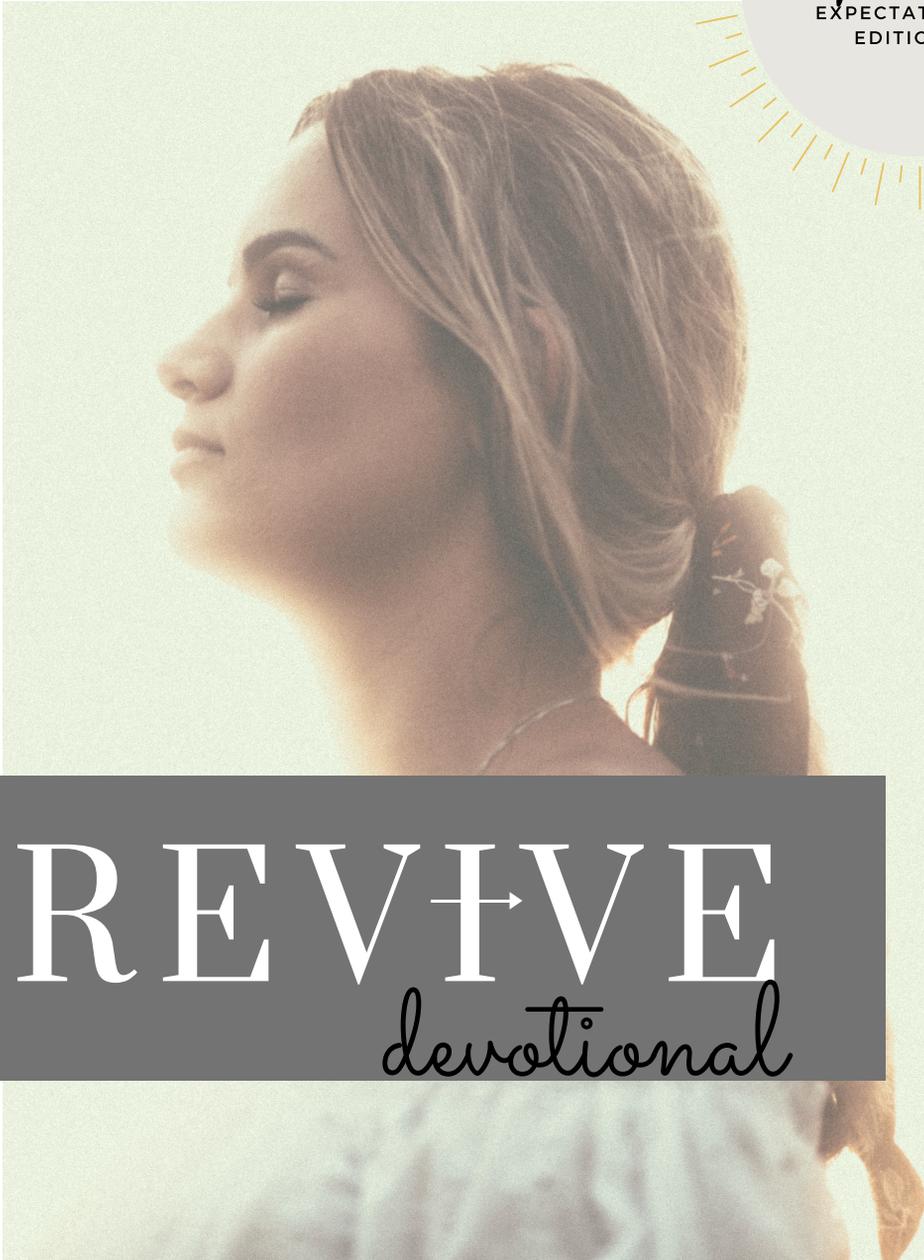


ISSUE FOUR
GLIMPSSES OF GOD

Great
EXPECTATIONS
EDITION



REVIVE
devotional

SPRINGVALE
WOMEN'S MINISTRY

Welcome to Revive

Lori Doner Jones



Recently Revive launched a series of videos on the topic of "Great Expectations" where I discussed Naomi from the book of Ruth. Naomi, while she was on the cusp of God's blessing was also in the midst of her own tragedy, her own painful story of loss. She felt bitter. She even wanted to change her name to reflect this.

She suffered while she was in the middle of God's beautiful redemption plan that was so much bigger than she was. Her expectations were stripped away and she was left empty, yet she was actually IN the midst of God's blessing; blessing that co-existed with tragedy - maybe, even blessing that was dependent on the tragedy.

God was using her to write His story, but she was broken by its unfolding. Without her tragedy though, there is also no blessing- or at least not one that she is part of. Her blessing and her tragedy are connected to each other and part of the same story. Sometimes while God is working out His plan in our lives, we frequently find that this is where we feel most lost for God's presence. This is where we might "feel" like He's absent, or like we are empty, when in fact, He is more present than ever before. This is where our "empty" becomes His greatest work in our lives - not to accomplish OUR will, or our Expectation, but to write His story, and to fill us with Him.

I've struggled to complete this Issue, on "Great Expectations", and Glimpses of God. It feels heavy on my heart and I wonder if that's because God is still wrestling with me on this topic. Maybe He has asked me to linger longer in prayer and consideration of the weight of "Expectation" in my life. Maybe, I have not yet learned what I am supposed to learn from this topic, and perhaps it needs rest on me a while longer. I struggle, feeling like what I write might just speak "Christian-ese" at you, my sisters in Christ - and minimize the pain of lost expectation. I struggle to tell you that I have peace in this myself, when I don't.

However, what I do know is this (and maybe not too much more): God isn't finished. My story isn't complete, and neither is yours, and the **last word belongs to God** . So, for today, I will have to trust in that, and I hope you can too.

You can find our full video series on **Great Expectations** at www.ReadyForRevival.ca

Reader: I would suggest that on each day, you find a statement or thought that is of particular significance, or speaks to **you** and underline it, or write it down somewhere so you can reflect on it throughout the day. I have noted some of mine for you here in the book!

Thank you, so much, to each Sister who contributed to this issue of our devotional. Your perspective is so valuable and appreciated.

DAY ONE

AUSTIN

*Lori Doner Jones
Springvale Church*



Last year my youngest daughter discovered hedgehogs. These sweet little balls of cuteness that are forever featured on Pinterest captured her heart and made her long for one of her own. Called to a much more unique and exotic pet than her cousin's more "ordinary" guinea pig, my daughter was determined to experience ownership of her very own little hedgehog; so she set out on her campaign. Over several months of coercion and persuasive essays written to her parents, she made her appeal. She studied them on YouTube, she did her research and found a breeder, she chose the one she specifically wanted and finally convinced her father, (more than her mother) that a hog was in her eminent future, and so, he relented and we made the trip to pick up her hog of choice. She was delighted and overwhelmed with having achieved her dream. She named him Austin and was excited to get him home and settled in his new habitat. Then the dream became reality.

When she went to pick him up at home, he made a huffing noise and rolled into a ball and became next to impossible to touch or handle, as his quills extended in fear like spears all over his tiny body! Faced with his new surroundings he went into protective mode. It took little, to no time at all, for the expectation of this "Pinterest" ideal to slip away....

Seeing her disappointment I did what moms do, I tried to fix it. I called the breeder and though I never intended to even touch this prickly rodent, in order that her dream didn't disappear entirely, she was going to need me to do what I didn't want to do - but what was needed.

I went to visit the breeder on my own, and spent about an hour or so, with her, as she graciously taught me how to handle her hedgehogs. How to scoop them up loosely from underneath with confidence, as to not get poked and how to calm them when their instinct is to ball up and extend those prickly quills. My arms were red with quill marks and there may have been some bloodshed, but I finally got the hang of it. I had to overcome my fear, so I could help my daughter overcome hers, and reclaim her dream. The guinea pig might be more common and boring, but it's also far easier to get a cuddle from a guinea pig, than the mini porcupine that Peyton chose to be her new friend. Leave it to my child to pick the hard road....the one that is full of needles.

After all the hard work and longing, the begging and pleading, all the anticipation and the dreaming, when Peyton finally received her heart's desire, the reality of it, didn't quite live up to the dream. Austin, isn't what she expected - he's not easy - but, he is unique! Much like life itself, he's full of prickly pieces, but when he's handled correctly and patiently, he flattens down his quills and shows us another side of himself.

Instead of stabbing swords, his armour becomes like coarse layers of rice on his back – not soft like a kitten, but not dangerous either, and you see a sweet little nose extend first, then some inquisitive little eyes; his aggressive huffing turns to tiny little squeaks, as he clamours to crawl into a warm safe place in your arms. He's sweet and full of adventure, and even a few Pinterest worthy moments. In fact, he even likes to cuddle, it just took a while to get them used to each other.

I wonder if life is giving you some quills right now, when you were hoping for your inspired photo shopped perfect moment. I wonder if your reality is a little bit of a let down from the expectation you had imagined. I wonder if you're wanting to trade your unique, uncomfortable experience for one that is more predictable and safe. I wonder if you're going to miss out on something good – just because it's not the way you expected - or the way you wanted.

Or maybe like Austin, you are feeling scared and uncertain, and you are balling up; extending your prickles and quills to those around you, creating a painful barrier between you and someone who wants to scoop you up, and care for you.

Maybe it's God you are resisting. Maybe you're afraid to come out of hiding, and be vulnerable, and catch a glimpse of what God is wanting to do.

I think we imagine our Christian experience is going to be a cuddly kitten when it's sometimes more like Austin. We anticipate that once we give our lives to Jesus, everything will make sense, and everything will be joyful. If God is for us, who can be against us...Right? And yet, maybe this is not always the way it seems in the moment. Maybe the "plan" you had for your life has been shattered and what's left behind is a story that you don't want, or maybe you got exactly what you wanted, but now that you have it, the reality isn't so appealing anymore.

This is my struggle - to release my expectation and let God move, how God wants to move. To trust that if He said He's working all things for my good, that HE IS. (Rom 8:28), and that He will teach me to handle the quills in life, and find the Pinterest moment on the other side. That even when it hurts, there is something worth pursuing and something He has for me that is better than my expectation could ever imagine, even if it looks different.

Prayer: Lord, help us today to not give up HOPE. Help us to trust you, when we feel let down, and disappointed by our lost expectation. Help us to reach out, when our instinct is to self-protect and hide. Help us to venture forward when life gives us prickly quills and hurts us, and help us to lean into you; to seek glimpses of you, so that we can see beauty in all your ways, and know that You are for us.



DAY TWO

A BRAND NEW SEASON

*Priscilla Woode
Springvale Church*



Every time you think this year is going to get any easier, it gets harder. In fact, half of the people surveyed in Canada think 2020 is up there as one of the worst years of their lives. I can agree because if I hear the word 'unprecedented' one more time, I'm going to go nuts! Our priorities change, plans falter, and everything we thought we would have figured out by now is not guaranteed. However, this doesn't mean we should be put in a standstill. Each stage in life is a new way for God to show his purpose for us as believers. A new season is a God-appointed moment of our life that may take weeks, months, and sometimes years of refining and redefining what is important, and eternal. It can bring changes, challenges, and foster character development within us.

Philippians 3:7-8 But whatever were gains to me I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. 8 What is more, I consider everything a loss because of the surpassing worth of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord, for whose sake I have lost all things. I consider them garbage, that I may gain Christ.

Paul's words speak volume as he acknowledges that there is nothing that matches to the greatness of knowing Jesus. There's depth when people see gains, in a loss. You can't be grateful for something you feel entitled to. What God removes, he always replaces with better. God may remove what we are accustomed to, in order to heighten other places, and we can't discredit Him for this. It's hard to believe this sentiment when we are surrounded by constant negativity in all aspects of life. The news, media, people around us, the list goes on. However, at any given moment, we have two options: to step forward into growth or to step back into safety. Which one will you choose?

Some people are almost wiped out by trials, while others learn to stand in the confidence of God's faithfulness. We are children of God, and the dark moments of our life will last for only so long as necessary for God to accomplish His Will. Tribulations are meant to happen to produce perseverance and test your character. Rather than yielding to doubts, remember God's Truth's: He is consistent, He is dependable, He is perfect, He is love.

My favourite quote is from Corrie Ten Boom, "I have learned to hold all things loosely, so God will not have to pry them out of my hands".

This is a challenging statement to live by. Often we intentionally and unintentionally hold onto things that won't bring us satisfaction, and when it is stripped away we're devastated. In my own life, I had all these 'great expectations' for prom, graduation, and moving into university for first year, and it all got wiped away, one after the other, due to the spread of Corona. This would've been the last thing I expected to happen, and it's something you can never predict. People, (myself included), don't truly understand the magnitude to which the word "surrender" really means. Surrender means to submit ownership and to relinquish control over what we consider ours. Nothing we have is ours, but this also includes our burdens. We have the ability to lay down all our fears and anxieties on Him, and all we need to do is to have Faith. But how do we have Faith when everything is going backwards? We shouldn't worry about things that are out of our control, but instead have trust in the person who is in control.

Pray for God to show you His Will in these difficult times. In this transitioning stage into a new season, I challenge you to use this opportunity to draw near to Him.

Prayer:

God draw us closer to you today, help us remember that nothing we have, is ours; that you are in control, and help us to surrender to Your will. Help us to hold all things loosely - except for you. Help us to love you with all we have.

*Nothing we have is ours,
but this also includes
our burdens*

*you can't be grateful for
something you feel entitled to*



*"For God has made me fruitful in the land of my affliction" -
Genesis 41:52*

Not *before* the land of his affliction, Not *after* the land of his affliction. In the *smack-middle* of the land of his affliction. Never confuse fruitfulness with felicity. That is not to say fruit bearing can't be fun. But equate the two - fruitfulness and fun - and you'll miss some of your most fertile opportunities to bear inexplicable fruit. Sometimes the Nile will serve you better than the Jordan."

-Beth Moore "Chasing Vines"

DAY THREE

GATHERING MOMENTS

*Diana Bohemier
Eastridge Church*



In my early twenties while searching for happiness and the meaning of life, someone gave me an article from Anne Landers (remember her? The newspaper columnist who gave advice). She stated that happiness was not an extended length of time but a gathering of moments. Moments, when the temperature was just right, the person you are with is great....

A moment that is just perfect, just for a moment, you breathe in that deep feeling of contentment and then the next moment usually it all unravels! Happiness in Life is a gathering of all those spectacular moments.

Now in my sixties, I reflect upon on those moments like pieces of a puzzle and contemplate how they all fit together to make me who I am today. Have I learned all that God wants me to learn from these moments?

There have been many awesome moments to remember; my early morning run in Ireland, coming around a bend and seeing a stunning stallion standing majestically in the mist, on top of a hill; sitting at the top of a castle in Austria overlooking a spectacular view or seeing a multitude of amazing colored fish while snorkeling in Australia. They were amazing glimpses of nature which left me longing for more.

More thrilling moments were gathered while bungy jumping in Nanaimo, hang gliding, running the Jasper to Banff relay through the Rocky mountains and scuba diving on the great barrier reef. These were exciting moments that made my heart race and then it was over, and it still felt like something was missing.

My search for happiness led me to look for love in all the wrong places. Dance clubs, drinking, men... I thought they were fun times with many fun moments, but I still felt lonely and very empty.

When I started winning races and acquiring trophies and medals, my self worth soared. Finally I found something that I could do well at! Getting recognition and applause for being a winner gave me many proud moments, but they were fleeting.

Wonderful trips to Europe, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Greece, Turkey, Finland, Sweden, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and many more, gave me moments to look forward to and many more moments spent working to pay for them!

Gee, I feel like King Solomon here in Ecclesiastes I tried everything under the sun and nothing had meaning.

Then there were those other moments that could have turned out quite differently. I could have died from Anorexia, from alcohol poisoning, drugs, associating with the wrong people, traveling to Turkey by myself or being T-boned on my side of the car at 80 km per hour. I didn't know it then, but God was with me in all those moments.

My longing for Peace still persisted as I got married, had children, worked full time, commuted downtown to work every day, rushing for GO trains, picking up children from day care, rushing to children's soccer, swimming, dancing, hockey, whatever was going on that evening. Being busy helped me not think about peace. Many people just go on auto pilot and do the things they think they should be doing. We just survive through the day.

BUT GOD had a plan. My job was outsourced and I fortunately qualified for an early retirement package at age 50. With all my great financial skills, I was a good fit to run the pizza program as a volunteer at my children's public school. But, I was being called to more.

My boss had given me a book when I was 40 years old. I must have been talking to him about life's questions. He gave me a book called The Message. I had been too busy before to read it but 10 years later, I finally read it and it sounded true to me. There was a knowing deep within that this was right. So one year after being retired, I was baptised at age 51! My testimony was that I had tried everything else, I was a workaholic, alcoholic, bungy jumper, hang glider, scuba diver, did the sex drugs and rock and roll scene and nothing brought me peace until I understood the gospel.

Now, after ten years I still have a thirst for more knowledge of God, knowing that only His living water will quench my thirst and bring me true peace. People say that we all have to make a choice in what to believe. For me, there is no choice because I know all the other alternatives do not bring real peace and joy that lasts.

The challenge now that I know about God's promises and power is to deeply trust him. Maybe I should consider it another retirement, but this time it's from stress and worry. Only by doing what God has instructed me to do will deepen my level of peace and joy.



And the peace of God,
which surpasses all
understanding, will
guard your hearts and
minds in Christ Jesus
- Philippians 4:7

"The point of our life is to point
to Him. Whatever you are doing,
God wants to be glorified,
because this whole thing is His. It
is His movie, His world, His gift"
- Francis Chan
"Crazy Love"

Prayer from Stormie Omartian's book "Just Enough Light for the Step I'm On"

Lord, thank You that my life is never over here on this earth until You say it is. And when that time comes, I will see you face to face and dwell in your presence. Thank you that You never give up on me, even when I have given up on myself. I am so happy that no matter what age I am, I will always have a purpose because you have great things for me to do. When it's time for me to do something different, help me not to cling to the past or be afraid to move into the future you have for me. My times are in Your hands, and I know that I am secure as long as I can walk through them all with You. Give me strength, courage, health, wisdom revelation, and faith for the journey. I trust You to keep me on the right path and to continue giving me the light I need for the step I'm on.

DAY FOUR

SPEAK LORD, YOUR SERVANT IS LISTENING

Martha Dodd
Eastridge Church



One interesting facet reported during the pandemic has been a surge in the popularity of birdwatching. "Birdwatching Takes New Flight!" wrote one newspaper. Sales of birdseed and bird watching accessories have significantly increased as people seek to re-connect with nature. I've always enjoyed birdwatching from my early years growing up on a farm and more recently have had several bird feeders on the go during the winter months. I've loved teaching my children and now my grandchildren to identify birds along with their songs and calls.

So, it was a little humorous then, when a few weeks back, as my husband and I were having a meal in our backyard, he asked, "What was that bird?" "What bird?" I replied. I hadn't heard any bird at all. Then as I focused my attention, listened and waited, sure enough, I heard the beautiful melody of a Song Sparrow.

Why hadn't the sound first registered with me? I'm sure there were any number of things distracting and preoccupying me at the time, not the least of which was the noise going on inside my own head. Simply put, I didn't hear because I wasn't listening.

I was reminded recently in a devotional about the difference between hearing and listening. Hearing is one of the five senses that helps us receive sound waves and noise through our ears. But, listening occurs when we receive sound waves and understand them by paying full attention so that our brains process meaning from the sounds and words. So how does this relate to hearing something infinitely more important – namely, God's voice?

There's an account in 1 Samuel 3 of a young boy named Samuel. We are told in vs 1 that in those days, "the word of the LORD was rare." Samuel lived and ministered in the presence of Eli, the priest, and one evening as Samuel was lying down in the temple of the LORD, where the ark of God was, he heard a voice.

Three times he heard his name being called, and three times he got up and ran to Eli and said, "Here I am; you called me." After the third time, Eli understood what was happening. "Then Eli realized that the Lord was calling the boy. 9 So Eli told Samuel, "Go and lie down, and if he calls you, say, 'Speak, Lord, for your servant is listening.'" So Samuel went and lay down in his place. 10 The Lord came and stood there, calling as at the other times, "Samuel! Samuel!" Then Samuel said, "Speak, for your servant is listening." 1 Samuel 3:4-10

Samuel heard the voice of God because he attentively listened. And as he listened, he was able to continue to hear and discern God's voice as he grew. Samuel was faithful to obey what he heard so that *"none of his words fell to the ground."* 1 Samuel 3:19 All of us live with a lot of noise and distraction. And in this season we are all navigating, sometimes fear and uncertainty can make us feel scattered, confused and unable to focus.

"The Mighty One, God the LORD speaks and summons the earth from the rising of the sun to where it sets." Psalm 50:1

But we need to affirm that the LORD reigns, and that He is still speaking through the written word and by the Holy Spirit. And in the midst of the noise, as we expectantly listen, we will hear the voice of God. Let's cultivate a willingness to daily pray to the LORD, *"Speak LORD, your servant is listening."* Then as we listen, let's allow our identities to be shaped by what we hear. And who knows...perhaps God has something to teach us as we look at the birds of the air. (Matthew 6:26, Matthew 10:29)

Prayer:

Lord, Your Word says that You "turn your ear to me." (Psalm 116:2)

Thank you that You are attentively listening to me. Thank you that Your Word is "living and active" and that You are still speaking. Please help me to become a more careful listener today and as I do, help me to hear from You. Speak Lord, your servant is listening. Amen

I love the Lord, for he heard my voice; he heard my cry for mercy. Because he turned his ear to me, I will call on him as long as I live. Psalm 116:1-2



DAY FIVE

GREATEST EXPECTATION

Lillian Boyd

Springvale Church



I met Charlene when I was working in Michigan at The Centre – a Christian recreational facility. Charlene was contagious, she had the love and care of Mr. Rogers and the larger than life personality of Bette Midler. Her passion for Jesus gave everything purpose in her life. She didn't have to work, but she did so she could share God's love with people who didn't know him.

Charlene had been fighting cancer for a few years and when we became friends, she was winning the battle. As I had some family members go through cancer, Charlene often confided in me with how her treatments were going, and some of her inner struggles.

One day we were sharing experiences, and she told me something I will never forget. She said, "The question was never 'Why me?' Instead, it was 'Why not me?'" That one statement hit me like a ton of bricks.

Why do I expect certain things for my life? Let's be honest. Living in Canada – we are spoiled and bombarded every day with the message that we deserve health, wealth, and happiness. But what does God say?

In God's inspired Word, the Bible, it says that everyone sins and falls short of his righteous standard (Romans 3:23), and the penalty for sinning is death (Romans 6:23). We deserve death. Just pause on that for a moment. What does that mean for you today?

But the Bible also says that while we deserve death, God, the Creator, loves us and decided to pay the price of sin for us through his son Jesus (John 3:16, Ephesians 2:8). We deserve death, but we are worthy of being saved because of God's love for us. What an incredible, life-altering truth! This is the truth that Charlene held dear and put her understanding of cancer in perspective. She believed that every day was a gift from God.

Every blessing was just another opportunity to be used by God because she deserved far worse as a sinner.

I will admit, I often have a sense of entitlement about how my life should be and the things I should have. Marriage, salary, health, the type of house I live in, the ability to buy what I need and want. But are my expectations in alignment with God's? Not always, and it is a daily struggle. Paul wrote the Christians in Rome on this very challenge. He says, "*Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is--his good, pleasing and perfect will.*" (Romans 12:2). Transform your thinking!

One of the best pictures of this comes from the idea of the "rose-coloured glasses." Have you heard that expression? It means to view circumstances from a positive or optimistic lens. I often wear my "worldly glasses," meaning I see and evaluate things by the world's standards. What Paul is saying is that we need to see things through God's lenses. Only then can we test and understand what God's will is for us. And get this...His will is good and perfect! Even when it is different from what we initially thought!

The transforming of our mind happens when we allow God to work in our lives through regular study of his Word (2 Timothy 3:16-17), resisting sin and ongoing prayer (James 4), and controlling our thought-life (Philippians 4:8). Only when our hearts and minds align with God will our expectations also be in sync. And what great things we should be expecting from God!

A year after I left Michigan, I went back to visit Charlene in the hospital to say goodbye. She passed away, knowing and trusting that God's plan would continue after her time on earth. And her greatest expectation, being in the presence of her Saviour, was finally met.

"One of the greatest comforts to me through all this has been to know that somehow God will use it for good. And that God will be my possible in the midst of what can sometimes feel so impossible."

- Lysa Terkeurst
"It's Not Supposed to Be This Way"

*The question was never
"Why me?" Instead,
it was "Why not me?"*





DAY SIX

GLIMPSES OF GOD

Rebecca Doner
Hillside Church - Mount Albert

There are glimpses of God in the everyday moments of life. Sometimes we don't see them at first, but as we look back often we see God's working central to our stories in ways we would never have imagined.

When I was 14, after 27 years working for one company, my dad lost his job and I looked to find God in that moment but I couldn't. Over the next seven years he was unemployed on and off for about five of them, and with my mom unable to work it was a challenging time, and I looked to find God and I struggled.

During the years when he was employed, it was on contract helping bakeries with the financial management of their business. This was about the same time I was looking for my first job and so I found myself working at one bakery or another in that season.

Jumping forward now to my second-year university when I determined I would not pursue psychology further but that I missed working at the bakeries. I diligently finished my BSc. and then transitioned to college into a Baking and Pastry Arts program - I may not have seen it right away but there was a glimpse.

Following school, I trained for a couple of years in a small bakery business only to find I had the heart of an entrepreneur and determined I would open my own business - another glimpse.

Now, it is also important to understand that all this time I had been serving in lay-ministry at my church. Having spent time as the children's Sunday school coordinator and teaching adult classes I somehow unexpectedly found myself landed in youth. It was a very small group in which there was one beautiful, faithful girl who came to everything even if she was the only one. One day we were repainting our youth room at the church and we got talking about her job and I was inspired to suggest 'you should come work with me at my bakery' - and yet, another glimpse.

Between her regular hours and co-op at school, we worked together five full days a week and sometimes on Saturdays and would then see each other Sunday at church. We were together all the time and became the best of friends. - another glimpse...but this one I could see and feel.

We laughed and talked and the decade of age difference never seemed to matter. One day as we were talking she shared with me how she just wanted to meet a good Christian boy and I began to pray that would happen. I cannot recall how much time passed between that conversation and the night I sat at a friend's house scrapbooking, but I suppose now that doesn't matter. I shared with my friend all about this wonderful girl who just wants to meet a 'good Christian boy' and I will never forget the moment she lifted her glance and said 'my cousin is a good Christian boy'. - this glimpse lingers vividly in my mind.

Long story short, we manufactured an introduction and then in 2010, I had the pleasure of being part of their wedding and sharing with everyone that almost two decades prior my dad had lost his job which devastated our family, but God had worked everything together for good and kept showing up in glimpses every step of the way. Somehow looking back it didn't seem like random glimpses but a beautifully mapped out plan for this moment. At the beginning of the story, I struggled to see God but as time passed He revealed Himself time and time again.

You know God could have brought those two together anyway He pleased, but the amazing thing to me is that somehow He determined woven into my story was the privilege to be a part of theirs - and that is a mighty glimpse of God indeed.

That girl, now woman, who was my faithful youth all those years ago is still a dear friend and our children are now friends, the decade between us still disappears, but the glimpses of God remain.

Sometimes it is in the most ordinary, simple moments where we see God the most if we only choose to stop and pay attention.

"Wait on the Lord, be of good courage,
and He shall strengthen your heart "
- Psalm 27:14



DAY SEVEN

THE LEGACY OF MEMA

Stacy Mattheis

Crossroads Church - Red Deer, Alberta



I have been reminded of your sincere faith, which first lived in your grandmother Lois and in your mother Eunice and, I am persuaded, now lives in you also.

2 Timothy 1:4-6 NIV

Mema--it looks like a strange word, and most Canadians I have met pronounce it ME-MUH. It's really a Southern term of endearment given to my grandmother Lois. It's pronounced ME-MAW and requires that you draw out the last "aw" sound in order to be authentic. I spent the first half of my life in the Southern states, (truthfully it was Arkansas...and no I don't know Bill Clinton and yes we had electricity). Born to loving parents who were second / third generation Christians, my testimony is one of a Christian heritage.

I am the oldest of three granddaughters to Lois. She is the beginning of my story. She "got saved" in her early twenties and as she tells me the Lord quickly began a work in her. She began to meet with her sister in law every week and they would kneel at the couch and pray for their families. Mema has always been a prayer warrior. For over sixty years her knees have become calloused for her family in prayer. She led the prayer chain at the Nazerene church she attended for many years.

There were times in my life when she would call and ask " Stacy...is everything all right?" and without fail I would have been going through a trial. She taught me how to respond to the voice of the Holy Spirit in my heart. She taught me that when the Spirit places a name in my mind to stop and pray.

Over and over the Lord proved himself faithful to her. Before I was even a twinkle in my parent's eyes, she was their Sunday School teacher. She had a heart for the high school and young adults and missions. She served as the Missions President for years, sang in the choir and attended every revival and prayer meeting. These are the footprints of the fruit of a servant heart that were left before me. Some of you may think those are gigantic shoes to fill but I figure it gives explanation for why I love Jesus and his church so much.

When I was born I was literally passed up and down pews during three weekly church services. I was taken care of during the week by other church members and I now know that they were praying over me and my sisters from the beginning of our lives.

I grew up watching Mema rise on Sunday mornings long before the sun, take her Bible and sit down in a quiet dimly lit kitchen to spend time with the Lord. She would send me devotions and share many stories about the missionaries that she was praying for. Her Bible is worn and almost tattered from use, even though she treats it like a priceless piece. I have only known of one or two other books that she spent time reading, but her Bible was always open on the table. I would sit next to her at church and watch her underline words of scripture. I witnessed her stand up in front of a full congregation and offer praises to God for the work He was doing in her life and in my family's lives. I learned to sense the Holy Spirit move when I would watch her respond to an altar call.

She would put her hand on my shoulder to reassure me, step out in the aisle and walk down to a wooden altar and kneel to meet the Spirit. Sometimes she would step out to lay hands on another who needed prayer. When we would return to her home after church she would change her Sunday dress for a "cotton duster" and we would start preparing lunch. We always had company after church. We would set out sandwiches and chips or BBQ brisket. Then we would sit in the backyard under the most beautiful, gigantic oak tree you have ever seen. As the afternoon would wind down we would get ready to head back to church for the evening gathering. All of these memories are my normal, I didn't know any different. I never realized the impact and blessing that my upbringing would have on my life.

When we moved to Canada in 1989 I knew I would miss her deeply, but thankfully she was able to visit us often. When my children were born she came to stay with us for about three weeks after each birth and took care of me, cleaning, cooking and visiting with me. I know she was praying over me all the time. She finally made the move to Canada in 2003 at the age of 78. She has lived through the depression, WW 2, the death of her husband, being a widow for over 17 years, her only child moving to another country,

Alzheimer's disease taking her dearest sister's life, the technological age, pneumonia, a broken pelvis, many trials in the lives of my family and the Great White North.

I have also witnessed her embrace a new church as her home all the while staying connected to her old church back in Arkansas. She has made new friendships here that run deep and she has found Bible studies and GEMS groups to attend. Jesus is her life and staying connected to His people has always been a priority.

Yesterday morning I took her to the chiropractor and to run errands. The girls always want to come with us. You see she has invested just as much into their spiritual lives as she did in mine. (When they were younger she even took them to her sewing circle at the 1st Nazarene church). They love their Mema too much and are blessed to know their great grandmother. As I have grown older some of our traditions have changed....we hit Timmy's for a sausage biscuit instead of homemade biscuits and gravy (Canada doesn't have Jimmy Dean) and we attend different churches (she's from a generation that sticks with a denomination) but she still sends me devotions and calls to tell me when she has been praying. We have disagreed over the style of worship music we prefer and even some scripture interpretation as I have grown up, but one thing has never changed....her prayer. I can tell her anything and she will hold me and talk with the Lord, weeping and quoting scripture, praising Him and exalting Him. I share all of this with you because I always believed I didn't have a "story". I don't have a traumatic shock factor testimony that speaks of some magnificent transformation. What I have learned and what the Holy Spirit said to me yesterday was that my "story" is wrapped up in Mema...my grandmother Lois.

I know you don't all have "Mema's" and so many of you are first generation Christians. So my challenge to you: pray for a spiritual grandmother, a "Lois" who has been walking with Jesus for a long time and can teach you and pray for you. If you are past that season of your life I challenge you to become a "Lois" to one of the many young women in our congregation.

Everyday, I battle making her a priority. I know my time is limited and someday soon she will return home to Jesus.

Note: Stacy wrote this tribute, presented at her own church a few years ago. Her Mema, Lois entered into her heavenly home October 1, 2020. The same day Stacy's Great Expectation video was released by our Revive Ministry. While she has left this world, Lois leaves behind Stacy, and a beautiful legacy of loving Jesus.



DAY EIGHT

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Stéphanie Rourke Jackson
Springvale Church



"Surely God is my help, the Lord is the One who sustains me."

Psalm 54:4

There have been too many times in my life where I have prayed for a certain outcome and have not received the prayer I've requested. And these prayers have been good, righteous and from what I could discern, holy prayers. Yet, they were not answered to my expectations.

Upon deeper reflection, I can see that indeed they were answered, just not by my standards. But instead, by a much higher and more significant standard, God's.

I can recall praying selfishly for things that would make my life easier, more comfortable, happier. Not that it's wrong to want these expectations to be met but the motivation behind them was flimsy, really. In no particular order, here are some of my "selfishly" based prayers that, as a Christian, I expected would be answered because, after all, I had dedicated my life to Christ and considered myself a "good person". That I would; get a boyfriend who would admire me, a job that would pay me well and be fulfilling, a home in the right neighbourhood, friends that would never let me down, a faithful marriage, kids that would respect me and a life of health and happiness. All seemingly good expectations, right? Why wouldn't one hope for these things? Yet, why would I need God if all these desires were fulfilled? There would be no need to depend on Him. In fact, I would be the one who sustains me, not the Lord. Almost like throwing a few coins in a vending machine and picking A6, the happiness option, and God will drop that in my lap. How arrogant, honestly!

I expected that, because I hadn't committed any of the BIG TEN, I deserved to be given the desires of my heart. Here's the problem, the desires of our hearts tend to be wicked and selfishly motivated. They are about having comfort, stability, happiness and all the blessings we think we deserve because we have worked hard for them. When, in actuality, we deserve far worse.

We deserve death. Yet God, in His infinite mercy and grace, wants us! We want relief where He wants a relationship. He wants obedience, loyalty, trust, humility and reverence.

It's not all doom and gloom, sisters. God really does want us to experience "goodness in the land of the living" Psalm 27:13. He wants us to not only expect but receive joy here on earth, as it is in heaven. He created us in His image, so we have the capacity to experience His character and fruits of His spirit; peace, love, joy, patience, gentleness, faithfulness and self-control. We only need to desire it for the glory of His Kingdom, which is redemption, restoration and reconciliation. When we surrender to God's goodness and calling in our life, we can experience life beyond our expectations.

Recently, I had the privilege of experiencing God's blessing in the battles. In February 2020 my younger brother passed away from cancer. It was heart wrenching and chilling to observe. Our prayers of healing Sean here, on earth, weren't answered. The grief was thick and the loss was felt deeply. Heartbreaking, to say the least. Yet, God showed us so much of himself during and after Sean's illness. Broken family relationships were restored and deepened, my younger sister made a commitment and accepted Jesus as her saviour, difficult circumstances (financial, emotional, mental and physical) were mended, love and community of friends and family were brought together that we could have never done on our own and his personal struggles were over. I don't know why God decided it was time to call Sean home, but I trust that He is preparing His house for our ultimate homecoming, whenever that will be, it will be good because our God is a loving and merciful God. Until then, we keep praying and trusting that He who knows us so intimately, will be working on our behalf to provide us with every need we truly desire!

John 14:2 "My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you?"

Philippians 4:19 "And this same God who takes care of me will supply all your needs from his glorious riches, which have been given to us in Christ Jesus."

Prayer:

God, holy Father, you sustain us. We are nothing without You. Help us to surrender to your will and not our own selfish expectations but to look for your goodness in the land of the living, in the beauty of the sunset, birth of a baby, reconciliation of a broken relationship and the simplicity of a hug. Lord, help us to seek your will and to believe that our true desires are found in Your love. We are grateful for the trials and unanswered prayers because these help us to trust that you are working all things for our good, even when we don't understand. Amen.

"We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed; perplexed, but not driven to despair, persecuted but not destroyed; always carrying in our body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus may also be manifested in our bodies. For we who live are always being given over to death for Jesus sake, so that the life of Jesus also may be manifested in our mortal flesh."

2 Corinthians 4:8-10

*God really does want us to
experience "goodness in the
land of the living"
Psalm 27:13*



God not only lives in the wide-open spaces of our lives, God lives in the hallway, and His presence can be most keenly felt when the door has been slammed in our face. So many of the distractions that had filled my life had numbed me to the whole point of my life; to bring glory to God, to know Him, to allow the Holy Spirit to invade every space. I began to worship in the hallway.

-Sheila Walsh
"It's Ok, Not to be Ok"

DAY NINE

WAITING ON GOD'S PERFECT PLAN

*Deborah Woode
Springvale Church*



At some point, as believers, we all wrestle with feelings of frustrations and disappointments. We feel frustrated or disappointed with someone, something or with life in general when areas of our lives are not consistent with our expectations.

Some of these expectations are unspoken, and some are unconscious that is, you don't know you are expecting it until you don't get it. We aren't always aware of what we're expecting until we deal with the disappointment of the expectation.

There are many Christians today pretending to live happy lives and yet deep down they are undoubtedly frustrated.

One life skill about expectations that I have learned, as I listen to many sermons on this subject matter is to expect the unexpected. Learning how to manage and adjust when I face something I didn't see coming. It's important for me to recognize where my plans conflict with God's plans, to submit, to surrender and to master the art of moving on from the life I thought I had always wanted, because God's plan for me is far better than what I had envisioned for myself.

The book of Samuel in the old testament, tells a story about a season in the life of Israel, where they were guided and governed by the judges. It was a compilation of Spiritual Leaders and Political leaders called judges – They served in this capacity.

Israel started indulging in the activities of others that created an appetite for something that wasn't for them, so they started saying we want a king. They started becoming obsessed with what God has for everybody else. They called into question God's credibility and character.

You see, we will never discover what God has for us if we are obsessed with what God has for everybody else.

You can be so obsessed with what is happening in someone else's life that it creates an appetite for you for their life and not yours. So, guess what, when we will not learn from instruction, God decides to teach us by experience.

God gave Israel what they had asked for – Saul. Saul ruled faithfully for a season, then he developed a disease called arrogance. He built a monument for himself. It was difficult for Saul to maintain success and his spiritual commitment to God. As a result of this, Israel's success was sabotaged by Saul's lack of reliance on God.

You see the enemy – Satan, understands the implications of not relinquishing your hopes, dreams and aspirations to God and letting Him take full control of your life. Don't waste your time and talent creating something that God doesn't want you to.

This happens to many Christians who may turn a desire into a need and expect God to meet that expectation. Remember, God doesn't exist to fulfill our dreams – He uses us to accomplish His purpose. You just can't do this with willpower. The Bible said we don't wage war the way people of the world wage war, we have the power beyond our own will to help us overcome and secure our victory.

Perhaps you're reading this right now and thinking you've waited for so long and never seem to believe your best days may be ahead of you.

I have news for you. The Bible tells us eyes have not seen, ears haven't heard, hearts have not conceived the great things that God has in store for those that love Him. He will do exceedingly, abundantly, above all you ask, or think - God said what I want to do for you is far beyond what you're asking or thinking. Do not rob yourself or sell yourself short because you're so attached to your dreams. God's pick for you is always the best.

Sometimes, you must be willing to detach yourself from the life you've thought you wanted and allow yourself to move on without answers! God only gives closure when closure is necessary for you to move forward - He does not give closure when the enemy wants to use closure to trap you in your past, to make you keep revisiting something God is trying to get you to bury so that you can move on into the future.

Do not linger in spiritual immaturity and have it sabotage your success. You can't manipulate God. He knows how to fill your well at the right time. Today your future may be calling you, and you are stuck awaiting an explanation from God with your failed expectations or waiting for answers to questions you don't need answers for.

Lean into who, and what you **do** know - Jesus!

Trust must be present, when answers are absent. We must be willing to advance without answers. We must admit the emotional attachment to the life we were in love with - Someone or something that couldn't take us any further and rather, run to the well that Christ so desires to put in us, springing up to eternal life that we don't have to thirst anymore.

When God meets our inner needs with the provision of His presence, we can be certain that part of His provision will be to give us:

Contentment - A deep and abiding inner peace and calm

Strength - Great courage and fortitude to endure all things

Fulfillment - A full and satisfying feeling of supply related to our purpose on this earth.

*Trust must be present,
when answers are absent.*



"When you are walking through the unimaginable, don't ever feel that you are required to keep your chin up and be "a good witness". The perfect Lamb of God made it crystal clear that some things are simply hard to face, some things we can't do on our own. Jesus asked His closest friends to be with Him when He prayed. Friends can't take the pain of life away but they can make us feel less alone. When you are in the Gethsemane of your own, you don't really want other's words, just their presence.

- Sheila Walsh, "Praying Women"

DAY TEN

STOP AND TAKE NOTICE

Lilli Chan
In2One Church, Stouffville



I grew up going to church and I feel like I was a Sunday Christian for most of my life. I felt like going to church was a duty my parents put on me. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed church when I was there, I would sing during worship, I would hear an inspiring message and feel great or repentant, but as soon as I was heading home, everything went back to normal and nothing really changed.

My Christian journey has been up and down since I was a kid. I joined the Eastridge Women's Wednesday morning bible studies a few years ago and began opening my Bible during the week again and spent time praying during the day, besides at meal times.

When Covid-19 lockdown started (March 2020), I read a Facebook post that challenged me to consider how I would spend my time. I admit to binge watching Netflix with my Husby for the first week and I enjoyed spending time with him.

Our schedules were clear like most people staying home, but oddly I would wake up really early in the morning and felt drawn to read my Bible or a devotional. Later I spent my days watching a free online Old Testament college program, listening to sermons, and looking for Bible studies.

With all the craziness in the world, I began reflecting, and was struck with awe at God's grace, patience, and love. It's interesting how a pandemic helped me stop and take notice of God's hand in my life. And throughout my life and hard times, God has been there.

In 2011, about four years into marriage, after the death of my beloved dog of nine years, and a year or so of trying to get pregnant and going to a fertility clinic, I was given a medical diagnosis that changed my life. I was told I have a meningioma, a slow growing non-malignant brain tumour, I later named it Jack. I decided to keep my diagnosis a secret (a part from telling three people) because my Neurologist assured me it would grow slowly and that old age would get me before I had to do anything about the tumour. The secret of the diagnosis quietly changed me from being confident, outgoing and sociable to isolating myself, feeling depressed and being really fake around people.

In 2015, the diagnosis took a turn from "watch and wait" to "Lilli, it's been steadily growing and you'll need a craniotomy soon", well that was horrible news to me and that further changed me. I became super fearful and a ball of anxiety. I felt extreme

fear that life was over as I knew it, my comfortable healthy life was gone. My thoughts circled around dying because my grandmother had a brain tumour and did not regain consciousness after surgery. My thoughts also circled around surviving, but living the rest of my life lonely and frustrated hearing that the likelihood of “deficits”, the doctors called it, would be high. I felt guilt and shame for keeping the diagnosis to myself, like I wasn't being honest with friends and family. I would bombard Husby with "what if" questions and I would ask if he would care for me or still love me, if I had deficits. Which were non-issues for him but he had trouble reassuring me with the unknowns in our future. He didn't verbalize his thoughts and that made me feel so unloved and unlovable. Our communication became non-existent and my marriage was shaken.

I didn't turn to God right away but looking back, God was reaching out and He placed the right people in my life at the right time. In 2017, a cousin told me to attend his church and I was prayed for by the ministry team. I felt peace for the first time in a long time and I accepted that God was in control no matter what happens. In 2018, Jack miraculously stabilized and has been shrinking since (Praise God!). Prayers were answered, I could continue to postpone surgery and I'm continuously given peace. My marriage was slowly restored and I just know that I'll be okay whether I need surgery one day or not. I stopped living in fear and began loving who I was in Christ, loving God for who He is and has been.

God has been so patient with me. Calling me gently to trust Him, get to know Him, and fall in love with Him. He's slowly changing me. This year has been pretty crazy, but it's been the best year for me spiritually to stop my somewhat busy life, seek Him and see Him, and love Him back wholeheartedly.

Prayer: Dear God, you truly are a good father. Thank you for loving us and choosing us first. Thank you for sending your son to die for us so we can have a relationship with you. Thank you for the power of your Holy Spirit who reveals who you are to us. Thank you for this life and grace of time so that we can build a relationship with you. I pray for all my sisters that we may we thirst and hunger to know you better and fall in love with you more each day. In Jesus' name I pray, Amen

“Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; and he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened.”

- Matthew 7:7-8



DAY ELEVEN

HURTIN' MUSIC

*Lori Doner Jones
Springvale Church*



I love country music. There it is – my confession, that I am a lover of country music. As a child my dad used to make us listen to country music on road trips, and I always hated it. He called it “hurtin’ music” and in fact, it felt like it did hurt me to listen to it. But somehow, like it was baked into my skin, by the time I was in my 20’s I had learned to love it. By then, it was less my dad’s twangy “hurtin’ music” and more an updated version, but nonetheless they were still wearing cowboy hats and singing about the same simplistic old, “my wife left, and took the dog with her” lyrics!

In 1990, Garth Brooks released a song called “Unanswered Prayers” where he describes a moment of realization at a football game, that sometimes the unanswered prayers of life, are in fact, a blessing.

*“Sometimes I thank God
For unanswered prayers
Remember when you’re talkin’
To the man upstairs
That just because he doesn’t answer doesn’t mean
he don’t care
‘Cause some of God’s greatest gifts
Are unanswered prayers”*

Ah Garth ...truly a timeless genius!

I think as Christians we can relate to the idea that sometimes our unanswered prayer was actually a blessing... BUT maybe, what we don’t anticipate or discuss as believers, is the moment where we see God **answer** our prayers but it’s nothing like we asked for, and maybe feels more like a curse or a punishment from God. Maybe He gives you your desire, but the cost is severe, and almost too high a price to pay. Maybe you wanted your prayer answered in *your* way, and right now, you can't see *His* plan.

We think answered prayer is going to be a celebration, but sometimes it’s a struggle. My good friend Deborah recently told me this is what it is to “Suffer in His Glory”. That phrase has given me some pause to think as of late.... What is it to ‘Suffer in His Glory’? It makes a far less catchy country song title doesn’t it?

Sometimes as He’s revealing Himself, as He’s answering the prayer so close to our heart, there’s unbearable suffering that we did not expect or want, as His plan collides with our desires. Over the summer, I spent some time in Mark Batterson’s book “Draw the Circle” where he discusses “praying for your Jericho”- the obstacle or thing in your life that needs divine intervention in which to experience a breakthrough. Your Jericho, is the prayer that seems insurmountable, unattainable... unfixable... unless God obliterates the walls

separating you from your triumph; unless God steps in and hands you a victory.

Here's the truth I think we miss in the Jericho story: the Israelites needed to participate – they needed to walk around those walls in obedience, even when it made no sense. They needed to step out in faith, and when God brought those walls down as ONLY He could, His people came face to face with their enemy. Though their victory was promised, they still had to fight. **There was still a battle.**

God *could* have destroyed their enemy for them. He could have burned Jericho down at any time without any assistance from the Israelites. He's God ! He didn't *need* them to walk around the walls – so why did He ask them to? God answered their prayer - He was giving them their promised land, finally after years in the wilderness, *but they still needed to take it*. When the walls of Jericho fell – the battle had just begun.

I think sometimes we feel like God is going to hand us our Jericho, and we won't have to get dirty or do any work; that we won't have to face our enemy. Instead, He promises our victory, but says "go take what I gave you", knowing the fight will make us strong, and prepare us for the next battle. In this, He is teaching us, that we will need to step out in faith and learn to trust and rely on Him for every step along the way, even when it makes no sense, even when the odds are against us, even when we don't want to.... ***even when it hurts.***

Sometimes I think God puts a mountain in front of us. As we are walking up the mountain, we rely on Him with each step, because we know the trek upward is so hard. However, we expect that when we get to the top, the downhill side will be easy, everything will be smooth from there on out - but it's not always that way. Sometimes, when we finally get to the top – where we can see God answering the prayers we've prayed to get there.... maybe it doesn't look like we expected. Maybe the journey down the other side seems too difficult to face, fraught with even more unexpected obstacles and hardship. Maybe it's worse than the uphill journey, because we can *see* how gruelling the road ahead is. Maybe we are tempted to just sit down at the top of that mountain and refuse to finish our journey, or worse, turn back and look into the past and refuse to move forward. I think sometimes as Christians, this is where we get stuck.

When the Israelites left Egypt, they did just that. They grumbled about God bringing them into the wilderness to die. They complained about the food, and just about everything else, even though God had ended their enslavement; even though their lives in Egypt were terribly oppressed, they still found it difficult to move forward into God's plan for them. They *still* ended up wandering the wilderness for 40 years because of their lack of faith, and their disobedience, even though they had

seen, first hand, amazing miracles. They still lingered and longed for their expectation. They were paralyzed by **their want**, and **their will**, rather than trusting what God desired to give them.

It took them 40 years to finally be ready to enter the land promised to them, and in fact, many of them never saw their promise fulfilled; not because God wasn't willing to give it, but because they sabotaged themselves and just wouldn't obey and trust Him. They were intent on "their expectation" - and this cost them the life that God was offering them.

When the Israelites went to take Jericho and enter their land, God told them on the last day to march around the city 7 times. I googled how long that would take, and it's estimated that they would have walked 7-10 hours on the last day -*before* they took the city.

I would imagine if I walked 7-10 hours, I might be pretty tired; maybe not in the best shape to go to war. *That's how I feel at the top of my mountain* - like I am exhausted from the climb, and now, with my victory in sight, I am so very tired that I want to stop. I am too tired to finish well. I wonder if it's worth it.... I wonder if I have what it takes to climb over the rubble of the walls God has removed, and go take what God has destined for me. I wonder if, when the struggle climaxes in the final battle, when I am almost there... I am more inclined to want to wander and grumble in the wilderness a while longer, rather than go take my promised land.

*Even though God asks my obedience to **step out in faith**.....*

*Even though He has told me that **He is with me**....*

*Even though His Word has said that **I will overcome**....*

Sometimes we miss God's movement in our lives while we are suffering. Sometimes it's hard to see Him at all. Sometimes His *answers* hurt and challenge us more profoundly than His unanswered prayers. Sometimes the unfolding of HIS plan for us, is also the death of our plans, as He draws us close.

This is where my walk with God feels a little like a country song. The ending is foretold, the human characters are filled with woe and poor choices, there's happiness and sadness, tragedy and recovery, one struggle ends and yet another begins ... Sometimes like a country song, I feel as though I am wandering my childhood home, looking for my broken pieces, or wallowing in sadness waiting for my (metaphorical) dog to come home, or I am waiting for my storm to end, as the thunder rolls.... I strive and suffer, hope and despair, love and lose, all while wrestling with my expectations versus God's plan; bound for failure in my own strength, and yet destined for more, when I finally surrender control to Him.

Through it all, He is faithful. He is the Truth, when my truth is a little skewed. He is the light in my darkness, even when I can't feel Him close, and the noise in my head makes Him seem silent. He is ever present and continuing to bless me – through both my unanswered disappointments and also in answered prayers that aren't answered the way I wanted. Even when "I suffer in His Glory "...there He is, showing me glimpses of Himself, in the "Hurtin' Music" soundtrack of my **love story** with Him.

Sometimes for today - *for this moment* - all you need is a "glimpse" of Him, to help you find the courage to take the first step down the other side of that mountain, and be one step closer to your promised land.

Prayer:

Lord, today help us to take that one step that your prompting us to take.

"If it's distracting you from Jesus, it's time to let go."

- quote from Danielle Stickland via Instagram



Lyrics to "Even When it Hurts" - By: Hillsong UNITED

Take this fainted heart
Take these tainted hands
Wash me in your love
Come like grace again

Even when my strength is lost
I'll praise you
Even when I have no song
I'll praise you
Even when it's hard to find the words
Louder then I'll sing your praise
I will only sing your praise

Take this mountain weight
Take these ocean tears
Hold me through the trial
Come like hope again

Even when the fight seems lost
I'll praise you
Even when it hurts like hell
I'll praise you
Even when it makes no sense to sing
Louder then I'll sing your praise
I will only sing your praise

I will only sing your praise
I will only sing your praise
I will only sing your praise

And my heart burns only for you
You are all
you are all I want
And my soul waits only for you
And I will sing till the morning has come
Lord my heart burns only for you
You are all you are all I want
And my soul waits only for you
And I will sing till the miracle comes

I will only sing your praise
I will only sing your praise
I will only sing your praise

Even when the morning comes
I'll praise you
Even when the fight is won
I'll praise you
Even when my time on earth is done
Louder then I'll sing your praise
I will only sing your praise



To view the corresponding video series

Great EXPECTATIONS

see www.readyforrevival.ca



the prayer closet

if you need prayer, please join us virtually
Mondays 10-11 am
Saturdays 8-9 am
contact us for the zoom link or for personal requests at
pray@springvale.org

see www.springvale.org/women for upcoming events

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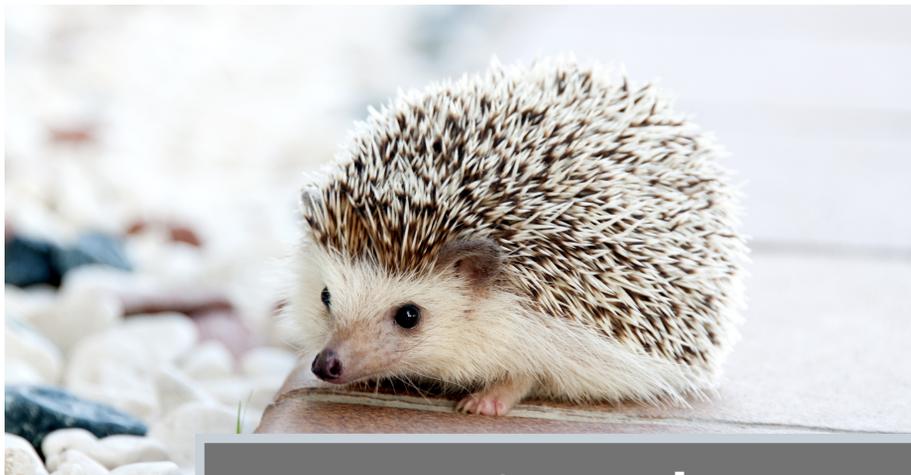
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