

Good Morning, my friends.

As I look out my window in my home office, I can see that the sky is grey, with the hope of a gentle rain in the near future. But what if it is not gentle? What if it shakes the very foundation of my home, with claps of thunder, roaring wind, and the pounding of drops against my window? Where is my refuge, my safe place today?

*“Lord, you have been our refuge
from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
or the earth and the world were made,
You are God from everlasting, and world without end.”*
Psalm 90:1-2

Be encouraged today. Hold fast to your faith. Raise a hallelujah in the presence of our enemies – COVID-19 – Bethel Music out of Redding, CA birthed this song one night when a member of their community called to say that their young son who was critically ill would probably not make it through the night. There was such a sense of hopelessness from the parents, that the musicians began to pray, inviting the Holy Spirit to fill their hearts and minds with the words to encourage, with words to bring healing. The following song was birthed that night as they began to pray and sing. I believe, we too, should be singing this song at the top of our lungs as the enemy is defeated with the words of our praises.

I raise a hallelujah, in the presence of our enemies
I raise a hallelujah, louder than the unbelief
I raise a hallelujah, my weapon is a melody
I raise a hallelujah, Heaven comes to fight for me.
 I’m gonna sing, in the middle of the storm
 Louder and louder, you’re gonna hear my praises roar
 Up from the ashes, HOPE will arise
 Death is defeated, the King is alive.
I raise a hallelujah, with everything inside of me
I raise a hallelujah, I will watch the darkness flee
I raise a hallelujah, in the middle of the mystery
I raise a hallelujah, fear you lost your hold on me
 Sing a little louder, in the presence of my enemies
 Sing a little louder, louder than the unbelief
 Sing a little louder, my weapon is a melody
 Sing a little louder, Heaven comes to fight for me.

Heaven is fighting for me, for you. Be encouraged this day. Wash your hands. Call a friend for a chat, share all the blessings in your life. List them. One might be surprised. Pray for those who are hungry and looking for their next meal. Since schools are closed as well as museums, movie theaters, gyms, pray for the children with too much time on their hands and for those who rely upon the free lunches. And always, give thanks that *you have found shelter under His feathers; his faithfulness and truth shall be your shield and buckler.*

Once again, as Sunday approaches, we will be reminded that we will not be worshipping together in body, but we will be together in the Spirit. When we receive the information for the service being conducted by Bishop Scarfe for all the people of the Diocese of Iowa for the Fourth Sunday of Lent, we will send that on to you.

Lent is truly a time of reflection, of drawing closer to the Lord, to journey with Him to the hill of Golgotha. Walk with Him as He shares with his followers what is to come. Sit in His presence in awe of the healing of the blind man; put yourself at the well, desiring a drink of that living water. Come to Him in the darkness as Nicodemus did and find the Light. Delight in this time with Him. Share your encounters via email or phone conversations.

Remember: He is our refuge and our stronghold. Sing a little louder. Raise a hallelujah.

Until we share in the Body and the Blood once again, I am His,

Judith+

PS. The young child lived. The turn around came at the same time the musicians gathered together and to the surprise of all birthed this song.