

BEADED BY

SARAH
TINNEY

These are my fire hearts

These are one of my favorite pairs and always remind me to keep my heart on fire for the Lord. However they do take me a long time to bead and after a day and a half of working on them (on and off) my little wild man (toddler) took my beading pliers to them breaking the beads while I was cooking dinner! Sooo upset I almost threw them away. The Lord spoke to me reminding me that He moves through my little man in very special ways and that these were to be a gift to myself. 🥰

Then a close very connected friend spoke these words to me about them.

I love the symbolism in these. Our hearts go through hard things that cause bumps and bruises, but we still have value and God can still use us! I'm glad you didn't throw them away, they are beautiful even with the imperfections.



PAINTED BY

SARAH KRAMER

CHILD OF GOD

Through the childhood years the enemy convinced me, that worry kept my mom sober, worry kept a roof over our head, worry kept my body safe, worry kept me in control when everything around me was not. Worry and anxiety was my safe place.

With God, I have been able to overcome many anxieties over the years. But on my last business trip, I got sick, I was pushing through it because that's what we do, "Sarah". we push through. It was the perfect storm, and I had an anxiety attack so deep it felt like it changed who I was. I couldn't breathe! I began to realize that my anxiety was not just being away from the kids. It is being away from my safety zone, my routine, my home, and my place that I can control. With no one to take care of, no routine to follow, I became that little girl again!

I was trapped, the same trapped I felt when my mom was drunk at home, the same trapped and tunnel vision I felt when I tried to commit suicide when she drank.

The lies of the enemy began to race through my head as my heart raced, and I panicked. "You think you are good enough to have this job, you can't even handle being in a hotel room by yourself.

You think you are a good mom; you are creating an unhealthy reliance on your children.

You think you're a good wife, you don't even trust your husband to take care of the house.

You think you overcame the sad, anxious, small, vulnerable child you were...You can't even Breathe!!!"

I looked into the mirror as I was pacing through the hotel room, and I heard a loud yet comforting

YOU ARE A CHILD OF GOD!

SARAH KRAMER

CHILD OF GOD cont..

The familiar roar snapped me out of the anxious pattern, and I knew it was the Lord!

On the way home I felt broken and vulnerable, like a wound that was healing but had just been ripped open again. With help, I began to realize I had been working around my anxiety but not through.

All throughout that year, the Lord had been speaking to me about paths, about pace, about breath. We jogged together and he taught me pace and how to breathe, we hiked together, he showed me a path to trust in. Now it was clear. A journey was ahead, and he had been preparing me for it!!!

The panic attack wasn't to show me how far I had NOT come; it was to gauge where I needed to go. The Lord wanted more for me than to have safety when I was in control, He wants me to have safety without control!

The trauma I had left behind needed revisiting with fresh eyes. The Lord was going to walk this little girl through the path of healing... again, but deeper this time.

The next several months, I went through therapy to uncover some of the hidden traumas from my childhood and the behaviors I had created to keep me safe. At the end of that therapy, I sat down alone and painted what God had been showing me. The path like the one our family hiked that summer on the Oregon Coast and Jesus hand in hand with a stringy haired little girl ready and willing to pace herself with breath and time, down a path that had been laid out for her long before she even took her first breath.

WRITTEN BY

ERIN MALCOLM

Reflections to Ripples

A caught glimpse in the glassy surface – vivid unsure
Clear then confused with any slight stir
A reflection of life that danced as it ran
though never quite certain just who I am
I'm a shout or its echo, returning again,
Heading out bold and strong yet coming home (somehow) thin
Chasing perfection craving acclaim,
Seeking the person who belongs to my name.
Painting the picture, the sculpture nearly formed,
Smelling the roses though sometimes feeling thorns,
But I'm Building Steady, building strong,
Building rightly, but still, something's wrong.

But how..

I'm the work of my hands—
the weight of my worth,
I'm the sum of my striving, the dust of this earth.
I am the hustle, the grind, and the race,
I may be running on empty, but I'm still keeping pace.
Cuz, I feed on the fluff of the praise in the air,
The proof of my value is in who chooses to care.
I am my titles, my trophies, my gains
Ever greater ever higher while dragging my chains.
Cuz I am the doing, the proving, I'm the show,
I'm all that I have to offer. I'm all that I know:
I am the measure of what I became,
by chasing approval—chasing my name.
I'm lost in this noise, consumed by the sound
Blinded by reflections of the things I surround
Myself with in an attempt to be whole
To have purpose, to have place to have peace in my soul.

“You are **NOT** who you are, not this person you've made
You are not what you do. You're not who they say.
You weren't born for the hustle, nor formed in the fight
Not purified by performance or suddenly ignited
When you do something great just to sputter and fade.
This weight that you carry. This is not why you were made
You are not your work, perceived worth or your fame
You are not the sum of these things that you claim
You are not an attempt, a mistake, or failed plan
You are my child, I will teach you to stand.

And walk in the truth that You were formed by my love, not by your own hands.

----- You are who YOU are because...**I AM**”

ERIN MALCOLM

Reflections to Ripples

cont...

What's that? What did You say? Did I really hear what I just heard?
Have I been mistaken all along? Is there truth in Your words?
These words, like a stone I just can't quite see,
Crash through the illusion, unraveling me.
And oh, how they move—the truth in their wake,
Setting the surface to tremble and break,
Where I once saw a mirror, fragile and thin,
I Begin to see ripples again and again and again and again and again and again
Flowing and free not bound anymore.
Not lost to the water, not stuck on the shore,

I think,

There I am, no longer disguised,
By layers of failure and successes and tries.
I am made in the image of His love in my life.

See, I had been blind—But now, I can see.
When I look at Him, I can finally see me.
God, I was lost—but You searched and You came
You pursued and You purchased. You staked your claim.
Where I thought I was shallow, so much deeper I go,
Where I thought I was lesser—Your greatness now shows.
I am not just a shadow, no longer a trace,
I'm YOUR reflection, an heir to YOUR grace.
For I am not glasswork, not vapor, not air,
Not created to strive, but called to declare:
That I am fearfully and wonderfully made
I am YOUR bride, You give me YOUR name.

I am Not what I crafted, I could never be that small,
Because I am chosen, cherished, bought, beloved by the maker of all.

I bear the mark of Your hand, that was pierced by Your grace,
A reflection set free—So I will take my place.
As daughter as treasure purposefully planned

From Reflections to ripples I know Whose I am

WRITTEN + SUNG BY

SIGI RIBEIRO

YOUR LOVE AIN'T GOING NOWHERE

VS. 1 Wandering through the desert
Searching for a spring
A little water for a soul
bare and drying

VS 2 Coyote howling
Snakes on the ground
Voices in the night tell me
I will not be found

CHORUS

Your hope is like the bright moon that shines
Your word strengthens my mind
Your truth reminds me in the night
That your love for me ain't goin' nowhere
Bridge and Last time:
Mmmmmm Mmmmmm

VS 3

I journey on
Listen for your voice
Through the dark of the night
And the silence of the void

VS 4 A still small voice
whisper in the heart
A rock to lean upon
When my strength falls short

To CHORUS

SIGI RIBEIRO

YOUR LOVE AIN'T GOING NOWHERE cont.

CHORUS

Your hope is like the bright moon that shines
Your word strengthens my mind
Your truth reminds me in the night
That your love for me ain't

BRIDGE

My heritage is
No lie will keep me in the dark
My voice will sing the truth
nothing separates me from the spark
of your love

And to all the wrong voices
Repeating their droning refrain, Hey
My feet will tread upon
The dust of their empty remains, Yeah

Isaiah 54:17 NKJV

No weapon formed against you shall prosper, And every tongue which rises against you in judgment You shall condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the LORD, And their righteousness is from Me," Says the LORD.

ROMANS 8:31-39

If God is for us, who can be against us? 32 He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all—how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things? 33 Who will bring any charge against those whom God has chosen? It is God who justifies. 34 Who then is the one who condemns? No one. Christ Jesus who died—more than that, who was raised to life—is at the right hand of God and is also interceding for us. 35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? 36 As it is written:

“For your sake we face death all day long;
we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.”

37 No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. 38 For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, 39 neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

CROCHETED BY

SHANDA PIENGLKHAM

COAT OF MANY COLORS

When I first heard the song “Coat of Many Colors” by Brandon Lake, I thought of a crocheted coat with rainbow colors for God’s Promises. As a crochet artist, I wanted to make my own version of the coat because, like many of us Christians, I related to the lyrics to this song.

I love to put small details into my work that the Lord guides me to do.

Here are some of the details that were put into this coat:

Red: “was the blood that saved me”

I didn’t want to just make a section of just red. I wanted to add texture that looks like blood droplets to represent the blood Jesus spilt for us.

White: “was the light that pulled me from the dark”

When I think of the light, I think of Jesus and all that He did for us on the cross. So, I made this section with crosses. I also picture Jesus as a light pulling me out of my darkest times.

Gold: “was the crown You placed upon my head to show me who You are.”

I wanted this section to look like a crown. I wanted to add flowers to the crown to represent new life and growth as a daughter to the King.

Mercy and Grace: “I’ve been embraced like no other” One of the colors to go with mercy and grace is the color blue. I wanted to crochet hearts into the blue parts as a reminder of the Lord’s embracing Love.

Often times, when I am crocheting, the Lord whispers the number 7 to me. I went into the project with no plan, no measurements, just crochet and listen to the Lord. Each section of color has 7 rows, each sleeve has 7 different colors, and after 7 days of crocheting, the coat was completed.