

Dear friend,

I would like to share a poem with you, written by a dear friend of mine who recently joined our Orlando Butterfly training while going through a season of brokenness. It depicts truthfully and passionately a battle we are all familiar with, the battle of the heart.

My friend is a butterfly whose heart and wings were deeply crushed. God in His grace, has rescued her and through His love, is healing and restoring her. She is learning to fly again, higher than she did before! Out of the overflow of a heart being renewed by God's love, she was able to pen these beautiful words. (attached).

It doesn't matter if we are a woman in India, Asia, Africa, Europe or America, our hearts get broken in the same battle. But our message to all the women God sends us through Love UnVeiled is that we have a rescuer; the King of love. The same love, grace and healing God has shown my friend, is available to all of us, no matter what our pain, no matter what our shame, no matter where we live. His promises are for each of us. Even today, right now. Every day there is a battle for our hearts. The enemy wages war against us to break and wound us. Revelation 12:12 tells us the battle will get worse as we approach Jesus' return.

I believe we need to know how and where to find healing, to guard our hearts from the attacks and offences which so easily turn our hearts cold (Matthew 24: 12). It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaks (Matthew 12:34). God has called those of us who have trusted in Jesus Christ, to be to the praise of His glory (Ephesians 1:12). He wants us to open our mouths to sing His praise, to be a testimony of His love and to speak out on behalf of those who have no voice, who cannot speak for themselves (Proverbs 31:8-9). The enemy, the prince of darkness wants to steal and destroy any praise which may flow out from our hearts through our mouths to glorify God. He targets our hearts to turn our voice against God, to curse Him, to revile Him, to blame Him. He attacks our hearts so that our mouths will speak from bitterness, hurts, pride, jealousies and wounds.

The good news for all of us who get wounded in the battle, who admit to being poor, broken and needy – there is a healer - His name is Jesus!

Isaiah 61:1-3 The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me, Because the Lord has anointed Me To preach good tidings to the poor; He has sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, To proclaim liberty to the captives, And the opening of the prison to those who are bound; To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, And the day of vengeance of our God; To comfort all who mourn, To console those who mourn in Zion, To give them beauty for ashes, The oil of joy for mourning, The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; That they may be called trees of righteousness, The planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified."

v4 And they shall rebuild the old ruins, they shall raise up the former desolations, And they shall repair the ruined cities, The desolations of many generations.

The greatest hope in these verses, is I believe, that all those who receive the restoration promises in verses 1-3, are those who rebuild the brokenness of many generations. This is what God is doing in my friend's life, and in the lives of so many women who come to us in brokenness. As God heals and restores them, they have a greater testimony and witness of God's love and they become powerful witnesses in rebuilding the lives of others who are broken.

In the battle, we can let our pain destroy us, let our hearts become cold and our words bitter, angry, resentful, and full of judgment or self-pity. Or we can turn our pain over to Jesus, allow Him to heal us, and He will replace all our sadness and sorrow and put a new song, a song of joy in our hearts.

Out of her brokenness, God is healing my friend's heart, giving her fresh insight into His love, and has given her a garment of praise to proclaim His praises to other young women who need to hear of His love. Out of the abundance of her healed heart my friend was able to write this poem. I hope it is a blessing to you today.

"Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks!" Matthew 12:34

The battle for her heart is great.

Two princes claim her as their own.

One rules the dark.

He has made her his beauty

Enticed her with pretty things, shiny things

Promised her the reign of the world

A full heart

A world devoted to her.

He doesn't tell her that the highest of highs are paid for with the lowest
of lows

He doesn't tell her that to rule at his side grants no freedom.

She is his prisoner, trapped-

Adored by many,

But loved by none.

Alone.

The other prince rules the light.

The light exposes her cracks

Exposes her brokenness

Shows the world where she doesn't measure up.

He entices her with only the truth

Not shiny but messy.

He promises her the reign of the world

A full heart

And *his own* heart fully devoted to her.

He tells her that the highs he promises will be on the other side of deep,
dark valleys

That a world that hates him, will hate her too

But with that he offers freedom

Not oppression, not punishment for her flaws, but freedom to blossom,
grow, and take flight

He will make her his bride

His beloved

His glory

The offer is tempting, but how can she know his promises are true?

The other prince veils himself in so many layers of deception and manipulation
that she can no longer tell what is real

where to go

what to do

And all she does is not even her own choice to make.

The prince of light waits.

His people- his brothers and sisters, already adopted into his family- wait

They cry out for her.

They remember what it was to be trapped- for every single one of them has
walked the valley of the shadow of death

-died-

To come to the light.

The prince will rescue her.

He has made his claim.

They have already met in secret

He stole into her world to win her heart.
She has assented to being set free
But both princes seem powerful.
She doesn't know which will win the day,
doesn't know that the battle was won long ago.

Her heart is at war.
Her mind is at war.
She waits for a rescue.
She waits
and waits
and waits...

He isn't coming and she can no longer take the pain.
No more. I can't fight any more.
Neither prince wins, neither can have me.
It's over.
She takes her life- pours out her strength, her blood stops moving.
Believes she is beyond saving.

But a rescue is coming.
The second prince has already won.
And his people, brothers and sisters, wait for his bride.