

Victorious

*So tired.
Sick child.
Crying;
Crying;
Crying;
Totally miserable.*

*So tired;
wrenched from sleep.
Staggering.
Upright, just.
Seeing, barely.*

*Horrible cough.
Nasty cough.
Rattling and chunky.
Flemmy.
Child can't sleep,
neither can I.*

*His cries twist my heart,
but nothing I do helps.
Crying, whining,
coughing, retching,*

*twisting, turning,
reaching, grasping,
miserable.*

*And I can't help him.
Nothing I do
helps him.
He just keeps crying,
coughing and
reaching for something,
but I don't know
what.*

*Anger rises within me;
Impatience and frustration too.
Right now,
at this moment,
I don't have
to give
what he needs
from me.*

*Anger rises higher.
He throws teddy;*

*He throws his bottle.
I look at the prayer
printed on the page.
'My dear Lord Jesus' it starts,
'I come to you now to be restored...'*

*And the words just die in my mouth.
I cannot say them.
I don't want to say them.
I do not feel them.
Now I understand the expression
'the words turned to dust in my
mouth'.*

*So tired, yet I pray.
Every day
I pray and pray and pray.
But still things are the same.
My kids are sick and miserable,
despite the promises I've claimed.
I'm tired, so very tired,
and the anger rises higher.*

*I screw up my four page prayer
and throw it at the wall.
I throw my notebook
(not too hard)
and kick the bucket too.*

*This God I know,
this God I love,
well, he must not love me.
I've been diligent,
I've been faithful,
I've clung tightly to my Rock,
but still he comes not through for me
and feels very far away.*

*'What's wrong with me?'
I wail to him,
'Why don't you talk to me?
What have I done to anger you?
Why are you so displeased?'*

*The tears come hot and angry,
streaming down my face.
My God he does not care for me,
I am in disgrace.
I'm miserable
and so alone.*

*My God's in Heaven,
so far above
that he does not see me.
Too busy to answer my prayers
Too distant to show me
love.*

*My husband wakes
he hears the child,
he hears me throw the book,
Through he comes and takes the child,
so now I'm off the hook,
Relief and guilt
and hot, hot shame,
they all wash over me.*

*I sit there,
statue still,
knees drawn up to my chin,
tears running down my face,
wishing the earth
to open up
and swallow me,
'coz I have failed again;
My God's abandoned me.*

*I walk to my room,
tail between my legs
picking up the things I threw
and flop down on the bed,
in my dark, dark, comfortless room.
Where is my God?
He feels so far away.
While the enemy of my soul
is here today;
he's come to have a play.*

*Now I know,
well, at least
I think I might;
It's not that God's so far away
and doesn't care at all.
Rather it's my enemy
who's come to steal my joy.
He's whispered lies,
deceitful words,
gently in my ear
and even though my spirit
bucked and jumped
and tried to fight,
I let the words
wash over me,*

*swallow me
and drag me to the depths.*

*The devil,
he's a cunning one,
full of deceit and lies.
He attacks when I'm most vulnerable,
he kicks me when I'm down.
And those lies
he whispers in my ears
are the same ones I've heard
throughout all my years.
So, of course, they must be true!
I've heard them all my life.*

*Not special enough or pretty enough,
most definitely not good enough.
Weak, so weak,
and always on the losing team;
no-one listens to me,
or takes me seriously.
"Your God,
he is not listening,
he has no time for you.
So give up now.
Don't bother praying.*

*He won't come through
for You."*

*Now I know
that isn't so.
My God, he does love me.
His Holy Spirit
within me rose
and helped me fight,
so my tale's not done with yet.
I am learning – thankfully,
day by day,
just how much my God loves me.
He created me;
He made me.
In his image and his likeness,
God created me,
higher than the angels,
a little lower than he.
He crowned me with his glory
he chose me as his own,
before the earth began.*

*I am his child,
his gorgeous girl,
his daughter,*

*his princess,
one day I'll be his Queen.
I'm beautiful and wonderful
'coz that's the way
my God, he has made me.*

*Right now,
right here and now,
I am his warrior
clothed in his armour
arrayed in his love.
The body armour of Righteousness
"I've been made right with God"
I wear upon my chest.
The boots of Peace
so strong and firm and beautiful,
protect my lovely feet.
The belt of Truth around my waist,
the truth: "my God loves me".*

*The helmet of Salvation,
fits snug upon my head –
"Jesus died for me,
his blood has washed me clean.
He crushed the devil easily,
crushing him with his heel;*

*he took the keys,
he conquered sin and death.
My Jesus is alive again
and in him
I am victorious”.*

*The shield of Faith,
so beautiful
and intricate,
yet so incredibly strong.
I wear upon my arm
The shield of Faith
protects me
from the cunning lies,
and the devil’s fiery darts.*

*And in my hand
held firm and strong,
I grasp a shining sword.
The sword of the Spirit,
“the Word of God”,
so powerful,
defeats my enemy.
His lies have no power
any more,
no power over me.*

*Sneaky devil,
cunning one,
he attacked before the dawn.
While I slept
he set his trap
waiting patiently.
The trap was sprung.
I was caught,
flailing desperately.
But God was there,
he stood by me;
He spoke inside my head,
“Go write this down,”
and that is what I did.*

*“Begone foul spirit
and take your lies,
your weapons of deceit.
You and your kind are not welcome
here!
In Jesus I have authority
Through his blood, the victory!
You’ll not steal it, or my joy
from me, or my family.”*

'Carla is on the dangerous, yet exciting adventure of discovering her heart, walking hand in hand with her God – her creator, shepherd, friend, father & lover – and becoming truly "alive". She is finally beginning to live the life she's been created for and becoming the woman God has created her to be; the woman God originally intended when he created Eve and all the 'daughters' who came after.'

And for those of you who are interested in all the details –

Carla was born in Sydney, Australia in 1970; she grew up in Melbourne, Australia and had what you would call a pretty ordinary childhood. She has been "happily married" for 15+ years to Tim and they have three wonderful sons – Brydon, Kael and Xavier who bring them great joy (most of the time!) and who they are currently home educating.

"A little bit hippy, a little bit weird, a little bit alternative and a little bit left of centre" is a pretty good description of this 'dynamic duo' and their family.

She also loves reading good books, her family, her God, good food, adventure and romance, spending time with friends, good movies (especially 'Ever After', 'Lady Hawk' & 'The Lord of the Rings' trilogy), nature in all of its glory – although not so keen on spiders and slugs! And of course, she loves writing – poetry, short stories, novels & posts on 'Eve's Daughter' (www.evesdaughter.org) and 'The Great Adventure' (www.thegreatadventure.info).