



A monthly Podcast

with  Ah, Willa! 
Ah, & FRIENDS

Episode 3

Hope



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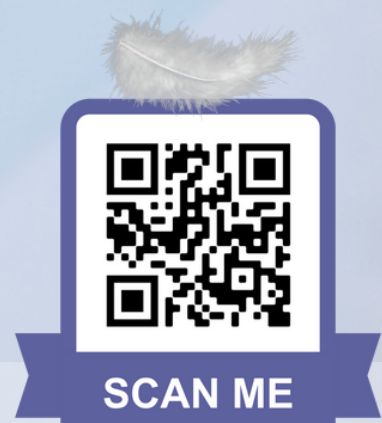


a podcast full of poems and thoughts
for the glorification of Abba Father.



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This week in

Episode 3

Hope



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beautiful poems and thoughts
all to the glory of
our heavenly Father!



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Opening Prayer

by

Jani Kahts

Jani Kahts



Lord, in a world filled with
darkness and worries and fear,
we choose today to lift our eyes to You.
We place our hope and our trust in You,
for we know that You hold our world
in Your hands,
and You know every hair on our heads.

Thank you for loving us,
providing for us, and
giving us a reason to Hope.

Amen



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poem
by

© Gregory Pietersen

My name is Beloved

My name is Mary,
which means bitterness,
but also beloved.
When I met Messiah,
I was filled with bitterness,
but He filled me with assurance.



His piercing eyes were gentle.
And those hands which contained all the universe,
delicately put back together my broken heart,
my broken dreams.
Healed my mangled spirit,
gave me peace.
Oh those hands pierced
for love of mankind.

My name is Mary,
and I am bitter.
I don't feel love.
When I met Messiah,
I found new purpose.
I found my calling, I found hope!

Pierced were His feet too.
Those lovely feet on the mountains
bearing good news.
Those beautiful calloused feet
which even walked on water.
Those feet that walked to
Bethany to raise Lazarus
from beyond the grave.

My name is Bitterness,
I question where is love?
All is so hopeless.
Meaningless.
Bitter.
So so bitter.

If only Your hands called forth
the angels to save You.
If only Your feet ran
away from Calvary.
But I saw them pierced,
dripping blood.
Dripping love.

recited
by

Therese Fensham



I have no name,
I feel empty.

But I will anoint
Your hands and feet
one last time.
But where have You gone,
where have they taken You?
Blinded by tears,
engulfed by despair.
Weeping.

Is that the gardener I see...?

Jesus said:
Mary!

The Master is alive!

My name is Beloved.
When Messiah called me;
I answered.
He called me His very own.
My name is Mary and
I am filled with hope!

© Gregory Pietersen



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My Hope

My ABBA Father in Heaven,
how can we ever praise and thank You enough,
for the very essence of who You are-
for Your Majesty, for Your infinite love?

Soon my silver cord will snap,
and my chain to this world will break.
My spirit will be set free, and my hope is
that me, to Your heaven You will take.

Father, my love for You
is intense and vast.
My hope is that
you will bind me to You
with your love for me,
that forever will last.
In blissful peace I want to hide inside You.

I get so little time to be with You.
To read Your Word, to obey and do
all Your instructions given to humankind.
An unending joy in You,
I hope, no,
I know for certain; I will find!

Thank You heavenly Father, that through
your only begotten Son,
You have chosen me.
In Jesus Name, I can only love and honour You,
for my eternal HOPE in You,
given to me.

Forever I am grateful.
Hallelujah!
Amen.

© Glenn Kahts

poem
by

© Glenn Kahts



recited
by

Hoosain Banoo



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My only Hope

In Christ alone
my hope
is found.

Throughout the day;
I'll simply be clay
in my Master's hands.

In Christ alone
my hope
is found.

Right through the storm;
my faith transform
in my Master's hands.

In Christ alone
my hope
is found.

All through the seasons,
He's always been the reason;
I'm in my Master's hands!

In Christ alone
my hope
is found.

© ~♥ Ah, Willa! ♥ ~

poem
by

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recited
by

Charlene Matthews



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Hope is a choice by Jani Kahts

Jani Kahts



Hope isn't always tangible;
Hope is a choice -
A choice to laugh amidst troubles.
A choice to rejoice amidst sadness.
A choice to sing amidst darkness.

John 16:33

"I have told you these things, so that in me you may have peace. In this world, you will have trouble. But take heart! I have overcome the world."

And like Jesus's disciples in Mat 8:24,
we might find ourselves in the midst of a storm, being thrown to and fro,
by the waves of life,
but Jesus would be sleeping, relaxed, content,
and so can we be,
because we are not alone...

He is in the storm with us,
so we KNOW the storm can't last...
We KNOW that when He wakes up,
it will be one word, and the storm will calm, the waves will rest,
and the winds will be at peace...

He is our peace in the midst of circumstances.
He is our calm in the storm.
He is our HOPE, in a sometimes chaotic world...

But like Paul and Silas in Acts 16:25, we can choose to sing, and praise God and bring Glory to Him, even in our darkest night - not because of who we are, or because of what we see around us, but because of who He is - and the HOPE that lives inside of us.

We can choose HOPE!



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My Hope

Hope does not disappoint;
it keeps my heart
through troublesome times.

This earth has become old
and worn out like a used cloth;
awaiting its renewal!

My hope is built
on nothing less than Jesus'
blood and righteousness.

When I look at my life,
there are so many mistakes and failures;
yet, all are covered by Love!

Jesus Christ, the only man
who ever lived a perfect life
without sin in any shape, size or form;

yet, He was punished like a criminal
not for anything that He did -

for even His judge said so!

He died for us who went astray
and found ourselves
in sin's strong shackles.

poem
by

© T



But praise the Lord for a Redeemer
like Him - Who, though spotless;
was blamed by all!

My hope is built
on nothing less than Jesus'
blood and righteousness.

He loved me even when on the cross
He gave His last to preach the truth:
"Father forgive them!"

Now He has gone beyond
the highest heaven from where
He soon will come as He promised!

Hallelujah, Lord Jesus come!
Take your rightful place in my
heart first and then my world!

© T

recited
by

Lincoln Solomon



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Our Only Hope

Our Dear Heavenly Father, when I think of You, my heart fills to the brim with unending love. I am consumed by the presence of Your Spirit. You reached out to me from above...

Who am I that I may place my eternal HOPE in You? Not a hope that maybe I could place any hope for life in You!

Not a hope that You might see this worm, and take note that I do exist, but a knowledge that I was born to be a special one on Your list!

poem
by

Glenn Kahts



recited
by

Angela Denis



For that, I will forever bow down to our Mighty God of the universe. Forever I will exalt Your beautiful Name!

Let my HOPE in You forever remain something that forever will reign!

Thank you so much Father for placing Your Hope in me. I know You also believe in me, that is why you have chosen me.

I regard this as an infinite privilege, to have the God of our universe take note of me. To You forever my life I would pledge. Let my Hope in You forever be!

Hallelujah!

© Glenn Kahts



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We are hope

How can we choose hope,
when we are hanging on by a rope,
when we don't know what lies
beneath,
when we are struggling to breathe...

How can we choose hope,
when we can't see through the
smoke,
when the world is dark all around?
Where can hope be found?

They said it's impossible -
there is absolutely no way...

Jesus defied all the odds,
all the time,
in every way...

He is our Way, Truth and Life...
The Creator of the world,
is living inside of us...

Hope is not just something we
choose,
but **Hope is who we have become** -
because of who He is,
inside of us...

© Jani Kahts

poem
by

© Jani Kahts



recited
by

André Truter



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Closing Prayer

by

Jani Kahts

Jani Kahts



How wonderful are Your name O, Lord.

We praise and glorify You,
for all that You are,
and all that You have done.

Where else shall we go?
We want to forever be
in Your presence Lord.

Our Hope and our Trust
are founded in You,
and in who You are...

Thank you Abba Father!

Amen



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♪♥Ah,Willa!♥♪



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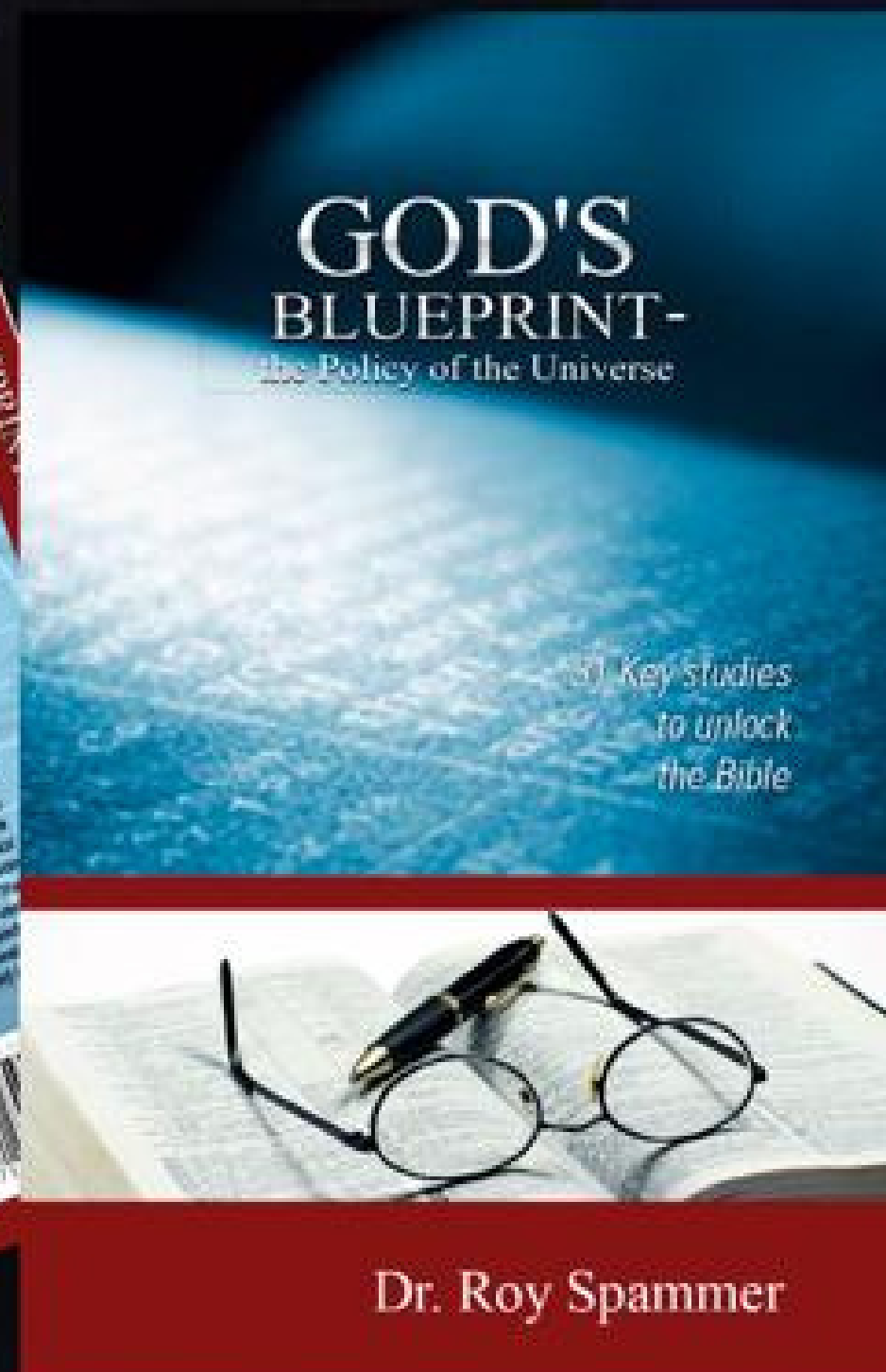
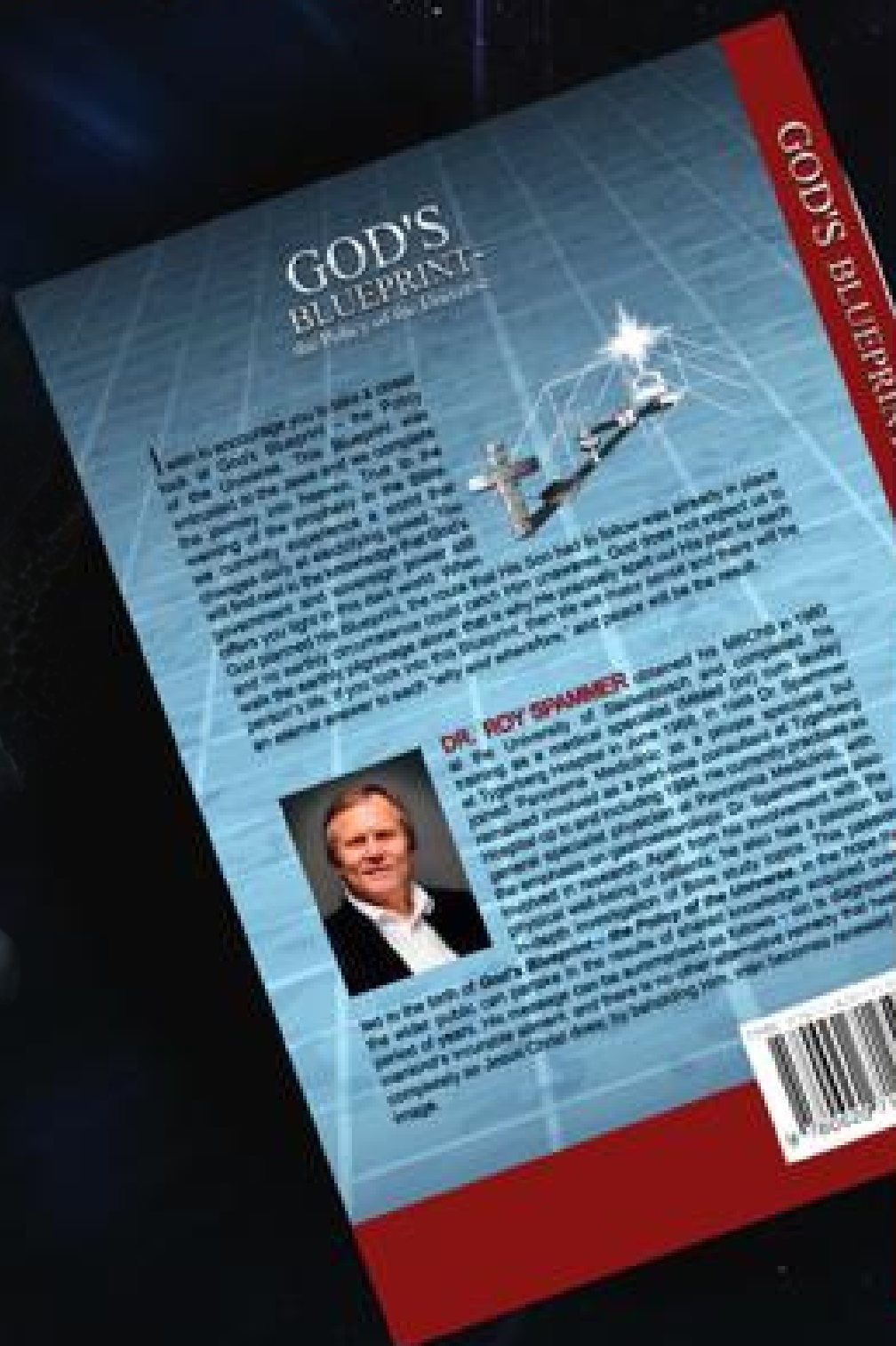


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Dr. Roy Spammer

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