

# The Dwelling Place of My Lord...

A stand before a window once closed.  
| no longer sit gazing outward  
unable to touch what  
| saw happening  
all around  
me.

Once disconnected quite alone  
| would wait patiently for  
something | knew  
not or what  
it be.

Connected to all | see | now  
understand what | did  
not know then.

**C**reation once hidden, the **G**ood concealed.

    I now flow within it as it is the  
        more I seeked and seldom found.

**L**ooking within I find an ever expansiveness  
    that was trapped and hidden away  
        for today, once latent in  
            every tomorrow.

**M**y fears are but of memories of a deep  
    darkness that once befriended  
        me, an uninvited enemy,

**L**ove has filled the deepest of void.

**C**ompassion and kindness nestle within  
    this new heart that is as a cup  
        that knows no limits  
            any longer.

**A** new heart able to pour forth more and  
    more and more then to be refilled  
        with even *a greater measure*.

Abundance breeched my deepest depravity.

The love of a mother I never knew  
I have found

## Within My Father...

Bountiful are the blessings that  
flow from The Well That Is Deep.

The once vast wasteland has become a dwelling  
place for My God and His Spirit.

Timeless is the day once  
guided by the tick  
tock of the  
clock.

Every day is as a new meal served...  
The table set before me with all  
that I could possibly  
need or want.

The old table rigid and cold where  
the mice come for crumbs  
has faded away.

Delectable is this new cuisine that  
fills more than the stomach,  
reaching the deep  
places within  
my house.

Sweet as honey is the repose where  
prose fills the day and the  
night with light.

The day that was once night brings forth light  
as the brook that flows fed of the  
rains that then becomes  
as the river.

The pond that is My Spirit is calm  
knowing no storms nor  
the calamity of  
trespass.

I am well protected under  
The Tree That Brings Forth Life.

The fields that are my resting place are  
my many caresses; blown with  
the gentle breeze of  
His embrace  
am ].

Oh to know that these things existed,  
waiting for me to leave the  
old places in search  
of the new.

Longing quelled in the spirit that  
long suffers for a time  
for all to share  
together.

That all might know The God I know,  
that they may grow as the  
beautiful flowers  
they are.

...In the ground that is tilled, deep and rich....  
A place nurtured and well cared for.

It matters not where I dwell,  
It matters how I live,  
that I live fully.  
It matters not what I have,  
It matters that I need no longer,  
that I want no more than  
I am granted and I  
am grateful.

My God made the universe and  
one day sitting on the  
stoop I asked...

Why did you make the universe that is so expansive ?  
And God answered me and said  
“For I Do no small thing.”

In this response from Above I now understand  
why I feel so ever expansive, so much  
larger in this my frame.

It is because I was made with the  
same Hand that brought  
forth the earth,  
the heavens  
and all that is found therein  
that Is Good And Made Perfect.

The Hand of God Brought Forth  
this me that I am that Is of Him,  
**The Greatest I AM.**

As a new life glowing that once  
reflected The Light of  
heaven above.

Once as a candle without a light,  
rekindled with a new fire  
that once was and  
now forever  
shall be.

...though walking unknowing of this for so long,  
sitting to only observe from behind a closed window...

I have been granted A New Dwelling Place  
where all of the windows are open,  
shared From On High...

I have found my safe  
resting place.

# The Dwelling Place Of My Lord In The House of My Father.

The place where I am fully accepted.  
and can be me...

The All that I was made  
to be in

The Beginning and truly am now...