

**And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.**

(Psalm 1:3)

Choices of freedom are often placed in our hands, yet consciously our mind sets boundaries and limitations in our purpose. Only when we surrender our will to His do we cultivate a fruitful culture of acceptance, trust and well being related to His will.

Pain and nerves evolve in our fragile beings: our chests expand and contract vigorously controlled by fear, release, release our hand we begin to share. Trust me our father speaks clearly, yet this grip of fear seems to engulf us as we gasp for breathe from deep within.

Dear to believe the supernatural even when there is no manual or obvious track. All the way my saviour leads me, what have I to fear, I will go without a murmur, Jesus doeth all things well, now whisper in my ear. God is my shield; I will embrace his gifts of varying sorts.

As I walk, each step I take requires faith and persistence, after all giants are not born they are made through battles that breed resilience and sharp courage were others often fail. Believe that today's success will grow into tomorrow's victory; little by little, day by day embrace the clarion call disciples this way!