

MEDITATION PROMPTS

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE KINGDOM

by

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Meditation Prompts:
In the Language of the Kingdom
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INTRODUCTION

Meditation prompts, came about as a result of the Lord fulfilling the promise He gave me in the book of Proverbs 24:13-14. Not long after the rededication of my commitment to serve Jesus Christ, I was gifted with His promise of wisdom with understanding. These promptings often came in the early morning hours—during my time of communion and fellowship. I often liken these moment-by-moment refreshments—as to spending time in “The River of Life”. His introduction of intimacy begins as a gradual stream, that journeys through chosen” meadow-like” valleys of insight. *I have experienced the peace of His inviting presence, as the stirrings of a brook, which flows over smooth stones that lay in its pathway.* These were quiet- captivating interludes of lively conversational thoughts, which were orchestrated by His Spirit. *{It is beyond my comprehension—that God, Who made all things, could so affectionately and purposefully lift me closer to Himself through the raising of my spiritual understanding of His ways}.* As our time together progresses on, we eventually arrive at a place where the vastnesses of His thoughts are overwhelmingly endless. At such a view I am taken in and dispersed about by the breath and length, depth, and height of His love for me. God in all His Majesty and Splendor begins to personally instruct on what is to be unveiled of His treasury of hidden thoughts. *{God releases wisdom to reproduce*

His thoughts in the minds and hearts that hold His affection. Meditation and prompts are fruitful twins that come from the union of God and His beloved}. God is faithful and is without loss in His giving...so when He meets with me in the early waking hours of the morning, I know that I am being awakened to receive what only He can give—*Selah*.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated first and foremost to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who found me and chose me and made me His own—to Him all praise and honor are given and belong. To my parents, Harold C and Annie Lou Turner, who have been warriors in the faith for as far back as I can remember...thank you, mom and dad. And finally, all family and friends of past and present—thank you all and I pray God's enduring blessings be your home stay, now and forever.

Amen.

The Diary of a Prisoner of The Lord Jesus Christ

Hear me oh Lord, for you are my help in my time of trouble. Here am I my Lord, requesting the ear of your heart for in the entirety of my request, I live for the life of your words. It was you who determined to call me according to your purpose, who am I, that you are mindful of me? Did you not find me wanting and groping in the darkness of my own ignorance? Have mercy on me my God, for I am as a grain of sand upon the earth. Who am I, my Lord that you are mindful of me? At this very moment I have known your love. I have felt it's substance in the things I've hope for, and I've known it as evidence in things not seen. You are the giver of life, my life, yet my eyes have never found your face. Surely, I am veiled by the hope that only you can give my spirit bears your seal of possession far beyond my will. Is it not your hand that covers me? Is this not the same hand that spans the heavens and the earth that has become my canopy and the dwelling place of my life? Where oh Lord can I go, there is no place you have not saw and have not reached to rescue me. Even in my deepest solitude you are there and have always been my exceedingly great reward and sovereign shield.

Be it known by my own declaration and my handing of the key. I belong to you.

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THE TESTIMONY: STUCK BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

“Thank God for them both.”

I ran into the arms of the military on a bitter winter’s day in January to escape my mother’s apron string and the undeniable sovereign rule of my father. My father often reminded us that he was the king of his household, and everyone who lived under his roof, without question, would go to church on Sundays. My way of rebelling was to join the Air Force, and then I’d never have to go to church. I could, in fact, declare my emancipation and thereby do whatever I wanted—and what I wanted to do was whatever my heart desired.

So I ran away from home, in a sense. Even though I was 18 years old, I was running away from home, and it wasn’t until much later, after a series of failures and hurts, that I realized that it wasn’t home as much as it was God.

My running took me to New Mexico, which I thought was the new part of Mexico, I had no idea it was a state. There were a lot of hard places for me in New Mexico, and, to tell you the truth, that’s where I first noticed “The Rock.” I tried to ignore “The Rock,” but every now and then someone would walk up to me and point “The

Rock” out and start telling me about “The Rock.”

I told them I knew about “The Rock,” but I had hard places that I was dealing with, and life was too short to be thinking about “The Rock.” So, I ran and tried to distance myself from “The Rock.”

I ran to a little island off the coast of Alaska. It was a radar site. People called that place the rock because it was a rock, two miles by four miles, and there were no inhabitants other than some blue foxes that the Russians left behind.

I was definitely in a hard place. I was going crazy on that island, and there were times I broke down in the solitude of my anguish. Those were dark times that I’d crawl around in my thoughts as if in search of a lost key. I feared that I would lose myself on that island, and by instinct I reached back to grab something from within to steady myself.

My hand came to rest upon “The Rock.” There it was, right behind me, unshakable as ever.

I was unconscious of my action but I found myself on my knees, yet still I had my pride. Even on my knees before “The Rock,” I never wanted to rely on its strength, but for a moment during the roughest times. I held my tears cupped in my hand, never letting one hurt fall on “The Rock.”

I did talk to “The Rock,” and for some reason I felt better.

Before you knew it, my time was up, and I was off and running to Mississippi.

There I found more hard places just waiting for me to wander into. There were times that allowed me to notice “The Rock,” but I didn’t view those moments as something special.

After two years I was off and running again, this time to the country of Belgium. I found hard places, but there I found myself pleasantly distracted after just a month. It seemed that, out of nowhere, I crossed paths with a very attractive woman, who I not long after fell for, hook, line, and sinker.

I had no idea that this close encounter of the right kind was an introduction to my future wife. Wow! During that unexpected awakening, I hadn’t noticed “The Rock” much because she had my full attention.

Short-lived, it seemed, because she had orders to Italy. My intentions were aimed at following her and prolonging what I felt was worth the stretch—if only Uncle Sam would just say yes.

He did, and when he did, for some reason my mind slipped back to “The Rock.” I hadn’t really noticed “The Rock” for quite a while, but somehow, I sensed that it was near (strangely, even within reach).

Oh well, I was off and running to Italy to get married.

I got what I wanted and made it to Italy, and wouldn't you know it, "The Rock" was waiting on me there. It was just like old times, with me seeing "The Rock" again, and by now I had formed a distant relationship with "The Rock." I'd even learned to talk to "The Rock" when I was in my hard places.

The conversations were pretty much one-sided "The Rock" never spoke, but I was almost sure it was listening and that I had its attention.

After three years in Italy, we were given an assignment to North Dakota. It was there that I came to grips with how messed up my life really was. I began to mull over all those hard places I had been through.

I became aware that it wasn't that I had been strong or wise enough to see myself through them all.

I wept.

I had lived for myself, my desires. I was a runner, and if I didn't like something or needed a change of scenery, I'd run. All that running was beginning to catch up with me, and I was at the point of just being tired.

I was so tired I found myself leaning on "The Rock," and for the first time ever, my tears were falling on "The Rock."

As I leaned and wept on that "Rock," I found myself broken,

with all the fragments of my life in bits and pieces lying on “The Rock.” All these years I had thought “The Rock” to be cold. But, you know, I felt the softness of “The Rock” that day, and it wasn’t cold but warm.

I could feel myself melting into “The Rock.” “The Rock” seemed to absorb every weight and every care.

I was beginning to feel good about the future, and there was a freedom that I’d never known.

“The Rock” had been my salvation.

I remember all those years I turned my back on “The Rock” and thought it to be in the way, even a nuisance. Old-time religion, I thought, just a bunch of “Rock worshippers.” It was all Stone Age to me.

There was no life to be found in “The Rock,” or so I thought.

Man, had I been wrong.

Anyhow, I came to love “The Rock,” but it was a shallow-rooted love, and I soon found myself back in the hard place. I began to slip off “The Rock,” not all at once but as a gradual, passive sliding away.

You see, I began to allow people to come between me and “The Rock.” Sometimes it was what they said, and sometimes it was what they did. Soon my relationship with “The Rock” was based on

my relationship with others.

I began to be the judge and jury over their lives, and before I knew it, I was a castaway.

I slipped off “The Rock” and into the Sea of Sin that was much deeper and rougher than I remembered it to be.

So, this time I had no choice but to swim in all that muck and sludge.

I was a toxic mess, now covered from head to toe with that stuff.

Once my feet hit the ground, I ran like I never ran before, and this time it was to the Azores, which is an island off the shores of Portugal. Well, by the time I got there, the muck and sludge from the Sea had hardened on me, and it was as though every hard place was welcoming me back into the fold.

I wanted to forget about that whole business with “The Rock.”

One day, while I was in a hard place, having a few drinks (well, actually more than a few), my thoughts began to drift back to the great times I had had with “The Rock” Yeah, I began to miss “The Rock” at that very moment.

The fact of the matter is that I knew “The Rock” was in that place, but I was so ashamed of myself. There always came an

accusing voice from within that kept telling me I didn't deserve "The Rock." So, my fallen response was to not ignore the voice but to ignore "The Rock" while all the time wishing one day I could find a way back.

I would, with distant hope, excuse myself by saying, "After all, look at me. I'm covered from head to toe with all this stuff. I would only dirty "The Rock" I need to clean up before I could even think about even coming near "The Rock."

Days turned to weeks, and weeks turned to years, and though I had my share of hard places during that time with all that was in me, I tried my best to dodge "The Rock." I was pretty much successful.

I had every intention of running to Florida or Georgia, but for some reason ran right smack-dead into "good ole" Kansas. I got here, and right away I wanted to be a cowboy and not in the good sense, and so I found the nearest hard place.

I was a glutton for punishment, never really knowing what for but all the time gorging myself on whatever I thought I wanted at the time.

During this time, I'd go back home two or three times a year, and because both my parents are preachers and upstanding leaders in the church, I had to sit up front with them. This was uncomfortable because, though I had been successful back at home

at ignoring “The Rock,” I found there was no escaping it from where I sat in the pew.

Always, always, it was right in front of me.

I felt like it was drawing me out of myself and into something so much greater. I fought it with all I could muster until my eyes began to water and every pore of my body started to sweat.

I kept telling myself I wasn’t ready. Not yet, I still got some things to straighten out.

I could always talk myself out of it (at least I thought I was the one doing the persuading).

Anyhow, I got a chance to run to Turkey for about 60 days or so, and so I was pretty happy about that because I thought, “This will be a time for me to let my hair down...” (although I had ceremonially shaven my head) “...and have some real fun.”

But when I got there, the Turks on base were striking, and so all the facilities were closed down. No clubs, no drinking or wild parties, no going off base, no nothing.

I thought to myself, why me, why are they striking now? This was to be my hard place, and there would be no distraction.

Time went on, and soon, because there was nothing to do and I lived in a tent, I began to work out and get into my coping routine.

One Sunday morning after my workout, for some reason I thought maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea if I went to the chapel tent just to rub elbows with the church folks kind of pay my respects to God why not, since everything else here is closed. I can burn some time there.

Well, the preacher was OK, and I was finishing his Bible quotes before he could and intently watching my watch because he had begun his altar call.

As he began to ask and ask and ask would there be someone who wants to give his life to the Lord? would there be someone here that wants to accept Jesus as their personal Savior?

I hadn't noticed it before, but there it was standing behind him as he talked, it was "The Rock."

I couldn't believe it, and for some reason, as the preacher spoke, it was as though "The Rock" was speaking.

I wasn't ready for this, and I began to battle within myself. At that moment, it seemed that every weight, every hard-place experience I had ever had was beginning to crush me. The more "The Rock" drew me, the heavier it became.

My eyes were beginning to leak, and my chest got tight. My hands were shaking, and my pores were open and sweating as the voice inside me seized my heart and told me that I had failed before

and I would fail again because I wasn't ready.

In fact, it began to heap on top of me my many faults of sin.

It was as though "The Rock" sensed my struggle and prompted the preacher to have this lady come up and sing a song.

She didn't sound like much, but it was as though she sang into my spirit. I began to silently weep as she sang:

"The battle is not ours but the Lord's."

It was at that moment "The Rock" spoke to me and told me that that was what He had been trying to tell me all these years.

He reminded me of the time I fell on Him and how He not only felt my pain and sorrow, but He took them as if they were His own... all of my sin and shame.

He said He bore them for me. He said He had never left me... not even for a minute... and how I had misunderstood His presence when I was in the hard places.

So, I couldn't help myself, I mean that both ways. I really couldn't help myself, and in front of God and everyone else, I fell on "The Rock."

I was indeed broken again from the impact, but this time it felt as though "The Rock," Who is Christ Jesus, was holding me closer and closer until He was no longer on the outside of me and I was no longer on the outside of Him.

So, when you find yourself between a rock and a hard place...
if the Rock is Jesus fall on “The Rock.”

T H E P R O M I S E :
P R O V E R B S 2 4 : 1 3 – 1 4

MY SON OF ENCOURAGEMENT

*“My son, eat thou honey, because it is good; and the honeycomb,
which is sweet to thy taste: So, shall the knowledge of wisdom be
unto thy soul: when thou hast found it, then there shall be a
reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off.”*

BED REST IN HIS PRESENCE:

THE CHAPTER OF PSALMS 19

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork. ²Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. ³*There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.* ⁴Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, ⁵*Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.* ⁶His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. ⁷The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple. ⁸The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the

LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes. ⁹The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether. ¹⁰More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. ¹¹Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward. ¹²Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults. ¹³Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. ¹⁴Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

THE HEART OF SERVING IS WORSHIP

(Psalm 63:1–4 The Message Bible)

God, you're my God!

*I can't get enough of You! I've worked up such hunger and thirst
for God, traveling across dry and weary deserts.*

*So here I am in the place of worship, eyes open, drinking in Your
strength and glory.*

In Your generous love I am really living at last!

My lips brim praises like fountains.

I bless you every time I take a breath;

My arms wave like banners of praise to You.

Meditation:

“The master of the heart is not necessarily the one who owns it but rather, the one for which it beats (Selah).”

Biblical Prompt:

(Luke 16:13)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Sweeter:**

“Serving Him one day is as a thousand which grows sweeter and

sweeter, moment by moment by His eternal grace—(Selah).”

The true-sweetener in life cannot be found in the artificial laboratories of life called “quick fix” But rather in the blossoms of beauty that clothe the fields, which leave an aftertaste of fulfillment. That is as sweet as honey to the one who gratefully labors in the harvest of God’s goodness.

Today, as the ingredients of your life are coming together take a moment to stop taste and see just maybe there is a need of discovery that calls for a measure of sweetener that is within your reach.

Have a sweeter-than-usual day.

F A I T H H A S A D I R E C T L I N E
W I T H H O P E F O R M A K I N G
C O L L E C T C A L L S T H A T A R E
U S U A L L Y A L W A Y S
A N S W E R E D B Y T H E N .

(Philippians 3:12–14 The Message)

I'm not saying that I have this all together, that I have it made.

*But I am well on my way, reaching out for Christ,
who has so wondrously reached out for me. Friends,
don't get me wrong: By no means do I count myself
an expert in all of this, but I've got my eye on the goal,
where God is beckoning us onward to Jesus. I'm off and running,
and I'm not turning back.*

Meditation:

Let today be the residue of tomorrow's hope fulfilled...
“Never stop pressing toward the prize of your high calling.” (Cat)

Biblical Prompt:

(Luke 9:62)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is ***Then:***

If a man only believes and speaks according to the conditions

of what is—he has lost a battle that was not his to lose but by faith it was the Lord’s—My son, all things were made to be possible, for them who dare to believe God. (Cat)

What shall we say then?

Then is a word that leads into something other than was and is. It’s a word of transition, possibility, and future.

There are times when we tend to get stuck in what was or we allow ourselves to stay in the boundaries of what is.

But the freedom of true life was meant to be searched out and explored so much further than what was and what is.

What shall we say then? well then, is the potential for change, progress, and new horizons that are yet to be seen.

Today, why not start a new chapter in your book of life by beginning it with then.

THE CURRENCY OF LIFE
DRAWS VALUE FROM
PRODUCE, WHICH CAN
ALWAYS BE TRACED BACK
TO THE SOURCE

(John 15:5–8 The Message)

I am the Vine, you are the branches. When you're joined with me and I with you, the relation intimate and organic, the harvest is sure to be abundant. Separated, you can't produce a thing. Anyone who separates from me is deadwood, gathered up and thrown on the bonfire. But if you make yourselves at home with me and my words are at home in you, you can be sure that whatever you ask will be listened to and acted upon. This is how my Father shows who he is—when you produce grapes, when you mature as my disciples.

Meditation:

“A self-willed fire will extinguish when the source of fuel has reached the limit of being exhausted.” (Cat)

Biblical Prompt:

(2 Corinthians 3:4–6)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Energy**:

It is error to believe that the world revolves around the life of a speck... nevertheless, the creative thoughts of The Living God is mindful of the least, of what has come from nothing and has crowned such... as the greatest of achievements, through which He reveals Himself.

There are times we will experience a loss of energy. This can be caused by the many demands that life places on us as living resources to fuel its cause-and-effect cycle of give and take.

When we find ourselves there, it helps to reevaluate our current energy crisis and know that we are just a resource and not the true power source. Resources in the natural sense eventually run out and have to be creatively renewed by their Original Source.

Our lives are regenerated daily as true worshippers of a living God, whose power is made perfect when we make Him the centerpiece of our focus and service. **(Revelation 4:11)**

Today, let us see ourselves as being carriers that are hooked into The Original Source of Energy that flows far beyond our abilities of production.

“Always consider The Source.”

Have a good and productive day.

LIVING IN THE ABUNDANCE OF GIVING

Matthew 10:8 The Message (MSG)

5–8 Jesus sent his twelve harvest hands out with this charge:

“Don’t begin by traveling to some far-off place to convert unbelievers. And don’t try to be dramatic by tackling some public enemy. Go to the lost, confused people right here in the neighborhood. Tell them that the kingdom is here. Bring health to the sick. Raise the dead. Touch the untouchables. Kick out the demons. You have been treated generously, so live generously.”

Meditation:

The blessing in receiving is the opportunity to serve in our giving—{Selah}.

Biblical prompt:

(Acts 3:6)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Gift**:

“One who is healthy in his or her receiving will always have the urge to release a value that has gone unchanged...when the time of refreshing presents itself” {Selah}.

There is one who refuses The Gift and yet another who rejects the invitation of its opening. Of the same, they have not been

willing... or, by the cloak of default walled themselves into the solitary confinement of this world by self-imposing a sentence that is set far below the baseline of curable poverty.

There was a stone that cried out, “silver and gold have I none; but such as I have given I thee.” Every good, perfect gift is offered and passes freely to us by the nail-pierced hands of Christ Jesus if we are willing to receive. **(James 1:17)**

Today, as the world barrels along towards the season of The Gift, let us not forget that the greatest blessing of our giving comes wrapped up in The Greatest Gift of all.

There is a gift of receiving that keeps on giving here is to you and I enjoying the gift that has been personally wrapped for our unwrapping throughout our day.

BREAKING THE SILENT COMPLACENCIES OF MY GOOD INTENTIONS

Matthew 5:16 The Message (MSG)

14-16 *“Here’s another way to put it: You’re here to be light, bringing out the God-colors in the world. God is not a secret to be kept. We’re going public with this, as public as a city on a hill. If I make you light-bearers, you don’t think I’m going to hide you under a bucket, do you? I’m putting you on a light stand. Now that I’ve put you there on a hilltop, on a light stand—shine! Keep open house; be generous with your lives. By opening up to others, you’ll prompt people to open up with God, this generous Father in heaven.*

Meditation:

Genuine believing is not in what we have seen or handled—but rather in what has seized and handled our thoughts and thus inspired us by faith to respond accordingly.

Biblical prompt:

(1 John 18)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is
Transparency:

Truth worth having is never to be hidden behind, but it should be worn in the dignity of its own strength. It should never be given to expose shame or inadequacy but rather to uncover and reveal... what is real and worth confronting in the intimacy of its important value—{Selah}.

Legitimate transparency must be viewed through the clearest of glass, which is without the religious-plated stain... or the obstruction of images that would hinder the light of true discovery.

Much too often, true motives and agendas are camouflaged in the scenery of what the beholder is led to believe about the big picture. What is apparent of what should be transparent has all but been misrepresented in a gallery filled with smoke and mirrors of misinterpretations.

Trust leads the way, gingerly tiptoeing past the roadside devices of misguided exposure. It is the one true hope of all that is worth fighting for. If we are to win the war on near misses, which comes from the realities of both hostile and friendly fire, then it must be fought in the clearing of legitimate transparency.

Today, let's do windows, let's clean both inside and out, so that we can get a good look out and others can get a good look in.

Have a very transparent day, and may this day bring discoveries that are only made in the light of understanding.

BREAKING THROUGH AND OUT OF THE OLD AND INTO THE NEW

Psalm 30:5 The Message (MSG)

4-5 All you saints! Sing your hearts out to God!

Thank him to his face! He gets angry once in a while, but across a lifetime there is only love. The nights of crying your eyes out give way to days of laughter.

Meditation:

If I must encourage myself then let such a need come, that I may extend my hand upward and embrace the hand, which is willing and able to lift me from the darkest of depths.

Biblical prompt:

(Psalms 27:13)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is
Breakthrough:

The blanket of God's love and mercy is stretched and spread by earnest hands of prayer... that are lifted toward Him.

Oftentimes, successful breakthroughs don't involve us breaking the things around us as "we are going through." The best

breakthroughs are those that inspire healing and bring the restoration of a broken smile. They come as cracks of light in what seems to be the darkest of times. The dawning of a breakthrough is the remedy of life for the ailing soul; it brings sight to the blind and gives clarity to what was once a stumbling thought.

Breakthroughs are an important part of the struggle to bring forth new life. In the world we live in, this process validates the need to develop strategies for perseverance if success is to be had. By way of nature, a baby chick or the soon-to-be butterfly has to achieve its own breakthrough at the start if it is to survive in a world of miracles.

Unlike them and so many other species we share the planet with, in order to get our breakthrough, we are dependent on the help that comes with push and pull. Maybe this pattern has been purposefully set in place so that we would not venture too far from our need for each other.

Ultimately, God brings about much-needed breakthroughs in our lives. He does this with an occasional push or pull to break us free from the mindset of settling for less than who we were created to be.

Today, is a perfect day to go for the breakthrough. The banner has been stretched, and a determined drive, with earnest hands of prayer, is all we'll need to get to the other side.

Have a great and vibrant day!

THE MIRACLE OF BEING AN ORIGINAL HAS THE LIFE EXPECTANCY OF O N C E

(Psalm 13-16 The Message)

Oh yes, you shaped me first inside, then out; you formed me in my mother's womb. I thank you, High God—you're breathtaking! Body and soul, I am marvelously made! I worship in adoration—what a creation! You know me inside and out, you know every bone in my body; You know exactly how I was made, bit by bit, how I was sculpted from nothing into something. Like an open book, you watched me grow from conception to birth; all the stages of my life were spread out before you, the days of my life all prepared before I'd even lived one day.

Meditation:

The greatness of God in you is in the position He has called and ordained you to be in, to stand in, and to live in.

Biblical prompt:

(2 Corinthians 5:17)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Original:**

My son, you bear the footprint of an Original blessed is the

one who has been chosen not by the whim of a man—but by the will of God, the latter is sure without flaw... and will endure.

Have you ever had an original thought or witnessed something so original that it blew your mind?

The wonder of an original can be surrounded by many questions, which perhaps will never be answered entirely.

Its rarity and unique occurrence give it value to the one who has an insightful appreciation for it being as it is.

You are an original and when they broke the mold, it was purposeful, so that you would have no rival in being you.

So today, “Keep being who you are as an original because an original is a positive, which is far easier to make out than the shadow of any negative.”

Have a great original day.

THE LIFE OF BEING ALIVE IN HIS PRESENCE

(Psalm 42:8 The Message (MSG))

6-8 *When my soul is in the dumps, I rehearse everything I know of you, From Jordan depths to Hermon heights, including Mount Mizar. Chaos calls to chaos, to the tune of whitewater rapids. Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers crash and crush me. Then God promises to love me all day, sing songs all through the night! My life is God's prayer.*

Meditation:

Oh, Magnify the Lord with me for His Presence is as pleasing as the honeysuckle... and His gift is twice as sweet, in the tasting “Oh, taste and experience—The Glory of His Presence... for His goodness is without end” Selah.

Biblical prompt:

(Psalm 73:26)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Presence:**

“The virgin will be born with a child and give birth to a son, and they will call him Immanuel which means God with us.”

Imagine waiting on a present to come, that was promised over thousands of years, before it finally arrived. You know, it

doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that the timing and rarity of "The Gift" must be something special worth waiting for a once-in-a-lifetime moment in the making.

What do we make of this event, as we come into this season of celebration, this is a time where we make our wishing known. We put what we desire, and what we think others may desire, under trees or we tuck them away in stockings.

This event of the holiday has been lost in a chaotic blizzard of label abuse where peace is trampled over by midnight roundups and goodwill is a store where less desirables are dropped off as second-hand leftovers.

Surely, there is hope for this season and the window shoppers that are in search of the best deal to be found.

This Christmas season, the best deal to grab-a-holt-of is God, gifting to us with His Presence. What the world needs now is love but not the love of money or perishable thing but the love that comes with His Presence. When we have it, we have the benefits of peace (security) and goodwill (blessing) because God is where He has always wanted to be and that's with us.

"There is a Presence, that comes with The Gift that is precious and needful to those who would be gifted."

Today, let's choose to live outside the box of a calendar date

and live in the present gift of His Presence.

CONSIDER THE FLOWERS,
THOUGHTFULLY ARRANGED
AROUND YOUR LIFE AS A
GIFT GIVEN AMONG THE
LIVING

(Luke 12:25-28 The Message)

Has anyone by fussing before the mirror ever gotten taller by so much as an inch? If fussing can't even do that, why fuss at all?

Walk into the fields and look at the wildflowers.

They don't fuss with their appearance but have you ever seen color and design quite like it? The ten best-dressed men and women in the country look shabby alongside them. If God gives such attention to the wildflowers, most of which are never even seen, don't you think he'll attend to you, take pride in you, and do his best for you?

Meditation:

It is vanity that will bring to ruin the man who is great in his own eyes and serves himself in the place of God.

Biblical prompt:

(Psalm 23)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Consider:**

Consider: The thoughtful pause of purpose, which ventures beyond the possibilities of a coin flip. It comes in the event of an insight, which yields something more, perhaps other possibilities, which are engaged by taking yet another thought for hire in the process.

When at the marketplace, there is much to consider as we browse the aisles which are stocked. Though we find ourselves surrounded by the many colorful displays, there hangs the black-and-white balance of our reality, which is need vs. want. Faced with such a dilemma in the making is like approaching a busy intersection with the sudden flash of the yellow light up ahead. There, sitting in your lap for consideration, is the thought of possibly slowing to a stop for the coming event of red or speeding up and bypassing one event in exchange for the numerous possibilities which can be accelerated as a result.

Life is a see-saw—responding can be challenging as we try to find a considerable balance in what's an acceptable result. We live in a world full of generic results... life isn't cheap, even though many may spend it as if it is. We should never shortchange ourselves by not living an authentic life. Such a commodity is of great value... in the global marketplace that is filled with one-of-a-kind and rarely seen finds.

Life has been given in an assortment of timelines. Our days

are filled with experiences that seem to be stacked, shuffled, and reshuffled again by the hands of an all-knowing Master Dealer. Despite the sleight of hand of the purposeful deal, we much too often find ourselves skimming along the surfaces of our daily encounters. What would happen if all those life-like could-dah- or would-dah or should-dahs ever got in play? Much to our awakened state of something more we'd discover that every hand dealt has the potential to be a windfall of meaningful experiences that richly surround and make up the landscape of our lives.

Today, let's make and take the time to consider the meaningful experiences that have been dealt into our day, let's purposefully pause in thoughtfulness to savor the good parts. Let's consider the authentic role that only we can play, let's count the privilege of making our day view in the greatest of rare productions.

Have a considerably good day above all else, consider the lilies of the field and know their beauty is given as an expression of life among the living.

SPENDING LIFE IN THE ABUNDANCE OF TRUE GIVING

(2 Corinthians 8:5 The Message)

This was totally spontaneous, entirely their own idea, and caught us completely off guard. What explains it was that they had first given themselves unreservedly to God and to us. The other giving simply flowed out of the purposes of God working in their lives. That's what prompted us to ask Titus to bring the relief offering to your attention, so that what was so well begun could be finished up. You do so well in so many things—you trust God, you're articulate, you're insightful, you're passionate, you love us—now, do your best in this, too.

Meditation:

It is foolish to think that money can disarm time for the hands that have measured your breath of days have also numbered the span by which they will be spent for both servants, account as one to “The Giver” of all.

Biblical prompt:

(Luke 12:16-21)

Med-Net Ponders: The catch Word for today is **Count:**

A portion in the kingdom of God is an eternal abundance of His goodness.

“God’s hope chest is full of the treasures of silver, gold, and vessels of brass and iron these riches of the kingdom are found in His people. The greater part of giving is in the offering, and the greater part of an offering is found in the one who has offered. By far, the value of our giving is at its greatest when drawn from the treasury of God’s goodness in our lives.

When does the count begin? Does it begin the moment we give, or is it when the receiver acknowledges what was given? Who’s the keeper of the count? Do numbers hold value, or does value hold numbers or are they stewed together in the same pot and given as a given, but not necessarily in equal portions, to whom it may concern?

All of creation has been given a unique measure of wealth, which justifies their value when they’re weighed on God’s grand scale for creative purpose. Without question, our worth is not given as our own, but rather every count has been inventoried and distributed according to the wisdom of His good pleasure.

Counting our blessings on the smaller hand of Now would be far easier than attempting to count the blessings that we’ve habitually missed, on the larger hand of half-past-time. Indeed, counting our blessings must be a discipline of gratitude, where our

mindset chimes in to remind us of the favors, we've received in our lives which are worth sharing beyond the count of just saying one.

Today, let's make our giving count in the best way possible, not in our favor, but in favor of someone other than ourselves.

God, thank you for enlarging the territory of my heart and blessing me beyond the borders of myself. Let the testimony of your goodness be known in my willingness to be spent on the account you've given me to meet the needs of others while serving you.