

# Praise the power of Heaven



## 4) Relationship

### Building a Personal Relationship with God.

Praise is much more than the words we use to acknowledge and describe God. They are like the foundation stones we use to build a house. The house does not become a home until somebody lives in it. To move from empty words, to heartfelt relationship, we need to give God permission to interact with us in our ideas, thoughts and imagination. Then we can engage in dialogue with Him and ask Him to reveal His truth to us

A couple of years ago, I was heartbroken when my husband died suddenly of a heart attack. About six months later, I was attending a Dove leadership retreat. During the praise sessions we were singing a song which was new to me. The words were very simple: "Here's my heart Lord. Here's my heart Lord. Here's my heart Lord. Speak what is true." The song was repeated many times throughout the weekend, and it became a very powerful catalyst for healing for me.



Here's my heart Lord

Here's my heart Lord

Here's my heart Lord

Speak what is true.



First the Lord

saw a desert, which I understood to represent my life. It felt as if I was wandering in a post-apocalyptic landscape, where some catastrophe had destroyed the whole of civilization. In the desert far from any life form, I saw Jesus kneeling. He was digging in the dust. Gradually he uncovered a tiny spring of water.

He kept working until there was a little muddy patch the size of his hands. It was my heart. My life force was the water, still springing up deep under the earth, but buried so deep, only God could find it, and clear a path for it to bubble forth again.

Then I saw myself trying to build a stone well around that tiny spring to keep it from being swamped by the desert heat. Jesus came and asked if he could help me build the well. While we labored together, Jesus asked me a question. He said “Gloria, if I help you rebuild your heart, will you let me live in it with you?” I was shocked to think that God might not feel welcome in my heart. As I pondered this, I realized two things. 1) The structure I was building was a defensive fortress, to protect my heart from further harm, to keep others from trampling on my tiny spring. And, 2) it was far too small to contain the King of the Universe. There was some soul work to be done. I let go of my preconceived ideas, and invited Jesus to show me His vision for my rebuilt heart.

The next time we sang the same song, I saw an entirely new vision. It was the same desert, but it had been flooded. My little spring had become a lake, surrounded by lush, verdant forest. Jesus took me dancing across the surface of the lake, and showed me that the water flowed in a waterfall as big as Niagara Falls, forming a mighty river that flowed through the land beyond, providing life-giving water to the fertile plains below.



In Ephesians 3:20 St Paul writes, “Glory to God, whose power is at work in us and can do so much more than we could ask or imagine.”

I couldn't have asked for this image of God's power in my heart. Somehow I had always imagined my heart as a room inside me, probably influenced by the famous picture of Jesus knocking on the door with no handle. When I first saw that picture as a child, someone explained to me that it was the door of some-one's heart, and could only be opened from the inside. Each of us must respond to the Lord's knock by choosing to open the door, or not!

The new vision didn't instantly heal my grief. I still had to work through that, but it gave me a new hope. Jeremiah 29:11 “For I know the plans I have for you” declares the Lord. “Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future”.