

Poetry Pause with a Cup of Coffee



A monthly Podcast

with  Willa!
Ah, & FRIENDS

Episode 4

Enter His
Sanctuary



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



Episode 4

Enter His Sanctuary



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This week in

Episode 4

Enter His

Sanctuary



Presenting the Poetry of
Gregory Pietersen

as read by Lincoln and Belinda Solomon

COME READ AND LISTEN TO
beautiful poems and thoughts

all to the glory of
our heavenly Father!



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Opening Prayer

by

Willa Truter

Willa Truter



Abba Father, thank You so much for this opportunity to learn more about entering Your Sanctuary.

Thank You for talented poets, in this case, Gregory Pietersen, who willingly share his poems and thoughts to glorify Your Name.

Thank you for Bee and Lincoln Solomon who recite these poems so beautiful and may it please bless each listener that listens to it.

May they be drawn closer to You so that only You will be glorified.

Amen



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Renewal

In the quiet hours before the dawn;
the world is pregnant with hope.
In the dark, the stars sparkle
like the eyes of a child
in his mother's arms;
happy to be home.

Within the silence;
which is not so silent -
you can hear the
awakening earth.
The song of the morning,
played by creation's orchestra -
is a symphony of rebirth.

The scent of yeast is in the air
as the loaves in the bakery
rise with the sun;
I too arise as I
open my eyes
in gratitude to the
Three in One!

You said:
"come as you are "
and also
"Behold I make all things new"
Lord, YOU promised, and so I believe!
Anoint me with gladness,
consecrate me in the Truth.

By the rivers of Babylon;
I sat and wept at
Zion's memory.
Sin made me an
exile of peace,
but with YOU;
every loss is
a victory.

Each breath I take
is another chance
to try to get things right.
Your light pierces
the shadow of death -
in You is abundant life.

Just like a dream,
joy bursting at the seams -
our mouths are filled
with laughter and song.
He sowed in tears;
now he sings when he reaps.
The mountains and hills
go before him and sing along.

He went off weeping
carrying the seed;
he comes back singing
carrying his sheaves.

You are my Tent of Meeting,
oh Lord,
and what you offer;
I willingly receive!

© Gregory Pietersen

poem
by

© Gregory Pietersen



recited
by

Lincoln Solomon



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Poetry Pause with a Cup of Coffee

poem
by

© Gregory Pietersen



Love is the miracle

As twilight pulls its
purple and scarlet blanket
over the day - ready
for its evening vigil;

hearts slow their pace,
faces smooth and lose their wrinkles just a little;
as the tide of the days
stresses slowly ebb away.

In the deepening silence
you can hear that ancient
music pulsing in your veins.

Wrists connected to hands
clasped in prayer
and longing to touch.

A neck yearning to be kissed,
a temple placed next to yours.

In the mists of time
memories fade
and create space
for the new ones
now being made.

Life is a series of
questions being answered,
and down the line; in a different form,
being echoed again and again!

recited
by

Bee Solomon



Joy is more cherished
when the ticking of the clock
has been tainted by pain;
the curtain of dreams is
parted to reveal a
world of miracles ...

A world where the same tree
that loses its leaves in winter,
sprouts more vibrantly in the spring.

The river which bathed
the weary traveller yesterday,
still has more to give.

The pathways of the heart
lead us home; no matter
how far we stray.

The Father welcoming
the Prodigal into the
warmth of His embrace.

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Your Light is the Joy of Freedom

As I sit and watch the sunrise,
memories spring to mind
and teardrops sting my eyes,
as I recall times of heartache and loss.
Times as painful as shattered bone
pierced by nails on a cross.

How did I handle the bramble
twisted into a crown of mockery?
The crowd around me of friends
turned into enemies,
jeering, questioning my credibility.

My only answer
"my God my God,
why have You forsaken me" ...
but You haven't forsaken me
and never will.

You are God and I know this;
when I remember to be still.
On my own road to Emmaus,
I walked with head bowed down,
hope buried in the ground
but you lifted me up.

Your love is enough.
You journey with me,
set my heart on fire,
quench me with living waters.
Indeed it "runneth over"; my cup!

I break open the Word
and recognise You
in the breaking of the bread,
blood given as wine
He who rose from the dead,
the eternal Galilean
Who shows me the Way;
to Truth and Life.

Pillar of cloud by day
and Pillar of fire by night,
You lead me and hold me
in the palm of Your hand.

You silence the storm
and calm the rough seas,
and like Elijah;
I find Your presence,
in the quiet, gentle breeze.

I stand tallest;
when I am on my knees,
and when my eyes
are closed in prayer;
I truly see; that because
the Son has set me free,
I am truly free; indeed!

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poem
by

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recited
by

Lincoln Solomon



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Entering into His Sanctuary by Gregory Pietersen

© Gregory Pietersen



Psalm 63 vs 1 and 2

"Lord You are my God, for You I long.
For You my soul is thirsting,
like a dry weary land without water.
I look to YOU in the sanctuary to gaze upon Your power.

Dear friends,

The Lord invites us to get close to him. To gaze upon Him. But also to be seen by Him. In a world where we often feel unheard, unseen and misunderstood, we have our precious Lord who hears, sees and understands us... He speaks, but do we recognise His voice. He calls, He invites us but do we respond.

Perhaps the shade of our shame colours the landscape of our lives and influences our response to Him. We hesitate out of guilt.

And the more guilty we feel the further we remove ourselves from Him.

But we have a loving God. Who in the person of Jesus Christ humbled Himself to share in our humanity so that we can have a share in His divinity.

The prophet Zephaniah writes...

Shout for joy daughter of Zion, YHWH has turned your enemy away, YHWH is king among you. You have nothing more to fear. Your God the warrior saviour is there with you. He will rejoice over you with a happy song and renew you by His love. He will dance with shouts of joy over you as on a day of festival.

What beautiful awe-inspiring and comforting imagery this is.

Our God as father, king and warrior. Ready to fight for you, to protect and guide you, to renew you

But dear friends the battle has already been won, Christ conquered sin and death. Light overcame darkness and truth overpowers falsehood. It's up to us to accept the gift of God given freely, but accomplished painfully through a brutal battle on the cross where our sin pierced the lamb of God.

Yet as the Lord says, there is much rejoicing in heaven over the return of 1 sheep who was lost, 1 sinner; so once we accept the invitation of our God and saviour He dances with delight, His joy covers us, He sanctifies our suffering n brings us healing. And that's what entering into His sanctuary means, it means placing our trust in Him, resting in the shadow of His wings, placing our faith in Him and surrendering to His will, allowing Him to transfigure and restore us. To be a Father to us

Psalm 24 says

Gates lift high your heads raise high the ancient gateways and the king of glory shall enter. Who is He this king of glory? It is Yahweh strong and valiant, victorious in battle He is the king of glory.

In closing, I will say once again this almighty powerful, majestic king, warrior and saviour, this God that we serve, has in a sense served us by winning the battle already. He rejoices when we return to Him and focus on Him.

But He also wants us to lift high the gateways of our hearts and let Him enter into our inner sanctuaries. If we make our hearts a dwelling place for God, then that tabernacle of our souls, is where true communion begins. We gaze upon Him and He gazes upon us in return. An altar of Love where Heaven and earth meet.



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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.

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!

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poem
by

© Gregory Pietersen



recited
by

Bee Solomon



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Sacred Heart

Compassion is to suffer
with one who is in pain.

In the secret chambers
of my heart, my soul lies
prostrate - offering a prayer.

My tears, my smile,
my silence is from
a depth deeper than time,
a time deeper than night.

Night passes slowly,
but always too fast,
as it once did in a garden
on the Mount of Olives.

But the blossoming dawn bears fruit,
although the harvest at times is painful,
joyful is the feast of Love.

Triumphant is the song of sacrifice,
a song of action not words!
In the equation of Love;
one plus one becomes One-
Just as the Trinity is One!

The reality of a Love
stronger than death
is the power of life.

Because of the eternal beat
of the Sacred Heart; we are alive!

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poem
by

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recited
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Lincoln Solomon



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Pursuit

I have learned that in the pursuit of God; I must at times remain still.

I am the sheep that was lost, but He searched for me through valleys and hills!

Wayward child am I, but faithful Lord is He. Above, below, ahead and behind, on both sides my Shepherd journeys with me.

I show Him my wounds, and He shows me His, I give my silence and He gives me His presence.

In the pursuit of myself;
I have learned the voice I must follow is His.
I call out to Him and He calls in return.
He calls me to return, He has been calling all along.

In the pursuit of a place called home;
I learned His heart is where I belong.
I give him my loneliness, He gives me Himself, blessed and broken, poured out for the salvation of all.

I give Him my doubts my fears.
He gives me His voice
Yahweh in the splendour of holiness, His voice thunders over the waters,

Even as I speed away on the wings of dawn,
dwell beyond the ocean, even there Your hand will be guiding me. Bringing me to Yourself, bringing me home.

The more I search for You, the more I find You.
And the more I find You, the more I realise I have to still seek.
For You Lord, I hunger and thirst!

In the pursuit of God; I learned that He, my Lord and Saviour; has been pursuing me first!

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poem
by

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recited
by

Bee Solomon



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Closing Prayer

by

André Truter

André Truter



Almighty Father, this work is dedicated
to You for the sanctuary that You give us.
You free us from the bonds of this world,

You gave Your son to take
the punishment that we deserve
because we cannot pay the price ourselves

We thank You for the great Gift You gave us
and we thank You for the abilities that You
gave the writer and readers to create this
work in order to glorify Your name.

Please use this work
to reach people's hearts.

Amen



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Our Editorial Team

Editors

Anri Human



Editors & Design

♪♥Ah,Willa!♥♪



M'Hennie



Jani Kahts



Tech Support

André Truter



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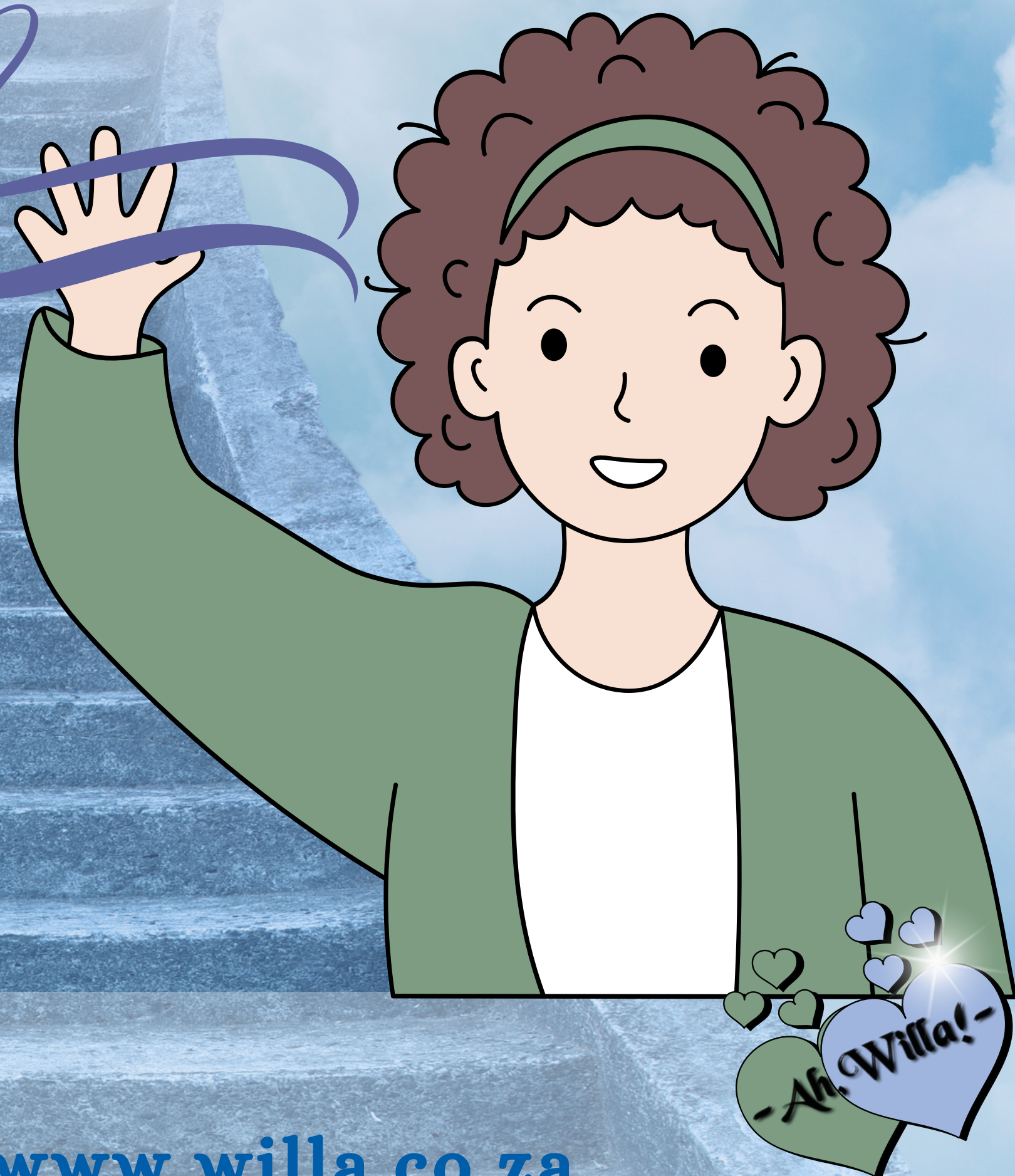


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