EAGLE AND DOVE MINISTRIES

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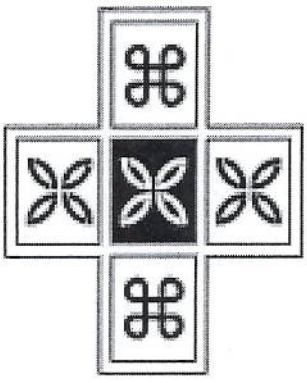
Dawn's Light

By Donna Milham

Foggy mist of morning
just before dawn
Awaken oh Bride
Awaken for the dawn is almost here
the night is almost over
Sing the ancient songs of those gone before you
chant with the birds of the air
declaring simple trust in Me
Foggy mist of morning
dawn is approaching announcing
Bright Son just ahead
Sing the song of morning light
I am the Bright Morning Star
I arise just as dawn
awakens
dawn is just ahead
Bright Morning Star releasing
songs of dawn's light



Love Me

By Jenny Brinton

The key to the door of heaven: Love Me
In the secret of the holy place: Love Me
When the world seems full of darkness:
Love Me
When the cattle are stolen: Love Me
When the longing overtakes you to an
unbearable weight,
The loneliness for a Lover: Love Me
Cry out in the desert place! I will come to
you!
Call me, across the mountains, over the
oceans!
Call Me! I will answer. I will come to you
Though you feel lonely, though you feel
abandoned and weary,
I am with you
Forever and always, I will never leave your
side!
Though the desert seems empty and devoid
of life,
Call on Me, and they will be filled as a
garden
A garden filled with My love for you.
A garden full of every good and perfect thing
So beautiful, it will draw you into my perfect
joy!

Deep Calls to Deep

By Karen Elliot

From the innermost places deep within my being
I feel the pulling
The tugging of desire
No more can I stand to know only of You
No longer can I live with only glimpses of Your beauty, Your greatness & Your glory
My spirit within stirs and churns
For You to inhabit me more fully
I MUST decrease and You MUST increase
Desperation for You floods me - overwhelms me - overtakes me!
OVERTAKE ME LORD, OVERTAKE ME!
CONSUME ME WITH THYSELF, MY LORD,
CONSUME ME WITH THYSELF!
Your Presence within me is like a bubbling fountain overflowing its boundaries
Spilling out refreshing waters of life and joy!
I cannot contain it!
I cannot contain such love and such joy!
Enlarge me O Lord
That I may contain more of You and
Enable me to pour You out everywhere I go
In the marketplace, in the schools, in my home and in my church,
In the streets and among the lost, the lonely and the hurting
Pour Your love for those out from within me
That they would be touched by Your hand, by Your heart,
By Your amazing grace and love.
That their eyes would be opened and their hope restored!
That they would be healed and leap and dance for joy!
That a cry of desperation calls from deep within them,
Crying out for more of You,
Consumed with desire, set ablaze with passion for You,
Becoming fire starters and bubbling fountains of life!
How tender are Your mercies, How wondrous Your beauty and majesty!
How all consuming and contagious is YOUR LOVE!♥

In Quietness

By Donna Milham

Isaiah 30:15…..in quietness and confidence in your strength"

Lord cause us to enter into a new place of rest – quietness – confidence in You.
That we may live in Your strength, living in rest – confident only in You.
Denying spirits of insecurity, comparison, envy and jealousy – *access*
Starving them until they must go elsewhere to exist
We cry out for this Lord
Beginning each day with resting in Him – with Him
Getting the eye of our heart and spirit set on Him
Our gaze set on the King
The One who wants to rule ever arena of our life – heart, soul and spirit
To move through the day in rest
When agitation begins to stir – we stop and wait – ask – listen
Jesus did not walk in agitation or hurry
No, His gait was in time with the Father's
He spent time with Father and knew His Heart for the day
Jesus stayed in sync – in step with Heaven
When we are not in step our eyes show it, our responses, our words
Impatience, lack of compassion – half listening – focused on self
And yet the Lord says – focus on Me and My Kingdom
Come up here and listen and see as I see
He may show you divine appointments that day that await you – as you wait with Him
Or simply to stay in this place of 'up close' on earth, being ready for His Divine nudgings
Then it is a choice - moving with Him or moving on our own
If we move with Him it will be inconvenient at times and disrupt our daytimer
But who is truly King
Does He not know our work schedules, family demands, calendar of social events…….
He is bigger than it all and if we will follow Him and His lead then He causes it all to fit
Our lists may not be completed and our commitments not fully met –
But perhaps we need to take another look at our daytimers and see whose hand wrote in the dates
Did we seek him to know within – is this the best way to spend my time
Is this what You want Lord
I do know that if HE is not penned in each day – nothing else really matters
We will go through motions, check off our lists, socialize with friends
But at the end of the day, or in the middle of a silent moment –
There is a VOID – the void of BEING UP CLOSE WITH GOD

Oh God – may you be first in our hearts and lives – we cry out for hearts of devotion for You! Blow your breath upon the flames in our hearts and cause them to burn ever brighter. ♥

A Friend and A Bike

By Judy Johnson

Five years ago the lord blessed me with a friend and a bike. Little did I realize the impact that combination would make in my life. The Lord began to touch the hardened places in my soul while bringing new life to parched places in my spirit. Our biking times began with, "Meet you at the top of the hill in half an hour". I would stop what I thought was so important, hop on a bike and be transported into a world of freedom and play. Propelled by my own energy, the wind blowing in my face, smelling lilacs or eating a snack, these times became treasured interludes in my days.

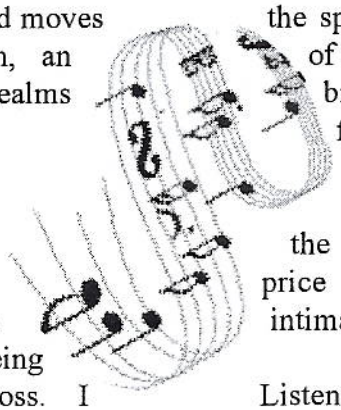
Soon we were loading our bikes onto a bike rack and taking overnight trips to new, picturesque locations. Yet of all the rides we took, the ones we look back on with the greatest delight were the ones that were unplanned, unhurried, with 'destination unknown'. After prayer we would start biking, then watch as the Lord would 'direct our path'. "Let's go left here" or 'After the hill, let's explore that road". We biked not sure of where we were going, where we would come out or how long it would take. I soon began to see the parallel in my own life and began to pray for that same joy in the unplanned, unknown areas of my days. In life, we pray and then want to see the whole plan for the next six months to see if we approve. We say, "I trust you Lord", yet want to know every detail of the journey. There is no room for faith. We plan our lives and then experience the boring monotony of our plans, rather than the spontaneous yet secure plans of the Lord. The Word says in Proverbs, "Trust the Lord with all your heart and lean not unto your own understanding, in all your ways acknowledge him and he will make your paths straight".

Our responsibility is to trust; God's responsibility is to direct our paths. When we look back, it will be the unexpected twists and turns of the road of life that have added a new richness and greater depth to our lives. We need to ask the Lord to give us an adventurous and trusting heart; to let him direct the paths of our life, and embrace the unexpected, knowing that a loving God has planned it all.

Sounds of Heaven

By Wayne Taylor

The sounds of heaven come in many forms. During our Judah's Roar meeting in February I was sitting behind Judy Johnson, one of the artists on our team. Judy was drawing from her heart as she waited on the Lord in the midst of the meeting. I began to hear a sound every time Judy made a stroke across the canvas that was unique. I received a revelation that even the medium of art has a unique sound and cadence produced and released from it. Color and light have sounds to them, they pulsate with Heavens radiant life. Every time God moves He releases color, sound, rhythm, an actual cadence from the heavenly realms to the earthly realm.



God gave me understanding that He was releasing a unique sound from Judy's artwork. As she made strokes on her canvas I saw in the spirit, a picture form of Jesus being whipped before He went to the cross. I heard the sound of the whip going across Jesus' back with each motion of the chalk. I believe that God can use anything that He has created to produce a sound for someone to hear or to draw them to the Cross. Even the sound of art being created.

I am convinced God did this to remind me of Jesus going to the cross and the suffering He withstood for all of mankind. The sounds of Heaven surround us everywhere we are and come in many forms IF we have ears to hear. God showed me that during creating and releasing times He speaks and the sound of His Voice produces power and revelation.

I realized after I had journaled what God was uncovering to me by His spirit, that the finished picture Judy had drawn, reminded me of the cross. Judy's strokes of chalk on her drawing pad sounded in the spirit realm like the whipping of our Lord Jesus. Holy Spirit brought forth this revelation for the Lord's holy purposes, for it is on His Heart to restore our hearts again to the Cross and the incredible price paid for each to come into intimate communion with Jesus.

Listen closely to the sounds around you, God might be speaking to you. Actually God is always speaking, the question is, are we listening. Will we cry out for eyes to see, ears to hear and a heart to understand? Will we be open to Holy Spirit using new forms of sounds to bring us back to the cross, to the bring us deeper into understanding of suffering as well as joy. Are you listening? ♫

Chicky's Montana Trip Update

By Chicky Taylor

Thank you everyone for your prayers and financial support! I could not have done anything that did get accomplished without you! You came with me! I will share just a few personal experiences here. A full report will be forthcoming.

The second day of the trip, I was not feeling good due to a headache that kept building and didn't seem to want to quit. We had been invited to Jeny Covill's home in Columbia Falls, where she has a home church on Sundays (it was Sunday). We joined in with her group for the last part of her meeting. I know Jeny from a few years back and her website is where I have learned about and gotten connected to other Native ministries, etc. She also records a 15-minute Christian native radio station once a week down in her cellar, and she invited some of us on the team to be interviewed. I was one of the ones elected by the team, to do so. She asked me to explain why I was there, and I did so. She also said she knew there were some small tribes back home, and I got to share about that, too, and said I had a word for the women on the reservations from Caring Hands of the Natick Praying Indians back home. So I considered myself a bridge-builder. What I said this trip was about for me was this is a way for me to reconcile with my Native brothers and sisters and to walk in relationship, side by side with them. What an opportunity from God.

That evening on the Blackfeet Reservation, I was still not feeling good . I layed down for a nap in a small room in the hall where the meeting was being held, before the meal and the meeting. A little native girl (6 years old) came in. That was the end of my napping! But God had a plan, and I'm glad He did. She kept coming and going out of the room, and talking with me and asking questions. Soon, her older sister (13) joined her. At one point they went out of the room, and I asked God how was I going to feel better if I didn't get a nap. What I heard was "permit the children to come unto me.....for of such is the kingdom of heaven". So, when they came back in, I gave them each a small gift I had brought. I gave the younger one a small teddy bear that said "friends" on it. She said it was the best gift she ever got. I gave her sister a homemade gourd rattle a native friend had given me to give away. Then I gave them chocolate bunnies I had with me (I never travel without chocolate). By the end of the evening, the younger one, Ninette, was calling me "auntie". And my native friend on the trip with us told me that was no small thing. It was a sign of honor. She kept sitting on my lap during the meeting and before I left, she gave me a big hug and said "thank you, auntie". I had the opportunity to buy each of them a Christian native CD, and as my friend said to me, "you're seeding into the next generation". She was right. So, YOU seeded into the next generation of Native Americans in our country.

I know some of you were wanting to know about little grandma from last year on the Northern Cheyenne reservation. I did see her, but not at the meeting. But again, I was able to go to her house and bless her financially again. More to come!