

A U G U S T 2 0 0 9

the LISTENING

www.veranihaven.blogspot.com

By Betty Thomason Owens

THERE IS MORE TO LISTENING THAN SIMPLY HEARING



*Aunt Mary's
"He covers the sky with clouds;
he supplies the earth with rain
and makes grass grow on the
hills."*



✧ Someday... ✧

*Set goals today that will help you achieve the
tomorrow of your dreams. If you can dream it, you can attain it!*

FROM THE AUTHOR

Back to being dazed and confused. I know that's not a good confession to make, but this summer is passing so fast! I feel like a dog chasing his tail. By the way, what would they do if they caught it? I always wondered. So how goes your summer? Have you spent time with your

children, just having fun? Sat long at dinner with relatives, just shootin' the breeze? I hope so.



Don't let too much time pass between visits with loved ones, especially those who are elderly. Time passes quickly. Do something

wonderful that you'll still be smiling about this winter!

You are the light of the world.

A city set on a hill cannot be hidden. In the same way...

...Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven. Matthew 5: 14, 16



WORDS OF HONOR

Your fair words honor me
Words of love and hope
Of adoration and praise
Wedded bliss and ever after.

Days gone by, troubles too
Times of hunger and of need
Dirty laundry and despair
Stark reality and past due bills.

Your hurtful words dishonor me
Words of anger and of hurt
Accusation and derision
Injured, I cry. Crushed, I weep.

I breathe deep and whisper
Words of ardor and of faith
I lift my voice in prayer
To the restorer of love, I cry.

We reside in separate minds
Days go by and I endure
I hold to hope, in love
I see your face and pray for you.

Your penitent words honor me
Words of sorrow and remorse
Adulation and desire
Forgiveness is ever yours.

Always honor with your words
Those you love and adore
Life in a moment; brief
Shall pass, but words remain.

I love you, I adore you
I lift up my hands in praise
To the One who gave me you.
I will honor Him all my days.

With my words I honor you
My darling, treasured one
I promise I will love you
As long as God allows.

by Betty Thomason Owens

July 7, 2009

About the Poem —

I promised my husband I would publish this latest poem in my next newsletter. He really likes it. This replaces my devotional, but I think you will agree that it belongs here. I hope it blesses you and helps you remember to think first, then speak.

The Challenge of the Book

One message of The Lady of the Haven, is total dependence on God. Leave the flesh behind and walk in a place, completely hidden from the world, communing with God in the spirit. Our own little Garden of Eden (I think God likes gardens; Eden, Gethsemane).

Fantasy, you say? Not so. Achievable, attainable, needful. To deny it is to shortchange the gifts of God. Study the word and you will find that these things are not only possible, but promised to true believers. Maybe you won't "blend into your surroundings," and "disappear," like Jael does, but you will certainly come out on the other side, strengthened and changed.



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The Lady of the Haven, Part 11 A Gathering of Eagles - An Excerpt

As all of her (Lady Jael's) thoughts and cares drifted away, so did the sounds around her. The grayness of the day no longer shadowed her vision. A brilliant light surrounded her; engulfed her and lifted her up. To the world, she had receded into the background. She sang in the ancient tongue and her voice carried out upon the wind. She could not say how long she stood there, completely caught up in the spirit, but at some point, she found herself walking further down the beach than she had ever gone. Her heart was light and free, her feet unfettered by the rocks and sand. She moved as lightly as a duck floating on water and soundlessly as a feather on the wind. She lifted up her arms and held her palms up to the sky and worshipped God with all of her heart. She had never felt so free. A newness of life stirred within her and she sang out the words that came to mind. She sang praises to God and danced upon the craggy beach. 

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