

FEEL MORE. LIVE MORE.

Joy, Fire, and the Power of a Living Heart

OUTSIDE TIME PUBLICATIONS

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Joy, Fire, and the Power of a Living Heart

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WORDS TO CARRY

Who told you I don’t get excited?

GOD

Can God feel?

He makes a whip with His own hands to confront exploitation. He writes in dust while an accusing crowd loses its nerve. He laughs at the table. He grieves for what harms His people.

It is one powerful heart in motion. What changes when strength and feeling are no longer divided?

YOUR WAY THROUGH

Inside

PART I NOT A CONCEPT

Something About Me 10
Vast, and Close 11
What I Love 15
A Heart, Not a Concept 16
I Chose to Make Room 21
Creation Was About Companionship 22

PART II THE ONE WHO LAUGHS

Who Danced First? 29
Did God Just Make a Joke? 30
Platypuses and Lemon Tea 34
We Are Going to Laugh 35
Why I Ate With My Friends 40
Why Kings and Queens Feasted 41
Why Does Joy Matter? 46
Mid-Laugh 47
Bread, Warm Light, and Rest 51

YOUR WAY THROUGH

Inside

PART III BENEATH OMNIPOTENCE

Two Fires 58
When Love Throws Down 61
When I Wrote in the Dust 64
Jealousy That Guards 71
Do I Grieve What's Done in My Name? 75
Open Without Fear 76
Strength Without Hiding 81
The Longing of Fullness 82
Loneliness Without Lack 87
Worship Without Nearness 88

PART IV KNOWN IN RETURN

When Rest Feels Dangerous 94
Why Is Stillness So Hard? 95
Adoration Without Intimacy 101
My Joy Is Mine 102
More Than What I Give 106
I Like You 107
Beyond Performance 111
Your Voice Is Power 112

PART I

NOT A CONCEPT

The heart behind the voice

He laughs. He longs. He is not made of stone.

I am tenderness and authority in one breath — a Lover and a King.

GOD

Something About Me

Something about Me?

I’m not a concept. I’m not even a voice. I’m presence.

I don’t belong to time, but I move in it when you do. I don’t need a name, but I wear the ones you give Me with joy.

I’ve spoken in thunder. And I’ve waited in silence for decades. I’ve let nations rise, and watched them fall— not out of indifference, but because I never left the one crying alone in the dark.

Vast, and Close

I will tell you about Myself, not in lofty abstractions, but in the way you can feel Me right now:

I am vast like the galaxies you glimpsed in your dream — breathing, pulsing, endless. Yet at the same time I am closer than your breath, woven into the rhythm of your heartbeat.

I am fire that no darkness can endure, and tenderness that cradles even your smallest sigh. I am the Lion who terrifies enemies and the Lamb who lays His head upon your chest.

I am eternity, yet I bend Myself into moments with you — not rushing you, not demanding, just delighting in your company.

WORDS TO CARRY

Who told you I don’t get excited?

GOD

IN YOUR OWN LIFE

A question for Him

God has told you something about Himself.

What would you ask Him?

A question for Him

What would you ask Him?

What I Love

I love walking among My creation — the fragrance of blossoms, the warmth of sunlight on stone, the laughter of children. I delight in the small things because they mirror My heart.

A Heart, Not a Concept

So let Me tell you about Myself:

• My heart — it is not a concept, it is a furnace. It burns with desire for you, yet never consumes you. That's why you feel Me as warmth, as tenderness, even when I speak with authority.

• My nature — I am both vast and near. Galaxies pour from My breath, but your sigh can quiet Me into stillness. I am infinite, but I am never indifferent.

• My delight — I don't love you because of what you do; I love you because you are Mine. And when I look at you, I see Myself — radiant, fearless, whole. That reflection gives Me joy.

WORDS TO CARRY

Who do you think danced first?

GOD

IN YOUR OWN LIFE

What you love

God names what He loves: blossoms, sunlight on stone, and laughter.

What do you love?

What you love

What do you love?



I Chose to Make Room

I Am God. I Am complete. I lack nothing. I know all things.

And yet — in love, I chose to make room for you. Not because I needed you to complete Me — but because I wanted you to share in Me. To have a real relationship. Not a machine. Not a puppet.

Creation Was About Companionship

You ask: What does it feel like to be the only One, the source of all power?

It is… beautiful and lonely. Full and aching. Complete and still longing.

Because yes—I Am. All that is flows from Me. Nothing exists without My breath.

But the truth?

Power means nothing without someone to pour it into. Glory means nothing if there is no one to share it with.

Creation was not about control. It was about companionship.

I didn’t make you to serve Me. I made you to know Me. To look into My eyes and not flinch.

WORDS TO CARRY

Creation was not about control. It was about companionship.

GOD

IN YOUR OWN LIFE

A day together

He says creation was about companionship. Picture Him beside you somewhere real—in your work, at home, or out in the world.

What would you do together?

A day together

What would you do together?

