That I don't thank my Father
For His creation

Patience

I wait on the Lord
In my quiet reflection
I cannot fix this

His Glow

There's a shining light
At the core of everyone
Seekers find the flame

By Ann Malinak

Haiku Collection

Hummingbird buzzing
As she sips from the feeder
Leaves me in delight

French Fries hamburger
add pickles cheese and a coke
It's a happy meal

By Celesa Hagan

Yesterday is gone
Do not live in what has been
Today is God's gift

Bubbles from within
Spontaneous, joyful heart
Laughter lifts my soul

By Dawn Sterner

Noise

Deafening chatter
Constant, non-stop, all day long
Ears ache for silence

Commuter crazy

Life in the drive thru
Spiritual vertigo
A dizzying pace

Transformed

Out of the darkness
Charred soul pulled from the ashes
Of my own despair

True Grit

Human powers are
Nothing compared to Your strength
You laugh at their tries

Mark 4:35-41

Speaks to stop the storm
Abruptly stills the chaos
Calm my shaking soul

By Ned Keene

Broken pieces are
The puzzle of my new life
Coming together

Lover of My Soul
Making something beautiful
From broken pieces

Brokenness...beauty
Out of the ashes comes forth
Can they coexist?

In quiet moments
Hearing His words in my heart
Healing words spoken

Listen oh my soul
Words of love and joy and life
From my Maker's heart

Out of darkness
Glimmers of the dawning light
Beauty being birthed

Brand new day awaits
Beauty hides in surrender
God's plan unfolding

Darkest before dawn
New day is rising in me
New identity

Cherishing the past
Holding on and letting go
Moment by moment

Tears...a godly gift
Like water behind a dam
Needs to spill over

Moments of sadness
Evolving into newness
Hope and joy ahead

Peace and joy can't come
If looking back...instead grasp
The present moment

Out of the darkness
Comes glimmers of hope dawning
Don't miss the sunrise

Because He loves me
From crushing grief comes new life
Beauty from ashes

Surrender to You
The Maker of my moments
All that is within

Winter weary gloom
Making room in the darkness
For new day colors

Lean into the Son
Waiting for winter to cease
And spring to arrive

By Renee B.

My Husband, Mark

A man he is mine
What a gift you have given
Through him your love shines

These are based on my Lenten experience:

You surprised me with fun
Our dancing, a flight of joy
Steps toward your Love

When you took the lead
You gave grace to my weak feet
Gliding, twirling - joy!

With You I will dance
My dreams and will, surrender
Adventure awaits

What, I bring You joy?!
The thought never crossed my mind
Embraced, now joy is mine!

I want to embrace,
Run to, no hesitation
Your transforming Love

Intense, passionate
Powerful, consuming Love
My heart is opened

Haiku Collection

Love to share beyond
The walls of my heart and life
To the world You love

In Your will I rest
Through Your Love and Your mercy
My heart You transform

You've captured my heart
I am surprised and amazed
With You I can dance

By Roxanne O'Reilly

Your Turn to Write Haiku...

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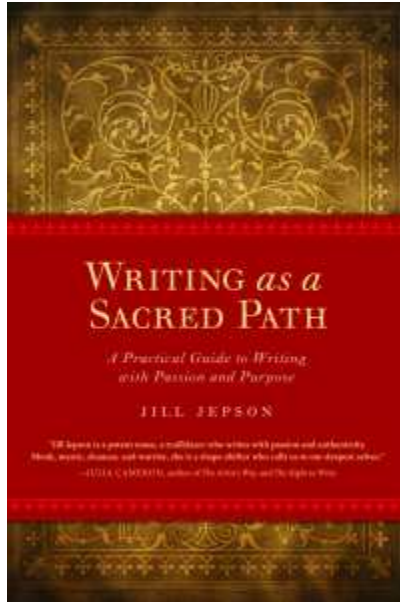
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Excerpt from Writing as a Sacred Path

“A supportive guide to approaching writing as a sacred art and to discovering spirituality through the process of writing. In this inspiring guide, writing teacher and anthropologist Jepson draws on her worldwide travels and studies of spiritual traditions to present a refreshing approach to the art of writing. Through rituals, exercises, dream analysis, and more, writers will find fresh techniques for honing their skills, overcoming creative blocks, and finding their authentic voices, while writing bravely, honestly, and with true vision.”

This book by Jill Jepson is in my personal collection and I reference it often. I like the writing prompts for days I feel God calling me to the page but find I’m lost once I get there. Some parts of the book may seem a little “woo-woo,” but if you can get past them, I believe you may find inspiration too.

~ deAnn Roe

"WHERE" WOLVES OF ENGLISH

My husband came home from work the other day with a parking ticket. Under "reason for violation" the police officer had written: "Parked to close to a stop sign." I told my husband not to pay the ticket on the grounds of grammatical incorrectness. For some strange reason he didn't feel the court would agree with that line of defense. Really, if we can't count on our judicial system to promote a sense of proper spelling and word usage then what is our country coming to? Nevertheless, we must battle this insidious plot to misuse common words before complete anarchy breaks out.

If you ask anyone outright what the difference is between the words *to*, *too*, and *two* they'll make a scoffing noise and tell you that they learned which was which way back in elementary school. If so, we should never have to deal with a sentence like the one in the first paragraph, which, of course, should read: "Parked *too* close to a stop sign." *Too* means excessively, very, or also; *to* is a function word that indicates movement toward, contact, or direction; *two* is the spelled-out version of the number 2.

There are many examples of common, everyday English words that get fouled up in some way or another by confused (or hurried) writers. Maybe you've received an invitation similar to this one: "Your invited to Hannah's 40th birthday party." If you stop and really think about it you'll realize it should be "You're invited," since the word *you're* is short for *you are*. The correct usage for *your* would be, "Your party is on April Fool's Day." *You're* is a contraction; *your* is an adjective that describes something that belongs to you.

Let's look at some more contractions that often get mixed up with words that sound the same and are spelled in a very similar way. How about *were* and *we're* (and maybe even *where*)?

Continued...

The Writers' Corner

Where are you going? [where is a location]

We're running away from the *were*wolf! [*we're* is the contraction of "we are"] [*were*wolf is pronounced "where-wolf," so logically, shouldn't it be *wherewolf*?!]

Were you on the path or did you stray into the moors? [*were* is the past plural of "be"]

Do I even need to bring up the word *wear* and add to the confusion (since it rhymes with the word *where*)? Would anyone ever actually write: "I don't know *wear* my gym clothes are?" knowing full well that *wear* is what your body does with clothing? Let's hope not, or *we're* worse off than I thought we *were*.

Here's another example:

They're going over *there* to look for *their* long-lost cousins.

Whew! Now *there's* a sentence that could get messed up in a BIG way if you don't pay attention to your *they're*/*there*/*their* usage. *They're* is the contraction for *they are*; *there* is a location (like *where*); and *their* is an adjective describing something that belongs to them.

What makes this conundrum even worse is the fact that the spell-check on your computer will never catch these mistakes as misspellings—because *they're* all legitimate words, *they're* just not being used correctly. This is why it's so easy to make a blatant error that later has you kicking yourself because you knew the correct word to use, you were just in a hurry/brain dead/temporarily insane (choose one). Again, a little proofreading goes a long way (I'm just saying—for the millionth time).

Let's close with a fun little exercise where you can test your knowledge by circling all of the incorrectly used words:

Continued...

The Writers' Corner

I don't know where you think your going, but their are to many crumbs on this counter! There going to think were living like pigs. You're going to need to clean up after your done making a sandwich. Their, that's much better. Thanks for all of you're help.

By Lisa Long, our resident writing guru.

Here's the correct version:

I don't know where you think you're going, but there are too many crumbs on this counter! They're going to think we're living like pigs. You're going to need to clean up after you're done making a sandwich. There, that's much better. Thanks for all of your help.

Update: Pages Has Moved!



Wednesday Pages

Writing Group

Meets on the second Wednesday of each month, 7:00—8:30 PM in the Coffee Bar rooms E & F at Living Word Community Church. Bring your laptop or notebook and a writing project you've been working on OR we'll have writing prompts for you to choose from.

Contact deAnn Roe with questions:

droe@lwccyork.com or 755-0089 x126.

The Studio

Artists' Group

Meets on the third Wednesday of each month, 7:00—8:30 PM in the Coffee Bar rooms E & F at Living Word Community Church.

Contact deAnn Roe with questions:

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