

Fire Ministries International

September 2014

Dear Family in Jesus,

THANK YOU. . . for your love in Christ and your prayers, and for your support in so many ways. I daily feel the covering and care of Christ through you. I am beginning a season of much pouring out in service to the Body. The wonderful thing is that I have been in a season of soaking in the heart of Jesus that has filled me up to overflowing! Thank you for your prayers in regards to this preparation. And now it is time to pour it out! It begins with the Young Adults Retreat in Ireland the beginning of September, where I will be both leading and sharing, and continues on as I help serve in some new areas of leadership for the upcoming Hungering Conference in Texas this fall. In the midst of that I am also teaching, counseling, working with publications, web-site construction, and music production. I am humbled and grateful with these opportunities to serve and decrease so that Christ might come forth for others.

This month's newsletter is a few poems that the Lord gave me for the upcoming Retreat. Within a couple hours the Lord poured almost 20 poems into my heart for the Retreat. I have chosen a few of them to comprise this month's article. We will continue our study on Hosea next month.

A guest speaker during the final days of our Retreat in Ireland is R.T. Nusbaum accompanied by his wife, Debbie. They will be ministering in several places in Europe after they leave Ireland, so please keep them in your prayers; that the Lord's will be accomplished everywhere they minister.

May we take time this month to join with the heart of Jesus interceding for the next generation to truly know Him. May they come to know Him beyond knowledge and become extensions of His heart and nature as Christ is formed in them.

The young adults retreat is September 7th - 15th. We especially appreciate your prayers during those days.

If you feel lead of the Lord to support what He is doing through Fire Ministries.. Please send your donations to:

P.O. Box 1961

Denton , Texas 76202

Or donate through PayPal at:

kellyreallylovesjesus@gmail.com

Intercession

Jesus, what do You say when
Your heart opens to pray?

"Father keep them in Thy Name
in oneness, in Us-ness,

in God Who is love-ness.

I gave them Your Word,
the One from Your heart.

The world hated them for it
because they loved me, and ignored it.

Father though the world hate them,

spurn and disdain them,

keep them down in it,

let My Cross appear in it

again and again through these my friends. . .

my dying seeds... my Calvaries.

And my prayers go further than these alone

but to the fruit of their lives sown,

that they all may be one,

a harvest complete - Your corporate Son. . . Your Family.'



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I Feel So Alone

I feel so alone - no one understands me.

My parents, my friends. . .
my peers abandon me.

It's not fair, it's not right.

In fact, it can't be God to be stuck in this plight.

It can't be God?... Is that what you say?

Which God might you be referring to, if I may?

Is it the God of Christianity, a culture formed by humanity?

Or is it the God of Mount Calvary,

Who came and died alone and misunderstood on a tree?



MY FALSE CROSSES

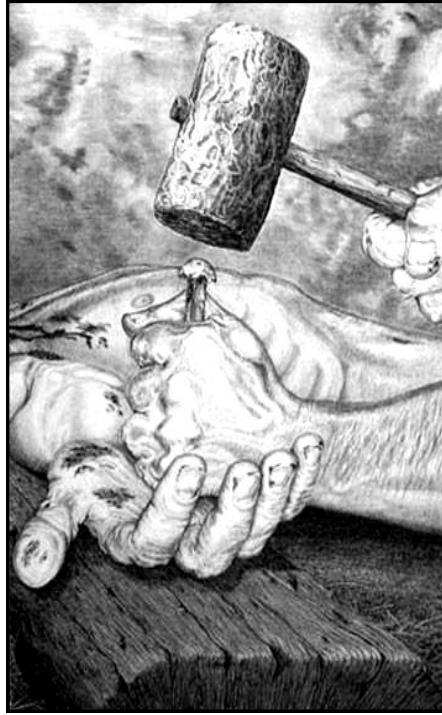


My false crosses rob me
of the One I really truly love.
They tread on Holy ground trying to
cover over the beautiful sound
of Christ Crucified when He's shared and preached.
They trample His image when He's taught and sought.
They rip and tear at my mind and heart,
trying to pull me and the Lamb apart.



*Help me Lord,
please help me to see. . .
My heart is fixed
and set on knowing You. . .
So fix my eyes
that they might behold the True.*

It's Not Supposed To Be Like This



The preaching of the Cross made me weep,
My heart pounding wildly, burning in me.
The songs we sang opened heaven's sky,
I looked, I beheld Christ Crucified.

I saw Him there in the Word, in the songs,
In the long sweet walks, in the prayers and talks.

But then He came in my circumstance.
He looked so different. . . it frightened me.
What had been sweet in my mouth
Was bitter in my belly.

The day was dark.
The Lamb was hidden from all except the ones
through whom He was being given.

Where was the glory, the inspirational story?
The Spirit cried, "Here. . . here He is truly."
Here in this place, here in that face, here in the dark and unjust earth.
Here in you if you'll give Him birth.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET



Please don't forget. . .
in the dark of the night
when fears assail in circumstances plight

When the knowledge of good and evil
tries to seduce you
away from Me and My crucified view

Please don't forget. . .
My heart and My words
My fathering care
to prepare you for this world

Let death come -
see My Son and not those things.
Fellowship in One in all that I meant.
Fulfill My heart instead of forget.

TO TRULY BOW

To truly bow before the Lamb
is to bow before every circumstance you find yourself in.
And instead of trying to change it or them,
you embrace the cross and kiss the nails...
glorifying God
in it
through Christ Crucified
in you.

