

GRACE IN THE WILDERNESS

A MINISTRY FOR TODAY'S BUSY WOMAN



I WILL EVEN MAKE A WAY IN THE WILDERNESS, AND RIVERS IN THE DESERT - ISAIAH 43:19

July/August 2015

Volume 8, Issue 3, Bi-Monthly



The Closet

By Sharon Hawkins

Have you ever had one of those days when you wanted to get into your closet, and hide? Just close the door and pretend like the world wasn't there? Hide from your kids? Hide from your husband? Hide from the clutter of your house? Hide from the weight of the world waiting outside the door to crush you?

In the closet, no bills are due. There are no worries about your kids, about your marriage, about your parents, about your finances, about your never-ending, all-consuming responsibilities. It doesn't matter what anyone else thinks about us in the closet.

There are no meals to cook, no laundry to do, no work to go to, no bosses to please, no aging parents to take care of. No health or emotional problems to worry about. Time stands still. All is well in the closet.

As little children, a closet seems like a very scary place—a dark and lonely place. Our imaginations run wild wondering if monsters live there.

When we grow up, a closet can be a great comfort as it sometimes seems like the monsters are outside the door. It is amazing how our perception can change. When my kids were little and we would play hide and seek, the closet was my favorite place to hide.

Don't get me wrong. I love my husband and my children and I love to be with them—well, most of the time. But it is find-

ing that quiet place, that place of peace from all the worries, that I am talking about here.

One morning about 10 years ago, I first learned the treasure of the closet. That morning I had walked my youngest son to his pre-school class at Bethel Baptist Church Daycare. I was carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders as I headed back down the hallway to my car.

That's when I saw her. Although I was looking at my shoes, I could not escape her gaze. Mrs. Betty Reeves, director of the daycare, precious lover of children, one of the sweetest people I have ever known, one of God's most faithful servants and a prayer warrior at her very core, stood facing me just a few feet away.

She smiled sweetly at me and said, "Hey, Sharon, how are you today?" That's all it took to open my flood gates. I burst into tears.

She asked me, "What's wrong?" I sobbed, "I just found out that my mom has cancer." Without hesitation, she said, "Come with me." That's when she opened the closet door and pulled me inside.

I know there were some other burdens that I was also carrying that day, but I do not remember clearly what they were. What I do remember vividly about that day was that Mrs. Betty prayed down the heavens on me in that

closet. She begged God to comfort me and be with my mom and she held me as I cried.

I have never forgotten. Sometimes we need someone to get into the boat with us, to feel our sorrow with us and pray for us, not just ask how we are and watch us drift on by. We need someone to get inside the prayer closet with us.

I have never forgotten how Mrs. Betty ministered to me that day. I have often thought of her when I have had the opportunity to share and pray with others who are hurting. She taught me two valuable lessons that day—1) never be afraid to reach out to someone, and 2) a closet is a great place where we can get alone with the Lord.

You see, there are no monsters in the closet. It is only God who waits for us there. He longs for us to search for Him. In the quiet, we can seek Him without the distractions of our work and challenges of life. Jeremiah 29:13 says, "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

How long has it been since you have truly had a one-on-one heart-to-heart talk with the Lord in a quiet alone place, not just a murmuring prayer heading out the door while chewing on a pop-tart? Or driving down the road?

There are two kinds of Christians, those who seek a close relationship with the Lord and those who do not. What'll it be? The closet waits.

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Grace In The Wilderness Conference for Moms of Special Needs Children, August 1, 2015, Bethesda United Methodist Church, Easley, SC
Info-www.wildernessgrace.org

Matthew 6:6

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.



Satan tells many lies, and one of his biggest is that we are "missing out" on something. If he can keep us feeling like we do not have all we need to make us happy, then he can keep us defeated, devastated, jealous, angry and just plain unhappy.

Satan fed me the "missing out" lie in a major way, one day at work. My friend received flowers from her husband just to say "He loved her." Normally, I would "ooh" and "ahh" over her beautiful flowers and move on ... but on this particular day ... Satan dug in deep.

"Why doesn't your husband send you flowers? He doesn't even send you flowers on Valentine's Day or your birthday so he sure wouldn't send you flowers just to say he loves you.

I'll bet you wish he was more romantic. I'll bet you wish you had a better husband, one who would love and respect you more. Now that you think about it, he really doesn't respect you at all! I'll bet you could find a man out there who would treat you better and, at the very least, send you flowers."

Yep, Satan had his hooks in me real tight that day and I became *very angry* at my husband. I was sick of him not showing me the attention I deserved and Satan was real quick to pull up each incident where my husband had failed to meet my expectations ... **I was missing out !!!**

It was then that God whispered, "It's a lie. Do not let Satan distort the truth. Your husband does not send you flowers **but** he does bring you Hardees biscuits to work for breakfast. He also makes sure to put his arm around you at church to keep you warm. There are many things he does for you ... look for them."

And guess what, I'm not the first woman that Satan has lied to.

Adam and Eve had the perfect life ... literally. Eve had all she could ever need or want, *including the perfect husband*. But Satan convinced her she was "missing out". And he has not stopped with this lie ever since.

I asked ladies from all walks of life if they would be willing to answer the following "missing out" question.

"What is that one thing, you feel, you are "missing out" on in life? That one thing that nags at you and makes you feel like life would be more fulfilling, easier, better, happier, prettier or more exciting?"

The following are their answers and, as you read, you can see that you are not alone in the fight!!

Satan tells me I am missing out on friendships. I feel being a part of a large group and being well known would make me feel more a part of things. When I am not a part of a group, I feel I am missing out on how things "should" be while I am in college.

I feel that I am missing out because I don't have much money to do a lot of things I would like to. Also, I don't have a boyfriend, so I feel I miss out on dating.

I feel that I miss out on life in general. I am a single mom of 2 and work full time. I feel like, with all the hustle and bustle of keeping up with everything that is expected of me in the many roles, I am missing out on the small things. Technology has kept us connected to everything except for what really seems to matter.

My children want and need quality time with me. However with school work and the daily responsibilities even that becomes a chore that gets neglected along with the dishes and laundry.

What have we become that we will drive down the road with a phone constantly to our ears even putting ourselves, our families and others in danger to send a text message or email to someone? What is more important to us than this life that we are given that we are so careless with it? I'm missing out on life, by living!

What I feel is am missing out on the most is my good health. I so took for granted my good health before I got sick. When you are in pain all the time, every thought is filtered through that pain. I still struggle with the fact that my body is not normal-feeling or normal-looking after my surgeries. I know that God is beyond faithful and that one-day-at-a-time, He is helping me face these challenges.

I feel I am missing out on having another baby.

I feel that the one thing that I am missing out on in life is being a wife. I have always wanted to be happily married to a God-fearing man that is proud to call me his wife. I was married for a few miserable years when I was younger.

Sometimes, for many reasons, I feel that since that marriage ended that it was my only shot and I get no more. Since my divorce, I have had 2 children and lived with their father until my desire to be married and our fights about marriage escalated to the point of yelling in front of the children.

I walked away and became a single mom with 2 small children and had never felt more alone. It has been a few years and I have had a few relationships but nothing serious because I am still holding out for that one person that sees me the way a man should see a wife.

When I hear my male coworkers tell stories and they say the words "my wife" my heart breaks a little. I know that they love their wives and are proud to call them their wives. Why can't I have that? When I hear of couples celebrating their anniversaries, my heart breaks because I don't have that and that is what my heart longs for. I cry because at my age I will never see my 50th wedding anniversary.

I do not dwell on getting married but it is what I feel I am missing out on most in life. I know that we are taught to be thankful for all that we have in life and can't compare our blessing with those of others but it is so hard to see other people being blessed by God while I'm still waiting.

Missing Out (Cont'd)

By Brenda Horne

I am 76 years old and I am content with my life. I enjoy reading and playing with my dog Tiger. The Lord has really blessed me. I have traveled through most states and am going on a cruise. I have family, friends and a church home. God continues to bless me each day.

opened their hearts to us!

Philippians 4:11:13

Not that I speak from want, for I have learned to be content in whatever circumstances I am.

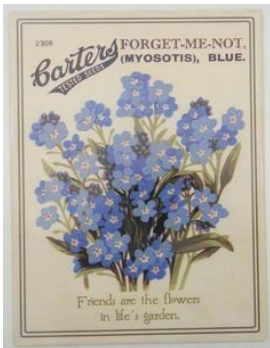
means, and I also know how to live in prosperity; in any and every circumstance I have learned the secret of being filled and going hungry, both of having abundance and suffering need.

I can do all things through Him who strengthens me.

Thanks to all the sweet ladies that *I know how to get along with humble*

I Planted A Seed For You

By Sammy Richards



I enjoy so much writing this newsletter. I am so glad that God gives me words to write. I can do nothing without God, but everything is possible with Him.

lovely basket of flowers and a beautiful card. It was a welcome to the neighborhood card that went straight to my heart. So thoughtful, without being aware of it, the family planted a seed for us.

One day another neighbor brought me a pack of "Forget Me Not" flower seeds. He said to me that they were given to him at Lowe's and that he would never use them. "I saw you working outside planting and thought you might want them." He also planted a seed, unaware, that day.

God's love can be in many forms of kindness, regardless of who you are, what religion you are—even if you believe in nothing. God can use even you to do good and to plant a seed for Him.

God bless each and every one of you and I pray that the seed I planted for you grows a bountiful harvest. Keep planting your seed of God's love, friendship, kindness, compassion and friendliness—you cannot go wrong.

Sometimes God gives me the title of a next newsletter months before He gives me words to write. I patiently wait on Him to confirm what has been given to me by scriptures.

The title of one popped into my head during Sunday School a month or so ago but I wasn't meant to write about it till now. God is amazing how He walks with us in our daily lives—if we would only stop and listen.

When my husband came home, I was sharing with him the kindness of our neighbors. During our dinner that evening while sitting on the porch, another neighbor stopped and also brought us a pack of seeds to plant. He also planted a seed in our hearts.



As you probably know, I love being outside, simply by the garden info that I send. I'm not just working outside, I use this time to talk to God. I pray for my family, friends, neighbors and my enemies. I call many by name and sometimes I pray for people as a group.

Two houses down from us, a neighbor gave us a combination of 100 bulbs and plants to plant last Spring. A neighbor next door, who talks to us across the fence, gave us 200 Iris bulbs. A neighbor to the left of us treats our yard with snake repellent as he is treating his.

I love where I live. It's peaceful and quiet and people around me are so friendly. I can't call all of my neighbors by name but we acknowledge each other in passing with a wave of the hand. I'm outside so much I've even learned which cars belong at which home. I can count on a hand wave if they pass me, one time or ten times a day. It is so refreshing to feel a part of the neighborhood.

All of these neighbors were planting seeds of kindness and friendship. A couple that just bought a house in our neighborhood brought us a yarrow plant, egg plant and red sweet corn from the state they had just moved from. They too planted a seed of kindness.

Two months after moving to the neighborhood, I found on my porch a

As I write these newsletters, I mail a lot of them and hand deliver some of them in our neighborhood hoping to plant a seed of God's Word somewhere deep in the hearts of all who read them.

Hosea 10:12

Sow righteousness for yourselves, reap the fruit of unfailing love, and break up your unplowed ground; for it is time to seek the LORD, until he comes and showers his righteousness on you.

Firefly

By Brenda Horne



It was dusk as I stared out the window.

The endless light blue sky was smeared

with streaks of neon orange and pinks. The bright colors intertwined with the fading clouds making the sky shine with brilliance.

As evening continued to fall, the once vibrant sunset was slowly being squeezed downward by the darkness of the night, making their colors disappear into the horizon. The tall green trees faded to black silhouettes. In the distance, shrubs and bushes became eerie, little shadows, while the large trees that towered next to my window became dark and ominous.

These normal, serene trees seemed to grow taller and larger. They were now haunting and began taking over the beautiful view I had. My focus turned

from the once-beautiful sunset to the over-bearing black trees. When I finally looked through the trees, what was left of the sunset was a starless night. Night-fall had consumed the heavens.

That is exactly how my life felt at the moment. The beautiful parts of my world that God had so graciously blessed me with were being over powered by stark shadows. Silently I prayed, **“Lord, how can I fight this darkness? How can I overcome the shadows in my life?”**

Then it happened... it lasted only a millisecond but I saw it... out of the corner of my eye, a tiny yellow flicker ... then it was gone. Darkness returned quickly. I searched intently. I wanted to see it again. There it was, quick as a flash, in another place. It now had my full attention.

I scanned the darkness. The shadows were no “match” for the little flare. The darker the shadow was, the brighter the flash. The vast night canvas seemed too big for such a small intruder. Yet every

time it glowed, my eyes went straight to it.

As I played my new “Seek and Find” game, I did not acknowledge the black night at all.

I was totally focused on the light.

Several minutes went by and I was totally enthralled, And that’s when I realized, God just gave me the answer to my questions.

Isaiah 60:1-3

“Arise, shine, for your light has come, and the glory of the LORD rises upon you. See, darkness covers the earth and thick darkness is over the peoples, but the LORD rises upon you and his glory appears over you. Nations will come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your dawn.”

Wild Cats

By Sharon Hawkins



A few weeks ago, some little tabby kittens, 8 weeks old or so, took up residence in our garage.

They had followed their mom there. She was a stray who had discovered the endless supply of food flowing from our cats’ automatic feeders.

The weaned kittens were enjoying the bounty too and were successful in hiding for awhile under shelves and in boxes amidst the clutter of the garage. Before long, we discovered them darting from one hiding place to another, and it soon became too dangerous for them with the car coming in and out of the door.

So that Friday night as a family we decided we would try to catch the kittens to begin the task of taming them. If we could tame them, we knew we could find them good homes. I was the “Here, kitty, kitty” caller. Scott was the box holder.

We were both tappers (noise makers) and blockers and our sons, Taylor and Bradley, were the chasers if the kittens escaped the garage. It was a comical, free-for-all with the guys jumping fences and all of us darting every which way but at last we caught a couple of them.

For two weeks, we kept them in a large dog crate. We fed them, cleaned up after them and loved on them, holding them for hours at a time. Still they didn’t want to love us but, at times, they would purr and nap in our laps. The rest of the time, their eyes were wide with fear.

One night I was doing some intensive loving therapy with one of the kittens in my recliner. I thought I was making some real progress. I had the kitten resting on my leg as I petted it with one hand. That’s when Scott walked into the room, bent down and reached to also pet the cat, the WILD CAT, I mean.

At break-neck speed, the kitten scrambled from my lap and flew under the couch, then along the wall and through

the kitchen. From there, we had no idea where he went. We searched each room of the house, sealing them off as we went. When we would find him, he was like greased lightning and we’d see him streak by us but he was much too fast for us and we didn’t want to hurt him. After about 45 minutes, we finally caught him. That’s when we finally relented that we were not equipped to tame wild cats.

We took the kittens to the Humane Society, where they have a remarkable Cat Whisperer and a long waiting list for kittens. They assured us they would find a good home.

This has reminded me of my own life. How many times have I behaved like a wild cat myself letting life scare me to death? How many times have I reacted too quickly and ran away? Too many times, I myself have gone into hiding.

I am so thankful during scary times that Jesus, the Peace Speaker, has been my Whisperer who calls me back into the light of his comfort and love.

I Found Gold!

By Liz Rampy



There are things that I have said and done that I wish I hadn't.

Most of them have occurred after I was placed on hold for a long time to speak to someone who didn't seem to be as concerned about my situation as I was. Now, don't worry. I didn't use any words that good Southern women would classify as "ugly," but I've had my share of conversations that started with, "I know this is not your fault personally. It just so happened that you are the one that answered the phone, BUT....." and they went downhill from there.

Mostly, though, I've tried to live a life with few regrets. I strive to balance the fact that I am not guaranteed tomorrow with the fact that I could live to be one hundred. I don't have to have the newest and best, but don't want to buy something poorly made that I am only going to have to replace.

That being said, one of my greatest regrets in life does not make me ask, "What was I thinking?" and it doesn't make me say, "That was stupid. I wasn't thinking at all." I know exactly what I was thinking and it seemed like a good decision at the time. And I still regret it.

I was in my twenties and newly married in the late 1990s. Our new-to-us house was filled with furniture that had been given to us. This suited me just fine until one day I decided I was tired of gold. When you have a small house with two large gold couches, well, you really need to like gold.

Despite their color, they were the best couches in the world. In pristine condition and covered in velvet, they were deep enough for Shane and I to stretch out on at the same time, soft enough to sleep on, but firm enough not to sink into. Their heavy weight indicated that they were made from real wood during a time when things were built to last.

So, what did I do with my gold treasures? That's right. I got rid of them. Being of the practical sort, I didn't make the decision lightly. I inquired how much it would cost to have them upholstered. The price tag would be one THOUSAND dollars.

Perhaps you have experience with these things, and that doesn't surprise you at all. Remember, I was in my early twenties. I had no idea it would cost that much. Not only was it a lot of money, it was a lot of money to keep what I already had. I could get a whole room of furniture for that price.

So, after what I thought to be careful consideration, that's what I did. (This experience also laid the groundwork for me to have one of those unpleasant conversations after a long wait on hold, but I won't go into that. I will say that my replacement furniture has been gone for a long time.)

The story could end here. The moral? Don't throw away things that are built to last. The price tag to keep something valuable is far less expensive than trading something in for cheap junk. Seek wise counsel from people with experience before making a decision.

But, oh, no! There's more! This week, I went to a thrift store to look for a desk to go on an empty wall in my living room. Low and behold, what did I find? A velvet gold couch. I couldn't believe it. The thought of actually buying it was a little scary. It had a history I didn't know about, and the velvet was severely worn in places. Knowing how much it would cost to recover it, I was a little wary. Not to mention anything that could be living in there. Fleas? Bed bugs? Who knows what? But how could I pass it up?

I sat on it gingerly, hoping that slowly putting one cheek down at a time would keep anything with six legs from rushing to jump on me. I looked at the price tag. Twenty dollars! Twenty dollars to repair one of my most often thought about regrets in life? What a steal!

I wanted to talk to my husband before I bought it since he would have to be the one to move it for me. I was going to have to wait until he got off work. The store was scheduled to close in an hour. Should I go ahead and pay for it? I asked the clerk how long the couch had been there. She said about three weeks. (Three weeks? Hmm. That's good. Maybe bed bugs don't live very long?)

She then asked what the price was. I told her twenty dollars and she said she couldn't go any lower than that. I wasn't trying to get her to go down on the price. I was afraid someone would snatch it up before I could get back the next day!

My vintage couch has been sprayed and vacuumed, and it's the best thing in my living room. I still haven't sat on it, though. I am hoping that one day it will be somewhere I casually plopp without mentally itching afterward. Regardless, I love it, and it adds a certain character to the room that wasn't there before.

I believe God allowed me to find this gold treasure as a gift. It's a reminder that when we veer off course, He makes provisions for us to return. Not only that, He has something great for us when we do!

My thrift store couch may be dustier and more worn than what I had, but I treasure it even more because I have something back that I thought I'd lost forever. And guess what? Gold is making a comeback.

Psalm 37:5

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.



God's Day

By Wandalynn Ure

It came to my attention that in just about every month there is always something to be celebrated. Take a look at the following:

January – New Year’s Day

February – Valentine’s Day

March – Saint Patrick’s Day and Spring

April – Easter

May – Mother’s Day and Memorial Day Weekend

June – Father’s Day and Summer

July – 4th of July, Independence Day

August – Girlfriend’s Day, Get Ready For Kindergarten Day, National Breast Feeding Month, American Artists, American Indian Heritage, Clown Week and Scrabble Week. There are too many to list. I encourage you to look up days to celebrate in August on the internet for you will be amazed! And amused!

September – Labor Day Weekend and Fall

October – Halloween

November – Thanksgiving

December – Winter, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and New Year’s Eve

And not to mention birthdays, anniversaries, Columbus Day, Martin Luther King Day, Veteran’s Day, and President’s Day and more!

But have you noticed? Check through the list again! Something is missing. Something that is also important to celebrate, very important!

We celebrate the Birth of Jesus and we celebrate His Resurrection. We do this because Jesus is LORD. He is our LORD and Savior. But do we celebrate God every day.

Some may think celebrating God is for Sundays and maybe on Wednesday nights or at revivals, or anytime the church door is open. Some may think, “Well, I talk to Him and I pray and I do my devotions and I say my prayers at each meal and I say my prayers each night at bedtime. But the question is, Do we celebrate God?”

EVERY DAY should be God’s Day!

Seven days a week, morning, noon and night.

We can do this! Let me tell you how I do and give you some suggestions.

Every morning when I wake, I praise God. I don’t ask for anything. I just praise Him. I tell Him how much I love Him and what I am thankful for. Then I tell Him what I am going to do special today to show Him that I love Him. I get out of bed and I do my routines and then I take time with God in my prayer closet. When finished, I set out to live my day NOT forgetting to show God in a special way that I love Him.

Now God knows that I love Him. He knows my heart. He knows me! Every day I am to show God my love for Him by being obedient to Him and by living my life according to His will and by treating others the way He treats me, with love and compassion and with giving all of ME to help others in any way, shape or form.

God loves us so much. John 3:16 proves it! And there are many, many verses in the Bible, which is His WORD, that proves His love for us. If you don’t want to look up the verses well just take a look at your life.....PROOF ENOUGH!

With that being said, why not make every day God’s Day? Do something special that shows God that you love Him. Something out of the ordinary. Mark every day on your calendar that it’s GOD’S DAY.

To help you get started you can put a note on your bathroom mirror that today is God’s Day and that you are going to do something out of the ordinary for Him, something special.

Some suggestions:

Forgive someone that you haven’t

Give someone a gift for “just because”

Give someone a ride to where they need to go

Make a supper for a family. No need for them to be in need, just make them supper one night

Call up an old friend and rekindle the friendship

Tell someone that never heard you say “I Love You”

Give a hug

Give money

Give time

LISTEN with both ears

Do your teenager’s laundry. My son does his own and I will do his laundry once in a while.

Wash your neighbor’s car

And so on and on and on.

We can do this! Get out those calendars or agendas and let’s start now!

My prayer for you is that you will make every day a God’s Day by doing something out of the ordinary for Him, that you will be bold in doing special things for God each day.

Psalm 118:24
This is the day the LORD has made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Earnestly Seeking God aka Sisters In The Wilderness

By Cathy McCormick

Lately, during my daily beach walks, I have been thinking about “the journey”. No, not the journey down the beach, but the journey of life. I started thinking of my own journey; the twists and turns, the dead ends, the mountains to climb, the holes to climb out of.

As I reflected on my own journey, all of a sudden I could sense hundreds of other women walking with me.

The women I feel beside me are my Grace Sisters ... my Sisters In Christ who are stumbling and falling through the trials of this life’s journey. My heart aches for them ... so many hardships ... illnesses, family problems, death of spouses, death of a marriage ... each of us struggling along with one thing in common: We are ALL EARNESTLY SEEKING GOD.

We seek God in many ways. We seek God in our prayers, whether we are asking for his mercies or thanking him for His blessings. We seek God to talk to us, to reveal His mysteries and help us to better understand his Word. We seek God to intervene for us, to resolve problems.

I think there is MORE to seeking God than that. The scripture tells us to EARNESTLY seek Him. In Hebrews 11:6 God spells it out for us: “And without faith it is impossible to please God, because anyone who comes to Him must believe that He exists and that He rewards those who earnestly seek Him.”

Now “earnestly” is a strong word and it definitely got my attention. I had to ask myself, am I EARNESTLY seeking GOD? Or, am I just seeking God when I “need” him? Well, this made me stop and give some serious thought to the question.

According to Strong’s, the definition of “seek” from the original Greek, is to search for, to desire, to require, to demand. Ah! Now we’re getting somewhere! The word DESIRE really got my attention! YES! “Desire” is the beat we are all walking to. We Grace Sisters DESIRE God ... to know Him, to love Him, to better understand Him with every breath we take.

Armed with this fuller understanding of Hebrews 11:6, I now know that there has

been a great “desire” welling up in me. Question. When we are seeking God, are we seeking His hands, OR are we seeking God’s face? I believe that what God is suggesting is that we are always EARNESTLY seeking HIS face ... to know him, to recognize him as well as we recognize our spouse or our children.

*Jesus draw me ever nearer
As I labor thro' the storm
You have called me to this passage
And I'll follow tho' I'm worn*

*May this journey be a blessing
May I rise on wings of faith
And at the end of my heart's testing
With Your likeness let me wake*

*Jesus guide me thro' the tempest
Keep my spirit staid and sure
When the midnight meets the morning
Let me love You even more*

*Let the treasures of the trial
Form within me as I go
And at the end of this long passage
Let me leave them at Your throne*

-Margaret Becket

When Words Don't Come

By Sharon Hawkins

I have lots that I should be able to talk about. I cannot begin to count the ways that God has blessed my life, how He has been there for me. Yet when I have tried to write in recent weeks, the words don't come.

I have longed for this day when I would have more time to write for the ministry. So many times, when I was working 7 days a week and many hours a day, I could still manage to scribble an idea on a napkin, then later rush to write it down in fuller form. Yet now that more time is here, the words don't come.

I feel a deep longing to write, an undeniable call on my life to write, a calling to help others. It is not that. There is so much I want to say, need to say. Still, the words don't come.

Satan whispers, “No one wants to hear what you have to say. You are such a hypocrite because your life is full of shortcomings. You don't always look to

God the way you should. You don't trust enough.” The words don't come.

I admit I've allowed Satan to use life, hurt, tiredness, struggle, judgment and discouragement to tear me down. Well, that's gotta stop.

I think back to the conversation when God first called me to begin Grace In The Wilderness. I know the tremendous vision He has given me for branching out our ministry to include many areas where we can help women who are struggling all alone in the wilderness of life, women who need a sister to come alongside of them, women who need encouragement that can only be found through our Savior, Jesus Christ. Even so, the words don't come.

And even though I am resolved to fight back, I know that if the words are to come, that the Lord will have to send them. So I will pray. For when I pray, I know it doesn't matter if my words don't

come. Romans 8:26 says, “In the same way, the Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us through wordless groans.”

So with new resolve, with my laptop in hand and my heart open, I sit and I wait on the Lord. I wait for the words to come. Soon He gently whispers, “...I am ... THE ... WORD.”

John 1:1-4

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life and the life was the light of men.



Grace In The Wilderness Ministries

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FOCUS SCRIPTURE VERSE:

Isaiah 43:19

... I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

Grace In The Wilderness is an out-reach ministry for Today's Busy Woman. Our mission is to encourage women of all ages:

- To look upward to God as they discover Him in a new and deeper way,
- To look inward as they discover who they are in Christ, and
- To look outward as they discover God's plan for their lives.

We appreciate your prayers and support. Donations are also appreciated and may be made payable to Grace In The Wilderness Ministries (address to the left).

This is a bi-monthly newsletter. Visit www.wildernessgrace.org to subscribe for a free email copy or please call or email us for paper copies.

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*God in our darkness is as much our God as when He shines forth in all the beauty of His grace.
-Spurgeon*

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