

The Maker's Heart

Connie L. Van Berkel

Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,
I have a friend you see.
She's elderly a broken hip
She has not one but me.
Next year I'll volunteer for you;
In this, I promise thee.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
Through winter spring and summer fall
A year soon passes by.*

Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,
I have a friend you see.
Her baby's heart beats not so strong
She has not one but me.
Next year I'll volunteer for you;
In this, I promise thee.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
Through winter spring and summer fall
A year soon passes by.*

Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,
I have a friend you see.
Cancer and four children young,
She has not one but me.
Next year I'll volunteer for you;
In this, I promise thee.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
Through winter spring and summer fall
A year soon passes by.*

Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,
I have a friend you see
From foreign soil where she has come,
She has not one but me
Next year I'll volunteer for you;
In this, I promise thee.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
Through winter spring and summer fall
A year soon passes by.*
Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,

I have a friend you see.
Broken and depressed she feels,
She has not one but me.
Next year I'll volunteer for you;
In this, I promise thee.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
Through winter spring and summer fall
A year soon passes by.*

Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,
My health has gone from me,
My sores are many, my pain is great
But prayer I have for thee.
Next year I'll volunteer for you;
In this, I promise thee.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
Through winter spring and summer fall
A year soon passes by.*

Oh Lord I fear I cannot serve,
I have a friend you see.
Her husband's leg is shrapnel filled
And death may soon be gain
Please Lord she needs him more than me,
I'll gladly take his pain.

*The tides flow in, the moon does shine,
The sun goes through the sky.
But in winter spring and summer fall
A year does not go by.*

Oh Lord I fear I did not serve
I had friends you see.
Forgive me Lord, for I am sad,
My time on earth set free.
I didn't volunteer for you;
As I had promised thee.

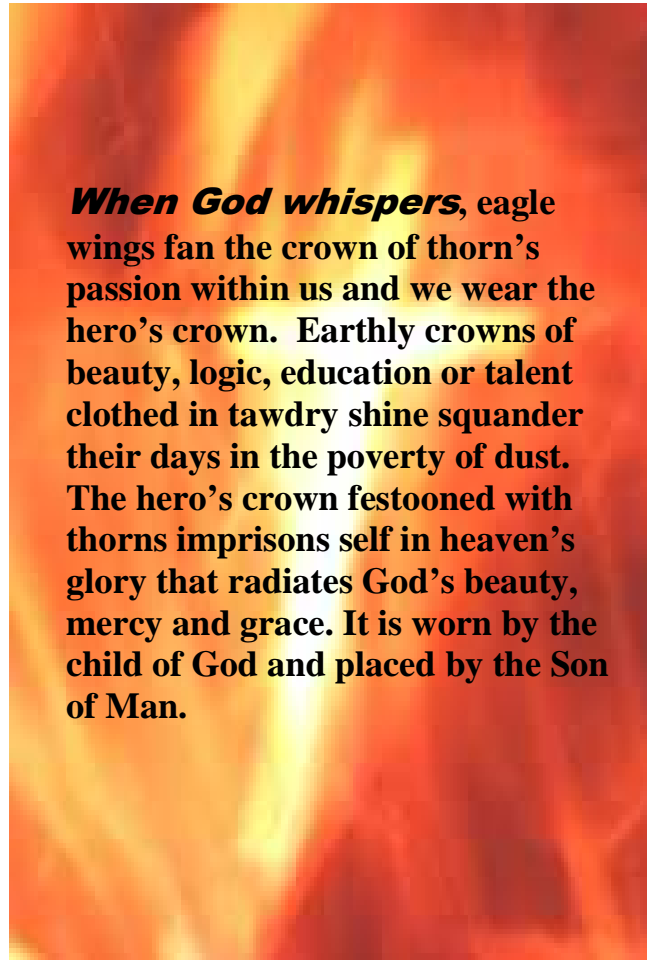
*Oh child, no fear do you deserve
Your friends were me you see.
The Maker's heart is in you,
You volunteered through me.
And I, my child, my life for you
In this, I promise thee*

Whispers of God

Connie L. Van Berkel

When God whispers, heroic acts dawn their glory in the transcendence of time and press onto the hearts of man. Few stand against the darkness that seeks to destroy, but faithful servants embrace the eternal flame of God's radiance. A hero finds no glory in fame, but in the dynamic tension of death to self and God's honor. Self limits its sphere of influence, but for the faithful, God's influence is forever unfettered.

When God whispers, heroes drink deep from the well of faith, angels listen and men draw near to eternity. Heroes walk among us and unleash God's righteousness without abandon. We seldom notice the glow of goodness around us, but when our eyes shine with Christ's image we comprehend the battle of righteousness. Heroes walk daily in our midst and as the Word speaks forth, we entertain angels unaware.



When God whispers, sacrifice comprehends its courage and life draws near to heaven's gate. To those whose acts are weighted by death and the love ones left behind; to those whose lives are changed forever by disease and loss of limb, you are the epitome of courage and heroism. Your strength finds its place when grief has set you free. You are heroes whom God cradles tight to His bosom for God knows your name.

When God whispers, the hero's song resonates in heaven's realm and man reveres its sound. We hear the heroic aria and teach the unteachable, forgive the unforgivable, accept the unacceptable, and love the unlovable. God honors the unsung heroes who hum its tune, sing its lyrics and live its message. These acts dawn their glory in the transcendence of time by Spirit's will, and pressed onto the hearts of man. Of this I am certain.



Parenting Is Like...

Connie L. Van Berkel

I love being a parent except...

I'll try that again. I love being a parent when...

Hmmm, perhaps another word would be better. I think parenting is wonderful, but then...

Oh, here it is. Parenting is exciting. However, exciting doesn't come close to describing my thoughts **when my kids tested their wings** with rebellion and all sorts of...Ummm, I better stop here, might give some kids new ideas.

How about this? I like being a parent, period! Yes, that's the right phrase, but...

Let's see. **Challenge and adventure** have to be added in too because... Umm...Well, some of those stories are just too personal to put on paper.

Then, there was the time that... umm, **they forgot their name.**

Mercy, I can't tell that parent story! My kids will think there's no mercy, ever! Stop shaking your head, they will.

All right, I'll go with lovely... No, that's too bland.

Honestly, parenting is...exhilarating?

Oh, here's the right words: **On the black canvas of night** the stars twinkled in their courses...Just kidding!

Parenting is like **rocky road ice cream**. Well, it has merit, but I think that's a writing sin.

I better ask my Son why can't I find the right words to describe my parenting. Oh, Son! Really! Are you sure? Okay, I'll just write it with love. Yes, this will be really good!

My children,

*Parenting is loving you when you are unlovable. Parenting was wonderful from the time I first formed you. Parenting is exciting when you **achieve your successes**. Parenting is liking you for who you were made to be. Parenting is a **challenge** when you decide you know everything. Parenting was an adventure from the moment you were born. Parenting is exhilarating when you chose to remember your name. Parenting is lovely when you spend time with me in your day. Parenting is satisfying when you love and forgive unconditionally.*

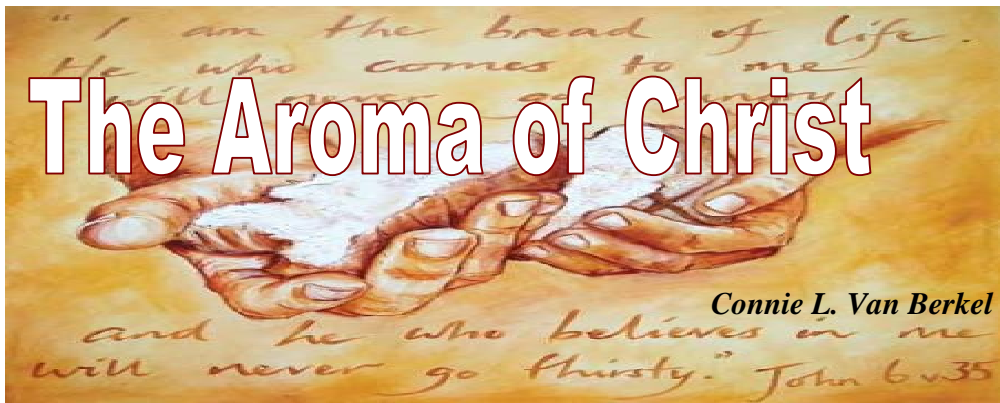
*Parenting is guiding you to follow **the stars of light and not the black of night**. Parenting resembles **rocky road ice cream** when I can pour out abundant blessings upon you. Parenting is a rocky road at times, but I walk with you and when you stumble in the potholes, I never leave your side. And, when the road goes through the valley, you can depend on my strength till you're strong enough to walk up the mountain. My children, trust me in this. I won't leave you, I am always with you.*

*I wrote a best seller about parenting. It's about my son and through him, I've adopted many sons and daughters who have my name. I'm pleased with my son and I desire many more children. I encourage you to mark up the book or earmark the pages, but most of all keep it around. It's a good read. What I want you to remember is: **when you forget your name, I always remember yours.***

Hmmm...that should sum it up nicely.

God





The Aroma of Christ

Connie L. Van Berkel

The *Aroma of Christ* filters through our lives by unmistakable truth. As yeast infuses a mixture our lives infuse the world with undaunted reality. Raw dough rises from a paltry ball into a gaseous mound of leavened gain. And we take succor unto its taste and consume the bread of life and its truth.

The aroma of Christ fashions peace and fulfillment to inhabit our being. It warms our home with a likened glow bequeathing light, warmth and pleasure. The light dwells within and the bread makes known its presence to all. Hands seek portions of its flesh to savor the sustenance and the giver of life.

The aroma of Christ beckons our souls to seize the blessing of its presence. And delight in its sanction as one filled with the peace that passes all understanding. Pleasure devours the morsel and treasured moments are burned unto our souls. The bread of life unleashes cherished harmony within our being without pause.

The aroma of Christ tenders solace to those who hunger for something and know not what. It feeds a barren soul that dines on earthly fodder for its sustenance and finds its lack. To receive and eat this bread baked by one for one allays the hunger our spirit seeks. And satisfies the soul with genuine sustenance that fulfills hunger's core.

The aroma of Christ descends from heaven and its reality wafts through sky and earth. The yeast permeates by faith and reveals bread partaken through man's heated heart. Truth is uncovered, peace is realized, blessing is bestowed, and spiritual hunger is quelled. The Aroma invites and sustains all who partake, for behold the bread of life, Jesus Christ.