

Abba's Entrepreneur

I am an artist. I am a crafter. I am a painter. I am a wordsmith. I design. I draw. I write. I sew... well, once upon a time, I sewed.

I arrange flowers. I teach. I learn. I dream. I groan with the angst of seeking to make sense of and give voice to the diversity of that which thunders in my heart and demands expression from within the depths of my being.

I am a businesswoman. Right brain, left brain... I toggle swiftly at times and am often overwhelmed with raging emotions that defy the order, structure, and organization that my left brain demands of me.

I am empathetic. Painfully empathetic. I ache with the desire to shower the world with the glory that God is coaxing from the deepest recesses of my heart.

Christ, IN me... the hope of glory! Christ, renewing, re-framing, restructuring me, so that He can continue to establish His covenant to a thousand generations.

I am an ambassador of the beauty of Christ. With every stroke of my pen, or keyboard, or my favorite paintbrush....

I desperately seek to give voice to and bring tangible expression of the love that has transformed my mind and captured my once shattered heart.

My ears are a blank canvas that is filled with the cries of those whose lives are void of love and beauty. I desperately yearn to bring comfort and beauty to hearts that are dry, parched and shattered by decades of hope deferred.

How I long to be a cold drink of water to those who thirst for hope!

Oh, that my pen, and my brush, and my words would fill the world with the abundant love and mercy that has transformed every corner of my innermost being.

I attended a church service tonight, the first time in a long, long time, and I am keenly aware of the "messy" reality of being an emotional design in progress. After all these years... *still*, an emotional work in progress!!!

Bringing hope and comfort to the family of God is the design on my workbench, and I am paralyzed at times, by the many, many details that have been placed in my hand.

My work is the work of an embroiderer... I have been given countless, minute strands of thought that I must weave into the tapestry that is emblazoned on my heart!!!

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My body is tired tonight, and I weep because winter is on the horizon and the household of God is not yet fully prepared for the long, dark nights that will soon be upon us.

Many of my children are still cold and alone, and I refuse to allow them to pay the price for the ignorance that shackles them to isolation, abandon, and relentless rejection.

Oh, that my pen be as mighty as the sword of the Lord!
Oh, that my mission statements and business plans and dream boards and planning sessions would yield the swift and divine intervention that is also emblazoned on my heart!!!

Oh, that my paintbrush would capture and unveil Abba's blueprint of "Home, Sweet Home" for ALL of us!

Oh, that I can write the vision and make it plain... so that we all may swiftly run as we read it.

This is my deepest desire. To paint His poetry, to echo His voice, and to embody the love for others that Christ has embodied for me.

Scribed by Connie's House, August 28, 2019

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