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Topic	Posts	Started	Latest
 Grace to See and Hear RHEMA 7/14/10 GRACE TO SEE AND HEAR Yesterday, I prayed in tongues in b.....	1	July 27th, 2010 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	July 27th, 2010 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner
 Teachers & Rabbit Trails Unitel RHEMA 3/01/10 TEACHERS & RABBIT TRAILS UNITE! QUICKENED COMMENT FROM A	1	March 28th, 2010 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	March 28th, 2010 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner
 BOXES AND BOUNDARIES BOXES AND BOUNDARIES 2/24/99 Hi loved ones, Have you ever gon.....	3	May 12th, 2006 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	May 22nd, 2009 :: Posted by: Nikki Ryan
 King Kong MOVIE QUICKENED: KING KONG 8/07/08 Last night I watched the 2005 phenomen.....	2	Aug 23rd, 2008 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	Aug 24th, 2008 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner
 Run for Your Dream: Gail Devers Story QUICKENED MOVIE: RUN FOR THE DREAM, THE GAIL DEVERS STORY QUICKENED REF.....	4	Feb 17th, 2008 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	June 11th, 2008 :: Posted by: Louise Croeser
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 What's it Going to Cost? WHAT'S IT GOING TO COST? 5/07/07 Today I was thinking about our callings	6	May 7th, 2007 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	May 8th, 2007 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner
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 THE STORY OF LITTLE HEN - AN ALLEGORY LITTLE HEN Monday 6 January 2003 Up until now my life has been lived ou.....	1	Dec 13th, 2005 :: Posted by: Janine Read	Dec 13th, 2005 :: Posted by: Janine Read
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 The Kamikaze Prayer The Kamikaze Prayer By K.A. Graaf To truly UNDERSTAND someone is t.....	1	Nov 1st, 2005 :: Posted by: Kerrie Graaf	Nov 1st, 2005 :: Posted by: Kerrie Graaf
 Quickened Story HEARD: Disassembled. I will assemble you. Heb 10:24-25 NKJV And let u.....	1	Aug 17th, 2005 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner	Aug 17th, 2005 :: Posted by: Sandy Warner

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- {Rhema} The Porthole Of My Heartbeat
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- {Vision} Nothing Goes To Waste
- {Word Picture} Worry
- {Revelation} Jesus' Personal Word From His Papa
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- Pdf Examples added to God Speaks Through Dreams
- Pdf Examples Added to God Speaks Through Animals
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- Left and Right Brain Charts
- Class Response and Questions about Journaling Lesson

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How God Speaks

LESSONS AT YOUR OWN PACE

WHO

WHO IS GOD?

WHAT

WHAT DOES GOD
SPEAK?

HOW

HOW DOES GOD
SPEAK?

WHEN

WHEN DOES GOD
SPEAK?

WHERE

WHERE DOES GOD
SPEAK?

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Grace to See and Hear

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] July 27th 2010 - 1:47PM Posts to date: 3947

RHEMA 7/14/10 GRACE TO SEE AND HEAR

Yesterday, I prayed in tongues in bed for a long time before turning the light out. I was hoping that I would hear and see what the Lord was doing. That night I "got" to see a bunch of ruling spirits in the 2nd heaven. They were not allowed to touch me, but they looked at me and knew I was there. I was not very thrilled with my flapping my wings to soar higher!

PRECIOUS COMFORT: I turned to the following post in my I Touch, it was the Lord's heart about the matter.

WHAT'S IT GOING TO COST? 5/07/07

Wayne was listening to Sadhu Sundar Selvaraj on the webcast today and shared a story. Sadhu is a prophet from India and walks closely with Jesus and has seen Jesus many times. Sadhu walks in miracles. Sadhu has a friend who is also a prophet in India and that friend prays 7 hours a day and sees Jesus every day. Ministry leaders asked his friend why he got to see Jesus every day when they loved Him too and wanted to see Him. The prophet told them it was because he prayed 7 hours a day and suggested they pray too.

They were very sad because they had to work, minister and also take care of their families. So when the people left, the prophet went to prayer as usual. He saw Jesus immediately walk up to him and Jesus said, "I heard what you told them." Jesus proceeded to tell him that it was only because of Jesus' grace that he saw Him and there was nothing he could ever do to earn it. So the prophet deeply repented before the Lord and went back and told the leaders what Jesus had said.

Eph 4:7-8 NKJV

But to each one of us grace was given according to the measure of Christ's gift. Therefore He says: "When He ascended on high, He led captivity captive, And gave gifts to men."



Sandy Warner
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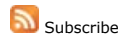
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WHO WHO IS GOD?	WHAT WHAT DOES GOD SPEAK?	HOW HOW DOES GOD SPEAK?	WHEN WHEN DOES GOD SPEAK?	WHERE WHERE DOES GOD SPEAK?
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Teachers & Rabbit Trails Unite!

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] Mar 28th 2010 - 7:38PM Posts to date: 3947

RHEMA 3/01/10 TEACHERS & RABBIT TRAILS UNITE!

QUICKENED COMMENT FROM A READER: [RABBIT TRAILS](#)

"I have always been known as a good speaker and encourager. I was a school teacher for years, and have taught an occasional adult S.S. class. I believe part of my hesitation with God regarding courage to just "do it" has to do with my concern of being too detailed. I am known as a good story teller but know I can be too wordy. Through my years in the valley, shut away in my bedroom (due to illness), I had time to see parts of myself I didn't like, such as being too outgoing and verbal. Now, knowing He is preparing me for an amazing testimony about Who He was to me and how He brought me through." {End reader comment}

RESPONSE FROM SANDY:

Teachers have the gift to be DETAILED. That is the nature of their gifting. They micromanage everything in regards to what they have to say, and every little thing is very special and important to the whole theme. They LOVE [rabbit trails](#) and have a great ability to weave them in on little side bars and then come right back to the point. The LORD loves [rabbit trails](#). He put them in your heart to share at that exact moment, and you are following His anointing by being His river. A river slows down in some places, it might gently circle around some point, then it continues to move forward at a different pace. It can bump over rocks and get narrowed down to a slim channel.

BOTTOM LINE: You go girl! Don't let condemnation put you into that squashed corner. You go where you are celebrated and not tolerated. Some people will not always understand your way of communicating, they want the bullets, and the bottom line point. They rarely want to spend the time listening to the [rabbit trails](#). But God put those [rabbit trails](#) inside of you for HIS purpose. Precious one, follow God, not man.

May the Lord bless and raise up His victorious teachers in Jesus mighty Name!
{ End comment from Sandy }

=====

INSERT RABBIT TRAIL

RHEMA 6/1/97: TELL THEM WHO THEY ARE IN GOD

HEARD: Who I am. You're important. Conversation. Conversation [rabbit trail](#). Assurance. I found you. Can you talk to me? About who I am?

RHEMA 5/30/97 RABBIT TRIALS TELL STORIES

HEARD: Story in the book. [rabbit trail](#). You did a nice job on this. I love it.

RHEMA 10/25/01 SHARE YOUR TESTIMONY

PIX: I saw my going around a car and pulling along side another larger car where a very distinguished grey headed man was looking at me. His face was very sunburned as though he had been in the glory.

HEARD: Honey, wake up the kids or a friend? Both. Supernatural arousing. Let's get this show on the road.

HEARD: And it was quite a story. Measured portions. Will you erase it? Can't erase. It's recorded for posterity. Why? So that you will know My faithfulness. A long story. I was with you all the way.

HEARD: One way or another, it was a powerful storm. And she made it all the way through. [rabbit trail](#). No telling what she'll do. What's the difference? The difference is Spirit led.

WORD TO PONDER: TIME IN A BOTTLE 1/03/05

My Beloved, I have saved your time in a bottle and recorded all your journey. I have treasured every step you have taken in your pursuit to overcome and be with Me. All your tears, all your smiles, all your [rabbit trail](#) and all your bull's eyed targets... they are all numbered one by one. Each a treasure safely tucked away in the deep recesses of My heart. How I cherish your innocent trust in Me, My Beloved.

Like a bottle tossed into the sea, you cast your prayers upon the waters of life and waited for the return of your harvest. In those lost and lonely times when you saw no return and continued to span the horizon, you did not give up hope. You waited as an innocent child while I found your bottle and held your heart in safe keeping as you continued to hold on to your faith. I AM the High Priest Who has been touched by your deepest wishes. I have prayed you through your darkest hours and I understand those things you have carefully tucked inside your time of waiting within that bottle. When I think of time and eternity, I think of spending it with you.

Ps 56:8-13 NKJV

You number my wanderings; Put my tears into Your bottle ; Are they not in Your book? When I cry out to You, Then my enemies will turn back; This I know, because God is for me. In God (I will praise His word), In the LORD (I will praise His word), In God I have put my trust; I will not be afraid. What can man do to me? Vows made to You are binding upon me, O God; I will render praises to You, For You have delivered my soul from death. Have You not kept my feet from falling, That I may walk before God In the light of the living?

CONFIRMATION 3/27/10: I was determined to start digging deeper into the rhema He has said to me, so I had collected the first word of the month that was quickened to me which was, "[rabbit trail](#)." One of the ways I felt to dig, was to gather all the times in my data base where I had heard that Word and then to look to see if I have missed something He is wanting to say. So today I was harvesting March rhema and I wondered if this was important to the Lord for me to "cook" the word [rabbit trail](#) into a Word, and asked Him. By the end of the day, I heard 2 different people say "[rabbit trail](#)!" One was a speaker on a DVD who said "Listen to this [rabbit trail](#), it is very, very important!" When I mentioned it to Wayne, he smiled and said that he thought of me when he heard the fellow mention [rabbit trail](#).

FAMILY CIRCUS: I am reminded of an old cartoon in Bill Keane's Family Circus. Billy is asked to do something. So you see him leaving the house to do something and then there is a dotted line where you see he had climbed the fence, up the tree, around the neighborhood and then back home. I don't remember if he was asked to go to the store or what, but the scene is vividly in my mind!

WORDS OF WISDOM: In our fast food society, we want the quick heavenly drive-through happy meal. But God likes us to wander through His garden, pick the spices, crush them between our fingers and smell their aroma. He wants us to knead His bread and let it rise. Finally, He wants us to turn on the flame and sear His meat to perfection. There is simply no

comparison. Yes, it takes time. But given the choice, I would rather linger with God.

OPENED SMELL: Just as I finished writing the above, He opened my sense of smell and I smelled sizzling steaks on a BBQ.

Deut 8:3-4 NKJV

So He humbled you, allowed you to hunger, and fed you with manna which you did not know nor did your fathers know, that He might make you know that man shall not live by bread alone; but man lives by every word that proceeds from the mouth of the LORD.

HEARD {as I was posting this}: She may not know where she is going, but she sure does a good job of it!

[The Lord is so funny!]



Sandy Warner
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LESSONS AT YOUR OWN PACE

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2104454

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*The flowers appear on the earth; The time of singing has come,
And the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. Song 2:12 NKJV Sandy Warner 06*

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**The LORD
make His face
shine upon you,
And be gracious to you;
The LORD lift up His countenance
upon you, and give you peace.**

Num 6:25-26 NKJV

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BOXES AND BOUNDARIES

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] May 12th 2006 - 1:51PM Posts to date: 3742

BOXES AND BOUNDARIES

2/24/99

Hi loved ones,

Have you ever gone to church and had your worship leader show up in a box? No, I literally mean a BOX. The first Sunday of 1999 they started the music, and waddling from the back is this giant 6½ foot box. Two arms are sticking out of the side, holding a guitar. Two feet are flapping at the bottom, like a duck. Now this walking/talking/singing box had a point and it was that the Lord was not sending superstars but He was sending the no-name-faceless people to the world with His good news. We laughed all the way through worship, but the point was made and it's one of those things that after seeing, you never forget.

Finally it got too hot under there, and with help, he took off the box. When I saw him do this, the Lord reminded me of something He had previously whispered: "It's time to stretch forth your tent stakes." I was reminded of the scripture, "Enlarge the place of your tent, And let them stretch out the curtains of your dwellings; Do not spare; Lengthen your cords, And strengthen your stakes." (Isaiah 54:2) This concept has to do with God stretching our boundaries. The best way I can describe this is, "It's time to break out of our boxes."

I saw this concept demonstrated by our pastor during last week's sermon. He brought 2 sticks. The first was a 12 inch ruler, the second was a 36 inch yard stick. All the way through his sermon, he kept asking the question, "How big is your stick?"

It's only been 8 weeks since the beginning of this year, and I have seen the people in our church bust their boxes in so many ways we have not been able to keep up with the comings and goings. People are experiencing things in the Lord they have never experienced before. We are seeing issues that people have dealt with or waited upon the Lord for years, suddenly break forth with tiny steps into new freedom. Many of these stretches are breaking mindsets and fears. Other stretches are healings and open doors for ministry opportunities. Some are recovering lost ground from the past by identifying the origins of physical, spiritual and emotional yokes.

Right now, we have a window of opportunity, a door of grace extended to us to move forward and take new ground, if we are willing to trust the Lord and stretch ourselves. In spite of dark clouds in the horizon, today I am seeing sun beams pierce the clouds with hope, help, and grace. It has been prophesied that what we do with this year is so important that it will determine our whole future — as a nation, as a church, as a family, as an individual. There are many ways God can break our boxes, and we will probably see most of them in the coming future. However, at this moment in time, I see the Lord extending His hand, reaching through our fears and saying, "Stretch yourself. Come out of your box. Be willing to take a chance. Trust Me. Let go of the bondage. Loose the restraint. Break your boundaries. Reach. Take this window of grace and use every last drop of it while it is yet open. GO FOR IT."

Lovingly,

Sandy



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*Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.*



Many waters cannot quench love,  
Nor can the floods drown it.  
Song 8:7 NKJV

Love

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## King Kong

Posted by [ [swauthor](#) ] Aug 23rd 2008 - 11:59AM Posts to date: 3742

### MOVIE QUICKENED: KING KONG 8/07/08

Last night I watched the 2005 phenomenal make over of the old movie, King Kong. If you haven't seen it, it has incredible special effects. In the end scenes, when they start to shoot the bullets, as he is hanging onto the top of the skyscraper, I began to cry. I cried the rest of the time and after the show I went and told Wayne I cried and that Kong was not supposed to die but be taken back to his island. Wayne smiled and said, "But he is King Kong and he always dies!" I knew that, but he just wasn't supposed to die.

I had the most remarkable thoughts while watching it. I saw King Kong as the raging beast in each man, and all it takes is the simple love of God to calm the beast. As I watched the blonde's responses to him, I also saw she was depicting the love in each of us to be able to face the beast in others and have God's compassion to look through the giant and into the heart. It was my compassion for the raging beasts of mankind that made me cry.

It also left me with a request I had never thought of before. I asked the Lord if our choices

---

wound the angels, because they are forced to defend us in enemy territory when we get into messes from our own stupid choices. As I saw her in his hand and the perspective of how small she was and how big he was, it reminded me of the vision I had last winter and where I have spent this year being stuck on a pinnacle and waiting for God to move me off. And that giant angel with the deepest voice I have ever heard came and picked me up. He was the same size as King Kong.

This last week when I was minding my own business at lunch, the Lord opened my ears into the Spirit and I heard that angel tell me that he had defended me and was very concerned for me that I be very obedient to the Lord. I thought of Daniel's angel who had to fight 21 days past the prince of Persia and he was alone in his fight and Micheal had to help him.

My question was this: Do angels become wounded? I know they are eternal and dont die, but do they hurt? So once again that made me cry as I was watching King Kong defend her. The last word on my watching King Kong for the night was repentance where I asked the Lord to please forgive me if my bad choices had also hurt the angels who defend me.

#### RESPONSES FROM MY FRIENDS

I have always felt that the angels in my life, that I've never seen who are assigned to me with the objective of helping me achieve my destiny, have been greatly saddened by my failures. I have apologized to them many times over the years. I have spoken to them respectfully at times, and I know they are there, but I've never seen or heard one of them.

I know Bob Jones saw them celebrating with a person entering heaven, so it would seem that they have emotions. Scripture records the angels praising God as Jesus birth, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom His favor rests." They pronounced peace on us. It seems they care for us. As such, I'd I think they can hurt.

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I believe that angels feel what God feels. The Holy Spirit gets deeply grieved and sorrowful and angels must feel the same since they are intimately connected with the Holy Spirit. It may not be physical wounds, but it may be pain in the Spirit.

Eph 4:30 NKJV

And do not grieve the Holy Spirit of God, by whom you were sealed for the day of redemption.



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**The LORD  
make His face  
shine upon you,  
And be gracious to you;  
The LORD lift up His countenance  
upon you, and give you peace.**

Num 6:25-26 NKJV

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## Run for Your Dream; Gail Devers Story

Posted by [ [swauthor](#) ] Feb 17th 2008 - 3:30PM Posts to date: 3742

### QUICKENED MOVIE: RUN FOR THE DREAM, THE GAIL DEVERS STORY

#### QUICKENED REFLECTIONS OF A MOVIE 2/13/08:

Today I watched the story about an Olympian runner who under went radiation treatment to kill her thyroid gland. She did not take the steroid meds during her radiation as she was told to do. As a result it caused her feet to swell, crack and bleed and her to hemorrhage in her body. When failing and in the hospital, the doctors told her she would probably not walk again and that they probably would need to amputate her feet.

Prior to getting sick, the coach told her to look through and past the wall and see that she had already won the gold. And when she was her weakest and sickest in the hospital bed, she told him to look through the hospital wall and told him she would run and win again. She told him that no matter what, he was not to allow the doctors to cut off her feet.

She got out of the hospital and began to rebuild her life. She prepared 18 months to be able to

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run in her first race after the radiation treatment. She was in a wheelchair and couldn't even stand up or walk. She realized she couldn't do it alone and asked her coach for his help. So there she is on the track in her chair. She stood up in much pain onto her feet. The pain was so bad she told him she had changed her mind, she just couldn't do it.

He told her to remember when she won some race by 3" and then he put down the white track marker 3 inches in front of her. And he said, "OK, go 3 inches." And she obeyed. Then he asked her if she remembered winning another race by 4 inches. And she nodded, and so he put down another marker 4 inches and told her to go for 4 inches. When I saw that scene I cried, remembering so many times the Lord told me that no matter what obstacles we face, "Inch by inch, it is a cinch!"

**Rom 8:35-39 NKJV**

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? 36 As it is written: "For Your sake we are killed all day long; We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." 37 Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. 38 For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, 39 nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Gail Devers went on to win the gold in her first race back and is still winning medals today.



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*Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.*



Many waters cannot quench love,  
Nor can the floods drown it.  
Song 8:7 NKJV

Love

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Username: louisec

### CONTACT INFORMATION

Email: [▶ Send Email](#) 

### LOCATION INFORMATION

City: Centurion

State: OUTSIDE COUNTRY - NO STATE

Country: South Africa

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|--------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| <a href="#">AUTHORITY IN INTERCESSION</a>              | 2       |
| <a href="#">COMFORT</a>                                | 1       |
| <a href="#">DISCERNMENT ISSUES</a>                     | 1       |
| <a href="#">FRIENDSHIP WORDS</a>                       | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH ANOINTED HANDS</a>      | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH CHILDREN</a>            | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH DREAMS</a>              | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH ENCOURAGING STORIES</a> | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH PARABLES</a>            | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH PEOPLE</a>              | 1       |
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH PROPHECY</a>            | 3       |

|                                             |   |
|---------------------------------------------|---|
| <a href="#">GOD SPEAKS THROUGH VISIONS</a>  | 1 |
| <a href="#">INTERESTING INTERPRETATIONS</a> | 1 |
| <a href="#">JESUS CHRIST IS THE WAY</a>     | 1 |
| <a href="#">LESSONS IN WARFARE</a>          | 1 |
| <a href="#">TRANSITION</a>                  | 1 |
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*The flowers appear on the earth; The time of singing has come,
And the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. Song 2:12 NKJGV Sandy Wenzel 06*

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I Remember Every Nail

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] Sept 9th 2007 - 4:48PM Posts to date: 3742

RHEMA 9/09/07 I REMEMBER EVERY NAIL

Today on the way to church I was praying over Oregon and its protection against earthquakes. And I heard the Lord say, "Storms." So as I was praying over its protections against storms He brought back the memory of the Columbus Day storm when I was in 2nd grade. The teacher had us underneath our desks and I remember looking up out the window, and the roof from the building next to us lifted up, tore off and fell to the ground.

QUICKENED STORY: Then He brought back the following story of a grandmother who had her family with her during a hurricane. When they asked her why she was not afraid and so much at peace, she told them that when she was young, she lived through a terrible hurricane. Like many other people, they lost their home. So when she married, she vowed that would never happen again. When she and her husband built their home, they fortified it greater than hurricane standards. She said, "I am at peace because I remember every extra nail, all the materials, all the expense, and all the effort and sacrifice that went into building this home. It

will stand." And stand it did.

WORD TO PONDER: I REMEMBER EVERY NAIL 9/09/07

Do not be weary for in good season you shall reap, if you do not quit. I have nailed your spiritual house in a sure, strong place. Line by line, precept upon precept I have built your faith to stand. Though fierce winds howl, all that I have built in your life shall stand firmly without falling. Each and every layer, where I have fortified you through tests and trials, is built with intent and purpose. You are enjoying the benefits of this spiritual refuge even now. And when you are old, all that you have built in faith shall not only endure the test of time, but you shall reap the reality that your spiritual home shall be a refuge for you and your family in their greatest time of need.

Gal 6:9-10 NKJV

And let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart.

Isa 22:22-23 KJV

And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open. And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place; and he shall be for a glorious throne to his father's house.



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Who Do You Say I AM?

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] July 27th 2007 - 7:46AM Posts to date: 3742

7/27/07 WHO DO YOU SAY I AM?

FOCUS ON GOD'S GOODNESS

Luke 11:34-36 NKJV

The lamp of the body is the eye. Therefore, **when your eye is good, your whole body also is full of light.** But when your eye is bad, your body also is full of darkness. Therefore take heed that the light which is in you is not darkness. If then your whole body is full of light, having no part dark, the whole body will be full of light, as when the bright shining of a lamp gives you light."

This week I received a stirring Word about Who God is and then a warning from the Lord to keep our focus on His goodness and not on the increasing darkness in the world. Today I received an email from a person who had a dream about destruction and wanted to post it. I am well aware that without God's intervention, our world and nation(s) are ready to fall over the cliff and that the world suffers increasing tribulations. Our hope and help is in God and

repenting of our wicked ways, being separate from the world's carnality and then God will heal our land(s).

When writing posts, I try to keep them aligned with the purpose of the ministry at the QW. I am commissioned to model how God speaks to His people, and in the process of doing that, it also happens to be prophetic and helpful. Yes the world grows darker, but those who know the Lord shall arise in His glory. It is a matter of perspective and what one is feeding upon and Who we think God is.

Sometimes people submit posts that are not aligned to support the purpose of the forum. Or sometimes people post things that are outside of my metron to discern or back as authentic prophesy. It is not that I judged them as demonic, but sometimes I feel it is outside of my metron to make the decision and so I dont approve the post since I am accountable to what goes on at the QW. My last name is WARNer. I do give warnings, but when I do they are based upon the true nature and character of God's goodness and love, not wrath, anger and destruction. Jesus came to give abundant life, not to kill.

I know a prodigal whose faith is like the tiny mustard seed, daily struggling with wavering, doubt and fear. He spends much time scouring the internet for information on bad destructive prophesies and subjects that breed fear. This person is afraid to die because of so much doubt about salvation. The bottom line is that what we eat nurtures our fruit. After much compassionate prayer and seeking the Lord over this person's faith vs fear struggles, the Lord gave me the following rhema.

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RHEMA 7/23/07 WARNING: WHERE IS YOUR FOCUS?

HEARD: Strength training. Balance.

PIX: I saw the head of a pencil balancing on its tip on the tip of my prophetic finger.

[Lord what do You want me to do about {name}?]

HEARD: Help him find answers he is looking for in scripture. I'm afraid I'm going to miss it. Graduate student. Cigarette. [cigarettes represent carnality.] Courage. We have our outside prayer and inside prayer going up. I want you to listen. Tell them:

OPENED EARS: After the phrase, "Tell them", immediately I heard a door bell ring. It was somewhat alarming to my ears to hear it.

HEARD: Tell them if My people. What are you looking at? Shelter.

VISION: I was in some kind of a school and saw a large auditorium with 2 grand pianos. It was a place of intercession where people prayed. Then I saw a remnant of intercessors and prophets who had left their places of prayer and were in a small storage building and their focus was on surviving during a very dark and demonic time. I could hear their conversations that were a dark focus. I could see that the more they spoke on those things, their faith was growing weaker and their words were actually feeding and drawing hordes of dark creatures to gather around the building. The more they spoke of their fears, the more hideous creatures germinated and gathered.

I sa 60:2-5 KJV

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

WORD TO PONDER: WHO DO YOU SAY I AM? 7/23/07

When I labored and created the earth, I looked over everything that I made and saw that it was very GOOD. I also gave gifts of creativity so that mankind could understand that what is

created comes out of the heart of the person creating. The creation is a message that in some way represents the person behind it. What I created was good, because I AM GOOD.

Live in such a way that men will see your GOOD works and glorify Me, for a good man will bring forth good things from the good treasure stored in his heart. When I walked the earth, I went about doing GOOD and healing all who were oppressed by the devil. I give GOOD gifts to My children and I do not change; I AM GOOD. Every GOOD and perfect gift comes from Me. I AM and always will be, the GOOD Shepherd.

Remove your focus off the devil. Overcome evil with good. Abhor evil and cling to good. Never repay evil with evil. But instead pursue good. If you want to see good days, refrain from speaking evil. Turn away from evil and do good. Beloved, all in the world is very simple. You have only 2 choices: good or evil, coming from the kingdoms of light or darkness. You need to make your choice and stick to it until the end, knowing Who I AM and Who keeps you. Separate and discern what you are listening to. You need to separate the mixture and choose the good part. A good report makes My body healthy for I know the good plans I have for you, to give you a future and a hope.

Jer 29:10-12 NLT

For I know the plans I have for you," says the LORD. "They are plans for GOOD and not for disaster, to give you a future and a hope.

GOD TOLD MOSES WHO HE IS

Ex 33:12,13,18,19, 34:5-7 NKJV

Then Moses said to the LORD, "See, You say to me, 'Bring up this people.' But You have not let me know WHOM You will send with me. Yet You have said, 'I know you by name, and you have also found grace in My sight.' 13 Now therefore, I pray, if I have found grace in Your sight, show me now Your way, that I may know You and that I may find grace in Your sight... 18 And he said, "Please, show me Your glory." 19 Then He said, "I will make all My GOOD ness pass before you, and I will proclaim the name of the LORD before you. ... 34:5 Now the LORD descended in the cloud and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the LORD. 6 And the LORD passed before him and proclaimed, "The LORD, the LORD God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abounding in GOOD ness and truth, 7 keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, by no means clearing the guilty, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children and the children's children to the third and the fourth generation."

Gen 1:31 NKJV

Then God saw everything that He had made, and indeed it was very GOOD .

Luke 18:18-20 NKJV

Now a certain ruler asked Him, saying, " GOOD Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? " So Jesus said to him, "Why do you call Me GOOD ? No one is GOOD but One, that is, God.

Luke 11:11-13 NKJV

If a son asks for bread from any father among you, will he give him a stone? Or if he asks for a fish, will he give him a serpent instead of a fish? 12 Or if he asks for an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? 13 If you then, being evil, know how to give GOOD gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!"

James 1:17-18 NKJV

Every GOOD gift and every perfect gift is from above, and comes down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variation or shadow of turning. Of His own will He brought us forth by the word of truth, that we might be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures.

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THE ASSIGNMENT OF JESUS

John 17:4-6 NKJV

I have glorified You on the earth. I have finished the work which You have given Me to do. 5 And now, O Father, glorify Me together with Yourself, with the glory which I had with You before the world was. "I have manifested Your name to the men whom You have given Me out of the world.

John 17:6 AMP

I have manifested Your Name { I have revealed Your very Self, Your real Self } to the people whom You have given Me out of the world.

WHY WAS IT IMPORTANT THAT HE MANIFEST GOD'S NAME? BECAUSE BACK IN THE CONVERSATION WITH MOSES, GOD SAID NO MAN CAN SEE THE FATHER AND LIVE.

John 14:6-11 NKJV

Jesus said to him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me. "If you had known Me, you would have known My Father also; and from now on you know Him and have seen Him."

8 Philip said to Him, "Lord, show us the Father, and it is sufficient for us."

9 Jesus said to him, "Have I been with you so long, and yet you have not known Me, Philip? He who has seen Me has seen the Father; so how can you say, 'Show us the Father'? 10 Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak to you I do not speak on My own authority; but the Father who dwells in Me does the works. 11 Believe Me that I am in the Father and the Father in Me, or else believe Me for the sake of the works themselves. If you had known Me, you would have known My Father also; and from now on you know Him and have seen Him."

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WHO DID JESUS SAY HE WAS

John 10:10-16 NKJV

The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I have come that they may have life , and that they may have it more abundantly. I am the **GOOD** shepherd. The **GOOD** shepherd gives His life for the sheep. But a hireling, he who is not the shepherd, one who does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and flees; and the wolf catches the sheep and scatters them. The hireling flees because he is a hireling and does not care about the sheep. I am the **GOOD** shepherd; and I know My sheep, and am known by My own. As the Father knows Me, even so I know the Father; and I lay down My life for the sheep.

Acts 10:38-39 NKJV

... how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power, who went about doing **GOOD** and healing all who were oppressed by the devil, for God was with Him.

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WHERE IS OUR FOCUS?

Luke 11:34-36 NKJV

The lamp of the body is the eye. Therefore, when your eye is **GOOD** , your whole body also is full of light. But when your eye is bad, your body also is full of darkness. 35 Therefore take heed that the light which is in you is not darkness. 36 If then your whole body is full of light, having no part dark, the whole body will be full of light, as when the bright shining of a lamp gives you light."

3 John 11 NKJV

Beloved, do not imitate what is evil, but what is **GOOD** . He who does **GOOD** is of God, but he who does evil has not seen God.

Rom 12:9-10 NKJV

Abhor what is evil. Cling to what is **GOOD** .

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WHAT DO WE DO WITH EVIL?

Rom 12:21 NKJV

Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with **GOOD** .

Rom 12:17 NKJV

Repay no one evil for evil. Have regard for **GOOD** things in the sight of all men.

1 Thess 5:14-15 NKJV

See that no one renders evil for evil to anyone, but always pursue what is **GOOD** both for yourselves and for all.

Heb 5:14 NKJV

But solid food belongs to those who are of full age, that is, those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both **GOOD** and evil .

Heb 5:14 AMP

But solid food is for full-grown men, for those whose senses and mental faculties are trained by practice to discriminate and distinguish between what is morally **GOOD** and noble and what is evil and contrary either to divine or human law.

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SPEAKING **GOOD** REPORTS

Matt 12:35-37 NKJV

A **GOOD** man out of the **GOOD** treasure of his heart brings forth **GOOD** things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure brings forth evil things. But I say to you that for every idle word men may speak, they will give account of it in the day of judgment. For by your words you will be justified, and by your words you will be condemned."

Prov 15:30 NKJV

The light of the eyes rejoices the heart, and a **GOOD** report makes the bones healthy.

Ps 27:13 NKJV

I would have lost heart, unless I had believed that I would see the **GOOD** ness of the LORD in the land of the living.

1 Peter 3:10-11 NKJV

He who would love life and see **GOOD** days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, And his lips from speaking deceit. Let him turn away from evil and do **GOOD** ;

Jer 29:10-12 NLT

For I know the plans I have for you," says the LORD. "They are plans for **GOOD** and not for disaster, to give you a future and a hope.



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## What's it Going to Cost?

Posted by [ [swauthor](#) ] May 7th 2007 - 4:02PM Posts to date: 3742

### WHAT'S IT GOING TO COST? 5/07/07

Today I was thinking about our callings and the cost. It costs us everything to follow Jesus, it costs us our entire lives. He rewards us for our pursuit, but still His gifts are free and not payment for our deeds. He promotes us when we are faithful with what we are given, but even our faithfulness is not our payment. When it comes to actually walking out what He has called, it is only by His grace. Everything we have to walk it, comes from His supply and not our own.

It costs us our life to love and follow Him, but the equipping to follow it is all from His grace, which is His unmerited, undeserved favor. He does not waste one moment of our lives. Everything in our life is divine preparation and equipping to fulfill our callings in Him.

I have shed many tears and groanings for many years over one thing. As a prophetic person, He has given me foresight and passion for what is coming. But try as I might, I cant jump to heaven. After so many years of striving and jumping and reading of others who have had these awesome experiences, I finally died and yielded the timing to Him. Yes we pursue Him;

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there is a divine tension between His drawing upon our hearts and our pursuing Him. However, no amount of effort is going to win us a trip to where we want to go. The ticket is either bought or it isn't. The key is waiting upon God for His timing and then when we are given the green light, to press in for His promise with everything we have.

There are certain ministries that I truly love to sit at their feet and hear Jesus through them... but many times I am overwhelmed with the feeling that I have lost it, am not cutting it and not measuring up because they are pressing in and I am still back at point A. It happens at every level of maturity. We see what is available and then we become discontent until we obtain it. It is part of growing up in Him and part of His drawing us into passion. But in the process, all the wrong motives take a crash and burn while our spirit man races forward another notch.

God knows exactly what it takes to keep our candles lit. He knows what it takes to keep us from falling. He knows what it takes to keep us growing. We can't walk in another man's shoes. We all know that, but none of us seem to accept that because we still feel we have failed. The only lesson to learn is that to follow Jesus costs us everything, it costs us our lives. It is a divine exchange of our lives for His.

There is an eternal mystery called the seed, in which God brings forth Himself in all that He daily creates. Within that mystery is the death of a seed required to bring a harvest. When we die to self and exchange what we want for what He wants, it brings a multiplied harvest of even more grace. Our death did cost us something and usually something very valuable, else it would not be death. He grants us the grace to yield the seed and plant it and then His grace multiplies it far beyond what we even thought of asking.

I went through a season of death where I became despairing of life and living. There were years of culminating factors that came to a head at one time. One of them was the completion of several assignments and the realization that I thought I had walked out all of my promises. Without a vision the people perish and I began to seek Him for the next horizon; not for people, but for my own life. I came to a complete halt until I heard one quickened sentence spoken from a podium: "What you do today affects all your tomorrows. What you do today, affects 3-4 generations beyond you."

I knew that to be true, and the truth is that it actually affects all of humanity beyond you, and for all eternity. No kidding. They (the cloud of witnesses) can not be made perfect without us. (Heb 11:40) The Lord took me away from that sermon and like a light piercing the darkness, came the following: "When you die, you plant your last and final seed for harvest. Every day you live, is your chance to plant seed. Do you really want to die when you already know My power to give you seed and My grace to pour it out so liberally? Do you really want to give that up?"

I made my decision that I am now on a grace extension plan. Every day I live, I am being given another chance to plant more seed. What's it going to cost me? I don't know, I am on His extended GRACE plan. His grace is made perfect in my weakness. What an amazing exchange. Maybe I did die, because all I see is grace, Amazing Grace!

John 3:30-31 NKJV

He must increase, but I must decrease.

John 12:24-26 NKJV

Most assuredly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it produces much grain. 25 He who loves his life will lose it, and he who hates his life in this world will keep it for eternal life. 26 If anyone serves Me, let him follow Me;

Col 1:27 NKJV

Christ in you, the hope of glory.

2 Cor 12:9 NKJV

"My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Rom 12:6 NKJV

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, let us use them.

---

**Eph 2:8-10 NKJV**

**For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, 9 not of works, lest anyone should boast. 10 For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.**

**Eph 4:7 NKJV**

**But to each one of us grace was given according to the measure of Christ's gift .**

**1 Peter 4:10 NKJV**

**As each one has received a gift , minister it to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.**



**Sandy Warner**

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Victory in the Harvest

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] Aug 25th 2006 - 5:40AM Posts to date: 3742

HEARD [while opening the door into Sears]: Are you listening?

PARABLE OF THE BUGS

I was wondering what He was going to say! Then right inside the door of Sears they had a children's bug movie playing on the big screen. I dont know the name of the movie.

It was a final scene and the war had been won and all the bugs were shouting hurrah, clapping and so thankful. They all gathered and each had a shaft in their hand, that looked like some kind of weapon or long javelin or arrow. Then at the command they shot them into the air and all the arrows (which were really long blades of grass) started shooting off their heads of grain. The grain was popping out everywhere and they had fireworks sounds as the grains popped in all directions. It was such a darling parable and I was so deeply touched by this!

The scene was a parable of the final victories that will take place during the season of harvest.

DISCLAIMER: The mentioning of any movie in this post is not a recommendation or promotion. The ministry of The Quickened Word does not promote going to movies and tv as receiving the pure Word of the Lord. However God speaks through anything in the world to get people's attentions, including stories, no matter how much mixture. It is up the mature listener to take the good and spit out the bones of every story in life. Sandy tries very hard to follow scripture in not "fellowshipping" with carnal language, sexual suggestion, and other material promoting drugs, fear, violence, magic, or any other thing that is not edifying.



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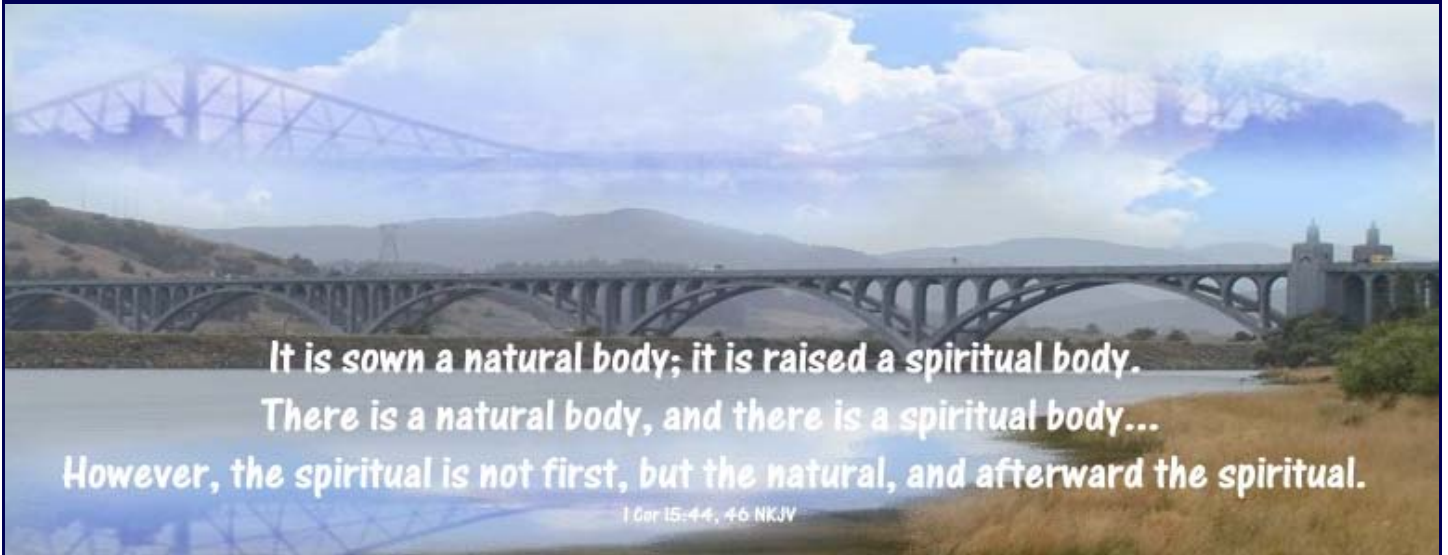
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*Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.*



**It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.**

**There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body...**

**However, the spiritual is not first, but the natural, and afterward the spiritual.**

1 Cor 15:44, 46 NKJV

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## ANGEL STORY

Posted by [ [swauthor](#) ] May 12th 2006 - 2:05PM Posts to date: 3742

### ANGEL STORY

4/22/99

This is a true story that occurred in 1994 and is told by Lloyd Glen:

"Throughout our lives we are blessed with spiritual experiences, some of which are very sacred and confidential, and others, although sacred, are meant to be shared.

Last summer my family had a spiritual experience that had a lasting and profound impact on us, one we feel must be shared. It's a message of love. It's a message of regaining perspective, and restoring proper balance and renewing priorities. In humility, I pray that I might, in relating this story, give you a gift my little son, Brian, gave our family one summer

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day last year.

On July 22nd I was enroute to Washington DC for a business trip. It was all so very ordinary, until we landed in Denver for a plane change. As I collected my belongings from the overhead bin, an announcement was made for Mr. Lloyd Glenn to see the United Customer Service Representative immediately. I thought nothing of it until I reached the door to leave the plane and I heard a gentleman asking every male if they were Mr. Glenn. At this point I knew something was wrong and my heart sunk.

When I got off the plane a solemn-faced young man came toward me and said, "Mr. Glenn, there is an emergency at your home. I do not know what the emergency is or who is involved, but I will take you to the phone so you can call the hospital." My heart was now pounding, but the will to be calm took over. Woodenly, I followed this stranger to the distant telephone where I called the number he gave me for the Mission Hospital. My call was put through to the trauma center where I learned that my three-year-old son had been trapped underneath the automatic garage door for several minutes, and that when my wife had found him he was dead. CPR had been performed by a neighbor, who is a doctor, and the paramedics had continued the treatment as Brian was transported to the hospital.

By the time of my call, Brian was revived and they believed he would live, but they did not know how much damage had been done to his brain, nor to his heart. They explained that the door had completely closed on his little sternum right over his heart. He had been severely crushed.

After speaking with the medical staff, my wife sounded worried but not hysterical, and I took comfort in her calmness. The return flight seemed to last forever, but finally I arrived at the hospital six hours after the garage door had come down. When I walked into the intensive care unit, nothing could have prepared me to see little son laying so still on a great big bed with tubes and monitors everywhere. He was on a respirator. I glanced at my wife who stood and tried to give me a reassuring smile.

It all seemed like a terrible dream. I was filled-in with the details and given a guarded prognosis. Brian was going to live, and the preliminary tests indicated that his heart was ok, two miracles in and of themselves. But only time would tell if his brain received any damage. Throughout the seemingly endless hours, my wife was calm. She felt that Brian would eventually be all right. I hung on to her words and faith like a lifeline. All that night and the next day Brian remained unconscious. It seemed like forever since I had left for my business trip the day before. Finally at two o'clock that afternoon, our son regained consciousness and sat up uttering the most beautiful words I have ever heard spoken. He said, "Daddy hold me" and he reached for me with his little arms.

[TEA BREAK...smile]

By the next day he was pronounced as having no neurological or physical deficits, and the story of his miraculous survival spread throughout the hospital. You cannot imagine our gratitude and joy. As we took Brian home we felt a unique reverence for the life and love of our Heavenly Father that comes to those who brush death so closely. In the days that followed there was a special spirit about our home. Our two

older children were much closer to their little brother. My wife and I were much closer to each other, and all of us were very close as a whole family. Life took on a less stressful pace. Perspective seemed to be more focused, and balance much easier to gain and maintain. We felt deeply blessed. Our gratitude was truly profound.

The story is not over (smile)!

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Almost a month later to the day of the accident, Brian awoke from his afternoon nap and said, "Sit down Mommy. I have something to tell you." At this time in his life, Brian usually spoke in small phrases, so to say a large sentence surprised my wife. She sat down with him on his bed and he began his sacred and remarkable story. "Do you remember when I got stuck under the garage door? Well it was so heavy and it hurt really bad. I called to you, but you couldn't hear me. I started to cry, but then it hurt too bad. And then the 'birdies' came." "The birdies?" my wife asked puzzled. "Yes," he replied. "The birdies made a whooshing sound and flew into the garage. They took care of me." "They did?" "Yes" he said. "One of the birdies came and got you. She came to tell you I got stuck under the door."

A sweet reverent feeling filled the room. The spirit was so strong and yet lighter than air. My wife realized that a three-year-old had no concept of death and spirits, so he was referring to the beings who came to him from beyond as "birdies" because they were up in the air like birds that fly. "What did the birdies look like?" she asked. Brian

>> answered, "They were so beautiful. They were dressed in white, all white. Some of them had green and white. But some of them had on just white." "Did they say anything?" "Yes" he answered. "They told me the baby would be alright." "The baby?" my wife asked confused. Brian answered. "The baby laying on the garage floor." He went on, "You came out and opened the garage door and ran to the baby. You told the baby to stay and not leave."

My wife nearly collapsed upon hearing this, for she had indeed gone and knelt beside Brian's body and seeing his crushed chest and recognizable features, knowing he was already dead, she looked up around her and whispered, "Don't leave us Brian, please stay if you can. As she listened to Brian telling her the words she had spoken, she realized that the spirit had left his body and was looking down from above on this little lifeless form.

"Then what happened?" she asked. "We went on a trip." He said, "far, far away." He grew agitated trying to say he things he didn't seem to have the words for. My wife tried to calm and comfort him, and let him know it would be okay. He struggled with wanting to tell something that obviously was very important to him, but finding the words was difficult. "We flew so fast up in the air. They're so pretty Mommy." he added. "And there is lots and lots of birdies."

My wife was stunned. Into her mind the sweet comforting spirit enveloped her more soundly, but with an urgency she had never before known. Brian went on to tell her that the "birdies" had told him that he had to come back and tell everyone about the "birdies". He said they brought him back to the house and that a big fire truck, and an

ambulance were there. A man was bringing the baby out on a white bed and he tried to tell the man that the baby would be okay, but the man couldn't hear him. He said the birdies told him he had to go with the ambulance, but they would be near him. He said, they were so pretty and so peaceful, and he didn't want to come back. Then the bright light came.

He said that the light was so bright and so warm, and he loved the bright light so much. Someone was in the bright light and put their arms around him, and told him, "I love you but you have to go back. You have to play baseball, and tell everyone about the birdies." Then the person in the bright light kissed him and waved bye-bye. Then woosh, the big sound came and they went into the clouds.

The story went on for an hour. He taught us that "birdies" were always with us, but we don't see them because we look with our eyes and we don't hear them because we listen with our ears. But they are always there, you can only see them in here (he put his hand over his heart). They whisper the things to help us to do what is right because they love us so much. Brian continued, stating, "I have a plan, Mommy. You have a plan. Daddy has a plan. Everyone has a plan. We must all live our plan and keep our promises. The birdies help us to do that cause they love us so much."

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In the weeks that followed, he often came to us and told all, or part of it again and again. Always the story remained the same. The details were never changed or out of order. A few times he added further bits of information and clarified the message he had already delivered. It never ceased to amaze us how he could tell such detail and speak beyond his ability when he spoke of his "birdies". Everywhere he went, he told strangers about the "birdies". Surprisingly, no one ever looked at him strangely when he did this. Rather, they always got a softened look on their face and smiled.

Needless to say, we have not been the same ever since that day, and I pray we never will be."



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Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.

*And Moses placed the rods
before the Lord
in the tabernacle of witness....
and behold, the rod of Aaron ...
sprouted and put forth buds,
had produced blossoms
and yielded ripe almonds*

Num 17:7-8 NKJV

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The Care Bears

Posted by [[swauthor](#)] May 4th 2006 - 5:34PM Posts to date: 3742

RHEMA 3/14/03 SNOW MELTED

INTERPRETATION TO THE FOLLOWING RHEMA: When my son was young, we watched a Care Bare movie where the whole land had turned blue and frozen and cold and it was up to the Care Bears to save the land and bring it back again. The Lord told me back then that it was a parable that the land had become frozen over by the demonic, people numb and hopeless and without feeling, and their love for the Lord had grown cold. He was going to bring His warm, passionate love back to the hearts of the people once again and when the land melted, it would release a wonderful river flow of His Presence. This has been happening in stages. We are waiting for the double portion to melt completely so we are loosed and sent with His power gifts.

The parable of the Care Bears: if a person says, "I dont care." It is a sign that they are hurting and really do care, and they have numbed the pain over so that they feel like things really dont matter. The Care Bears do care, and they care more.

HEARD: Here we go. We're behind you. We can hardly wait. No more snow. The ice melted. Strong current.

UPDATE CONFIRMATION: A intercessory friend saw a tip of an iceberg melting as a huge warm blast came upon it. The ice berg continued to rise as it melted.

INSERT RHEMA 4/21/98: RIVERS OF GOD ARE MELTING

DREAM: SKI SLOPES BECOME RIVERS

I saw 2 very large ski slopes that were running parallel to each other. One was deep in snow and the other was glazed over in ice. Suddenly I realized that where I had been standing was not a ski slope after all but a river and it was just now beginning to melt and break its ice free. Just as I realized this, I was swept into its flow. I scooped some children to go with me and we went swimming down the river. As we turned a bend, I looked up and saw the 2nd "slope" and knew it had yet to thaw and it was a second even more powerful river. The second one went into the first one and they joined together.

HEARD: Deposit.

[He has given us a deposit, a token of the double portion yet to come]

WORD TO PONDER RIVERS UNTHAWING 4/21/98

Through much warfare and intercession, I have been releasing ground that has been frozen and taken over by enemy territory. Gifts and freedom to minister and move in My Presence is being released in a mighty downhill rush of My Presence. Even the children shall get in on this. This river is My deposit of things yet to come. As you enjoy the power and rush of My Spirit, know that there is a double portion land that is still frozen over. It is still under the grip of the enemy after generations of non use. I will once again send My intercessors and warriors to set things in motion and this second river shall also unthaw a step at a time. Suddenly without notice the ice will break up and things will begin to move once again. This second river shall flow straight into the first and together they shall make a powerful flow of double portion signs and wonders.

"I will make rivers flow on barren heights, and springs within the valleys. I will turn the desert into pools of water, and the parched ground into springs." (Isaiah 41:18 NIV)

COMMENT: I think the 2 rivers are a parable of the double portion.

INSERT MELTING GLACIER BECOMES RIVER: ANNA RHEMA

VISION: Anna said that she also saw a glacier. It began to melt and became a beautiful water fall and then a rushing river.

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Sandy Warner

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*Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.*

**Now there are different  
kinds of spiritual gifts,  
but it is the same Holy Spirit  
who is the source of them all.**

1 Cor 12:4 NLT

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## THE STORY OF LITTLE HEN - AN ALLEGORY

Posted by [ [janine](#) ] Dec 13th 2005 - 5:51PM Posts to date: 31

### LITTLE HEN

Monday 6 January 2003

Up until now my life has been lived out as a dull brown hen pecking around in a desolate barnyard. Occasionally after being caught in a shower of rain the light catches on my feathers and they give a little shimmer which seems to suggest there could be a promise of some hidden beauty there that can't be seen because of the normally dry conditions. The ground is parched and dusty and I'm always trying to find something to satisfy my constant, nagging hunger. Every now and then I come across a stray cracked grain of wheat and gobble it down quickly. The pickings are very scarce, yet this is the only environment I've ever known, so I've got nothing else to compare it with. There are some small yellow chickens that seem to be always watching me and following me around in the dust and imitating my actions. Hopefully as they observe the things I've learned in order to exist here, they'll also somehow survive this barren life and grow up into their own destinies.

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When I want a drink of water I have to flutter up onto the rim of an old concrete laundry tub. It's a rather precarious place to be, but there isn't anywhere else to get water from. The tub is green with slime and the water is murky and leaves a rather nasty taste in my mouth. Other chooks drink here too, and as they turn around to get back down on the ground they sometimes thoughtlessly foul the water.

Each afternoon as the sun is setting someone comes along and shoos us into an enclosure and locks us up for the night. There's a limited area where we can wander around here and there is also a shed where we can shelter from the wind and rain and feel protected during the hours of darkness - or maybe it's just so that the farmer knows where we are. We've been told that this is to keep us away from harm and danger because there are savage things called foxes that would love to kill chooks like us, so we're happy to be locked up away from them.

However, there are also nasty things called snakes that can slither inside the shed and attack one of us. It's rather hard to know what to do when this happens because we have no way to escape these attacks because we are so safely locked in, and we really have no natural way of protecting ourselves against this sort of enemy. We've been told that the farmer wants to care for us and protect us, but when a snake comes amongst us the farmer is usually far away in his own cosy house. By the time he hears us squawking in fright and gets out to our enclosure, it's usually too late. Sometimes the snake devours several of our precious eggs before the farmer arrives, and sometimes the snake even lashes out and gives one of our friends a fatal bite.

Inside this chook shed there are laying-boxes placed around the walls. The boxes are full of nice comfy straw to rest on, so that when the time comes to lay our eggs, the straw protects them. Somehow we can't work out why we lay so many eggs, yet they seem to disappear and we end up with only an occasional chick to show for all of our labour.

There are also plenty of places to roost inside the shed during the night. There's timber perches for us to squat down on to sleep, yet they are made from square pieces of wood and we find these difficult for our feet to grasp comfortably. It would have been more considerate of the farmer to think about the shape of the branches in the trees of the wild, and give us round perches to cling to. I guess that it's because we aren't wild birds, but rather we're considered "domesticated," and so we are expected to conform to this man's world and his square timber, rather than the rounded-wood world of our wild cousins.

One other problem we face each night is that the farmer has clipped our wings, so that when we're out in the freedom of the barnyard we can't fly away. The problem is that this also makes it difficult for us to flutter up onto the perches. I've often pined for the freedom to stretch my wings and try them out for what they were intended. I guess that we must be pretty important to the farmer or else he wouldn't feel it was necessary to make sure we don't ever use our wings to get to these other places. Surely the farmer would only do what's best for us? Yet at times I've wondered why we've been given these wings, yet we aren't allowed to use them.

In the mornings someone comes along again and opens the gate to the enclosure and showers us with grain to peck at. There's always great excitement when this happens but there never seems to be enough of it to satisfy all of our appetites. During the scuffle as we bicker amongst ourselves trying to get some of this monotonous stuff, some of it gets scattered out through the wire of the enclosure and into the barnyard. Eventually we notice that the gate's been left open and we venture out into the wider world of the yard, hoping to find more to sustain us out there.

Our diet is rather limited. The ground around the barnyard is so hard-packed underneath and dusty on the top that no plants can grow there for us to eat. This is because all of our little feet and the big hooves of other animals are constantly trampling it. Everyone's suspicious of everyone else because of the scarcity of food, so any food that we might come across has to be kept secret, because the hunger of us all is so great that squabbles always come about if we happen upon a little pile of sustenance somewhere.

So, this is how my life has been for as long as I can remember. It's rather tedious and very uneventful but something inside of me has always hankered after something more. I can't define what that something is, but I just feel that this can't be as good as it is meant to get.

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Today as I was pecking about the yard seeking nourishment of some kind, I came up to the timber railing fence that goes around the yard and noticed that there was some grass growing on the other side of it. I hadn't really noticed that there was anything beyond the barnyard enclosure before. I thought that everything I needed was to be found right where I'd always been. I'd always been told that this fence was here to keep us chickens in our rightful place, but today I noticed that it really wasn't a barrier for me - it was just that I had always perceived it that way. Because I'm an inconspicuous hen I've always done what the larger farmyard animals have done, and none of them has ever passed beyond this fence - probably because they're too big to fit under it - but I found out today that I could.

My hunger made me adventurous today so I easily walked under the bottom railing and started to taste this fresh, cool green grass stuff that I'd only heard the old chooks talk about longingly - as if it was a fable. To my astonishment I found it was really delicious and that it filled a place inside me that had never been reached by chicken feed before. I couldn't believe that this had been here all the time, just waiting for all of us hens to try. I was aware of some movement behind and turned to see that there was a line of little yellow chicks that had continued to follow me under the fence and I felt really pleased to see that they were now enjoying this wonderful new taste sensation along with me.

I soon realised that I wasn't quite as adventurous as I'd thought I was, because although this grass was totally different from anything inside the barren barnyard, it was rather short. I knew that it was short because a few feet away from the fence the grass grew to such a height that it towered up towards the sky. There seemed to be a strip of short grass like a borderland between the barnyard fence and a thick forest of tall grass. This shorter grass had been trodden down and picked over by others who must have discovered this treat, and they'd obviously been coming here to feed for quite some time, but had told no-one.

As I wandered closer to the tall grass I noticed that there was a place where it seemed to part and when I got up next to it I could see that a pathway led off through the green sea of swishing grass. I don't know what possessed me to step forward and begin to follow the pathway, because I am a timid creature by nature, but something inside of me seemed to compel me to continue. When I glanced back to where I'd come from, I could see that the little line of chickens was still following close behind me.

We continued to follow the path for quite some time, stopping to investigate along the way when something new caught our attention. After a while I heard a sound that sent an instant shock of terror through me. I hadn't had much experience with this sort of thing before, but instinctively I knew that I had to seek shelter. I quickly pushed deep into the tall grass and lay down while the chicks dashed in underneath me for protection. We stayed perfectly still and remained hidden from the view of the large black snake that slithered across the path where we'd been walking just moments before.

It occurred to me that this tall grass provided much better protection from enemy attacks than the supposed safety of the chook shed that we'd left behind us. Maybe being outside the man-made structure gives us more sensitivity to the warning voices that seem to come to us on the breeze out here. We weren't able to hear these gentle warnings at the farm because there was always so much clucking going on around us. When the danger seemed to have passed and our hearts had stopped thumping so wildly in our chests, we continued down the track that we'd been following.

Eventually we came to a huge pond of cool, clear water that seemed to spread out as far as our eyes could see. The entire pond was surrounded by more of the same tall sheltering grass and we felt perfectly at ease as we realised that this unexpected haven held absolutely no threat to us. After the long and frightening journey through the unknown world of the grassland it was wonderful to feel so unafraid. The chicks and I all indulged in a long drink of water that tasted so perfectly sweet after what we'd been used to in the barnyard, then we all fell into a blissfully long and uninterrupted sleep as we nestled amongst the sheltering grass.

When I woke up in the morning I was alone. The surrounding tranquillity assured me that the chickens would now be able to look after themselves. There were so many exciting discoveries to be made in this fascinating place. We could never have imagined that we'd come to such a delightful sanctuary.

Until I experienced the peace beside this pond I had no idea how stressed and exhausted I'd

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become, trying to scratch out a miserable existence on the farm. I spent the first few days resting peacefully concealed in a fresh new nest by the water's edge, grabbing an occasional mouthful of sweet grass and a few gulps of cool water, as I gathered a bit of strength and became more aware of what else went on around the pond.

As I lay screened by the grass, I could see that there was a huge variety of birds and animals living harmoniously in this area. As I observed their behaviour I soon came to recognise which plants were the most sought after amongst this plentiful supply and I was so surprised by the wide assortment of food available to the inhabitants. I saw that many of the birds were actually eating hopping and flying things. This wasn't something we'd been able to do in the barnyard because there was no vegetation there to attract any insects, so it took a bit of courage for me to try them now. Like everything else in this exotic new land, these bugs were a pleasant surprise for me and I soon found myself enjoying them enormously. The amazing thing about this place was that there was no competition between the creatures to grab at the food. There was no fear of someone else snatching it away from you, because there was such a diverse and abundant supply for everyone. This made all of my new neighbours so sweet-tempered and thoughtful towards each other that it was blissful just to lie down to observe them as they went about their daily business and learn how things were done beside these still waters.

As the days passed and I adjusted a bit more to my new domain, I became aware that my clipped wing feathers were really aggravating me. As I nibbled at them with my beak, they fell out one by one. This was a process that combined pain with exquisite pleasure because the irritation was lessened each time a feather was finally released. Once they'd all been pulled out it felt wonderful, yet it left me feeling rather dowdy and I felt acutely embarrassed to be exposed in this way in front of the other inhabitants. However, the reaction of the others around the pond was so surprising to me.

In the barnyard if one of the hens appeared less attractive or weaker than the other ones because she had lost a few feathers, she was given absolutely no peace. The rest of the hens would just keep on picking and pecking at the poor thing until the farmer finally took her away and she was seen no more. I was dreading this happening to me here. However no one ridiculed me or attacked me in any way. Instead of this, they seemed to go out of their way to show concern and compassion for me. Not only were they sympathetic, but they showed me where all of the best food could be found to encourage healthy new feather growth. I'd never experienced this sort of caring community before and I felt blissfully content and confident to take their good advice because I sensed that their suggestions were prompted by a genuine care for my wellbeing.

When I asked them how they managed to always keep this harmonious atmosphere, they told me that it was because there was a Good Shepherd who came this way quite often, and that He'd taught them this different way of life. They all knew what it was like to be scorned and despised, but after a few encounters with the Good Shepherd they were miraculously changed in appearance and temperament. I was assured that He would love and accept me regardless of my species, and they advised me to seek some quiet time alone with Him at the first opportunity. They also taught me an ancient verse that they'd all memorised to remind themselves of His love and care. It says: "You, Lord, are my shepherd. I will never be in need. You let me rest in fields of green grass. You lead me to streams of peaceful water, and you refresh my life. You are true to your name, and you lead me along the right paths ... Your kindness and love will always be with me each day of my life, and I will live for ever in your house, Lord." (Psalm 23:1-3, 6 CEV)

Eventually my wing feathers all grew back and the smaller ones elsewhere on my body had also been painlessly replaced by brilliantly shining feathers. They were still basically brown, but they had more of a copper hue overlaying them which added a luminous aspect to them. I guess that my new friends really did know what sort of things I needed to bring about this wonderful change in me, and I'm so glad that I trusted them enough to listen and act upon their kind words.

Each day as my I regained more of my strength, I tested out my new wing feathers by flapping them furiously as I ran along the ground. At times when I did this, a slight breeze seemed to lift me off the ground a tiny bit and I wondered if the old hens' tales about flying might have had some substance to them. Nevertheless I was afraid to try flying myself, because I'd never seen a chook fly before, and I didn't want to make a fool of myself in front

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of my new friends. I saw that every hen's been created with a pair of wings, and I secretly felt sure that they were meant for flying, but for generations before me every hen's wings had always been clipped so that they couldn't do this. At times I even wondered if my thoughts about wings being made for flying were simply a delusion, or maybe even an act of pride or rebellion on my part. However, the stronger my wings felt, the more I felt that they were meant to serve a more grand purpose than just flapping around wildly as I strutted around aimlessly on the ground.

One day when I ventured a little further away from my nest, I unexpectedly came across the Good Shepherd. I was so surprised when He stopped and knelt down to speak with me. At first I was overawed by the majesty of His bearing, but the longer He spoke with me the more comfortable I felt in His Company. How it thrilled me when He said that He'd been lovingly watching the entire transformation process take place in my life. He said that He'd asked certain ones to come and minister to me until I was strong enough to meet Him face to face. When I first arrived at the pond in my weakened and anxious state I would have just fainted on the spot if I'd encountered His awesome presence! However, I found that He was the easiest person that I'd ever spoken with, and the time just flew by so quickly that the daylight hours had vanished before I even noticed it. By nightfall when I needed to head back towards my nest, we had talked about so many amazing things and I felt exhilaration that I had never dreamed possible before this beautiful encounter. Reluctantly I said goodbye, but I could hardly wait to see Him again.

I soon found out that all I had to do to meet up with Him again was to simply speak His name out loud and He'd be there right beside me in an instant, and each meeting seemed even more fantastic and fulfilling than the previous one. The more I got to know Him the more I felt I could trust Him with my innermost secrets and longings, until finally one day I found myself telling Him my thoughts about hen's wings being made for flying. This was something I wouldn't dare talk to anyone else about, but I trusted Him so completely by now that I knew He wouldn't laugh at my silly notions.

Instead of answering me He sat down on the ground and gently gathered me up into His huge loving hands. He turned me towards Himself and gazed upon me with such tender love that I didn't ever want to stop looking back into His eyes. He then gently blew onto my face. After that He turned me around and told me to take a little jump off His hands onto the ground. This seemed a bizarre request, but I did what He said. It was the weirdest sensation because I could still feel His sweet breath on my face and this made me catch my own breath in a way that seemed to lift me up off His hands before I gently fluttered to the ground.

Each time we met we'd continue this same strange ritual. He'd tenderly gather me into His hands, blow lovingly onto my face, hold me up and tell me to jump. At first I didn't notice it, but each time we did this the Shepherd raised His hands a little higher than the last time, and each time I jumped I felt a little more uplift as I began flapping, before drifting downward.

I found that I was extremely tired and sore for the first few weeks after beginning this new part of our relationship, but I soon came to enjoy it very much and I anticipated the exhilaration of feeling Him breathe upon me once again. Each time He breathed on me I took a deep inward breath myself and this seemed to give me extra lift when I jumped from His hands.

Of course, I had some extremely embarrassing falls that landed me flat on my face, but He was always there with a delighted chuckle to pick me up and say how proud He was that I was willing to keep on trying.

The day finally came when He said that I was ready to really fly. I don't know why it came as such a surprise for me to hear that all this time I'd been learning to fly. I had enjoyed being with Him so much that I didn't even realise that He'd been training me for flight. However, He said that I'd now be able to do it, and because He'd shown me that His Word was utterly dependable, I didn't doubt that this was true.

As He breathed on me this last time and held me high above His head, I took a particularly deep breath and noticed that He gave me an extra little lift upwards as I jumped from His hands. As I began to rise upwards I experienced the most exquisite freedom and I knew that this was what I was created to do! For some strange reason I just kept on rising higher and higher yet I didn't appear in any danger of crashing back down to the ground. Wow – this is

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what flying is all about! So it is true that chooks' wings are there for flight. Wow – if only those hens back in the barnyard could see me now! Who ever saw a chook soaring up this high before?

What do I mean by saying “up this high”?! Who ever saw a chook fly - full stop! This can't be happening to me, it's impossible! Hens can only flutter and flap, they can't fly up high in the sky!

As I thought about these things I found myself falling swiftly back towards the ground. Thankfully I'd had plenty of crash-landing practise, so it didn't hurt too much, despite the fact that I'd never fallen from quite this height before. After I'd smoothed my ruffled feathers I started to question my ability, and even my right, to be doing this incredible thing called flying.

While I was still muttering shamefacedly to myself, the Good Shepherd came towards me and lovingly picked me up again and cradled me close to His warm heart. As He soothingly stroked my head He patiently explained that during the times I was learning to seek out His Company every day, and trusting Him to teach me how to live beyond my wildest expectations, an even more miraculous transformation had been taking place in me.

“Little Hen,” He said to me, “Take a good long look at yourself, and tell Me what you see.” It was ages since I'd really taken the time to do this, because the training had kept me so busy and I had always fallen into my nest exhausted, yet exhilarated, each evening. What I saw now was a total shock to me! Without even becoming aware of it, I no longer had the appearance of a chook, but some strange metamorphosis had taken place. “I, I see an ... eagle!!” I exclaimed in wonder.

My tender Shepherd said to me, “You've always had an eagle's heart, little Hen, but the chicken feed you were living on in that desolate barnyard didn't let you see that. When you first ventured out of the barnyard I began rejoicing, because I knew that those were the very first steps to fulfilling the destiny that I'd planned for you. But until you started believing that there must be more to life, and in faith started out on your own journey to find that illusive something, you couldn't even imagine the sheer joy and peace that was waiting for you within My embrace. During those times there was a whole cloud of witnesses silently cheering you on, but you weren't able to see them. As you spend more time with Me your eyes will be opened up more and more to see things like this.” Then He reminded me, “It wasn't until you came to the place of complete rest and trust in Me that you were able to really believe that with My guidance you'd be able to rise above your humble beginnings to accomplish these amazing things that you'd never dreamed of doing before.”

The Shepherd warned me that if ever I took my eyes off Him and forgot the comfort and strength I gained from the intimacy of His breath upon me, then I might not like what I saw in myself. He also said that if I failed to remember how much He adored me just as I am, in whatever state I find myself, then I would once again see myself as a mere chook.

Then He continued, “I plant tiny seeds of hope deep inside everyone, but some choose to ignore these seeds. Everyone has a different seed that's determined by her circumstances and experiences in life. These seeds will one day grow into reality as My beloved ones learn to lean more upon Me, and less upon their own understanding. That's why you always felt that there must be another purpose for your wings. Your little hen's heart was yearning for the freedom that flight would give you one day. The saddest thing for those who stay within the barnyard environment out of their fear of the unknown, is that they will never know whether or not those secret thoughts and dreams could become a reality. You chose well, my dearest, when you decided to listen to My voice when I called you to follow your heart's desire for this freedom.”

The Shepherd then said to me, “My greatest desire is for you to remember that in My eyes you always have been, and always will be, an eagle. I look deep inside of everyone who I've created and discern their true heart. I don't merely look at the feathers on the outside and decide whether they're a hen or an eagle. Sometimes it can be tricky if you only look at the feathers, because these can be the same colour for a hen and an eagle, so that's why I always look at the heart. However, to the eyes of others in your world you might still appear to be a hen, regardless of the tremendous changes that they notice in you as a result of keeping company with Me. Every single day you have to choose whether you're going to scavenge

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around in the dust like a chook, believing what others say and think of you, or whether you're going to soar as an eagle with the thermals of My wholehearted acceptance and love uplifting you."

"If you choose to fly as I've always intended, I will always be there to love and comfort you during those times when you take an unexpected tumble. These painful and humiliating things have to happen once in a while, just to remind you to never take your eyes off Me and so that you'll remember the things that I've taught you about yourself and your need to abide in My embrace. That's why I'm not giving you a new name just yet, but that will come one day. But right now you are still my own precious Little Hen and you need to remember that once you were an inconspicuous little brown hen, but also keep in mind that your life without me was only being half lived. You'll gradually gain confidence in this new life of freedom that I've given to you as a gift, as you learn to always return to Me as your Source of strength and power. As this becomes the habit pattern of your life, then you'll be able to go to even greater heights when you whisper My Name in love and depend even more fully upon Me."

"At the beginning of your journey you didn't even realise that your deep yearning was for Me, yet you still responded to My call when I quietly beckoned you forth through the whisperings of My love. You're incredibly precious to Me, little one, and I'm just so proud of your courage and the resolve that you showed in stepping out of the barnyard to seek Me for yourself. You're never going to regret leaving your old life behind, and every moment that you spend in My company will become even more wonderful than the last one, until one day we'll never, ever be apart from each other again. I'm really looking forward to that time. Won't it be just Heavenly, Little Hen?"

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Love and blessings,

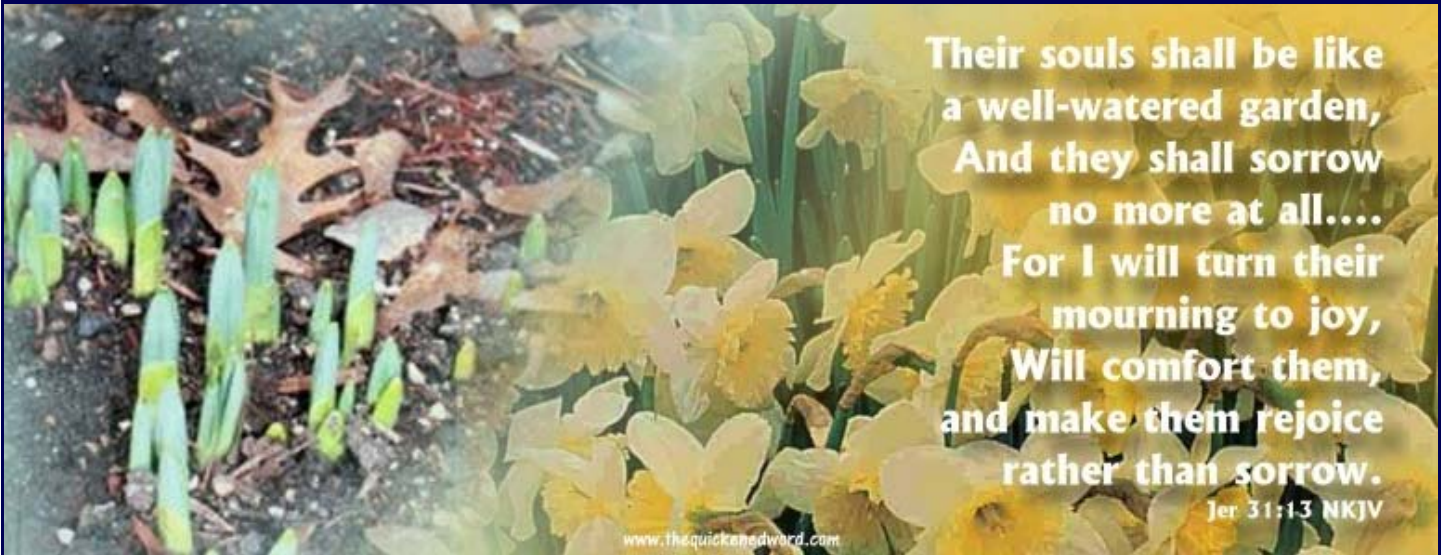
Janine

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Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.



Their souls shall be like
a well-watered garden,
And they shall sorrow
no more at all....
For I will turn their
mourning to joy,
Will comfort them,
and make them rejoice
rather than sorrow.

Jer 31:13 NKJV

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Gods Sea Treasure

Posted by [[genestra](#)] Nov 16th 2005 - 1:18PM Posts to date: 6

GODS SEA TREASURE

I unfolded my hand to view the seashell I had picked from among the many amidst the seaweed.

What a most wonderful find!

A treasure that had washed upon the sand carried in the sea from a placed unknown to me.

I was pleased to place it into my pants pocket as I once again walked in the sand. My feet were now wet from the ocean waves washing about the shore and the sanderlings" were making their usual rounds and sounds.

My heart spoke to me and my soul began to sing as I had revealed to my inner being another story as I was taking a short morning's journey.

Gods sea treasures...They were His.

He made all of them and the creatures that live in all the earth seas.

A sign once again concerning not the shell in my unfolded hand but the sign that God had said

He would give to all of His man concerning Jesus, The Son of His Love.
Washing up in the shore as this seashell had this morning had happened to a certain man after residing in a large fish for 3 days and 3 nights.
The "Sign of Jonah" had once again been clearly revealed to me.
What a sight had he been.
He would be covered with seaweed and the other materials that had come upon him while residing inside of a great fish.
How he must have felt as he saw the light once again after residing in darkness.
I am most sure some folks did not consider him a lovely treasure washed ashore as I did the seashell now resting in my pocket.
A treasure wash up on the sand however was he to God.
Jonah and his mission were to begin.
He would tell the folks in Nineveh about the One True God.
They were all saved because of this "sea treasure" and his being washed ashore after residing inside of a fish because he would not do what God had asked of him to begin with.
How thrilled am I to have given to me the insight once again of what God Almighty has done for us.
Gods Sea Treasure of Eternity is Jesus.
On the fifth day of Gods Creation He called for the waters to bring forth abundantly and swarm with living creatures.
God created the great sea monsters and every living creature that moves, which the water brought forth abundantly according to their kind.
How kind had God been to me to reveal the wonders of His creation.
A fish.
Had not this been the sign God had given to man?
In the darkness for three days and three nights was to be to man Gods sign.
What a dreadful smell must have emitted from his person named Jonah after this fish visit.
Jonah had finally completed his mission and we can thank God for his faithfulness.
Jesus is the sign for all of mankind.
He did not reside in a fish.
But Jesus did give many to his friends who had nothing to eat.
He even broiled it Himself and waiting for their return from a nights fishing.
Jesus walked on the waters of one of His Fathers created seas.
Jesus feed 5,000 men not counting women and children with 2 fish and 5 loaves of bread.
Jesus went down to the depth of the earth for 3 days and nights in the darkness of the damned that we may have His Eternal Life.
Jesus was crucified on a "wooden cross" and paid the price for us to be free of all sin and the curse that had come on all man.
Jesus walked many a seaside as I have today and he called several fishermen and said, "Come and follow Me" to them.
What a delightful morning have I to have revealed the "Sign of Jonah" to me.
I had only picked up a seashell in my folded hand, maybe as in prayer, and found inside "Gods Sea Treasure" waiting with its story to be unfolded for me there.

From my "Rock House
This is Karen Marie
©2003

This is a selection from the book entitled "The Sign of Jonah"

Karen Marie Schalk

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*Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.*

*And Moses placed the rods  
before the Lord  
in the tabernacle of witness....  
and behold, the rod of Aaron ...  
sprouted and put forth buds,  
had produced blossoms  
and yielded ripe almonds*

*Num 17:7-8 NKJV*

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### The Kamikaze Prayer

Posted by [ [bellarose](#) ] Nov 1st 2005 - 6:33PM Posts to date: 9

The Kamikaze Prayer  
By K.A. Graaf

To truly UNDERSTAND someone is to STAND next to them and help them carry the burden they are UNDER. You can really understand someone if you become like them. This was the reason why God became flesh and dwelt among us. He became like us. He stood next to us and then died on a cross to carry the weight of the sin and burdens we were under. There is no wonder God really understands us!

When you understand someone it is easy to forgive them, it is easy to show compassion and have a lot of patience and tolerance for that particular person. The people that are the hardest to reach are the ones that we need to reach out to. The ones that are the hardest to love often are the ones that need love the most.

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There was a person in my life that I could not understand or forgive for a long time. It wasn't easy for me to have compassion or patience for them. Through a process God began to help me see this person as He does. I love this person more today than I ever thought was possible and I can only give God the praise and glory for His incredible grace and mercy.

Over five years ago I prayed a heart felt prayer. I asked God to, "Mould me, shape me and break me. Show Your glory in my life". I also asked Him to, "Give me my Fathers eyes. Eyes for love, compassion, feeling every pain, knowing what they are going through and feeling it the same". That is what I call the Kamikaze Prayer! God started to answer my prayer and to be honest with you there were times I thought to myself "What on earth was I thinking!" I even tried to back out of my request and asked God to leave me alone! It became all out war on my flesh and I didn't like it! Deep within my heart there was a lot of ugliness that God needed to remove if I was ever going to be anywhere near Christ like.

Although I didn't like the process of what I had to go through when God started to do what I had asked of Him, I am very glad today that I did say that prayer because I am a different girl and so much better for it.

Today I see this person through my Fathers Eyes and they do not look the same to me anymore. God molded me, shaped me and broke me and I am so thankful! God answered my prayer.

I learned a very important lesson in forgiveness. Unforgiveness will destroy every area of your life - Physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually. The best analogy I can give for what it is like to have a heart full of hate, bitterness, resentment and unforgiveness is like being chained up against a stone wall with shackles around your ankles, wrists and neck while being tormented relentlessly by someone prodding you with a hot iron poker! You just can't escape the torture until you break yourself free through repentance and forgiveness.

Healing from the past does not come until repentance and forgiveness come first. Every time the person's name that you have not forgiven is mentioned, that hot iron poker will prod you again and will cause you great pain and suffering until you choose to let go of the past and forgive!

Unforgiving people are miserable and angry and sometimes repeat the sins of the ones they hold unforgiveness for. A lot of the time unforgiving and bitter people hurt the ones they love the most!

What a way to live. I lived that way for years and was miserable. Who was I kidding? I was definitely kidding myself!

I John 4:8 says, "Everyone who loves is born of God and experiences a relationship with God. The person who refuses to love doesn't know the first thing about God, because God is LOVE - so you can't love Him if you don't love" (The Message Bible)  
When I think about that verse, I now know why I really didn't know God very well for most of my Christian life. The verse clearly shows the reason why I found it hard to have a real relationship with Him.

I want God to keep answering my Kamikaze Prayer for the rest of my life. I think He will be molding, shaping and breaking me until the day I die! But if I really want to be like Christ, this is what needs to be done.

We would all learn to love as Christ did if we saw people through the Father's eyes instead of our own. To many of us like to point the finger to judge others too quickly but we take a long time to shift our focus where it needs to be and see where we need to change ourselves.

The truth is that Gods word says, "If you do not forgive your brother, God will not forgive you." I think I would have been in a lot of trouble! Praise God for His wonderful grace upon me, because I have sure needed it! Forgiveness and love need to be two of the main attributes in a Christian's life. I can truthfully say God has cleansed my heart as a result of this prayer.

If I had to do it again, I would not hesitate to say my Kamikaze Prayer again. I am blessed

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that God took the time to mould me, shape me and break me because now I can start to give Him the glory for what He has done in my life. I no longer feel chained to the wall. A hot iron poker is no longer prodding me.

The Kamikaze Prayer is not a prayer to be said lightly. God will take you up on it! The wonderful thing is that when God starts doing what you have requested in the end you will not regret it. You will have joy and freedom that you never thought was possible. Your shackles will be broken! The chains will shatter! The wall will collapse! You will be free!

Hate in a heart is like having a dry, dusty wasteland covered with thorns and briars within you. You curse everyone that comes near you.

Love in a heart is like having a beautiful garden of sweet scented roses blossoming within you. You bless everyone that comes near you.

"From out of the mouth the heart speaks!" Luke 6:45

You will be tested by trial. Ask God if you dare,  
to be molded, shaped and broken in the Potters hands.  
That, my friend, is the Kamikaze prayer!

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I am a rose with many thorns but God saw the beauty of my flower.  
God does not look upon me as man sees, God looks at the heart

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Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life ... and He died for you.

**Now there are different
kinds of spiritual gifts,
but it is the same Holy Spirit
who is the source of them all.**

1 Cor 12:4 NLT

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Posted by [[swauthor](#)] Aug 17th 2005 - 7:08PM Posts to date: 3742

HEARD: Disassembled. I will assemble you.

Heb 10:24-25 NKJV

And let us consider one another in order to stir up love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as is the manner of some, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as you see the Day approaching.

NT:3831 ASSEMBLING

paneguris (pan-ay'-goo-ris); from NT:3956 and a derivative of NT:58; a mass-meeting, i.e. (figuratively) universal companionship:

KJV - general assembly.

NT:3870 ENHORTING

parakaleo (par-ak-al-eh'-o); from NT:3844 and NT:2564; to call near, i.e. invite, invoke (by imploration, hortation or consolation):

KJV - beseech, call for, (be of good) comfort, desire, (give) exhort (-ation), intreat, pray.

CONFIRMATION: Anna just sent me the following Greek definition, not knowing I also had looked it up for another reason.

EXHORTING: 3870 parakale,w parakaleo {par-ak-al-eh'-o}

Meaning: 1) to call to one's side, call for, summon 2) to address, speak to, (call to, call upon), which may be done in the way of exhortation, entreaty, comfort, instruction, etc. 2a) to admonish, exhort 2b) to beg, entreat, beseech 2b1) to strive to appease by entreaty 2c) to console, to encourage and strengthen by consolation, to comfort 2c1) to receive consolation, be comforted 2d) to encourage, strengthen 2e) exhorting and comforting and encouraging 2f) to instruct, teach

Origin: from 3844 and 2564; TDNT - 5:773,778; v

Usage: AV - beseech 43, comfort 23, exhort 21, desire 8, pray 6, intreat 3, misc 4, vr besought 1; 109

STORY PARABLE: I remember an old movie about a little robot. He would always say Number 5 is alive. He wanted to be real and not a robot. He was running from the word disassemble. I think he went berserk and ended up disassembling himself before he got well again.

INTERPRETATION: I see the Lord is using the term disassemble as a pun. We are human and make mistakes, the Lord does not want robots who just do as they are told, but we are created with free will. We want to be human and have genuine fellowship and in our search we can end up disassembling ourselves or what the Lord wants to accomplish in unity and family.

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WORD TO PONDER: REASSEMBLED

Broken and disassembled, My body is scattered in parts and pieces all over the world. Even when in a crowd, they are suffering the coldness of isolation. Broken, alone, and separated, the comfort of fellowship has become a rarity. How it grieves My heart to see My loved ones in such disarray!

Lost confidence and joy shall return as I reassemble My body back together again. United in kindred hearts of loving appreciation, I shall remove the stumbling blocks and bring My own into one big family.

Heb 10:24-25 NKJV

And let us consider one another in order to stir up love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as is the manner of some, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as you see the Day approaching.

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