

A P R I L 2 0 0 9

the LISTENING

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By Betty Thomason Owens

THERE IS MORE TO LISTENING THAN SIMPLY HEARING



Aunt Mary's

Spring is almost here! This is perhaps my favorite time of year. I love digging in the dirt, planting seeds, waiting for brilliant blossoms. There is an especially lovely little pink lily that blooms when it rains.

Thanks for that one, Aunt Mary!



✕ If I had a nickel... ✕

They're only 25% nickel; 75% copper. The Jefferson nickel replaced the Indian head/ Buffalo nickel in 1938. If you find one of those, you may want to hold onto it!

FROM THE AUTHOR

This little guy has changed a lot since I took this picture. He's fifteen months old now, walking and jabbering. They grow so fast! He has a funny little tuft of hair that sticks up right on top of his head.



When he's fifteen, he'll hate that I told you

that. Looking at this picture, I was amazed at how quickly time slips by. It seems not so very

long ago, my sons were this size. Makes you want to say, "Slow down! Don't be in such a big hurry to grow up!"

See next page for an updated photo! 🐣

I will praise you ...

...for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well.

Psalms 139: 14, KJV

I never cease to wonder at God's creative genius. Consider this pelican, for instance. He has the enviable ability to make his baggy chin disappear!



NOT ON MY WATCH!

Like Job, Eli made daily sacrifices and prayers for his children. Job's, and Eli's sons were, well...a little rebellious. Some of us can identify with these two dads. When God first spoke to Samuel, one of the things He told him was, "...the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be atoned for by sacrifice or offering forever." (1 Samuel 2:22)

At some point, the children are on their own. Eventually, the free ride ends. Does this mean that our wayward children are beyond hope?

Here's what I believe:

While there's breath, there's hope!

While there's breath, there's hope! The difference here, I think, is the quality of the sacrifice. We are no longer required to make daily sacrifices. The Lamb of God died for our sins, making a one-time payment.

All that is required of us is to believe. "*Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sins are covered.*" Romans 4:7



The Lady of the Haven, A Gathering of Eagles An Excerpt

It was meant to be a training run—a mere day trip into the outer regions in a time so tranquil that Lord William felt free to include his lady with him. She would thrill to see the men skirmish amid the rocks and vales of the high reaches, for she had watched them progress from green sprigs to trained warriors. Lady Jael rode proudly beside her husband, looking regal and beautiful.

She did not feel peaceful. A painful nagging feeling was scratching away at her insides. She tried to suppress it, tried to quiet its groaning with prayers, but it would not be quieted. They traveled nearly half a

In Watchful Waiting

Why do you delay O Lord, my heart?
My days are spent in watchful waiting.
O for a glimpse of your face
O to hear your voice again!
My heart is strengthened by hope.
I am yours Lord, from now until the end.
Why do you not return?
In that day, I will dance
I will rejoice in the glory of your
presence.
Though you delay, I will rejoice,
In anticipation of great joy.
I dance alone, in my private chamber
As though you are already here.
I prepare my heart for your return. ©

Betty Thomason Owens, 2/2009

(A Gathering of Eagles, Cont'd)
dozen miles through labyrinthine trails when she halted Sandelstar and sat quietly listening. William turned and rode back to her. He was troubled by the look on her face. "What is it my love?"

With difficulty, she turned to him. Her eyes were dark and strange; her lips quivered with emotion as she spoke. "The sounds of suffering...the smell of charred flesh...there are so many..." her voice cracked.

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