



**Grace
and
Freedom**
- a journey



by Donna Yates



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*These poems are dedicated to my precious family -
my husband John and my children Luke, Leah, Abigail,
Deborah and Nathanael - a constant source of inspiration.*



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About the Author

Donna Yates was born in Adelaide, South Australia in 1955. She married in 1975. Donna has five children whose ages range from 7 to 20 years. She received a Bachelor of Economics and a Diploma of Education from Flinders University in Adelaide. This is where she met and married her husband John, who is a part-time lecturer and itinerant preacher. Donna has taught Secondary Mathematics at various times in between rearing children.

In 1991, Donna began to write out of frustration and an erratic prayer life. A failed short story gave way to poetry - poetry became prayer and prayer became poetry. A voyage of self-discovery and Christ discovery had begun. It continues we trust by God's grace.

The thick, damp grass was almost dark lime green.
 The coarse couch grass leaves made it look like the world's most luxurious tufted carpet.
 And she lay in it getting damp and feeling great.

She looked at the clouds like powder puffs drifting across a bright, light blue.

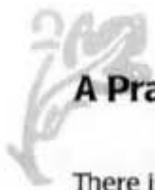
"Now I am free to be me!"¹



¹ This was the beginning of my attempt to write - to let out what was sitting inside. I began by attempting a short story. It failed - but the theme of these poems was already emerging "... free to be".

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A Prayer ²

There is a place where the Lord meets me.
 It's not a place of tremendous victory, knowledge
 and strength
 For I don't have many of those.

No, it's a place that is at the end of me -
 The sham, the coping, the self projection is gone.
 - There is just a deep quietness and many
 tears of weakness.
 Yet even more beautiful; there is here a joy.
 It wells up and overwhelms me,
 The joy is bitter-sweet. Jesus' love and longing
 mix.

A joy that purifies and demands.
 A joy that loves and sorrows over my distance
 from the lover.
 A joy that sustains my weakness and makes
 it unimportant - No, not unimportant!
 - Makes it a beautiful point where God can
 get His potter's hand in and change me.

Does My Lord and my God love me so much?
 - I can't quite take it in - but live in it I must.

Is He really so sad but gentle when
 I finally face my sin?
 Did Christ do that for me?

² NB This only becomes a real prayer at the end like many of our so called prayers.



"Peace, peace - not as the world gives".
 What does the world's peace mean?
 Absence of war?
 Freedom to do what you want?
 The ability to claim your rights?

 --- God's peace is somehow about
 Freedom to be.
 Freedom to admit your wrongs.
 Freedom to drop the burdens of rights
 - and live.
 Freedom to love and forgive.

Oh Lord make me free :- Free so that one day I might be
 able to be at the end of me
 with all.

AMEN.



Those Eyes

Eyes on the cross - transfixed on me.
 "It doesn't matter" they say
 "What they do to me - I love you my
 Child. Do you love me?"
 "Oh, of course I do!" - I rush in and say
 But the sad, sad, longing of those eyes will
 not go away.

What is it they want? - It can't be me.

Why I'm nothing

- I'm OK - in control

- at a comfortable place

- or at least I used to be

----- What's happening?

The intensity of love may

break me!

"Why didn't you show them?" I scream out in fear

I've always believed in you -

OK, You're the Son of God - so what

happened here?

- Oh, It's not that you died (I've got my

theology straight)

What breaks me up is the silent love.

The strong, willing, silent love

It's the determined, freely willed, strong, silent

love

that holds you pinned, bleeding, dying

and forgiving

- Please, don't draw me to that place.

OH NO! You don't still love me - what!

Even more! ?

You love honesty? Gutsy questions?

The me they reveal?

The me that you know?

Oh God, I'm going to cry.

What about I don't know.

Oh yes Lord - I love -- Oh no!

It's no good.

I can't see how it can be

That the me that you want

Is this broken, frightened, childish,

(or is it childlike) me?

My hand still holds you at arms length

- Forgive me. (Why do you let me?)

It must be for a while longer

- Free me!

Some strange bonds need breaking

A hard, hard, stony heart needs taking

and

Love needs to be making

The me that should be.

-- My Spirit moves

I love you Lord

I love you Lord

I love you Lord

I love you Lord

* ENOUGH! * My God cries

Come here and let me love Thee.

_ Eyes meet eyes without Fear and I know Love.



A Thankful Heart

One knows one should have one

One occasionally wants one

But to get one means to will one

means to choose one
means to lose one's agenda in Love.
One gets close to one and runs
One gets close to one and cries
But one day at that close point my
stubborn will die
And I will praise you
And I will adore you with
all of me.

At least that's how it seems - Until _ _ _
Grace and Love colour so many
pains
Into a different hue that will not
wash away if it rains.
Your smile is on so many things
where I feared
And your compassion compels me into
difficult places
So that your voice I would hear
(I don't strain to ask and then listen by choice!) -

And suddenly, I see
That I am bursting with Thankfulness
Just to be; a child that you love enough
To let be and then discipline and call
and pressure and draw - into that place
Where your perfect Love can be more
revealed to me
Oh Thank You **Lord!**



Tension broken through by Grace

Strung out and fraying
Too much and too loud I have been saying
That my peace is awaying - near gone.



'Strive for peace' God's word says
sometimes it feels like 'Fight for peace'
And lose - And sink - And yell.
_ Hell must be a hundred screaming,
fighting, demanding children
And in the centre is me without God.
- No Hell is without God and without me as
I have come to be.
- Still stressed but free, forgiven and
in touch with Grace and it can reach me
Anew - I can breathe and be.

What would life be without the newness of Grace,
Each moment and each day - freshly given.
God loves even the stressed me.
He loves the stressed you.
The frightened us.
Fresh daisies, white and widely open
Poke cheekily through the stormy darkness -
Remind me of my daughter's cheeky smile.
That makes me laugh with real joy - There is love!



A Hollow hope? - No way!

Do you know where I'm going?
 It's not far away.
 In fact it's right here in some way
 - Each day.
 I'm going to be with my Lord and my God
 To be given his gift of Eternal Life
 A Hollow hope? - No way!

Well, I ask you - When you look
 into a lover's eyes
 Can you doubt that true love gives
 and dies.
 And that it dries each eye that cries
 in sorrow and pain.
 - One day those eyes will cry never again
 - A Hollow hope? - No way!

And tell me, why is it that life passes
 so quickly by
 And most of us only allow
 Weddings and funerals to really make us cry.
 After all joy found through sorrow
 is a constant theme in religious writers
 - or so it seems
 to me.
 Such joy - is that too
 A Hollow hope? - No way!

Perhaps life is just like a fleeting dream?
 well then again -
 [And yes, I do almost want to scream.]
 God has said that important things
 are unseen.
 Spiritual birth and the Holy Spirit within _
 They make all new
 Some scoff all this away
But A Hollow hope? - No way!



OK, I don't know why life is so damn hard
 or why angry youth with all the answers
 trample over truth
 or why intolerance comes with old age
 (perhaps it's a defence against the
 depression that lurks just below?)
 or why middle age is laden with disappointments
 and pressured so.
 [Yes - These may be the ponderings of a mad
 woman - I admit I really don't know.]
 But that's exactly the burden of life
 That Jesus says must go.

And this one thing I do know
 "God in great mercy pardoned me
 Snapped sin's fetters and set me free.
 Once I was blind but now I see.
 This one thing I know"
 A Hollow hope? - No way!

This is the way
 This is life
 This is joy and peace

To know that I am forgiven by a Father
who loves me.
And gave His only Son for me
That I might live.

—
So live, Child of God, live!



True Beauty

True beauty is reflected beauty
Not from a mirror
But from your eyes, Oh Lord.

True beauty is enjoyed beauty.
Not with conceit and fixed eyes on a
window you happened to pass,
But enjoyment of who you are and of
giving it
Freely in a way
That creates beauty in others.
Let me do it today.

True beauty doesn't say
'Look at me' but 'look at you
- You're beautiful.'

That's what Jesus keeps saying to me
That's why I love Him
That's why I'm free.

Scratched mirrors break up the image.
If my spirit is scratched with envy,
Anger, hatred of self -
Other's can't see their beauty when they
look at me.

Look at Jesus the perfect mirror surface
Of the Father's love.
Take your image from above
and give it.



Revive Us Again (A Hymn)

Oh Lord of Love
Come to us as a Dove
Open our mouths with sweet praise
And empower our ways
We need it today.

Oh Lord of Grace
Show to us your face
And win our hearts anew
With passion and fire from you.
We want you to stay.

Oh Lord of Sorrow and pain
Strip us of false comforts again
Joy is your promised reward
Fulfil in us your word
Help us just obey.



The mind spirit problem (Heavy!)

The mind grasps at ideas
 And tries to shuffle.
 The Spirit opens up to receive
 And strives not to muffle the message.
 The mind tells God what ought to be done
 If there is a bad reception it turns to His Son
 But the spirit bows low without striving.
 "Move God today. Don't take your Holy
 Spirit away."

"Too simplistic" the mind cries
 Something dies. Control.
 "Sweet relief" the spirit exclaims
 Lord speak to me again.

I understand nothing.
 In the end none of us do.
 "How hard is it for God just to reveal
 something to you?"
 What if the grids of our minds are distorted?
 This could be true.

"But God uses my mind!"
 Yes, of course this is true.
 But, how hard is it for the Lord
 Just to reveal something to you.

Our minds are experienced in some things
 But what it doesn't know
 - We don't know - so we could fall.

if the mind blocks the spirit,
 if it is exalted above the spirit,
 if we live in our heads

Where it is safe

— Then we are setting parameters
 on we know not what

And we risk cutting off
 God - We know not in what
 And we enjoy God only in
 what we understand

And the Gospel becomes not
 who you know

but

what you know.

Father forgive us.

AMEN



Missing Him

Missing him, Is he missing me?
 Kissing him that's what should be.
 Needing him, does he need me?
 Wanting him, having him, soon it will be.

Gaps in our words - Gaps in our love.
 God caused gaps - A gift from above??
 He thinks I don't need him - just want him.
 He says without words 'Need me!'
 I love him.

Yes, this was not just for him
 But for him and me.

How can I show him that I need-
All that is him?
That is - him I need.
I need all of him.
All of him I need.

Ache for him - hungry to be loved.
His crazy adoration - hard to absorb
- I need him.
He is my brother, my friend, my mentor,
MY LOVER!
I need HIM!

Not what he does but who he is.
Help me say it - show it
SOFTEN MY LOVE!

-- He's softer than me - that's what many
don't see

I can be tough - really tough.
God, you know what I'm trying to say.
Oh, I can tidy and clean
Fuss and preen,
pray and be serene,
Laugh and beam,
But only sensitive love
That touches the real need
with gentle care,
Can let him know that
I need to always
be there -
For HIM.
- Father let it be

AMEN



Who is me ?

Intensity, passion and strength
Locked behind an exterior
Of foolishness, calm and evenness.
Eternal cheerfulness -
That seems to be what is seen to be.

Trapped into not being by other's fears
and demands.
Deciding to be that - to keep me
Hidden and safe.

Hearing the outside asking
Me to be me
Asking and asking
- Who is this me I'm to be?

Presumed upon again and again -
Letting that be.
Categorised and minimised by some
Who need that to be me.
Forced to acknowledge how much
I tolerate
and allow to be
presumed upon in me
Silent of truth.

Mistrusting my own judgement
When I know its the truth.
Mistrusting my own anger - Thinking
its a sign of youth.



not allowing myself to speak
in relation to me.
Constraining your love in me.

Let me be, let me be
Free, Free, Free.
I'll show all of who I am
As long as you're always with me.
The smile of your eyes warms me
And I can see that
Love, Anger, Passion and truth
Must not be constrained in me.

Those whose love can not stand
The strain and demand of me
Are better off being without me
But Me I must be.
Grief and anger at wasted times and possibilities,
Overshadowed by your restoring Grace
And the light of your face.
Music, drama, expression are not out of place

They lead right to your Face
Where I am
Free to be me!



Naked and Unashamed

No more afraid to reveal to you.
No longer the fear of pain.
No more the dread of laughter
- feeling stupid.
A strange power broken again.

A labyrinth of defences and needs
What a strange one I am.
What a wonderful God who loves me!
What a saviour His Son.
- What a mess He rescues me
From.

³ _ _ Purple, red, black and cream
swirling in a ball.
Purple royalty - stand tall!
Red blood on my only covering
Black the night without love.
- Cream is more me than white
Soft, friendly but not quite white
Because Jesus in not yet fully
in sight.
Fresh colours as if never seen.

Oh Yes!
Naked and unashamed
Christ is the lovely one
Who will be blamed
I can never pay
I can't even say

³ Refers to an actual visual image seen as writing this poem.

What it means to me
to lose my shame.
Clothes cover and show
image and power.
But under the blood stained
purple robe
That washes away the black
and even the cream,
I am beautifully
Naked and unashamed
And clean
- Turning white.



Griefs Observed

Two griefs, not mine - friends
Both loved by God - both loving Him.
Both women
A little older than me - though that
doesn't seem to be
to me.

I've not known death of a close one
I've not groaned out in pain as
one is wrenched from me.
I've not held on so tight that my
fingers have had to be
prised open
to let go of
what's gone.

My drive for living hasn't been sapped
from me by grief
My own mortality only briefly
glimpsed at
Not continuously in front of me.
Tragedy attached to death
I know nothing of.
- All this is true
How to show love?

Afraid of speaking
And sounding glib,
Shallow, uncaring.
Silent listening becomes me.
But I want to reach out to you!
Lord what can I do?
All I know

is that You can show
something so deep
that their dark well
will overflow
with life and hope.



I've not had this well filled
For I haven't touched
the bottom of it yet - but I will.
- Give these dear friends
the space and desire.
Eyes to glance up straight into You.

To look full into life and its
unfairness and pain
And touch your heart again.

There finding your love
that is deeper and deeper
and sweeter and sweeter
and Rock Solid strong.

Strong to carry them through the grief
Coping with frailty under stress.
Strong to pour grace in
and cover any sin
with Christ -
so shining the hope
of New life
into Everyday life.

Please lift their flagging zeal
and press their feet
firmer and deeper into
Your footprints across the snow
Of life's winter.
Then let them rest content.

And when my turn comes to take this
same walk
May I not turn my face on your Grace
and help me learn humbly from
what I have seen
and where they have been
And may this prayer prove to be
more than just talk.



Past being Nice

Thank God I'm past "being nice"
the culturized looks and kindness
That set limits on demands and expression
And would prefer to just guess
At what's going on inside.

Jesus you are sweet and lovely
and compassionate
But you're more.
And we need to Adore
and worship

you passionate lover;
intimate friend.
Jealous yearning hardly rates a friend.
Some would rather talk of
"Caring affirmation",
Fuzzy Talk

Arms open and pleading with longing
That's how I see you
Seeking to arouse 'First Love'
again and again

Wanting an energy of passion
And the calmness of after,
Rather than the calm and even
Sickly sweet balm of
the never aroused
Take me to you Jesus like that
or not at all.

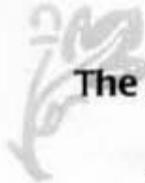


Oh its sad to think of
the 'Never been'
The 'never been' past the point of caring
about other's thoughts
As long as one's with you.
'Never seeing' things above clearer
than here below.
'Never giving' everything because it breaks
the folk 'law' of caution.
Always wanting the mind to be certain

Lord, I want to be engaged constantly
with passion,
To love after your fashion.
To dwell in the sweetness of your
wisdom
In the midst of the waves of pain.
To be free to be wrong
Again and again
But to be right with you -
Intensely the same.

Yes this can be!

Because Grace is freely given to me
In Christ.
- In floods to the forgiven
Passionate waves that defy restraint
and control;
And shatter the heart gone cold.
Shatter me Lord,
Again and Again.



The Gap Filling God - 14 Jan 94

Divine putty that graciously
takes our shape
and waits.
Why should the Lord of time
allow us the luxury of fuss -
and then calmly -
in the smallest of gaps
just come to us?

Try as I might, this modus operandi
takes away all my fight.
Stops my flight.
Come.

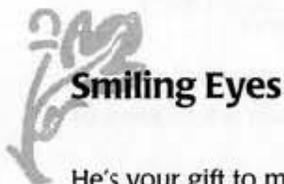
Is there not the smallest
of cracks?
Crack me.
Do what you must.
I understand not my hard, hard crust.

- See, I don't understand again
It's not a cracking He wants.

It's the
Melting, flowing, filling
___ Warming comfort of love___
Grace, forgiveness
Pouring, smothering the
resistant objections
- the protests of undeserving.
God is unswervingly faithful to us
who believe.



Tears drop on my hanging hands
big and free.
Bottle my tears, number the hairs of my head.
Trace the line of my smile
with your fingertip.
- keep doing it Lord until I stop
Thinking of you as an ugly idol.
Help me smash that idol.
And let you love me!
For I am in Christ.



Smiling Eyes

He's your gift to me
- Nothing is surer.
He has the power to hurt me
- that's Love's power.
But what delight when I can
Gaze into his smiling eyes.

Life is tense and
They don't always smile.
But, then they never show guile
Either.
Because there is something pure.
There is something that will endure.
And when the mirror of his soul
Is turned towards me in delight
And their smile lights up my
tired, tired night
I soar - and all else fades.

- Now loving is one thing
and liking is another
and treasuring
and praise.
When all this meets then -
The smile of our eyes lock
And wrap around each other.
A Tinkling of joy -
we are lovers.

Lostness and loneliness
lose meaning
As if a foreign tongue
And a further unravelling of
The mystery of The Church
and God's son
Has begun
For me.

Oh how I need the smiling
of his eyes !

To delight in each other
is the deepest drinking of
two thirsty, thirsty souls.
Let us drain our cups dry!
Perfect Obedience.





JESUS (Sound track & video)

Lifting tune
Across misty moor
'Come let us adore.'
Crackling straw
Snuffling beasts.
Musty barn holds
Groans of pain and cries of life
Lamb's bleat as they come from
Night to light.
Worship.

Sawing, Shaving
Hammering then sigh.
Laughter and play
Debating
Light young voice
Weaving into
Heavy male tones.
Mother, Father cry
Why.
Ponder.

Wading water noises
Submerging water noises
Coming up water noises
Feather soft white
Windy flapping
Voice
(Or was it thunder clapping?)
Action!

Gasps, shrieks
Anger, sobbing.
Hungry feeding
Hungry listening
Rattling chains silenced
Storms, then quiet
The light sighs
Gentle, patient speech
Whispers of touch
Vibrations of compassion.

Celebration!
Hoofs clipping
Palms sweeping
Thumping and singing
- Shocking change
Dark action - heavy music
Sharp whipping - slashes of red.

Silent suffering
Loud mocking
Sharp hammering
Hearts breaking
Fear
Dying
Some new Faith
Friends gone
Confusion

Women sobbing
Wafting spices - oils
Love will embalm.
- Alarm!



Light, hope, joy
running, telling
running, seeing

Touching - Faith
Forgive
Do you love?
Comfort
Teaching
Clouds and leaving
Waiting - daring to believe
Preparing to receive
White feathers become red flames.

Joy and Power
Jesus, Jesus
Scandalous
Faithful
Lovely One !



Did Mary ponder like me?

What did she ponder
Dwell on
Pull apart thread by thread
And try to reknit.

Did she just allow things to be
And wait
On you God - a trusting child

As we should be
Or was she more like me?
I'd want to know - why?
When the Angel came
I'd want to know
Am I mad?
When Joseph wavered in his
Response to me
I'd want to know
Do I have to lose all I have?
When he dreamed and owned me
I'd feel rebuked and I'd say
"Now everything will be
alright" - by which I'd mean
Calm.

As I rejoiced with my cousin
I would burst with praise
And wonder of Your ways.
But the next day I could be
Down, afraid, even doubting Your care.

When I bounced large on a donkey
I'd be tired and snappy
Is this my privilege?
Is God within me?
- No room!
See, see - It's always me
That must carry on and be lovely
I have needs - Hey God It's me
That's speaking
Me, me, me.
- Grace would then break me



As continually needs be.
- The stable would warm
I'd melt into Joseph and let him
Care for me.
As birth began I'd chuckle
'God be with me'
I'd be glad I was
Soft towards Him
As I gave birth
To Him within me
- What will this child be?

Shepherds, Magi and animals
Chorale Praise
with me.
Natural first motherhood joy
And more revel in me.
I'd have trouble finding sleep.

I'd worship and nourish
And own the treasure
On my knee
I'd question again what
The angel said to me
And say 'Time will tell'
- God speak to me.
Can I mother you?
Did you impregnate me?

As the child grew
I'd forget amazing events
I'd feel as if I owned Him
How proud I would get.



But when He turned twelve -
Abruptly I'd feel
That the fact of Him being God's son
Is too painfully real.
The fear of the looking
Pushing against crowds
The strong statement of belonging
To another - from a son
Firm and wise.

- I feel the child
Pain tears through my being.
Time to remember then
Cling to Joseph and pray.
God don't rip my - your - our boy away!
I watch.
His manhood and glory
Are clear to me.
I wait.

Miracles begin one day
Impatient am I
For all of His Days
A wedding began it -
And I just knew that He could -
That He would.

But what followed was more.
He did all that He should.
Siblings doubted and questioned
But I - How could I?
Neighbours may see Him as mine
I've seen other signs.



Reject what He claims
Then reject me.

Oh God! The anger and tension.
I'd worry
I'd have to defer
My right to His presence
Affections and time.
I know that him being mine
Means pain.
God Help me!

My heart finally broke
Torn as that curtain.
I'd scream inside
I used to be so certain.
Magnetically pinned
To Him - to the Cross.

Sobbing; anger;
in John's arms -
Wallowing in my loss.
I'd give up hope
No Joseph to hold me now.
Through the mist of tears
I'd notice and see
God's son forgiving one on His side
Telling His Father to forgive all around me
But what grips me in my self pity
Would be that moment
When He turns His tender, piercing
Gaze on me.
I'd know in that moment it was

Worth all the pain.
The Magnificat with confusion
Would well up in me again.

I'd know that all along
He'd understood how it had been for me
And loved me so totally
That he had never really been away
From me at all.

John was given me
As Jesus' dearest treasure
Me - foolish, heartbroken me.
I feel a young girl
With an angel again.
What a salvation!
I don't understand
But I believe.

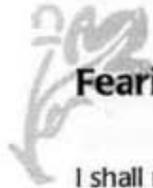
Heavy, heavy mourning
Strange news!
Rejoicing!
What would I be thinking,
What would I feel?
I'd reckon
I'd ponder and ponder
and remembering

knit together the past -
treasuring again each twist and stitch
and pattern and feel the finished
fabric tenderly

and know that no woman
has been so loved by a Son.



I'd praise my maker while I
 had breath
 And long for my Son in death -
 Knowing for certain
That He'd not forget me
 or anyone who loved Him.⁴



Fearing Punishment

I shall not die.
The words ring true
But it feels like death to me.

Consider not equality
And stop grasping
After what is yours.
Take the form
Of one who serves.
That feels like death to me.

I half accept
The emerging form
Of Christ's body stripped and torn.
But something still won't let it
Fit -
It feels like death to me.
We want to let
The punishment

⁴ This is the only poem not in chronological order. It was actually the last written but it belongs where it is placed - with 'Jesus'.

Fit the crime
But love must let
Punishment cover it
 Like a glove
Whatever its form might be.
To choose to put its fingers in.
That feels like death to me.

So what to do?
I can't lie limpet like
Tears running free.
I must wriggle my fingers
And slip into the glove
That feels like death to me.

Grace - I'm hungry for Grace.
Let my spirit break.
Let me lie still in that place,
Then wriggle my fingers.
And in an act of love
Choose to put on that glove.
So in the dying and crying,
And fearing and doubt
Send darkness out
By finding fresh light.
That feels like death and life to me.
My only hope.⁵



⁵ This reflects a time when I was challenged to be honest with my husband about some money matters. It was a matter of obedience and I feared some sort of 'punishment' as a consequence. If I loved him I had to take the risk.



Not Belonging?

Not belonging once,
 Not belonging twice,
 Gone - not belonging to anyone
 Gone
 Gone
 Gone.

Brave decisions
 Again and again.
 Invest all
 Reach out
 Give all
 Pour and pour and pour.

Children must integrate.
 Children must not fall.
 Burden, Burden, Burden
 Claw, crawl, fall.

God holding always
 People going always
 New ones to love us
 Loss heavy behind us
 God is enough but -

Holding onto people
 is easier.
 Holding on to God is tough.
 It's complicated.
 It's too simple.
 It's a belonging that's not visible.

Tongues wagging - "wise" heads shaking
 We are the ones who are
 "flexible"
 Which means "powerless"
 "Expendable"
 "Connectionless"

God wants a true flexibility
 But He will have to lift a tiredness.
 He will have to soothe the ache.
 He says I will not break -
 I want His rest.
 To lay my head on His (as on my husbands)
 chest.
 And breathe His rhythm up and down.
 Then without a sound
 The tender, strong arm
 wraps around.

Draws me in -
 Skin to skin
 Rest in the rhythm -
 Breathe in in time.

No panic but strength.
 He is my rock.
 He is my hiding place.
 I rest under his wing
 - Sweating on His skin.

Can this be my security?
 Can this be enough for me?
 Can I stop being tough -



Give Jesus the burden.
Let God be enough?
Can I
Rest in His Love and
Hold on so tight
That it is visible
And strange
and be complete in Him?
Give me grace.

But as for the other matter
Did I turn or did they?
Well God, What do you have to say?

Do I repent or grieve
Or just receive
Help me believe
That you will answer this one.

The weaving
Remember the weaving?⁶
The threads
- The twisting and turning
Is this now our place of belonging?
Is that what you said?
I must know
I need to know.

I'm longing for belonging
To run through the fingers of my hand
The dirt of my promised land

⁶ 'The weaving' refers to a vision I had where God explained how he wanted us to be flexible but one day we would 'belong' and be woven into a part of the picture.

Or should that be sand?⁷
Do we belong
Or is this another twist in the thread for us?
Hear me Lord!

Your wisdom is too high
For me.
But from my view it seems to be
That if we can't be owned and loved
Here,
Then the pattern may go on and on.
Become Eternal.

Heal and deliver us
You are our only Hope!
I dare not ask for a 'safe' place
On earth
But I do ask for a place
Where we can be accepted for
Our own worth
- Warts and all
And belong.

For me its like the barren
Singing a travailing song
'Oh bless the Lord - Here we belong!'



⁷ I want to belong where I find myself now. The 'sand' refers to the sandy soil of Perth where I live.





The End

Is this the beginning of the end
Or the end of the beginning?
It's always the beginning with God
And the beginnings are unending.

I want to begin to end
 These poems
 This era -
To say something profound
 Sum up and inspire.

But there is no end and
No beginning
And things wind on.
Words may change
But it remains the same song.

'Make me like Christ'
'Lord make me free'
'Change my heart'
'Soften my Love'
'Send fire from above'

This is the same song
It delights the Father
It makes me belong
 To Him
 In Love

Jesus is the author and finisher of my Faith
Which is my life and my only hope.
You know when we please the Father
We have nothing to condemn us
Nothing to hinder us
Rushing to Him

It's not our goodness but Grace!
It's our willingness to let Him in
 To stop quenching His Spirit.
 To look into Christ's eyes
 And receive
 What is promised
 to all who believe.

If all my meanderings can do but one thing.
Encourage you and me
To look to Jesus and rush through
 to the Father.
Stop pushing his love away
 Hiding and hardening inside -
 Plead for his help to find your true you
And with freedom to do what you must do
 - Bathed in Love.
 Then I end this
 in peace.⁸



⁸ Thanks for reading all this, Donna.

