



NEWSLETTER • FALL 2007

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weighty love by donna milham

He bids us come
Come closer My child
Let me touch your heart
My Finger of Fire
wants to set it ablaze
Every bit of hay, wood and stubble
That which does not reflect nor represent Me
If you allow Me
My all consuming fire will encompass you
and devour your
self-life
I will replace it with My servant love
living for Me
by My living through you
You cannot love like this on your own
holy frustration
I have allowed
Can you not see each time your own love failed
I did not look away in disappointment
No I called out to you as a faithful Father
Come here – come to Me –
Let us talk awhile
I have let you come to the end of yourself
Even the love you thought you had
tested – has failed
it gives up
It wants to run away at times
Its motives not always pure
I love you anyway
For I know all of this, it is no surprise to Me
The love I long to pour into you requires one thing
your very life
For My Love is weighty

Heavy
It causes one to bow low
In gratitude
In devotion
In servanthood
In holy worship
For the One Who is Worthy
Takes His very heart and puts it into yours
Holy Love – Holy Heart exchange
Costly
He paid the price
That it could be so
He asks simply
Do you want this depth, this weight of Love
It is filled with deep joy
Shared – Lover with His own
It is a joy of a life
Poured out
Spilled out
As a cup purposed tipped upside down
Emptied
Of soulish love, of self love
Set aright again
Waiting – saying
Fill me with the love that kept you on the cross
Denying self
That I might live and move and have my being in You
Weighty love
Comes down – pours in
To a life laid out as a holy sacrifice
This one will arise
Light in their spirit
Weighty in His presence
Day by day He bids
Come again and again and again....
This is not a one time act
It is a process
Before Me
With Me
Again and again and again....
He increases
We decrease
And you shall see Him coming forth
From within
With a love not your own
but divine
Pouring forth to touch a love starved world



A Contemplation

By Lupe' King

Isaiah 53:4-5; "Surely He took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered Him stricken by God, smitten by Him and afflicted. But He was bruised for our transgressions, He was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon Him..."

If we knew today that tomorrow we were going to die for some stranger in the street, would not that cause us to take special interest in that person this very moment? Would we not want to know everything about him/her? And like a potter looking at his finished creation, would we not fall absolutely in love with him/her?

"Tomorrow I am going to die for you! Do you know how wonderful you are? Do you know how much you mean to me?"

"Tomorrow I will be tortured; beaten, spit upon, cut up, abandoned, rejected, denied, cursed, and yes even killed, just for you."

"Child of God, O how I love you! And there is nothing in this world that could ever make me change my mind. I will bear it all for you."

"Look at yourself in a mirror, the image that is staring back at you is My image. You are My child. Should not a child reflect The Father's face? You and I Child of God have a lot in common, for you carry My DNA."

*Stir up Your passion in us O Lord.
Help us to grasp the meaning
of what it is to come to know
the height, the depth,
the width, and the length
of Your love!*

*Break our hearts Father
for those things which
break Your heart!*

Bike Ride Pondering

By Chickie Taylor

I started out on my bike in my favorite wooded area close to home. I pushed past the fear of going in this area alone, for I was anxious to spend time alone with God in the great outdoors He created for us to enjoy. The first break I took was by a trickling stream. I noticed sounds of silence around me as I was listening for God's voice. As I rested and waited, thoughts came to mind that brought tears, and I realized, I was in a valley, physically and spiritually. And then I heard, "come up higher" you remember what's up here where there's peace. I stayed a while longer to listen and ponder some more, and then started for the higher place. There were obstacles in my path (to the beautiful lake) stairs, logs, rocks, ledge, tree roots. When I finally arrived, it was worth the effort. The beauty of nature was all around me. There, was peace.

Sometimes the call to go higher is riddled with obstacles of life that would try to keep us from going/getting there. And the lesson was, don't stay in the valley, even though it seemed peaceful for a few moments, and don't let the obstacles in the way deter you from where God is wanting to get you in that place of peace in Him.

"You will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on You" (Isaiah 20:3). "He Himself is our peace" (Ephesians 2:14). Father, help our minds to stay on You. ✿

Kingdom Time By Judy Johnson

Recently I have been thinking about “kingdom time”. Is there such a thing? I think that feeling of “summer slipping between my fingers” caused me to cry out again about time, or the seeming lack of it. “My times are in your hands” is my word for 2007. Yet feelings of frustration settled on me as I saw and heard fall approaching. So in the last weeks of August I finally planned and executed a day to go to Newburyport and paint outdoors. It was a perfect summer day, low humidity, mid 70s. My heightened senses and spirit knew it was the Lord and I, going to off to paint, so I asked him to “unfold” the day. And did he!! I painted till noon standing on an island in the Merrimack River, early morning sun sparkling across the water like diamonds, slowly warming my body. He showed me how to capture the view before me as never before. So with a painted memory of the morning, I left there, my lunch in hand, and sat in downtown Newburyport along the wharf area basking in “our moment”. After lunch I headed to Plum Island. Amidst a few mosquitoes wanting to have me for lunch, I set up my easel facing the panoramic vista of tidal marshlands. I chose a different medium and captured a magnificent sky full of clouds. Just as I was ready to pack up, a blue heron landed on the water, and I grabbed my camera

and snapped a supply of photos for future reference. Leaving there I had just enough time to treat myself to an iced latte, and grab the remaining minutes to read the Word. Finally after nearly 8 hours, I rode home music loudly playing in the car, and marveled at the day. And the word of the lord came” Better is one day in your courts, than a thousand elsewhere”. I felt HE had compressed 10 days elsewhere into one day in HIS court. I wondered, was this a glimpse of kingdom time? It was then that the enemy whispered a “guilty word”, didn’t you plan on spending a lot of time at the beach in the Word, what happened to that”? Then I recalled Graham Cooke’s word, “everything is seasonal, there are times when we flow in the spirit and times when we flow in the Word of God”. This had been a day flowing in the spirit and the enemy wasn’t going to rob me of its pleasure and joy.

It had been an unusual day, but in my mind the memory of it lingers as a reminder to me that this how I desire to live all my days, letting his tangible presence and gentle voice “unfold” my days even in the midst of my routines, and in spite of my plans. That my spirit will be so one with his, that I will be alert to his constant touch, and not miss the myriad of ways he longs to thrill me in the midst of the ordinariness of my life. ♦

New Luggage By Judy Johnson

After my last plane trip, I had thrown up a quick prayer” help me buy new luggage Lord” but quickly had forgotten about it, but my DADDY hadn’t. I had already taken two trips with duck tape covering a hole in my bulging luggage. So I knew a third time was too risky. This was the day, beginning with Target, that I was going “to scope out” the luggage in my town, when the Lord said, “go to Marshalls”, a store that boasts name brands at discount prices. I never go there, but I quickly turned my car into the parking lot. As I approached the store, a window sign read, “Luggage 50 % off”. Now my spirit was excited, as I recognized “a God moment”. I entered the luggage section and saw a set from the distance, the Lord spoke again “that’s it”. As I started to examine the luggage interior, the next thing I did was to check the price. Oftentimes my purchase decisions are based solely on price. “Just get the cheapest” or “you can’t afford that” are frequent phrases that pop into my mind when deciding to buy something. So there it was Liz Claiborne, classy, 2 piece set of Black and White small checked luggage at less than half price! At that moment I knew this set was for me from HIM, my Jehovah Jireh. After checking out, I walked to my car pulling my new luggage, the Lord said “I GAVE YOU THE BEST”. I knew I had just experienced a shift within. He DOES want to give me the best. He has already given me the very best, HIMSELF. Somehow I know this is going to change the way I shop. Didn’t HE say “seek ye first the kingdom and all these THINGS will be added unto you” ♦

I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is Mine

By Lupe' King

The chamber of your heart is not just a chamber, it is "The Wedding Chamber." It is the place of the consummation of your wedding vows and beyond anything you can ever imagine. It is where all your desires for Him and His for you come to a union. You are for Him "alone" forever and ever and He is yours forever and ever.

In human terms we get married and are totally taken with each other. But in a moment's time, we begin to adapt to each other and no longer feel the same passion and the same ecstasy as on the wedding day/night.

This is not so with The Lover of your Soul. For He will sweep you off your feet everyday for the rest of your life on this terrestrial realm and continue to do so unto eternity. This my child is not something that passes nor is it something that eventually fades away. For to Him everyday is like the first time!

CHRIST IN ME

by Karen Elliott

Christ in me, the Hope of Glory
Christ in me, my Strength & Shield
Christ in me, my Great Protector
Christ in me, my Savior be.

Christ in me, my Fortress
Christ in me, my Refuge
Christ in me, my Strong Tower
Christ in me, my Safety be.

Christ in me, my Standard held high
Christ in me, all Love and Mercy
Christ in me, my Reconciler
Christ in me, Vindicator be.

Christ in me, my Breath of Life
Christ in me, my Healer
Christ in me, my Song and Joy
Christ in me, Sweet Presence be.

Christ in me, my Peace,
Christ in me, my Rest,
Christ in me, the Sound of Heaven
Christ in me, Forever be.

Living Water

By Chickie Taylor

Recently, a roofer came to check out our roof and give us an estimate on replacing it. He looked further than the roof, however, and noticed that water had gotten behind part of the siding and was slowly rotting the wood underneath. He said, "Chickie, wherever water is, trust me, there is damage, because water is like a cancer and slowly eats away and rots". I was recalling this while I stopped by a small stream while bike riding. And a spiritual picture came to mind. The Living water, flowing within us, flowing out of us - slowly erodes away the flesh that needs to still die within each of us. It is making us more and more into the image of Christ' from the inside out.

Living Water, Holy Spirit, please continue to come alive in us and overtake us. Wash away that which is not of You. And let us become springs of living water to others. Amen. ☼

What is it Like to be Back in the Garden Before the Fall A Meditation

By Carmela Real

My face reflects Yours
My heart aligns with Yours
You in me, I in You
As I clearly hear the sound of your footsteps
in the cool of the day
And feel your anticipation
to have communion and fellowship with me

In sync with the frequency of Heaven
Breathing the wind of your Spirit
Vibrating in Your love
Meditating on Your Nature, Your Attribute
Day and night; night and day
As you reveal mysteries of the universe
Face to face
With your eyes locked with mine

Without a speck of sin
Free from sickness and disease
No shame nor fear
Shielded by Your Truth and Peace

Spiritual senses open to perceive the heavens
And see through the sea of glass
Seven lamps of fire burning
Four living creatures at a distance
Angels worshipping You in Holy array
Elders bowing down
Casting down their crowns
Praising You day and night
Holy, holy, holy is the King
To Him who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb
Be blessing and honor and glory
And dominion forever and ever
Amen