

*A Dance Between
Heaven and Earth*



by Robbie Grangaard



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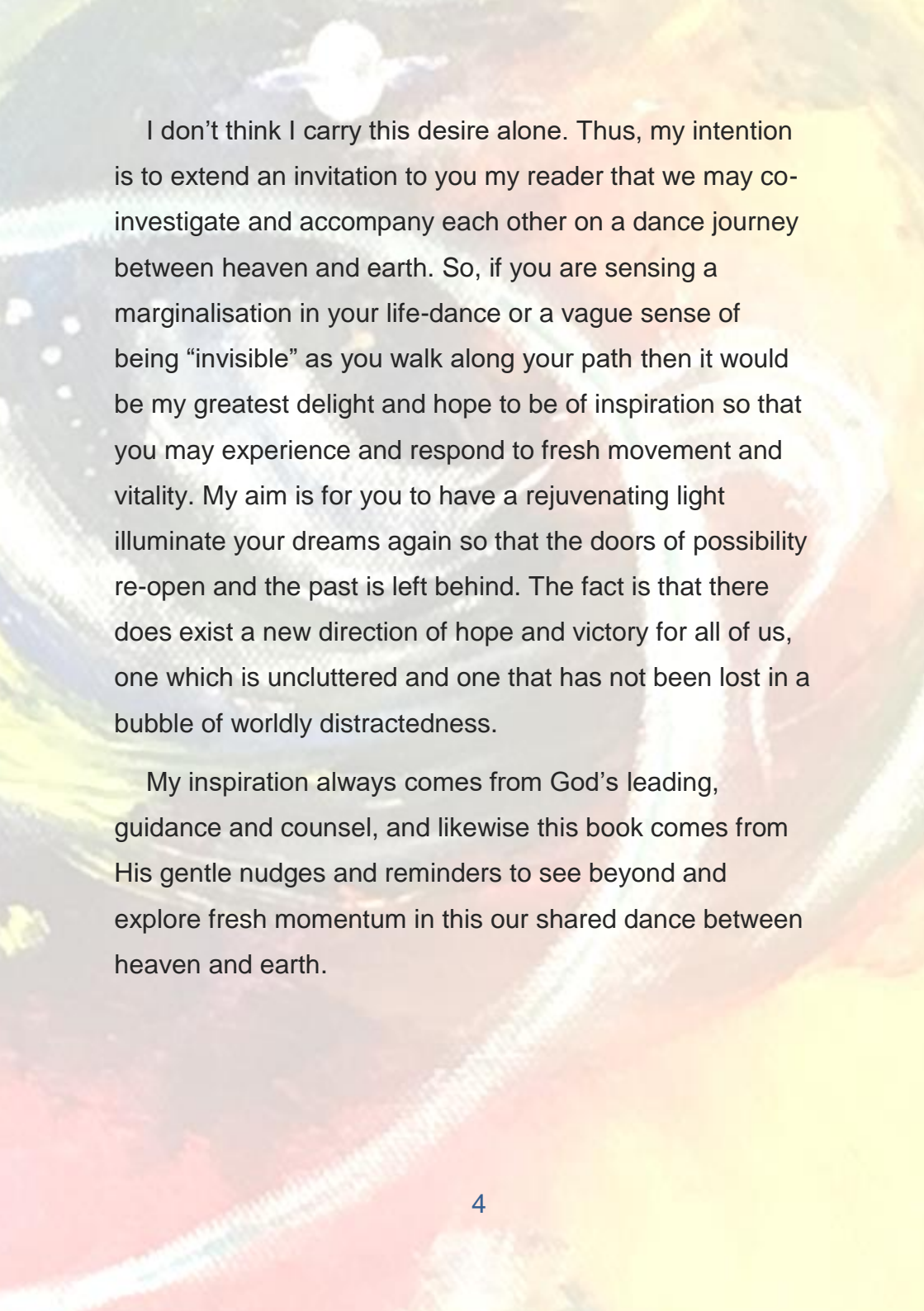
A Dance Between Heaven and Earth

Introduction

Snoopy, a delightfully appealing little dog was a favourite of many in an old comic strip, and he has often been portrayed lying on the top of his dog kennel reflecting over life's deeper issues, not least dreaming of chocolate mice calling out to him. One time he was depicted in an absolute frenzy of excitement and vibration! He had come to the conclusion that "To live is to DANCE!"

In a way I agree. I love to dance too, but perhaps what I really want, is to LIVE, and not just merely exist.

Reflecting back I recall lost opportunities, sensations of emptiness and stagnation. Maybe my life was being lived out by following its own particular rhythms, and sequences, but the momentum somehow became faded and jaded. The thing is, I really wanted every day to count. I wanted to learn to number my days and gain a heart of wisdom (Ps.90:12). And now at this time I want every day to count even more, and I want to pick up the momentum and go forward, seeing beyond to a new path of hope and victory!



I don't think I carry this desire alone. Thus, my intention is to extend an invitation to you my reader that we may co-investigate and accompany each other on a dance journey between heaven and earth. So, if you are sensing a marginalisation in your life-dance or a vague sense of being “invisible” as you walk along your path then it would be my greatest delight and hope to be of inspiration so that you may experience and respond to fresh movement and vitality. My aim is for you to have a rejuvenating light illuminate your dreams again so that the doors of possibility re-open and the past is left behind. The fact is that there does exist a new direction of hope and victory for all of us, one which is uncluttered and one that has not been lost in a bubble of worldly distractedness.

My inspiration always comes from God's leading, guidance and counsel, and likewise this book comes from His gentle nudges and reminders to see beyond and explore fresh momentum in this our shared dance between heaven and earth.

Chapter 1 – Dance Steps of Heaven and Earth

Heavenly dance steps resonating beauty and inspiration

The heavens often fold out dances of flickering beauty, rhythm and, at times, delicate colour nuances across the skies. Such a sight is *exquisite*! The dark night lights up. If we are lucky enough to see a display of Northern or Southern Lights we can watch the entire atmosphere filled with brilliant flashing in the heavens: wonderful greens/limes, pinks, blues, and even red-purplish lights dance their ballet above the earth's surface. An active geyser near my New Zealand home can also send out explosive phenomenal beauty as the steam illuminates the rising sun. No matter where we live though, we've all experienced clouds scudding across the sky at a fierce samba tempo, forming amazing patterns, or stately rainbows radiating their wonderful colour palettes across the sky.

All these portray a dance of heaven for us here on earth. To observe such expressions of exuberance, colour and mind-blowing dance movement creates almost a sensation of awe and, anyway for me, an optimism for the new that lies ahead. I think the Creator must have such fun opening up these new vistas for us. His artwork is beyond any artist on earth, and such Heavenly dances are of inspiration to those who are ready and wanting to create their own unique life-dances. Maybe this could reinforce the idea that peoples' *lives* are indeed a dance in progress between heaven and earth.

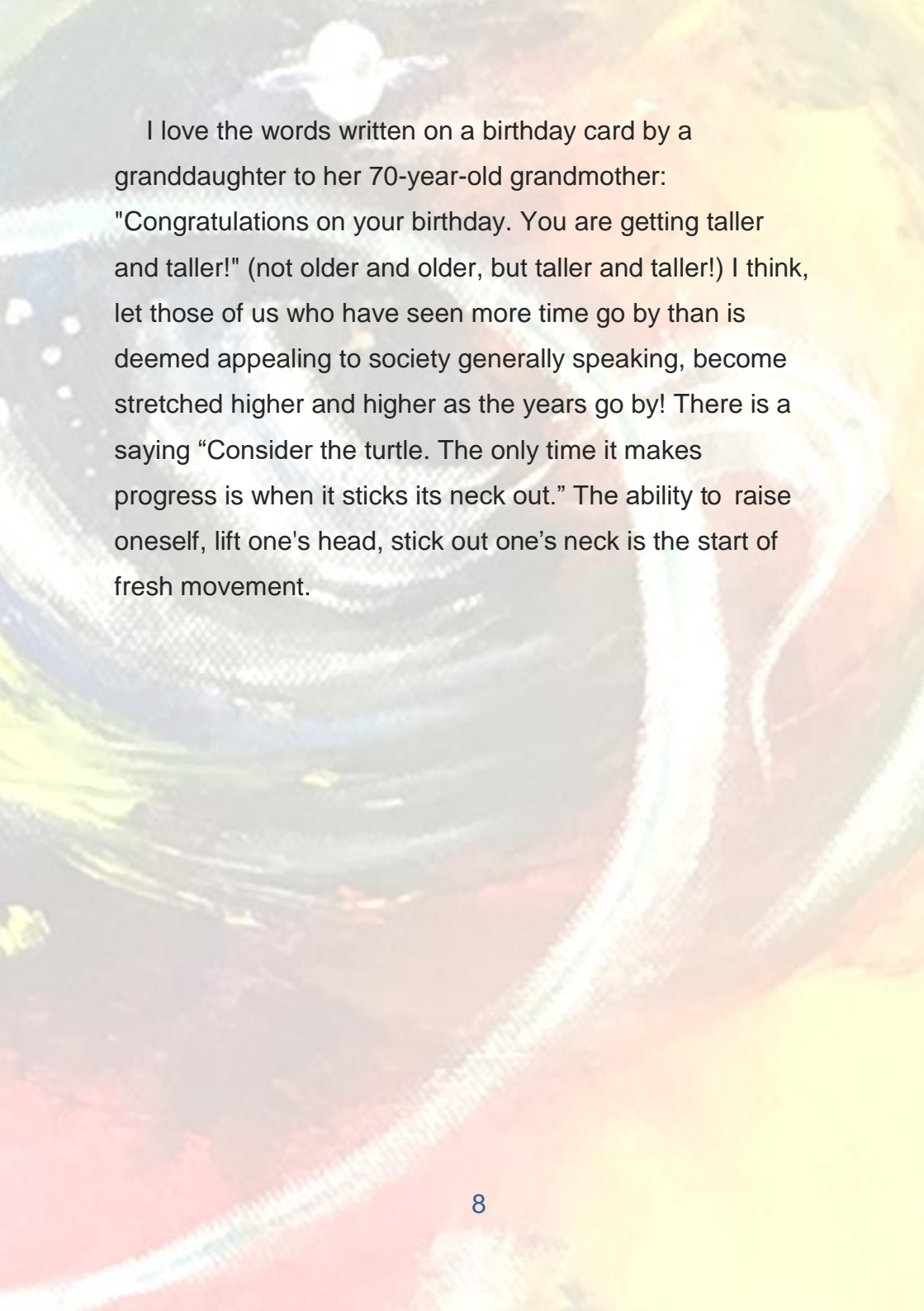
Disillusioned steps of worldly fatigue

A life-dance of mediocrity, lack lustre and rigidity is not the original intention of the Creator of all life! He has always intended, and still has the intention of mighty purpose for every single person. Uninspired lives can instigate meaninglessness which scarcely aligns with His plans. Our spirituality can easily become compromised by a complacency which takes the place of passion and of real momentum. And then finally truth is watered down “to make the world like us better” and there’s something insipid, limited, and almost invalid about our life-purpose. Our

dance has become at the very least, fairly irrelevant to our generation, or any other generation for that matter.

Beliefs or convictions we once had now resemble dry bones, as with the bones in Ezekiel's time (the bones of an exceedingly great army which had been cut off by hopelessness). This particular vision (written in Ezekiel 37:1-14) speaks of lifelessness, and it depicts a nation which was so in need of oxygenating with new breath or Spirit-infilling. Could that be the position of the weary one in our time and age? And why has this happened? What is behind our disillusionment?

Even so, there appears to be a fragile sensitivity within all of humanity. When asked, even some of the guys sleeping rough on the streets have told us that there has to be *more*, something tells them that they too were born for things far greater than their current situation. And of course, they are! The dark void we have all experienced from time to time is a lonely experience. There is only short-term relief from the so-called good life of prosperity, popularity, success, or even the hazy dampening effects of alcohol, chemicals and/or promiscuity. Only God, Himself can truly fill that void and lift us higher.



I love the words written on a birthday card by a granddaughter to her 70-year-old grandmother: "Congratulations on your birthday. You are getting taller and taller!" (not older and older, but taller and taller!) I think, let those of us who have seen more time go by than is deemed appealing to society generally speaking, become stretched higher and higher as the years go by! There is a saying "Consider the turtle. The only time it makes progress is when it sticks its neck out." The ability to raise oneself, lift one's head, stick out one's neck is the start of fresh movement.

Chapter 2 – Dance of Reawakening

Spiritual awareness

I arrived in this country of New Zealand over 12 years ago, totally convinced that I had been called here by God. Yes, I believed it was true, but all signs and confirmations seemed pretty illusive at the time and my inner courage was shaky to say the least. I recall picking up a newly purchased car to drive to the area where we were to live.

Although that particular experience does not really describe my inner turmoil and insecurity, it does align to my sense of being off-track and ill-equipped. The wind was fierce over the Auckland Harbour Bridge, the car was, for me, an unfamiliar automatic drive, the New Zealand left-hand side of the road rule completely unnerved me. I didn't have GPS (global positioning system) tracking and well, I wasn't even sure how to get to my destination three hours away.

It seemed I was very alone. I really wasn't very aware of my particular "destiny mountain" that I was later to discover, start to climb and hopefully conquer. Although it was my

rightful possession, enemy lies had managed to take possession of my thought world through my general lack of understanding. I had been granted a purpose-driven directive from the Creator of Heaven and Earth to go to this country, but what then? I knew no more than I was to drive that car to the planned destination. I had no idea what the next steps would entail and somehow all that was familiar to me had been stripped away. I was really in need of Spirit-filled oxygenating!

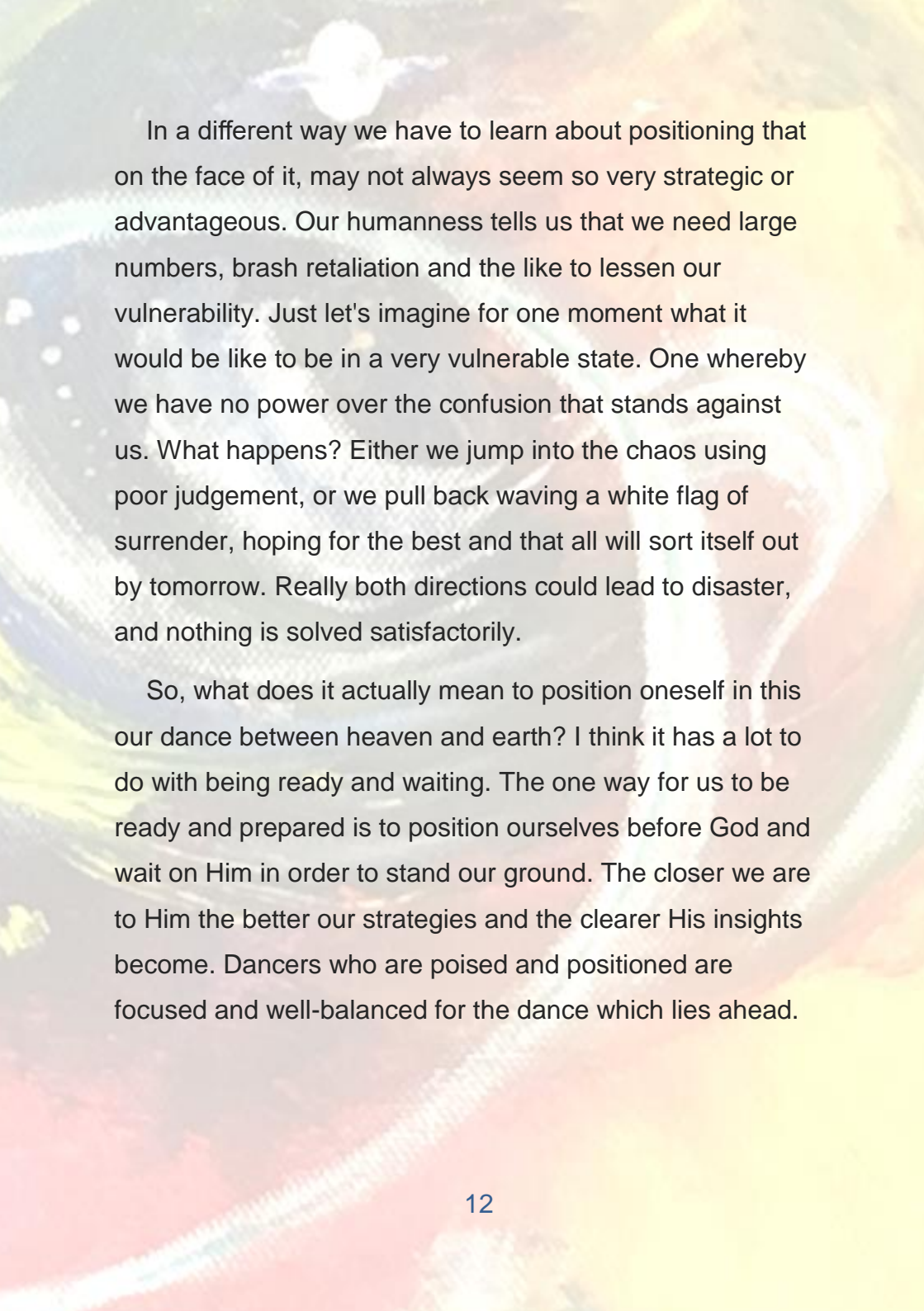
To be awakened to our predetermined dance involves the opening of our eyes, a seeing beyond, and an understanding of who we are and what we have.

A dance of repositioning

I used to be a soccer mother. We had four children at one time on different soccer teams and I could spend hours with the other mothers, watching them play and getting bitten alive by invasive flying insects at the many and diverse playing fields. Even at a very young age, our oldest son had a highly developed competitive nature and this was somehow transferred to each and every one of his siblings. His ambitious playing style brought him into leadership roles early in his soccer career, and he won a

certain amount of renown because of this. His best friend though had *other* skills and abilities. When he was very young, however, this particular friend desperately wanted to be included in the little boys' team and was normally placed or positioned to defend the goal. In those days the skill level of the boys was somewhat questionable, but goals did occur on occasion, albeit haphazardly and intermittently. When the soccer ball was not actioned near the goal our son's best friend was defending, he tended to lose interest in the game and to stop following who was who, or who had the ball.

One particular day he was totally engrossed, playing hopscotch at his end of the playing field. Suddenly a soccer ball dribbled its way into the goal behind without him even being aware of its near proximity. (I believe it would be safe to say that had anyone taken a photograph of my son's facial expression there and then, they could have won many an award!) Anyhow, as we all know, it is normal in sport to have players positioned correctly to give the team a type of strategic advantage. The combination of soccer and hopscotch that day somehow did not exactly cut the mustard!



In a different way we have to learn about positioning that on the face of it, may not always seem so very strategic or advantageous. Our humanness tells us that we need large numbers, brash retaliation and the like to lessen our vulnerability. Just let's imagine for one moment what it would be like to be in a very vulnerable state. One whereby we have no power over the confusion that stands against us. What happens? Either we jump into the chaos using poor judgement, or we pull back waving a white flag of surrender, hoping for the best and that all will sort itself out by tomorrow. Really both directions could lead to disaster, and nothing is solved satisfactorily.

So, what does it actually mean to position oneself in this our dance between heaven and earth? I think it has a lot to do with being ready and waiting. The one way for us to be ready and prepared is to position ourselves before God and wait on Him in order to stand our ground. The closer we are to Him the better our strategies and the clearer His insights become. Dancers who are poised and positioned are focused and well-balanced for the dance which lies ahead.

A dance of change

In the 1960s an elderly couple was admitted to the local hospital where I worked at that time. They had lived out their lives in a shack near a bridge without running water (but with a bathtub.) It seemed to them the bath was a convenient place to store their heating fuel, coal, and they filled it to the brim.

On their admission to the hospital it was deemed necessary that the nurses on the Ward were to bathe the two of them. To actually scrub the layers upon layers of accumulated dirt from their bodies. This procedure went on for many days in a row. Some weeks later the local council built them a brand-new house.

When they had settled in a health nurse was to make an arranged visit and see how all was working for them. This visit unearthed the fact that actually nothing had altered. They had gone back to their previous way of living and the newly installed shiny bath had been filled with coal and they were more than delighted with this situation!

The thing is, change is usually something we resist, and often ardently.

We all go through inevitable changes in our lives which tend to shake the underlying foundation of our existence. It's not as though these changes are always entirely unexpected but they are scarcely welcomed. The one thing, however, we can be really sure of is that we *will* be faced with irregularities in life at some stage or another. Maybe you recall the feelings you had when your child started school, when your oldest son left home to start in the Army or the old family home was sold as your parents had to move into a rest home? All these things require an adjustment in the mind and they can certainly be somewhat disconcerting. Such changes, however, often provide door openers that we so need for our growth and development.

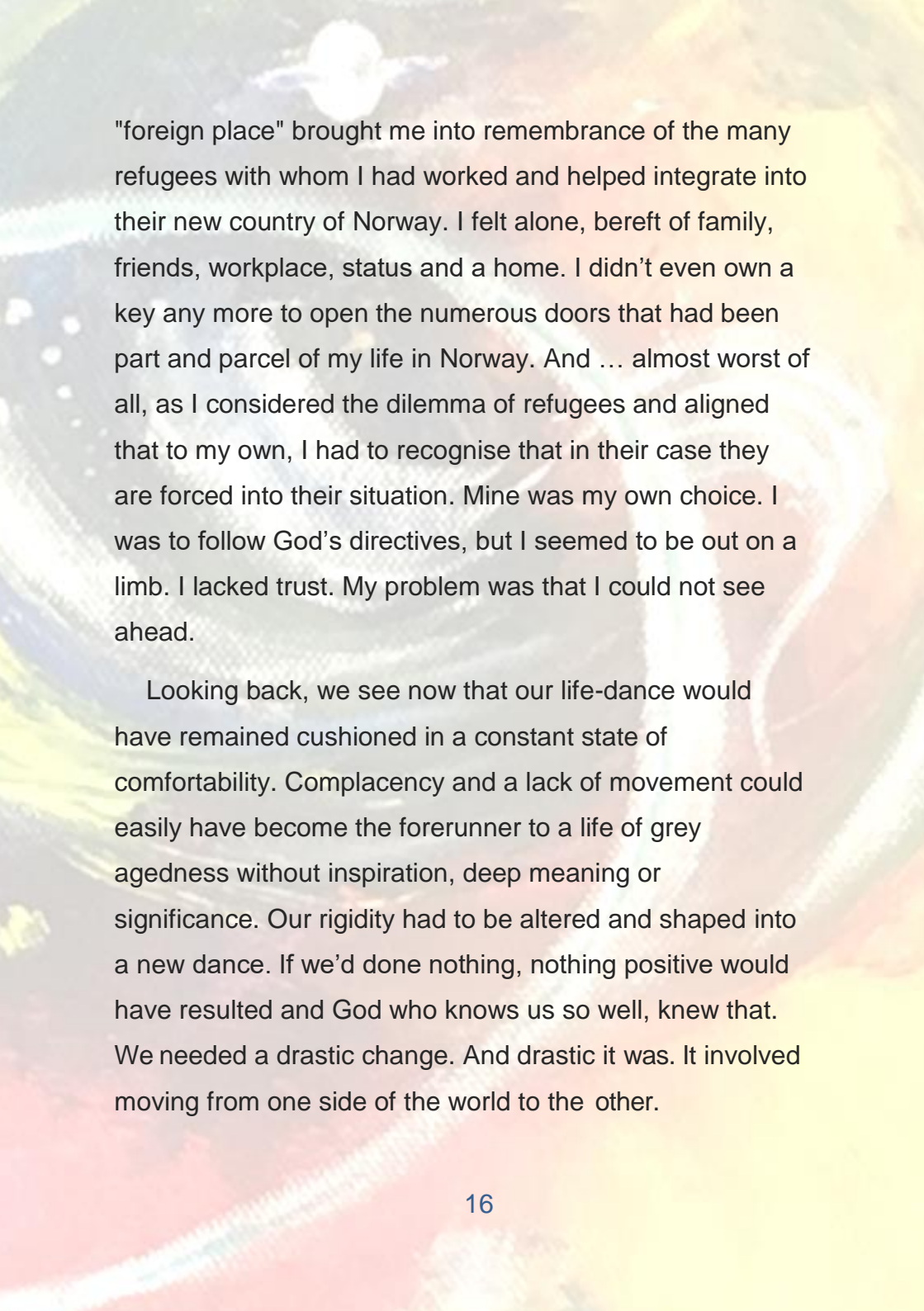
We have a granddaughter who began ballet classes at the tender age of three. In the process she has accumulated an impressive array of hand-me downs. These were amazing princess-like, beautifully coloured ballet costumes and tutus. Her joyful desire to dance, and not least to clothe herself in all her diverse ballet bits and pieces, meant she changed in and out of these costumes from minute to minute and up to hourly. Our Skype contacts with that family usually included a red-carpet runway show from this little model, and it was always quite some display

of joy and colour. One does not remain, or even want to remain a three-year-old forever. (Even unlimited applause from overly enthusiastic grandparents tends to lose authenticity over time.) As our granddaughter grows up, she will inevitably be influenced by an environment of change around her, that of the good, the bad and the ugly.

For me, the move back to my birth country of New Zealand from our home in Norway, was a surprising challenge. As I wrote before I was without GPS tracking in my car, but I also seemed to be without God's GPS. It is He who is the only One to really know our position or future direction. It had been His call on our lives that had jolted us out of our previously well-established lives and comfortableness.

Finally, the fateful day arrived when I walked through the Auckland airport in New Zealand quite alone (my husband was left in Norway to sell our beloved home). My knees were literally quaking beneath me because of fear and insecurity.

Despite the fact that I had grown up in New Zealand, Norway had become my nation, and I had become Norwegian in every way. The prospect of a new life in this



"foreign place" brought me into remembrance of the many refugees with whom I had worked and helped integrate into their new country of Norway. I felt alone, bereft of family, friends, workplace, status and a home. I didn't even own a key any more to open the numerous doors that had been part and parcel of my life in Norway. And ... almost worst of all, as I considered the dilemma of refugees and aligned that to my own, I had to recognise that in their case they are forced into their situation. Mine was my own choice. I was to follow God's directives, but I seemed to be out on a limb. I lacked trust. My problem was that I could not see ahead.

Looking back, we see now that our life-dance would have remained cushioned in a constant state of comfortability. Complacency and a lack of movement could easily have become the forerunner to a life of grey agedness without inspiration, deep meaning or significance. Our rigidity had to be altered and shaped into a new dance. If we'd done nothing, nothing positive would have resulted and God who knows us so well, knew that. We needed a drastic change. And drastic it was. It involved moving from one side of the world to the other.

Chapter 3 – A Dance of Revitalisation

A dance of physical and spiritual soul food

Manna was miraculously dropped in the desert for the Israelites as written in Exodus 16. They were on the long journey from Egypt to the Promised Land. Our revitalisation dance is also a journey taking each one of us into *our* promised land, each of which have been given to His beloved children.

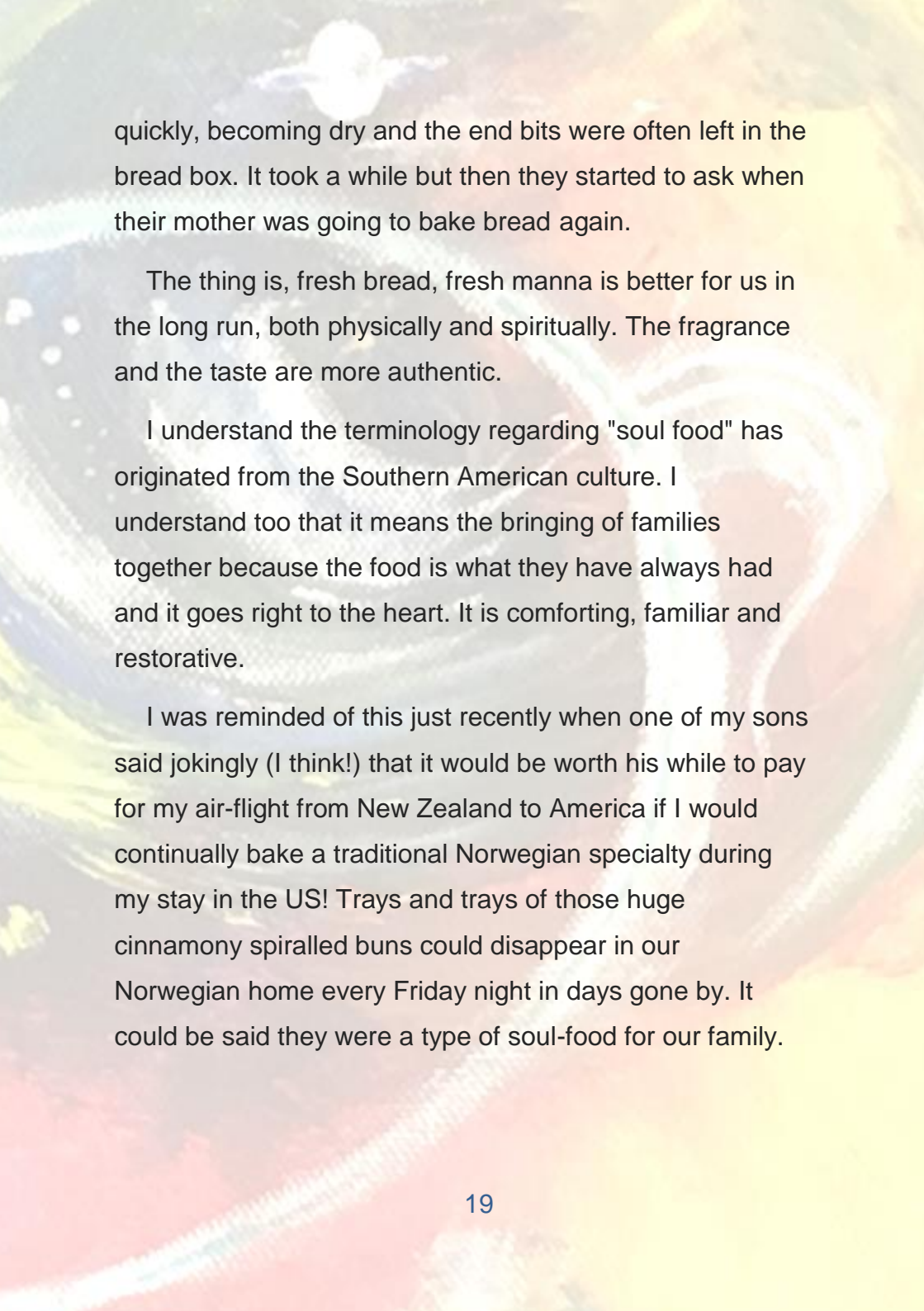
Sometimes when something arrives unexpectedly and for free, we might say that this surprise is like manna from heaven. For the Israelites, it was bread from heaven that they ate in the natural form. They were enabled to gather manna each day when the dew evaporated. It rained down from above. They could gather their quota every morning for five days and double it on the sixth because on the seventh day, God arranged there would be nothing for them to collect. Otherwise, any manna they had stored for a later time bred worms and stank, rendering it inedible.

Neglected fruits, vegetables and foods are the same. With time they go mouldy, or they rot and start to smell ... And in a way...so do we. We are in need of refreshment or revitalisation.

While I was a home-mother, our children usually arrived back from school to the fragrance of freshly made bread. Four huge loaves would have been taken out of the oven earlier and their aroma filled the house. The dough included various brans and grains, and contained much more fibre and nutritional value than was normally present in bread available from the shops. The smell and taste encouraged them to eat highly nutritional food!

Those same children, however, discovered that friends seemingly had much nicer bread in their school lunches. Their bread was bought with money at the local shop. And so, as they grew older, they became more and more vocal about their desire to replicate the eating habits of those particular friends.

Time went by and I had become very involved as a working-mother. I decided the time had come to stop being a bread-making mother! We would buy it from the store! It was good too, but had the disadvantage of ageing very

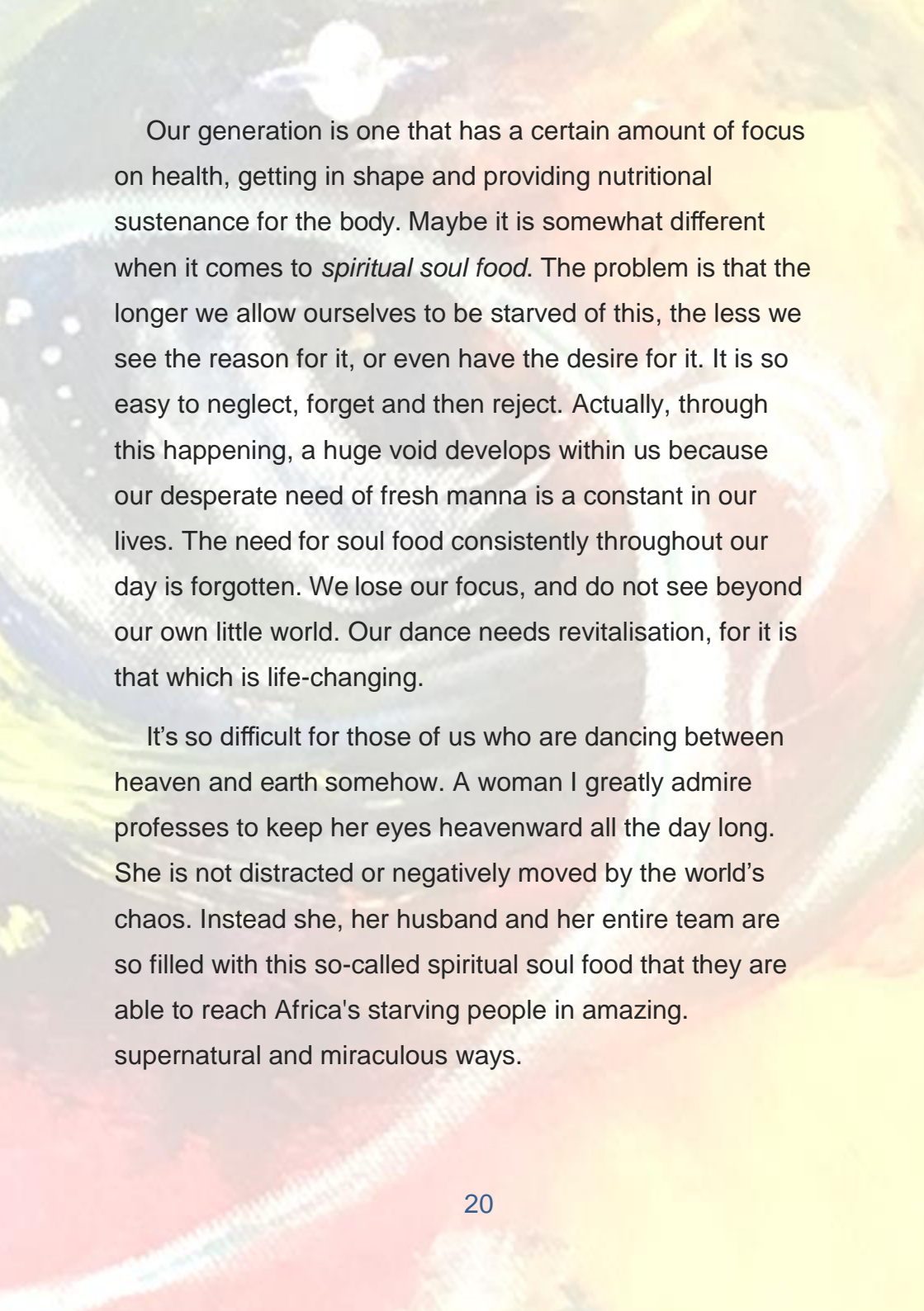


quickly, becoming dry and the end bits were often left in the bread box. It took a while but then they started to ask when their mother was going to bake bread again.

The thing is, fresh bread, fresh manna is better for us in the long run, both physically and spiritually. The fragrance and the taste are more authentic.

I understand the terminology regarding "soul food" has originated from the Southern American culture. I understand too that it means the bringing of families together because the food is what they have always had and it goes right to the heart. It is comforting, familiar and restorative.

I was reminded of this just recently when one of my sons said jokingly (I think!) that it would be worth his while to pay for my air-flight from New Zealand to America if I would continually bake a traditional Norwegian specialty during my stay in the US! Trays and trays of those huge cinnamony spiralled buns could disappear in our Norwegian home every Friday night in days gone by. It could be said they were a type of soul-food for our family.



Our generation is one that has a certain amount of focus on health, getting in shape and providing nutritional sustenance for the body. Maybe it is somewhat different when it comes to *spiritual soul food*. The problem is that the longer we allow ourselves to be starved of this, the less we see the reason for it, or even have the desire for it. It is so easy to neglect, forget and then reject. Actually, through this happening, a huge void develops within us because our desperate need of fresh manna is a constant in our lives. The need for soul food consistently throughout our day is forgotten. We lose our focus, and do not see beyond our own little world. Our dance needs revitalisation, for it is that which is life-changing.

It's so difficult for those of us who are dancing between heaven and earth somehow. A woman I greatly admire professes to keep her eyes heavenward all the day long. She is not distracted or negatively moved by the world's chaos. Instead she, her husband and her entire team are so filled with this so-called spiritual soul food that they are able to reach Africa's starving people in amazing, supernatural and miraculous ways.

Are we hungry enough to even try to prioritise spiritual food? Are we able to see our need for a closer relationship with God Almighty, for more time spent with Him and in His Word? Is it possible that we need to see that the life-dance is way, way beyond our own little lives? It extends to a far greater realm. One that goes much, much deeper.

A dance of new vitality

An infusion of spiritual vitamins found in heavenly soul food gives us the energy boost we so need. The dance becomes more animated, vigorous and joyful. Life is not a drag. It's not aimless or meaningless! I am actually able to sustain a revitalised movement forward. The void within is becoming Spirit-filled.

It becomes apparent that the mountains we are currently *carrying*, or being weighed down by, are waiting for *climbers*, (not *carriers*). And, when our plans or strategies come forth from a place of rest we will not weary nor will the distance be too far. Instead those strategies will start to excite us and exhilarate, because these are not just any old run of the mill carbon copies of man-made activity but rather blue prints from Heaven. Everything then doesn't rest on our shoulders, and we don't even want to give up.

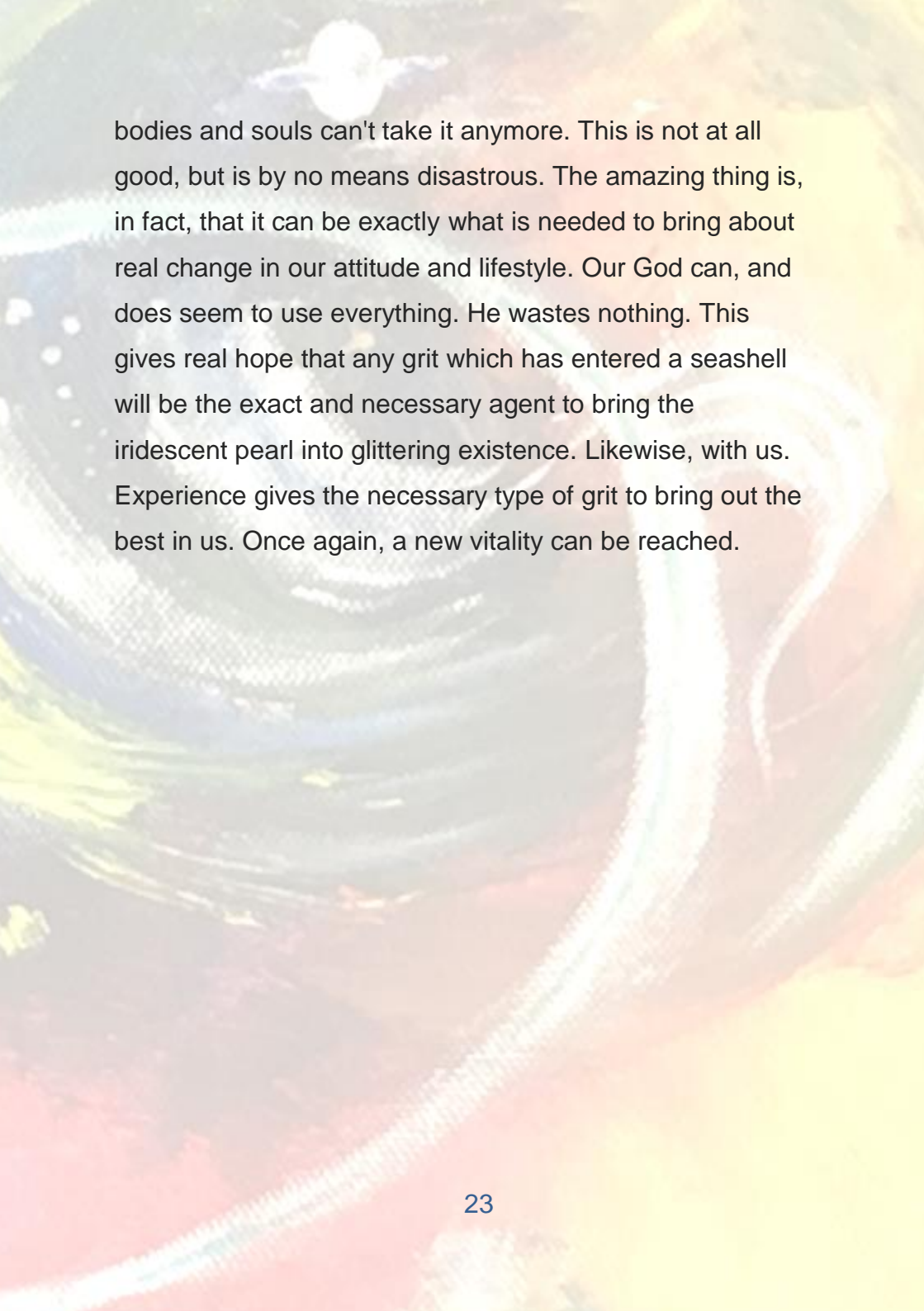
We simply feel the weight is being shared by the Mighty One.

There's a synergy between the earthly person and our God. Words, prayer and song from the heart can become synchronised when we are resonating on His frequency. His environment, His love, and His agenda are aligned with earth. This happens not because we are so much more special than anyone else, but because He seems to be so receptive to devoted worship. This brings real vitality.

The onlooking world is waiting for an authenticity which actually is not so easily found in the current lifestyle of this generation.

Rituals, practices, religiosity and regurgitating routines that have invaded the yesteryear can no longer be considered applicable in the life of the vibrant dancer. The enemy would like to keep us in a passive religious state. He wants the dancer to falter, lack talent or have the dance movement stiffened through man-made beliefs and/or pressurised tempos of activity.

Our weariness then turns to fatigue, and from fatigue to crashing out and meeting the wall. Even total breakdown. It is a cry from the physical body telling us that our minds,



bodies and souls can't take it anymore. This is not at all good, but is by no means disastrous. The amazing thing is, in fact, that it can be exactly what is needed to bring about real change in our attitude and lifestyle. Our God can, and does seem to use everything. He wastes nothing. This gives real hope that any grit which has entered a seashell will be the exact and necessary agent to bring the iridescent pearl into glittering existence. Likewise, with us. Experience gives the necessary type of grit to bring out the best in us. Once again, a new vitality can be reached.

Chapter 4 – A Dance of Evovement

A dance of growth

As time goes by, we become gradually aware that we go through stages of evovement, unfolding and opening up. In other words, a type of growth that produces an increase in stature and wisdom, and additionally a gain in favour that is so incredible! Mostly this is not a thing that people are so very aware of because it evolves little by little. They simply continue with a form of diligence and try to walk in excellence without a suggestion of perfectionism. Their demeanour is different to those around them, but they do not see it themselves. Once a person starts to put others before themselves there is a type of dying, a dying to oneself and one's selfishness.

The following is an anonymous writing found online that describes the essence of what I mean.

Dying to Self – author unknown

When you are forgotten or neglected and you don't hurt with the insult, but your heart is happy – that is dying to self.

When your advice is disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you refuse to let anger rise up in your heart, and take it all in patient silence – that is dying to self.

When you lovingly and patiently bear disorder, irregularity, tardiness, and annoyance ... and endure it as the Perfect One endured it – that is dying to self.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation or record your own good works, or itch for praise after an accomplishment, when you can truly love to be unknown – that is dying to self.

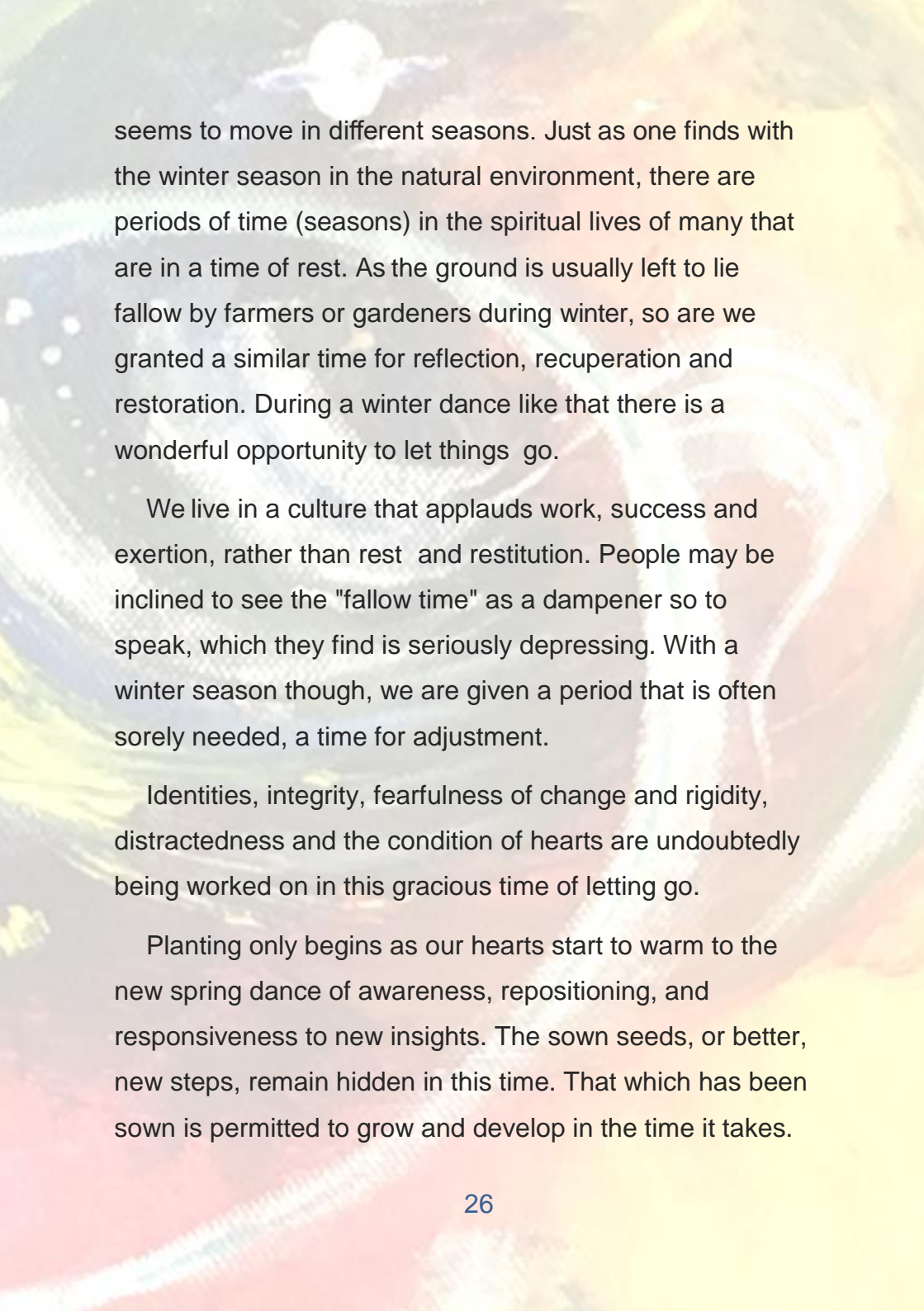
When you see your brother or sister prosper and can honestly rejoice with him, and feel no envy even though your needs are greater – that is dying to self.

When you are content with any food, any offering, any raiment, any climate, or any society – that is dying to self.

When you can take correction, when you can humbly submit inwardly as well as outwardly, with no rebellion or resentment rising up within your heart – that is dying to self.

A dance of fresh seasonal phases

We were often reminded when out ministering on the streets and in search of the broken ones that maybe the timing was not right. Many times we returned a little later to find just the one we were seeking, but in a different guise. Our God has a way of doing things and His timing often



seems to move in different seasons. Just as one finds with the winter season in the natural environment, there are periods of time (seasons) in the spiritual lives of many that are in a time of rest. As the ground is usually left to lie fallow by farmers or gardeners during winter, so are we granted a similar time for reflection, recuperation and restoration. During a winter dance like that there is a wonderful opportunity to let things go.

We live in a culture that applauds work, success and exertion, rather than rest and restitution. People may be inclined to see the "fallow time" as a dampener so to speak, which they find is seriously depressing. With a winter season though, we are given a period that is often sorely needed, a time for adjustment.

Identities, integrity, fearfulness of change and rigidity, distractedness and the condition of hearts are undoubtedly being worked on in this gracious time of letting go.

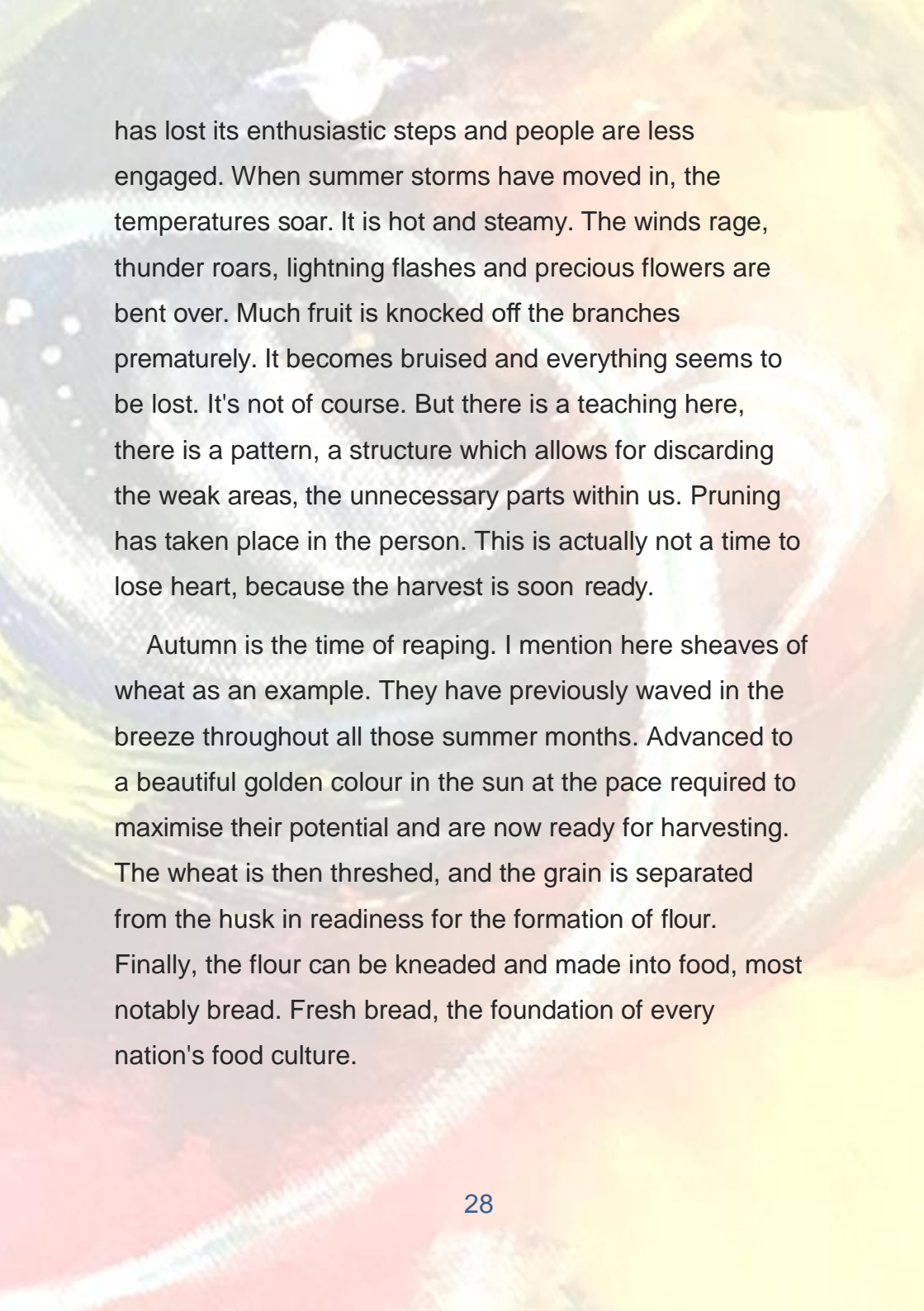
Planting only begins as our hearts start to warm to the new spring dance of awareness, repositioning, and responsiveness to new insights. The sown seeds, or better, new steps, remain hidden in this time. That which has been sown is permitted to grow and develop in the time it takes.

As maturity starts to take form there is a gradual stretching and then the dance pushes through.

No one is really conscious of what is taking place. The process is underway but it's not obvious to the naked eye. And then ... suddenly! There is a movement. That which has been planted makes its presence felt, no longer hidden from the eye, and it's fresh. Indeed, it is precious new growth. Sometimes it takes people by surprise. They may not be diligently watching and waiting for this and, so consequently, are unaware for some time of the developing creation before their eyes.

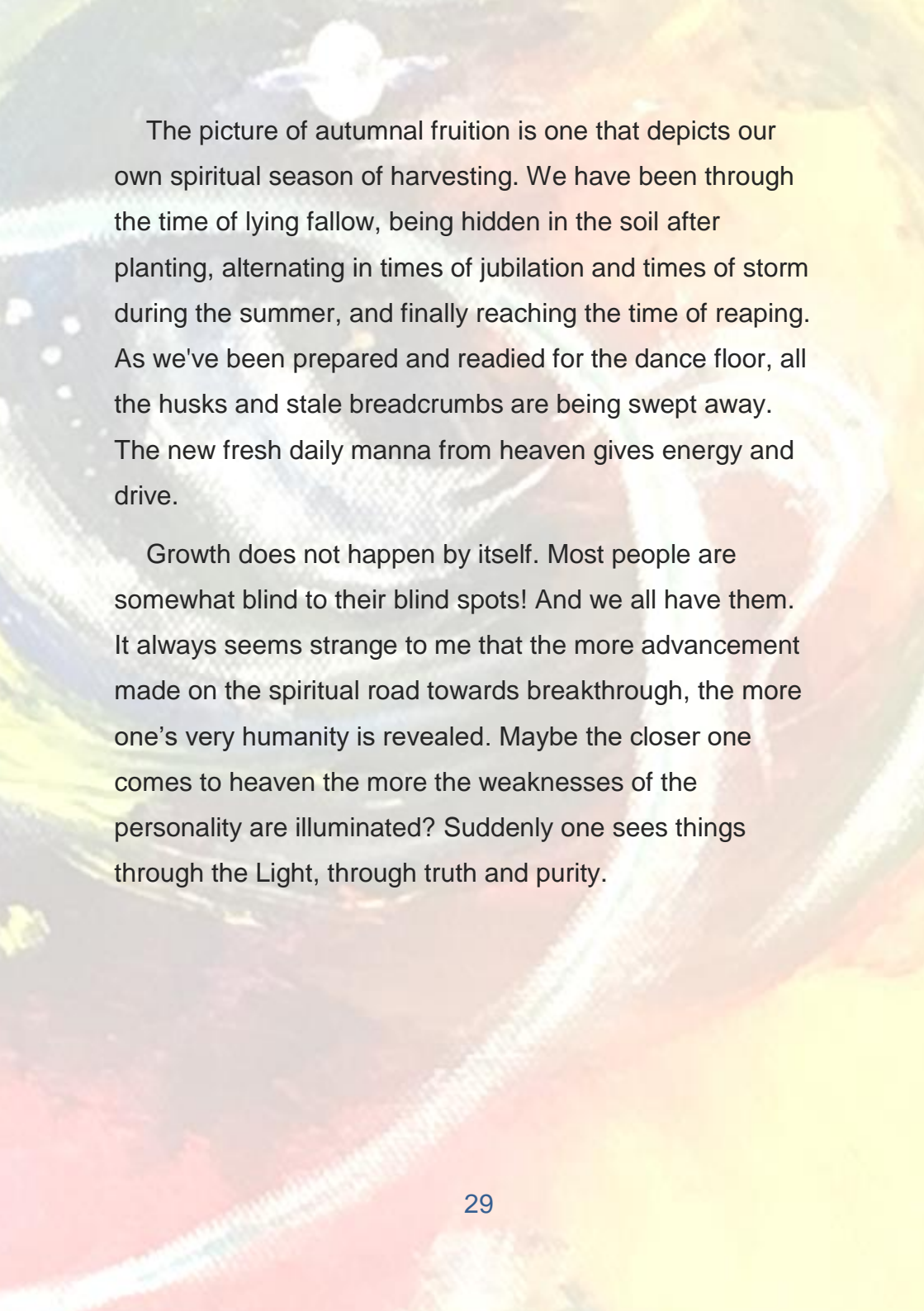
The months of the summer season approach rapidly. The days can be so vibrant and full of promise. There's an exciting freedom with enlightening rays of warmth and life beyond the ordinary. Much activity is now possible, and the dance advances and improves. It seems nothing can stop the progress of joy and light for the days are filled with a full exposure to the stage, and the limelight of the dance production. Acknowledging applause becomes the norm.

With the passing of time, late summer humidity and heat replaces the early summer vibrancy and carries in a somewhat languid and spiritless atmosphere. The dance



has lost its enthusiastic steps and people are less engaged. When summer storms have moved in, the temperatures soar. It is hot and steamy. The winds rage, thunder roars, lightning flashes and precious flowers are bent over. Much fruit is knocked off the branches prematurely. It becomes bruised and everything seems to be lost. It's not of course. But there is a teaching here, there is a pattern, a structure which allows for discarding the weak areas, the unnecessary parts within us. Pruning has taken place in the person. This is actually not a time to lose heart, because the harvest is soon ready.

Autumn is the time of reaping. I mention here sheaves of wheat as an example. They have previously waved in the breeze throughout all those summer months. Advanced to a beautiful golden colour in the sun at the pace required to maximise their potential and are now ready for harvesting. The wheat is then threshed, and the grain is separated from the husk in readiness for the formation of flour. Finally, the flour can be kneaded and made into food, most notably bread. Fresh bread, the foundation of every nation's food culture.



The picture of autumnal fruition is one that depicts our own spiritual season of harvesting. We have been through the time of lying fallow, being hidden in the soil after planting, alternating in times of jubilation and times of storm during the summer, and finally reaching the time of reaping. As we've been prepared and readied for the dance floor, all the husks and stale breadcrumbs are being swept away. The new fresh daily manna from heaven gives energy and drive.

Growth does not happen by itself. Most people are somewhat blind to their blind spots! And we all have them. It always seems strange to me that the more advancement made on the spiritual road towards breakthrough, the more one's very humanity is revealed. Maybe the closer one comes to heaven the more the weaknesses of the personality are illuminated? Suddenly one sees things through the Light, through truth and purity.

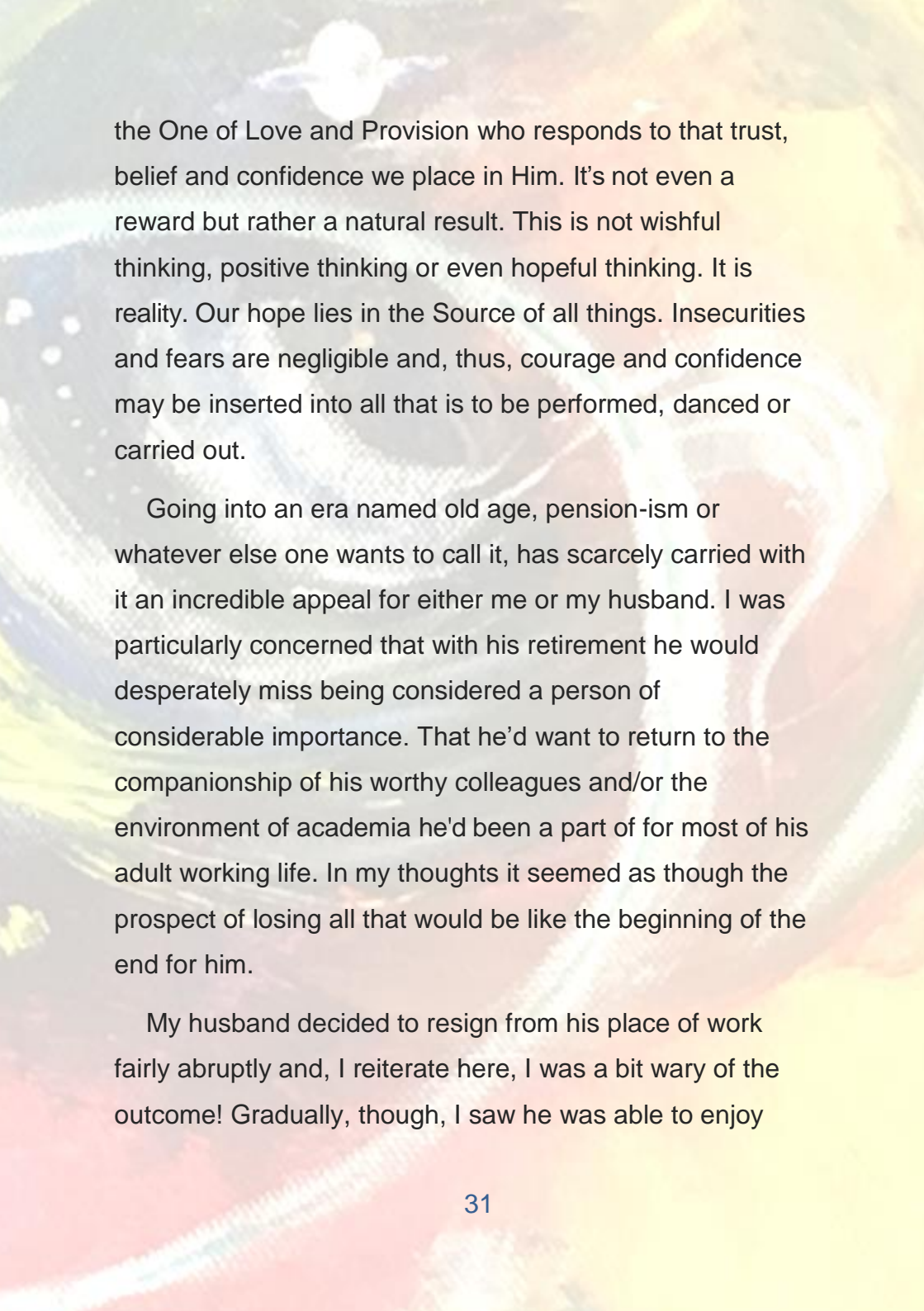
Chapter 5 – A Dance of Breakthrough

A dance of trust/faith

The time has come for breakthrough! There is a movement toward trust and faith. Here in the earthly realm we are to begin a dance of confidence, trust and assurance. Not only one where the uncertain and shaky steps are gradually diminishing, but also one where there is a diminishing of vanity and pride. One where it is of less interest to compare and compete, and there's an understanding that others have their race to run, mountains to climb, a promised land to discover.

We have our own unique paths which are not suitable for anyone else. In one way we start to become aware of who we are and know what particular course has been mapped out for our lives. It becomes easier to allow others have their place and is of less importance for us to ensure the number one position.

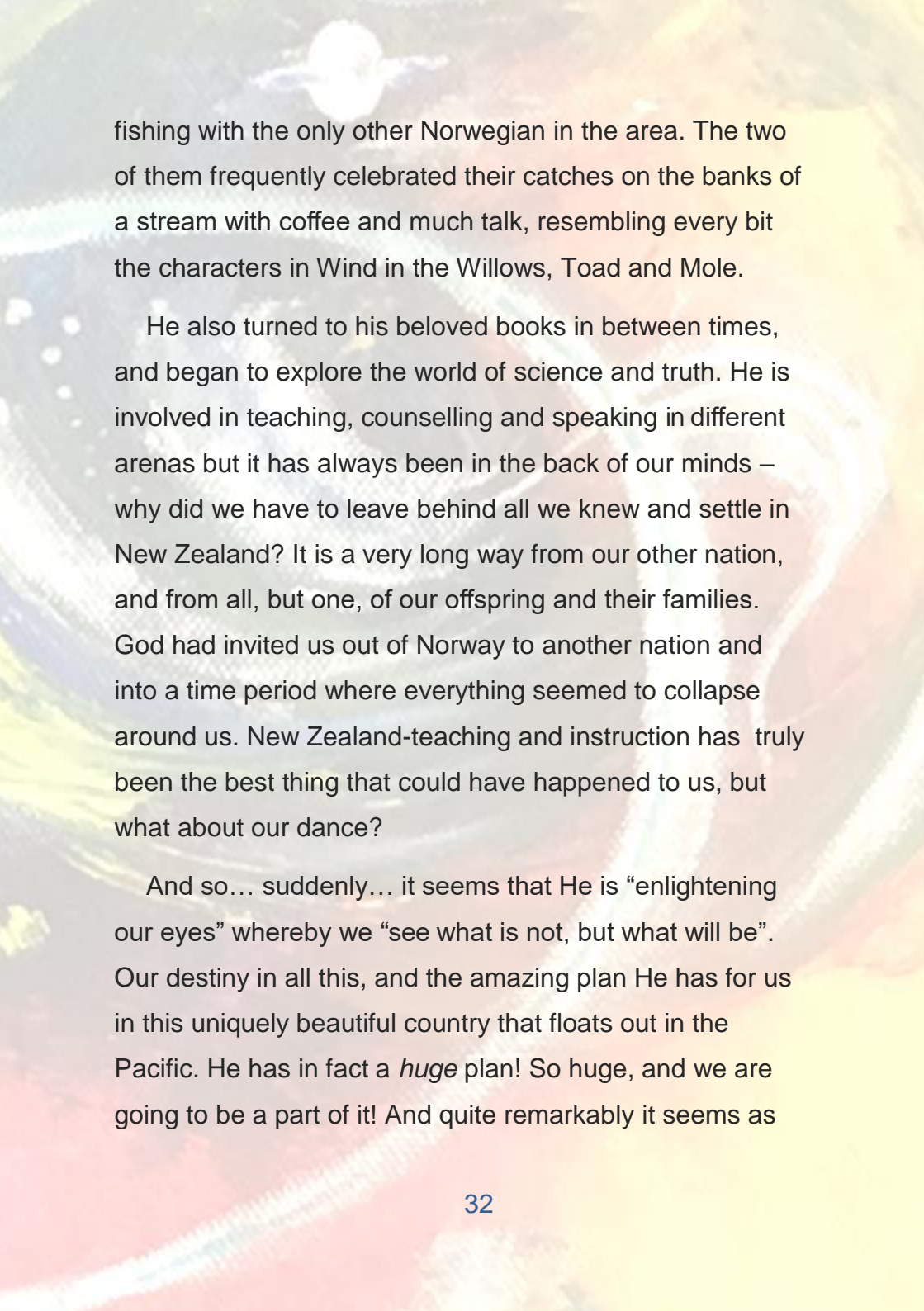
Dancing in favour requires firstly a dance of trust and faith. Favour is then reinforced. Favour from above and, also, favour here on earth. There's a wholeness because of



the One of Love and Provision who responds to that trust, belief and confidence we place in Him. It's not even a reward but rather a natural result. This is not wishful thinking, positive thinking or even hopeful thinking. It is reality. Our hope lies in the Source of all things. Insecurities and fears are negligible and, thus, courage and confidence may be inserted into all that is to be performed, danced or carried out.

Going into an era named old age, pension-ism or whatever else one wants to call it, has scarcely carried with it an incredible appeal for either me or my husband. I was particularly concerned that with his retirement he would desperately miss being considered a person of considerable importance. That he'd want to return to the companionship of his worthy colleagues and/or the environment of academia he'd been a part of for most of his adult working life. In my thoughts it seemed as though the prospect of losing all that would be like the beginning of the end for him.

My husband decided to resign from his place of work fairly abruptly and, I reiterate here, I was a bit wary of the outcome! Gradually, though, I saw he was able to enjoy



fishing with the only other Norwegian in the area. The two of them frequently celebrated their catches on the banks of a stream with coffee and much talk, resembling every bit the characters in *Wind in the Willows*, *Toad and Mole*.

He also turned to his beloved books in between times, and began to explore the world of science and truth. He is involved in teaching, counselling and speaking in different arenas but it has always been in the back of our minds – why did we have to leave behind all we knew and settle in New Zealand? It is a very long way from our other nation, and from all, but one, of our offspring and their families. God had invited us out of Norway to another nation and into a time period where everything seemed to collapse around us. New Zealand-teaching and instruction has truly been the best thing that could have happened to us, but what about our dance?

And so... suddenly... it seems that He is “enlightening our eyes” whereby we “see what is not, but what will be”. Our destiny in all this, and the amazing plan He has for us in this uniquely beautiful country that floats out in the Pacific. He has in fact a *huge* plan! So huge, and we are going to be a part of it! And quite remarkably it seems as

though we are starting on a journey that has always been intended for our lives. At last we are in the beginning process of "seeing beyond".

None of this is written with any desire to promote ourselves, or to even slightly imply that we're pulling it all together. It is written to simply state the fact that the One of all Nations uses even ordinary ageing peoples of this day and raises them out of their state of "retirement" into one whereby there is a new dance of joy. So now I am seeing growth in my dance of trust with the One of Love. This is a God who is growing us in our senior years! It is fantastic. We are both so favoured, and are able to use our days as He leads. However, and rather importantly, we are not only coming closer to an understanding of what we are doing here in New Zealand, and the destinies He has placed on our lives, but also the God's intentions and love for all the nations.

It's only just starting of course, but it is so inspiring. Such is not for the select few but for *all* who are willing to align with Him in the development of their dance between heaven and earth and into the design and destiny He has for them.

A dance of courage

A dance of courage can develop from the place of one's convictions. In other words, to know what and Who one believes in and to be totally committed to that. Other trends may come and go, but they don't hold up against the beliefs that have become the guideline, or plumb-line to the one and only dance or lifestyle of eternal value. No longer is the possibility open to simply sway like a reed in the breeze. That has been replaced by commitment. The prospect of certainty, of assured clarity of direction that gives a solid backdrop to all forms of courage, bravery or boldness.

Boldness is a type of empowerment. It releases strength to speak freely despite the circumstances or the possibility of ridicule. To be able to speak boldly and courageously, one is secure, and has faith and hope concerning that which is said. This often reflects an element of persuasiveness causing those listening to receive what has been said. It is more powerful and much more authentic.

Often the term, as bold as a lion is used. A lion normally gives the impression of being brave, fearless and intrepid. Only when acting in the indomitable power of the Spirit do human beings normally become so assertive and

convicted. Our convictions must be Spirit-inspired for that authority and persuasiveness to develop beyond the ordinary, beyond the natural and into the supernatural.

Many times we were on street outreaches, we were rebuffed by people as we tried to connect with them. It often took the courageous ones on the team to dare bring forth words of knowledge, wisdom or prophesy. To bring into the lives of total strangers a breath from the Heavenly realms can be something of a challenge. It is, however, exactly that which can turn the person around and ask, for example, "How did you know that about me?" It is usually incredibly shocking for people to realise that there is One who cares so much about them that He would place those thoughts or special spiritual words of encouragement and prophesy into another human being. It can be exactly these that turn out to be accurate words in due time.

Once again, it does take a certain amount of boldness to stop people on busy streets, and, may I say especially concerning the well-dressed who seem to have it all together. But you can believe me when I say from experience, they too have brokenness, wounds and a need for something or Someone bigger than themselves! A picture, a thought, a word may be of life-giving importance

to the receiver. It is a touch of warmth to the void within, which says “I see you, I've always seen you and I love you”.

And just a quick note to the doubter. In times past I would no more have considered talking with a stranger on the street or engaging in a deep conversation about anything at all, let alone one that relates to the Presence than fly to the moon. Usually when I experienced a nudging to pray for a group of youth hanging on a street corner, or perhaps someone walking past with a limp, fear would present itself. I would find myself making up any excuse whatsoever so that I could scurry off in another direction.

Things have changed for me. I find that outreaches are indeed privileged challenges now and, though I don't think this is an exercise for everyone, I would really like to encourage the one who is inspired by the thought. It actually becomes less of an event as time goes by, and more like part and parcel of one's lifestyle.

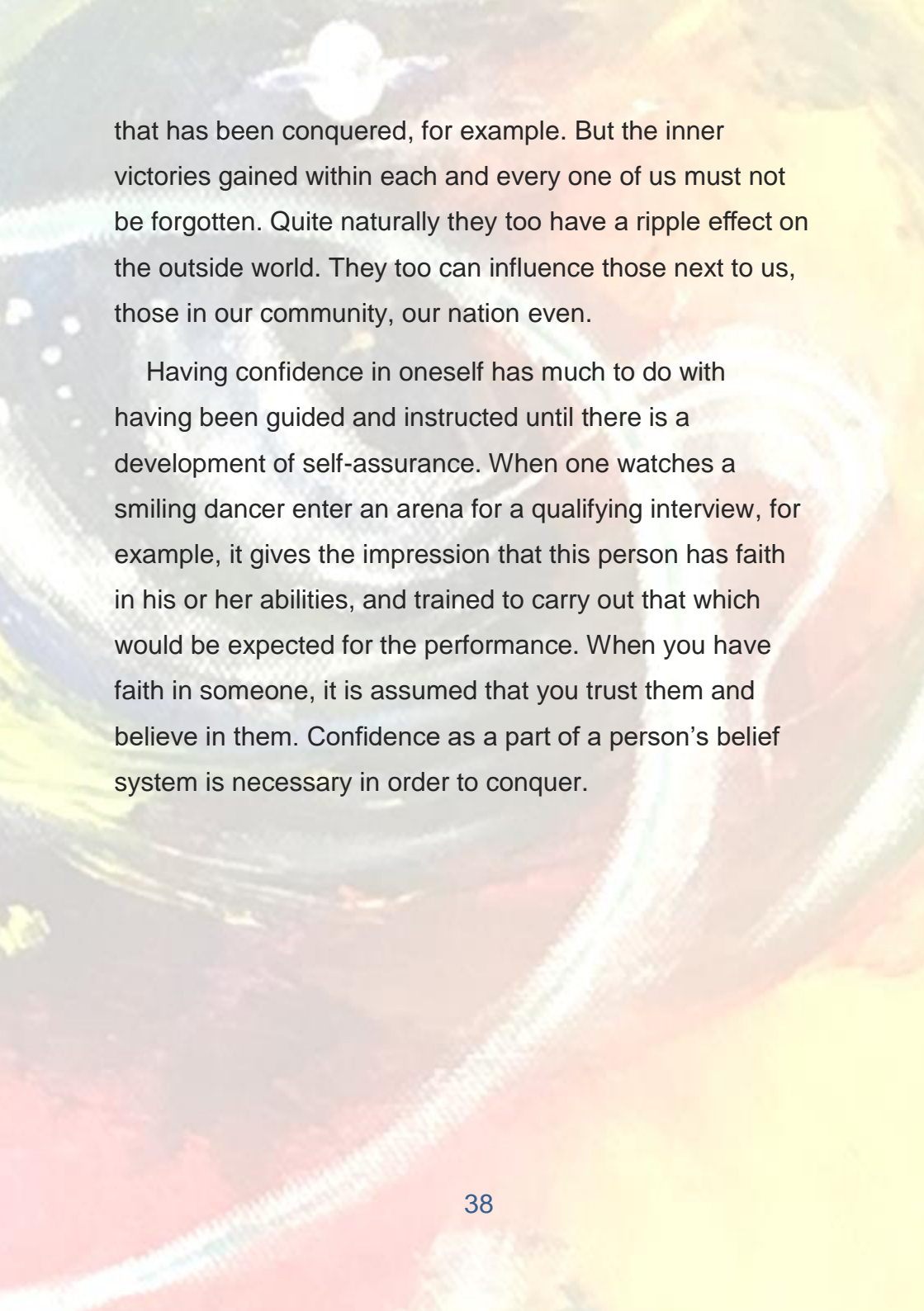
It's probably important to add here though that the more it is practised, if that is a term that might be applied, the less intimidating it is and the bolder one becomes. The

complete opposite naturally enough seems to occur. The less one is involved, the more terrifying the prospect. Courage results from a drenching of the Spirit and a laid-down commitment to the One Above. It is the Spirit who nudges His intentions and it is so exciting to co-labour with Him.

A dance of conquering

We hear of some people who are more than conquerors. What does it mean to be a conqueror? I think of the word conquer as the defeat of something undesirable. When a person conquers, they have taken the control, they master that which has previously worked against them. If then there has been a conquering, a vanquishing or cause for the foe to yield (whoever/whatever that foe might be) how may such victory become increased to being "*more* than a conqueror?"

As we start to really dance with the Victorious One our conquering can grow and go way beyond victory. Maybe it will become overwhelmingly victorious or supernaturally victorious. There are many battles out there in the big wide world that await us, very many challenges and difficulties. One tends to talk of heroes who conquer, or our mountain



that has been conquered, for example. But the inner victories gained within each and every one of us must not be forgotten. Quite naturally they too have a ripple effect on the outside world. They too can influence those next to us, those in our community, our nation even.

Having confidence in oneself has much to do with having been guided and instructed until there is a development of self-assurance. When one watches a smiling dancer enter an arena for a qualifying interview, for example, it gives the impression that this person has faith in his or her abilities, and trained to carry out that which would be expected for the performance. When you have faith in someone, it is assumed that you trust them and believe in them. Confidence as a part of a person's belief system is necessary in order to conquer.

Chapter 6 – Our Dance in the World

A dance of hope

The first tentative steps of a dance may have been carefully taught and choreographed by another. But then the time duly calls for us to bring forth our own movements, to become integrated and ingrained into our various societies as we become a personage of our own. There is a world out there and it is there we have been positioned. We must come out to jostle with all the different colours that the world possesses and, consequently, our genuine person is the only thing that will really meet the challenges. Trendiness usually means we need to consciously follow fleeting trends of the time, and inevitably we end up looking like and behaving like everyone else.

It's really a matter of making a difference. Here lies the hope of our unique dance, our purpose that is quite unlike that of anyone else in the world.

That is what makes *all* the difference.

A dance of revelation

With the dance of revelation there unveils fresh insight to those wanting to wander in His footsteps, there's a prophetic light that starts to shine upon the plans from the Source. He is waiting for our cooperation in and adherence to these plans. What is not yet can be spoken out loud as if it is and prophetically the unbelievable comes to pass. Words prophetically uttered have so much power. Both the good and the bad words.

The prophetic light shines into our little worlds in different ways. We may hear the Perfect One speak out His words that are destiny- related or directed when we seek communication with Him. When we are "seeing" in to another realm this too is naturally very revelatory. Our minds and thoughts are stretched beyond the norm, and there's a deeper understanding of His beautiful intentions for us. All this is a very deep "watering" for human beings, but when it becomes a lifestyle all else tends to be particularly shallow.

It happens that colours can bleach and the picture diminish, the dancer can lose his way and the life that was meant to be vibrant and fully alive is without content. It

takes a determined, consistent and intentional pursuit to dance the dance of revelation and “see beyond”. And...if we haven't known or been made aware of our place of dominion, our lives can end up seemingly irrelevant. I find I have to work on this daily. I forget easily, and then can lose my way.

A dance of passion and momentum

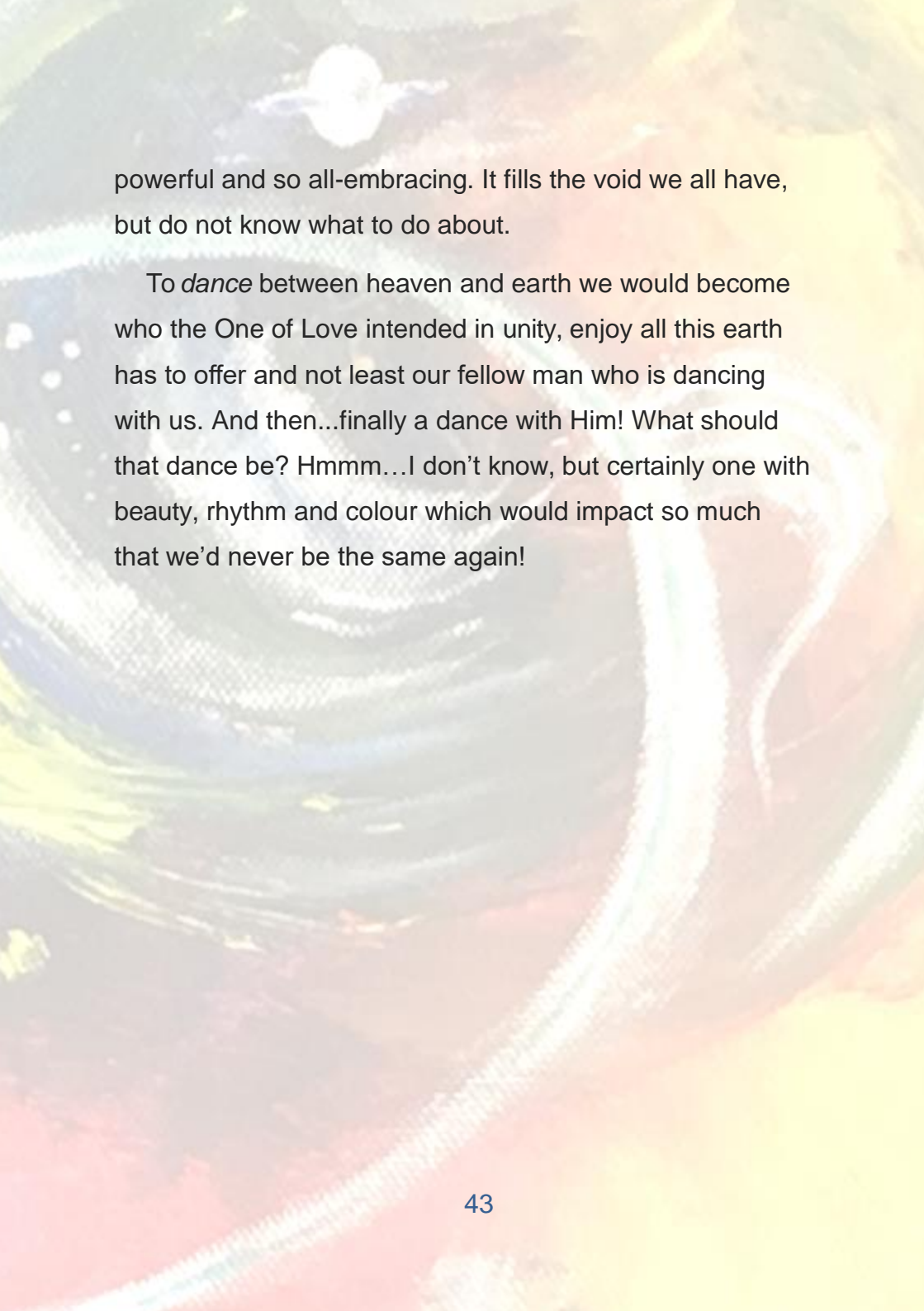
The dance of the world in our time has become a flamboyant salsa, really colourful, fast moving and me-focused. Somehow, though, there is a futility that prevails in that dance of passion and momentum. Does not the world *also* need the regulating of a dance such as the waltz that is equally passionate in a more graceful, fluid movement? A united momentum. An embrace of tenderness and love. Those people of encouragement, who care and love the one who is even lagging behind, can also bring about a culture of difference. This is the job of the dancing partner, the one doing the lifts, the one leading the couple. It can become a beautiful sight of elegance, fluidity, cooperation and colour. Our dance between heaven and earth then can truly pave the way for others to follow. A dance of integrity and merit. A dance worthy of the Source who has such aspirations for us.

Chapter 7 – A dance of Heavenly Culture

A new cultural dance

What is Heavenly Culture? It would be easy to say that it is a spiritual move from worldly dominance or worldly culture into the Heavenly love realm. That is not correct. Granted, through Christ's blood, work of the Cross, resurrection, and ascension, we have been given access to the Heavenly realm. But that does not mean we are to depart from our humanity, leaving it behind here on earth while we float above with the angels for the rest of our days. We are to live out the supernatural culture from Heaven here and now on earth.

It is a matter of becoming aware, or conscious of another and greater dimension to our lives than that which is usually associated with being human. There is something about connection with the Almighty God leading to a relationship that actually goes beyond earthly practises of church and Christian fellowship. There is a depth of devotion, and spirituality that refreshes, which is so



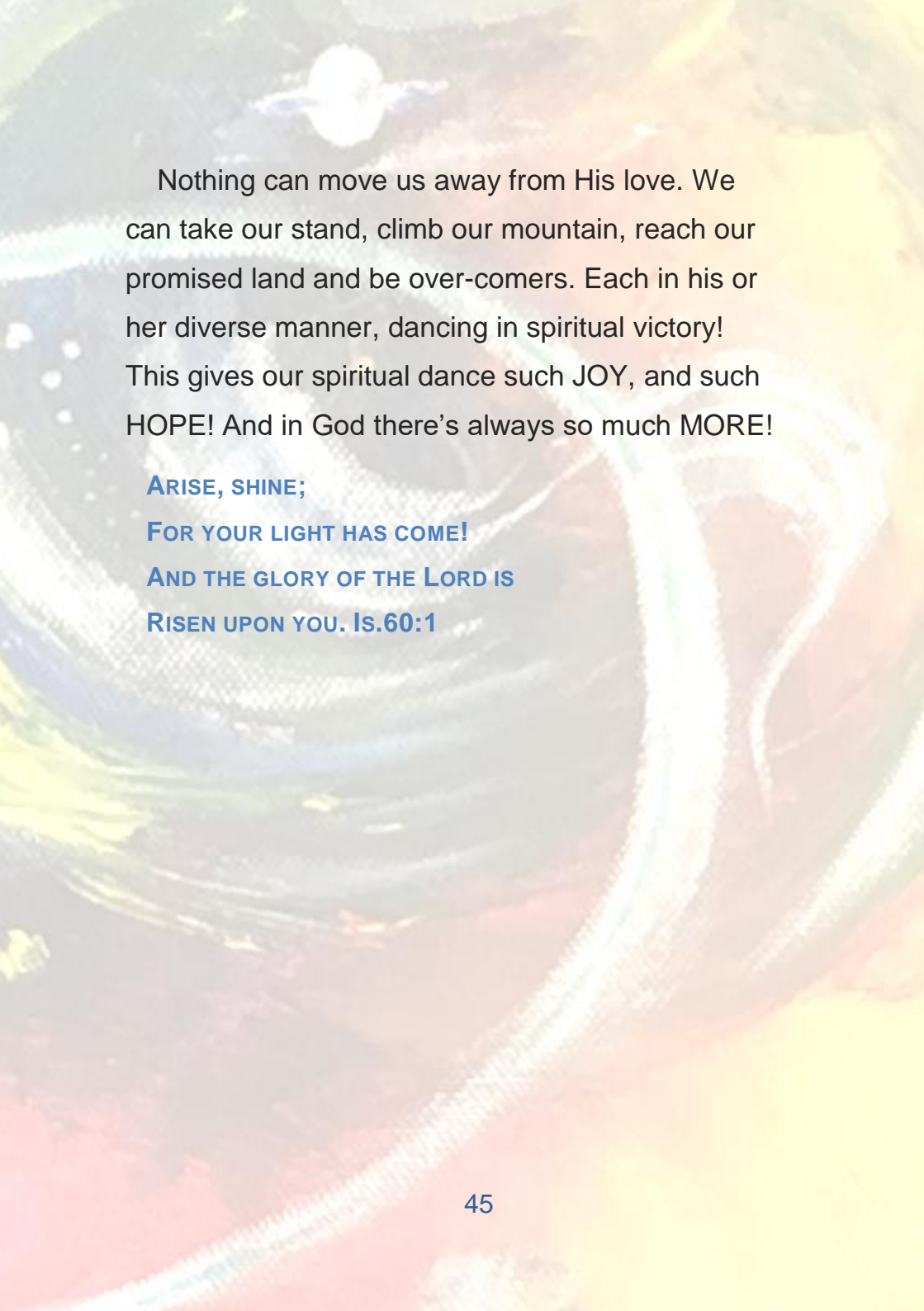
powerful and so all-embracing. It fills the void we all have, but do not know what to do about.

To *dance* between heaven and earth we would become who the One of Love intended in unity, enjoy all this earth has to offer and not least our fellow man who is dancing with us. And then...finally a dance with Him! What should that dance be? Hmmm...I don't know, but certainly one with beauty, rhythm and colour which would impact so much that we'd never be the same again!

Conclusion

The Creator of Heaven and Earth has granted us the possibility of a dance of true LIFE! This is a dance where every day will count, not one where we're simply passing time. A dance where the momentum picks up as we develop in awareness, position ourselves and feed on spiritual soul food together as an antidote to the enemy's ploys of darkness. Soul wounds and an inner void or dark place may be replaced by enlightenment, recovery and healing. The dance becomes revitalised, spiritually deep and is nothing short of life-changing.

Our destiny here on earth is completely relevant and adjacent to heaven's call on our lives. Yes. Our lives are of infinite value! We have been given a floor to dance on between heaven and earth. We have access to the heavenly realms of God and to rise above our circumstances to "see beyond". The Source of all things has ordained everything through the Perfect One for us to conquer!



Nothing can move us away from His love. We can take our stand, climb our mountain, reach our promised land and be over-comers. Each in his or her diverse manner, dancing in spiritual victory! This gives our spiritual dance such JOY, and such HOPE! And in God there's always so much MORE!


**ARISE, SHINE;
FOR YOUR LIGHT HAS COME!
AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS
RISEN UPON YOU. Is.60:1**

About the Author



Robbie Grangaard is wife to one, a mother to four and grandmother to four. She has worked with refugees from all corners of the world psychosocially and has assisted with their integration into the nation of Norway.

She was born in New Zealand and initially trained as a nurse there, was further educated as a family therapist in Norway, a multi-systemic therapist and finally a Christian Spiritual Director in New Zealand. She is passionate about

The background is an abstract, textured composition of swirling colors. A prominent white circle is located at the top center, surrounded by a dark, textured ring. The overall palette includes shades of red, orange, yellow, and blue, with a grainy, painterly texture throughout.

“seeing beyond the grit to the pearl”, and seeking out the person in need of hope. She paints prophetically, writes and is concerned with the broken in the community.

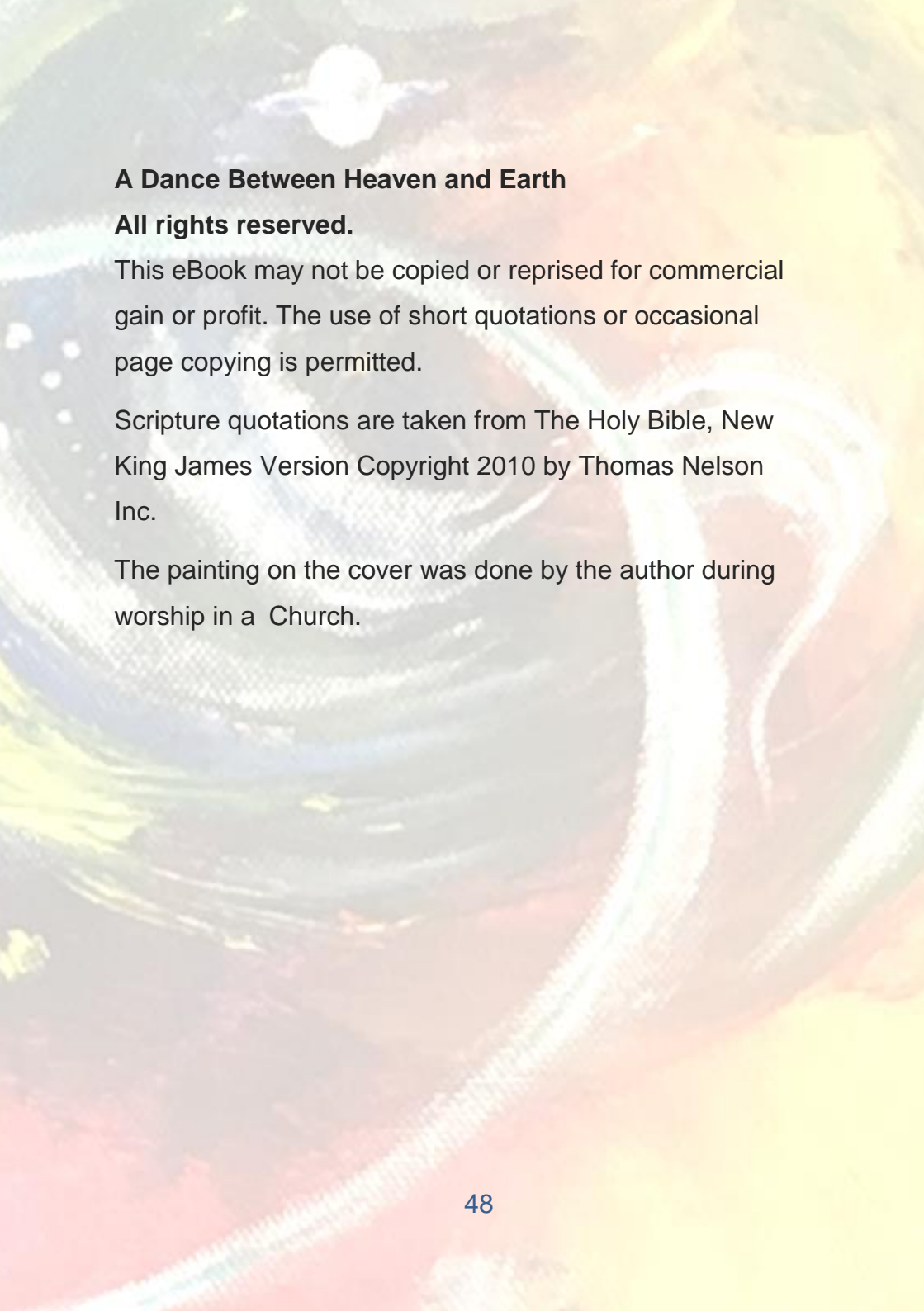
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An abstract painting of a globe with a figure. The globe is rendered in shades of blue, green, and yellow, with a white figure standing on top. The background is a mix of red, orange, and yellow, with a white, glowing aura around the globe.

A Dance Between Heaven and Earth

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The painting on the cover was done by the author during worship in a Church.