

*365 Silver-Winged  
Prayers: Your Spirit to God's*

*Touching God Series 3*

*Katheryn Maddox Haddad*





# January

## January 1

Mighty God, conceiver, founder, and Creator of this vast cosmos. You are beyond thought, beyond imagination, beyond human mind. You are greater than any galaxy, mightier than any sun, gentler than the softest feather. And, oh, your ability to love ~ it conquers everything that is bad because love is the strongest essence in existence. Because of this, you created me. Lowly me. Your thoughts never leave me, your kindness never ceases, the honor of your presence never flies away. I extol you, honor you, and bow at your feet.

Please forgive me for not thinking of others more than myself. I get so caught up in my own life, I hide my eyes from others' needs, others' goals, others' plights. Open my eyes and heart to them and help me be willing to leave my little world to spread your love abroad.

Thank you for loving me. You show it every day in the earth I tread, the food I eat, the birds that fly around me for my entertainment. You are in my every delight, my every movement, my every song. I am surrounded and protected by your high walls of salvation, your waters of life, and your light of truth. How can I thank you for all you have done for me?

## *January 2*

I praise you, Lord Jehovah, Creator of all things, lover of all people, and keeper of my soul. You gave me freedom of will so I could choose my own path. You gave me freedom of will to acknowledge you or not, follow you or not, love you or not. You gave me the freedom to allow you into my life, my heart, my soul. Without this freedom I would just be a robot. If I declared I loved you, it would not be true love. True love has a choice. Such love is like an easy breeze on a warm day, like gentle snowflakes on a cold day. So, at the beginning of this new year, I proclaim my love for you.

The other day I yelled at my children, not because they had done anything wrong, but because I was feeling rotten inside and needed to yell at someone. Can you forgive me for being verbally abusive to the little ones whom I love?

I thank you for being with me all last year. It held surprises, of course. Among them were the many ups and downs. My dreams were dreamed and a few came true. And now I look out my window at another spectacular dawn. You have given us a new dawn how many times since you created us? Each dawn holds a promise of starting anew. You are the God of second chances. Thank you for standing by mankind no matter how bad we get. Thank you for standing by me. I know you are there and my heart bows to you in crystal gratitude.

## *January 3*

Oh, how I praise you, God of magnificent glory who does everything just right. You made angels to be in your presence as your servants. You made us to be farther away, but as your children. How you do love us. I guess sometimes I envy the angels because they are always

in your presence. But they envy humans. I am your child. I belong to your royal family. What honor. What privilege. What dignity you bestow upon me. And some day, I will behold you as you are and worship you on bended knees.

Forgive me when I become afraid of people because I fear they will turn on me. If I was dead and only Jesus lived in me, they would not be able to hurt me. Help me not be selfish.

Thank you, God, for all you have done for us through history. We are the center of your world as children are to a loving parent. How you grieve when we fall, and rejoice when we return. Thank you for materializing your words in the form of Jesus. Oh, to have been able to see and touch him. I am convinced that will happen someday and I will be one with you as the golden rays of sunshine are one with the steadfast sun.

## *January 4*

Lord God in whom I live, I move, and I have my being. I touch you with my spirit, feel your presence with my heart, and hear you in the wind. Oh, to be able to be with you. How I long for that day of days. I care not how I leave this world and enter yours. I care not if it be by disease or injury, whether in peace time or war, whether while at my ease or by torture. Your world is as far beyond my imagination as living in the dark and one day seeing everything through rays of sun.

Forgive me those fleeting moments when I fear death. Help me see that all I do is close my eyes in this world and open them in yours. Everyone fears the unknown. But with you beside me, there is no unknown.

Thank you for friends. No matter how difficult the world gets, you give me friends. A friend is like honey when I am hungry, a stream of living water when I am thirsty, a barrier between me and my disappointments. We mirror each other, we encourage each other, we lift each other up, and in the doing give each other a little bit of heaven on earth. Most of all, you are my Friend and walk with me through life as friends do, hand in hand. Ah, the very thought of walking and talking with my God lifts me to the pinnacle of imagination.

## *January 5*

How I praise you, my Lord Jehovah, for your love ~ loving me enough to help me become strong with an ethereal strength. Strength that burns with a divine energy. When I choose to gather with others and worship instead of watching a ball game, something mystic happens in your world: Satan loses and you win. When someone is mean to me and I respond by telling them there is nothing they can say to get me to stop loving them, Satan loses and you win. Everything Satan does, you can undo. He can make sick, you can heal. He can cause death, you can bring back to life. He can make me sin, you can forgive. What an amazing God you are.

Father, today I let myself be pulled into an argument. They asked a loaded question and I knew they were poised for a fight. I knew just by looking at their grin. "Do you believe that..." I knew, but instead of saying, "It doesn't matter what I believe; it is what God says," I answered. From there things went down. Help me bury my ego when people ask me controversial questions.

Thank you for constantly empowering me. The more Satan dumps tragedies on me and I respond by standing up to him, the stronger

I become. You allow Satan just enough to make me strong if I just fight back. Thank you for the privilege. When I fight Satan's tragedies with a positive attitude alongside you, I am ecstatic. Thank you for strength-making tragedies.

## *January 6*

Praises belong to you, Jehovah. You are my father ~ my Father! And so strong. Please win the war for us ~ the war with Satan. I am weak. We all are. You are stronger. He thinks he is winning, but he is not. There may be more people following him on earth but they are like ants compared with the lion-like strength of Christians. Every time he thinks he has convinced one of your children to believe his lies, we rise up and say, "No". You give us that strength. All power and glory and majesty are yours. Of course, you will win! You said so yourself.

Help me keep quiet when groups are talking together and respect other people's time and opinions.

Ah, thank you, my Lord, for the way you taught mankind to trust you. Over and over through the centuries and millenniums you made promises but almost always said, "Later". You understood we need trust and patience. We needed to know victory would eventually come. You could use your power to know the future to help us and give us a reason to keep trying, keep plugging along, keep struggling, keep climbing. I bow before you, my gratitude spills upon your wounded feet, and I worship you.

## *January 7*

I praise you, Lord God, for your great goodness. You continually fight Satan for me in that unseen world. You intercede when



I am too weak, but make me fight when I doubt myself and you. I am never weak when you are near. I cannot see you, but oh how I know when you are at my side. I know when you are stepping between me and danger. I know when you are lifting me up and making me strong. I look up to you, am awed by you, and worship you.

The other day I looked at someone while shopping and wondered what it would be like being married to that person. That was wrong of me. Help me fill my mind with so many good things, such thought are not allowed in.

Thank you, Lord God, for giving me your Words. You have not hidden your Plan from anyone. You created me for a purpose ~ to explain complete forgiveness to your angels and Satan's angels. That's what Ephesians 3 says. So, when Satan convinces someone to be insulting, then I forgive that someone, Satan loses. He can never win as long as there is forgiveness. Thank you for the privilege of fighting alongside you with your strong forgiveness and indomitable love. Oh, and thank you for a warm home on this cold, rainy winter day and for the soft music in the background that I hear and family and friends and the church. My cup overflows.

## *January 8*

Ah, my Lord Jehovah, I praise you ~ God the Father and First Cause of all things, God the Son who carries out the will of the Father, God the Spirit and Life Bringer. In every way you have revealed yourself. In every way you are the white radiance of eternity quivering in the intense delight of divinity. I am not in the dark, wondering about your glorious will for me. You provide light in your Word. You are Word. You



are Light. The rays of your wisdom stream down to me, I catch them, and my heart is filled with You.

Lord God, help me work through forgiving seventy times seven. That's 490 forgiving the same person for sometimes the same thing. So hard to do. Make me die to self so I can.

Your Bible is a gift I shall never tire of because I never have to guess what is going on in the world. It is so astounding, I never comprehend all that is in it ~ about the past, the right now, and the forever future. Your Plan for this world affects the next world ~ your place of ethereal love and joy. I thank you for revealing all this to me through your Words and keeping my heart as receptive as that of a little child.

## *January 9*

You are the fountain of all things, the cause of all things, the manifestation, the life-giver and mover of all things. The thought of you is staggering and beyond my comprehension. Still you reveal yourself and leave it up to me to understand what I can. That understanding is just a shadow, a whisper in this vast cosmos. Someday I will understand ~ well, maybe. Will it ever be possible? I am only human. Still, on that Someday, I will comprehend and praise you more than I ever imagined.

If I stayed to myself and minded my own business, I would not be opening myself up to insults. That's just being a coward. Help me open myself up to taunts. Help me share in the suffering of Jesus.

Your Bible is such a blessing. It is not confusion. It is not chaos in its wondering about this and that. It is not madness in careless guessing. It is order and harmony, peace and tranquility, it is ultimate truth. There it is just waiting for me to discover it. You open your mind and heart to me in your Bible, along with your plans, your movings, your

yearnings for me. A love letter from God it is. When I read, it is as though I am in a mist and seeing you afar. Thank you for your Bible.

## *January 10*

Jehovah, I praise you, for you are greater than the stars in largeness and greater than the atoms in intricacy. You are the music of hearing, the honey of taste, the velvet of touch, the rainbow of sight, the spice of scent. But much more. How I love thinking about you, for your Word says you think about me all the time. What could I achieve in a day without you? How could I think and judge and do in a day without you? How could my soul survive without you?

I argued with my mate this morning over some silly thing. Why do I do it? Help me begin our day with a smile instead.

Ah, thank you, my Lord, for showing me how to live your divine Words. Thank you, Spirit divine, for helping me walk as Jesus walked and speak as Jesus spoke. Such a blessing available to all people and to me. Life is not worth living without you. Thank you for being able to have my very own copy of your Word and the time to read it, study it, and understand it. I am most blest.

## *January 11*

You are what brought the world into existence. Without you, nothing would exist, whether physical, spiritual, mental, or emotional. You are the mover of the world. You are the life of the world, and the lover of my soul. Ah, to be with you and behold you on your throne. You are my light, my heart, my song. You are in the whispers of the wind, the rumblings of the waters, the sighs of a baby.

Time. Forgive me when I misuse time. Sometimes I think Jesus must have been skinny because he never sinned; he never left undone some good he should have done. Help me be more like him.

Thank you, mighty God, for all my blessings. Even if I were without food, I would thank you for the beauty I see. Even if I were without warmth, I would thank you for the warmth in my heart. Even if I were without health, I would thank you for the sweet songs of birds outside my window.

## *January 12*

Ah, Lord God. I praise you for your greatness and minuteness. You dwell in the cosmos and you dwell in each tiny atom. You are directed energy, determined love, the head, heart and soul of the universe. Nature praises your reliability and predictability. My spirit praises you for bringing life and brightness and wonder into the world. When the sun shines on me, I know it is you. When rain drops happily onto the ground, I know it is you. When the rainbow emerges among dark clouds, it, of course, is you.

Help me not look down on people with weaknesses. When I do, it makes me weaker than them.

Your patience with mankind through the centuries is beyond comprehension. You answer sometimes silly (to you) daily prayers while having to keep everything in the cosmos synchronized. And, Jesus, you came at just the right time after mankind had tried everything to be perfect and realized it is impossible. Oh glorious thought ~ all you have done and continue to do to rescue me from Satan and keep the way clear for me to live on the heights with you someday forever. Thank you, too,

for seekers around the world. Send more to me so I can reach out to them. Thank you for their souls that I may offer up to you.

### *January 13*

You are the Maker of all, the Mover of all, the Lover of all. You gave me rules to help me build, grow, and thrive. You hate it when I self-destruct and obey Satan instead and forsake ways. My Maker knows what will make me happy more than anyone. The advice of anyone else is counterfeit. You want for me real life, both now and in the misty but glorious forever. I bow my head to you, fall at your feet, and thank you for loving me with such intensity.

I think I am becoming arrogant. I act like my way is the only way. Please forgive me and humble me.

Ah, Lord God, how can I express my gratitude for you revealing yourself to me in a book. It is all there. As deep as I can handle and fathom. As broad and high as I can digest and comprehend. So much. Your mind is wide open to me. And your heart. Oh, yes. Your heart. Thank you. And thank you for my health and warmth on this cold day.

### *January 14*

I praise you but cannot praise you enough. You have done everything necessary to save me from the terrible fate Satan has ready for me. You continue to struggle with me to help me win. Win over Satan and Death. Win to live and love forever. I cling to you. I fall at your feet unworthy. I sin but you save me anyway. Whatever blessing you have crowned me with, I return that crown to you. Only you, my Lord, deserve the crown.

Please forgive me when I feel sorry for myself. If I were truly dead with Christ living in me, I would have nothing left of my ego. It would be dead and gone. The next time I start to feel sorry for myself, help me praise instead.

Thank you, Jehovah God, for your fascinating Word, the Bible filled with words to live by, act by, and love by. I learn something new and exciting nearly every day. It titillates my imagination with new truths. How can that be? I've been reading it many years. I suppose ~ I know ~ that, if I could understand it all, I would be God. Each spiritual meal I have with the bread of your word gives me strength to keep living, victorious over Satan in this world he only thinks he controls. Ah, my Lord, my heart overflows.

## *January 15*

I praise you, Jehovah, Father and First Cause of all things that live, move, and have their being. You have and are all I need to survive and thrive in this world where Satan is gradually losing his claim to be the ruler. Oh, I know Christians everywhere are lamenting the growing disinterest in and even animosity toward you. But it is not true. You have hundreds of thousands in hiding who have not bowed down to the gods of self. Your church will never die, regardless of how often it is attacked and neglected. They, like me, are drawn to you like a magnet. You are the All Mighty. Just as you will never die, your Bride will never die. All praise belongs to you, all honor, glory, and adoration. I, in strength, fall at your feet and worship you.

I must stop resisting evil people. I must smile and treat such people special. I must do it. Forgive me when I go back to resisting. Help me do as you do.



Ah, how I thank you, God, for your Bible and pouring out your heart in it. Sharing all the pain you felt through the ages when your loved ones sinned, keeping faith in them anyway, and feeling joy when they stood up for right. How you love me, your child, and set me on your knee so you can tell me the stories of long ago as warnings and encouragements to me today. As I read, I can imagine you smiling and nodding and whispering, "Keep reading, my child. There's more. I put it there just for you."

## *January 16*

Jehovah, you are the highest. There is none other above you. You are most powerful and commanding, most radiant and glorious, most intelligent and logical. You are the only giver of life. You are the conqueror of nothingness and chaos, death and fear, grief and unhappiness. Nothing can change you. Every day Satan tries, but he cannot win. His ego is so large, he really thinks he can overpower you, but it is an empty, selfish and hollow dream. Ah, my Lord God, I will always be yours.

Lord, sometimes I want to exercise my authority over yours. Sometimes I want to pretend you didn't declare some of your hard saying and tell myself you didn't mean what you said.

Thank you for your Plan for mankind. You did not make us and then forget us. How many so-called gods of the world did just that? They have no personality, or they do but are wrapped up in human-like squabbling with other gods. How foolish to believe in them. You think about us all the time and provide your Bible so we will understand the way to escape Satan's traps and run to your protective arms in heaven.



You love me as a strong and tender Father. The Creator of all things loves me! How can I thank you?

## *January 17*

Ah, my Lord God. I praise your life which is eternal, your logic which alone is truth, your example which dared to materialize on this temporary earth. You are more powerful than darkness and death, ruin and chaos, apathy and lies. You do, you have, and you will overcome evil. Evil is just a dark shadow against the brilliance of your power of Good. Evil is confusion and rebellion and egos that try to make themselves higher than you. Your throne will stand forever, your crown rule for eternity, your diadem stand forevermore.

I fail to forgive because I'm afraid they'll prove me wrong and do it again. You forgive my repeating sins so why should I not theirs.

Thank you, Jesus, for taking my place. Living and being perfect for me because I could not do it. Dying and descending to hell in my place because I could have never broken out like you did. You, Lord God, did the impossible by overcoming both Death and Satan for me. I am the guilty one. I was being held for ransom by Satan. The only ransom he would accept is the death of God. You gave him what he wanted, then tricked him by coming back to life. Satan may as well have given up then. But he is stubborn and clings to his empty ego. You are more stubborn and cling to your unconquerable love for mankind. I fall at your wounded feet with tears and whisper my feeble Thank You.

## *January 18*

The stars praise you, oh God, with their singing. The mountains praise you with their rumbling. The meadows praise you with their

whisperings. The oceans praise you with their ebb and flow in tune with the rest of the universe. Ah, my Lord, to be with you without Satan always trying to lure me away from you. His lies won't work, Lord! I will not let them. And when I am weak, you will stand between us not let him get to me. Nothing praises Satan except emptiness, shadows and hollow egos. All things good and grand and glorious and praise you now and forever.

Lord, sometimes I eat too much. Why do I do that? The taste is with me but a moment, then whisks away and I have to take another bite to get it back. And another. And another. Help me eat until I am no longer hungry instead of when I am full and about to burst.

Thank you for my family and friends. Thank you for the animals that sometime show more love than do humans. And for birds that hop around and flutter and fly and sing to me. And the fish that wiggle and splash and sparkle. And touch ~ the softness of cotton, the smoothness of silk. Bumpy tree bark and smooth flower pedals. And knowing for sure that spring will return some day.

## *January 19*

Lord God, you can reach into the depths of my heart and up to the heights of the universe. Your words materialize by whatever means you chose ~ in a burning bush, in the form of an angel, in the body of Jesus. I sight and dream a little about the day I shall see him for myself coming in the clouds. Sometimes I look up in white billowy clouds wondering how it will be. Ah, the wonder of it all. Celebrations and tears, laughter and embraces. I'm on my way home, Lord. I'm on my way home.

Help me recognize that, when explaining a problem I have, it is actually complaining and not beneficial to anyone. Help me hand all problems over to you and smile at people.

Thank you, Lord God, master of my heart, for being the Captain of my Salvation. You give your marching orders and feel my pulse race as I wonder if I will do you proud. You can hear my thoughts and connect with them. Though you are my Lord and Master, I am the joy of your heart and you are the joy of mine.

## *January 20*

I praise you, eternal God, who always was and always will be. You are all light and love and truth. You are the way that takes me from troubles on earth to safety in your realm. You are the way that leads me through dry deserts of sighs, meadows of everyday doings, mountains of victory. You are alive in my heart and my soul soars to you.

Yesterday I bragged to people about something I made. Forgive my sins of attitude so I can be more like you. Instead of bragging on myself, help me brag on others.

Thank you, God, for your Bible that tells of your dealings with mankind so I can know what you expect of me. Thank you for your amazing love. You let me learn from my own mistakes. Afterward, you let me return to you and say, "You were right" and love me all the more. Thank you for fighting for me in a spirit realm to which I have never been and do not understand. And taking my place and encountering Satan in that realm and crushing his head. How can I, so weak, thank you?

## *January 21*

I praise you in the morning, at noon, in the evening, in the darkness of night. I praise you with my morning songs, my smiles, my laughter. I praise you with the confidence I feel deep inside, knowing you have everything under control. You fill my day and protect my night. Many people do not like you, but that's because they believe Satan's lies that you do not like them. With all my might, I will tell the world one person at a time how you do love them and stand ready to receive them into your heart.

Please forgive me when I hold back, afraid to forgive and set myself up for them to do it to me again. Help me forgive and let you take control. I cannot change others, but I can change myself.

Thank you for winter when the trees and soil get to rest. It is a time for me to rest too. In winter I have more time to connect with other people, even though I often have to get out in the cold to do it. That's okay. The temperature may be cold out there, but my heart is warm. Come spring, the trees and soil will return to life with new gladness and bear fruit and flowers and exciting aromas again. Come spring I will be out there enjoying all the fresh splendor as your gifts to me. I will invite my friends to join me there. Sometimes we will walk together under the branches of great and small trees, just as some day you will invite me to join you under the branches of the Tree of Life.

## *January 22*

I praise and adore you, Lord God of heaven and earth. Of angels and people. Of stars and beasts. Of galaxies and molecules. So great and so miniscule ~ too large and too small for me to even see. You are in all. You made all. Your glory and might and wonders are reflected in all. You are my Maker, my Defender, the Lover of my soul. You make

darkness light. You make rough roads smooth. You make my chains break and fall away. I feel so warm and loved in your presence. You alone are worthy of worship.

Lord, I am ashamed. I was brutal the other day ~ brutal with my words. Even though I was smiling when I said those things, they were still hurtful. I am so sorry.

Thank you, Jesus, for all your sacrifices. Over and over you sacrificed ~ heaven, a normal childhood, being a suspected bastard, being hounded by would-be assassins for two years. You went in and out of hiding. You dared them to live what they demanded of others. They hated you for it. They tortured you, insulted you, crucified you. Then death and hell. So much. Because of my sins. My sins. You never gave up. Your love is unfathomable.

## *January 23*

I praise you, Jehovah, full to overflowing with power and might and glory. No one has power except what you give. No one has truth except what you grant. No one has life except what you provide. Without you there is no light and life, no love or truth. I lift up the eyes of my heart and see you afar off. I lift up the eyes of my soul and feel you next to me. I am in awe of you. You deserve all worship.

Last night I went to a friend's house. I did not know anyone else was invited. Everyone got drunk and laughed so loud the neighbors probably heard, told dirty jokes, tripped over furniture and was out of control. I joined them for a while until my ears started ringing. Or was it you? Were you knocking on my door and whispering, "Go on home"? Forgive my lack of control.



Thank you, Jesus, for coming to show me how to live and how to die. You were stubborn in your love. You insisted on never denying the truth. You insisted on standing when everyone wanted you to fall. Someday if times come to that, grant me the privilege of dying for you just as you did for me. With you, death is but a door to real, true life. I fall at your feet unworthy of your undying love. Thank you also for my family and their love and peace and care. And for the church and your divine words.

## *January 24*

I adore you, Jehovah, God of the universe and God of my heart, my soul, my very being. I will spend my days searching your Word to follow you closer and know you better. When I read your words, I am filled with awe and wonder. You thought of everything to include in it for me. Some is advice, but most are examples of others who rose or fell and why they did. Ah, Lord God, you are the ultimate example of rising and never falling. You are what I strive to be. I will never rise that high, I know this. So I will continue to worship you.

Help me think of others' feelings when I see them. Help me ask them what they're doing and feeling every time I contact them. Help me steer the conversation away from me and be all about them.

Thank you, Jesus, for being my Passover Lamb. You died so I wouldn't have to. Now, every Sunday I eat the representation of your body and think of the sins ~ my sins ~ that caused all your mental and physical anguish. I take a sip of the representation of your blood. How could I ever take your precious blood for granted? The cup ~ your blood drained from your body ~ was all for me. All for me. I fall at your feet and



wash them with the tears of my remorse and wipe those tears away as you did my sins.

## *January 25*

Ah, Lord, God of the universe and of my soul. You made all things beautiful and lovely. You made the stars sing and my heart joins them in their songs. You made the lions to roar, the squirrels to squeak, the birds to warble and I join them in delight at their happiness. Ah, beautiful earth and sky that you made for my pleasure. Ah, Mighty One. Gallant One. Soul and Strength of heaven and earth. How I adore you.

Some people were telling coarse jokes yesterday and I laughed at them. I am sorry. Such jokes demean other people and you. Forgive me for not walking away.

Thank you, my Lord, for food every day, stores to go to when I need something, automobiles to travel in, the warmth of fireplaces and furnaces and electric power in wintertime. Thank you for cozy friendships, golden cords of family, and happy surprises of strangers I have not yet happened to meet. Thank you most of all for the food of your wonderful words and your friendship that is so deep, not even hell can break it.

## *January 26*

You alone are worthy of all praise. You are the God of my mind, my heart, my soul, my spirit, my being. You are in me, around me, over me, below me. You are my breath, my heart beat, my pulse of life. You are the nerve center of all my senses. You are the wonder in my imaginings, the serendipity of my dreams, the flickering light of my hopes. You are the

reason I live now and the cause I will live forever. I am in awe of you and worship you.

Help me not be the one people ask for protection from. Help me never do or say anything to make me anyone's enemy. Give me a gentle heart and soothing lips.

Thank you, Lord God, for protecting me, even in times when I do not know I am in danger. You dwell in heaven, in the mysterious world between, and on earth. You are everywhere and you reign victoriously everywhere. You are so good and do not tolerate bad. You are merciful and do not tolerate arrogance. You bring me back to you when I sin, gently chide me, then fold me within your loving arms. I cannot stop thanking you.

## *January 27*

I praise you Jehovah for life and power. I praise you for sight and sound. I praise you for your word and logic. You are my all. Without your tranquility, all that would be left is chaos and disharmony. Without your light and serenity, all that would be left is darkness and agony. Without your dwelling place, all that would be left is hell. I struggle to know all about you. You are like a magnet, always drawing me to you. I willingly submit, longing to worship you in greater fullness.

Forgive me when I complain. I know it is a sin; you said so in your Bible. Maybe complaining and accusing are the same thing. I do not want to be like Satan. Rescue me and forgive me.

Thank you, God of life and power, God of seeing and hearing, God of word and logic. You prove all you are, and do it so I do not have to guess or imagine you. You are good, even when you must punish me. I

bless your name, honor your glorious reign, and struggle with you to become stronger and more like you, my God.

## *January 28*

You are the God of creation, God of mind, God of live giving and re-giving. You are always with me. I adore you. I am giddy with excitement over you. How you love me! Growing weak at the thought, I sink to my knees in adoration. I know I am not worthy of your immeasurable kindness. Oh, look! You are leaning low and whispering a song to me. Now you're lifting me up to you, and...and... you're showing me your favorite stars. Ah, my Lord...

Lord, when people talk mean to or act mean toward me, help me to just tell them, "There is nothing you can say or do to keep me from loving you". Help me die to myself and become more like you.

Thank you, Lord God, for your Bible, for thinking about me, for coming to the world, materializing so we could hear and see you. So much you gave up. Help me understand sacrifice from your example. Such strong love you have for me that you will never let me go. Such tender love you have for me. Someday you will end all suffering and take me home to rest with you. How can I begin to thank you?

## *January 29*

Ah, Lord God, you are complete goodness, complete logic and truth, complete love and sacrifice, complete light and life. You make yourself known in every way, sometimes in ways unexpected to the delight of my soul. I look up and am filled with both laughter and awe. I look inward and am filled with your Spirit and your Life. I close my eyes and am filled with the heart of my Maker. I adore you.

Today I attended a chapel where there were many young people. Instead of singing and praying, a few of them were on their computers or cell phones. I wept for them. I thought about saying something to them about your love after chapel but left early. Forgive me. Enter their heart and let them know how much you love them.

Thank you for the honor you have given all Christians to be priests, serving before your throne. I give you the sacrifices of my lips, my hands, my feet. I give you the wonder of my heart. I offer you my blood if Satan ever causes that day and hour to come, just as you offered your blood. And, when I at last walk through the gate of safety, I will serve you with blissful delight and worship you, for eternity.

## *January 30*

I adore you, God. You are existence and order, peace and tranquility, love and light. Without you there is chaos. Did you make the earth, and was it Satan who brought chaos on it? Did you intercede for me and bring order and beauty to the world? Did Satan make darkness, so you outdid him with light? Did you make Paradise, then Satan tried to ruin it? But paradise is now safe in your home. The Tree of Life is there and all ready for me to come home to enjoy paradise, and this time, forever.

Lord, I caught myself complaining again yesterday. Why do I do that? Complaining is the same thing as blaming you, for nothing happens without your permission. When I complain, I am obeying Satan, the constant accuser. Help me see that complaining is the same thing as accusing you for not making my life better and making life here heaven on earth? Return that smile to my lips.

Everything about you is bound together with love. Thank you for creating me so I may love and adore you in return. Thank you for standing back and letting Satan get to me so that I may flex my spiritual muscles and become even stronger. Thank you for problems and setbacks and rejections so I may rise above them all with you as my strength. And thank you for my family and health and warmth, food and clothing on this cold winter day.

### *January 31*

How can I praise you enough, Jehovah, my Maker, my Love, my Life? You are all that I am, all that I need, all that I long for. And to think that, of the thousands praying to you right now, you hear me! Ah, to comprehend you completely. I know it is not possible with my finite mind. I am restless to see you some day in your realm, in the heavenly realm. Someday I will slip away and, with a whisper and a sigh, I will enter your presence, and understand. Until then, my soul will praise you.

Oh, Lord, keep me from being conceited. Help me bury my ego and see others as better than me. Everyone is better than others in some way. Help me find it and forget myself.

Jesus, you were God's presence in the pillar out in the wilderness those forty years long ago. You were in the water of life that flowed from the rock for thirsty nomads. You were in the bread that fell from heaven for your hungry people. Finally, you were in the body of Jesus, the man. How great you are. You are always with me in whatever form I need. I think you are also in the curiosity of a child, the courage of the handicapped, the voice of a singer. In that other realm, you are the sword that overcomes Satan, the truths that expose Satan, the Life and Love that scares Satan silly. You cannot win! The holy God is stronger and

will be victorious over you in the true war of the worlds. I am on his side and will always thank him for fighting you in a way I cannot. Satan, you will not win!

