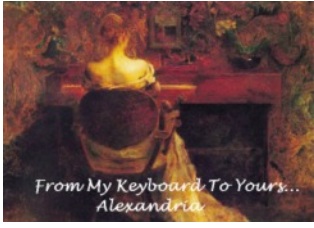


# DARKNESS TO DANCING - HIS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT



Twelve years were spent on worship teams with the Holy Spirit teaching my heart well how to flow with Him to bless God and His people.

I never desired to sing until I was filled with the Holy Spirit and He inspired me to sing to Our Jesus. I sang in the congregation until a call came one night. The worship leader at the church said she thought God wanted me on the team. I said that I did not sing well and I don't know the words. She said, "Well, consider it, Amy." I said I would, but to myself I thought, "I'll consider it, but I won't do it." To stand in front of people... the thought terrified me. In school I used to go blank in speech class.

The next Sunday I woke up early with a very heavy blanket of Peace over me. I wasn't bothered a bit by breakfast bickering, one child losing his church shoe, thereby wearing two different shoes and on the wrong feet no less, another one insisting on wearing his pj's to church for comfort sake, and my husband wanting to wear the one shirt I hadn't ironed yet.

We get to church, deliver everyone to their classes, and sit down in the sanctuary seats and sigh. I was marveling at how such a Peace was still over me after all that hub-bub. The stage and the microphones were all set up, but no one was up there yet. Ed looks at me and says, "I think you are supposed to sing up there today." I looked at him wide eyed. I had not told him about the phone call. The team came up and there was one empty place at a microphone. Ed jabbed me with his elbow and said, "Go on! You are supposed to sing at that microphone!" So, I stood to my feet. God's Peace came onto me so heavily my feet were heavy to move. I walked up on stage. The pastor raised his eyebrows at me. The leader nodded her head at him that it was ok.

Looking out at the people thru the eyes of such Peace, I thought, "Lord, this Peace has me so well covered that if they throw tomatoes at me, they wouldn't hit me. I am shielded completely by you. Thank you."

The music started and I only knew a few words, but it was fun.

After it was over, upon getting off the stage, a man says to me, "Amy, you did a good job singing today, but next time turn your microphone on."

Ah-h-h, my first lessons. Follow His Peace and remain humble, or He will humble me quickly. Wow, our God is Good!

Wondering if once was enough, I prayed and asked if it was a one-time lesson. I was so aware that I did not sing with the talent the others did. I heard things said of having a lot of heart, but no talent. I felt plain and limited and I couldn't read music. His answer was this. "I would rather hear your voice singing to me with Love in it than the most perfected voice without that Love." Oh yeh -- I got it! All right, I'll do this. I love Him. Yes, I will sing if that is what He is listening for. His Love in my voice. I can do that! He told me that when the anointing catches my full attention, I will sing equal to the beauty of my heart. M-m-m

So, I sang for 12 years, listening, learning and loving His lessons.

## **His Musical Instrument (continued)**

When I started this project I felt disappointed in myself that I never learned notes or an instrument. I sing and hear the songs the Lord gives by ear. I "listen" more than sing. I am a "listener". My relationship with Him was my first interest. My favorite thing is to sit at His feet in His Presence as Mary in the Martha and Mary story. But, I was feeling very insufficient. The Heavenly simple songs of prayers and conversations going up and answers coming back (psalmistry really) were of the moment and frequent, but they were not what the world accepts as songs. The Heavenly music melodies have a prophetic flow of repetitive notes that pull the thoughts, prayers, thanksgiving, out of you ;or, hold your attention to listen to His answers coming to you. The conversation is more important than the musical notes that vary and sound interesting. The music assists the words to release the flow out and imbed those coming in. The songs of this world are a type of pattern with a beginning, middle, and end. The usual, acceptable format. God gave me a composer to take the little prophetic Heavenly simple melodies and build them into beautiful testimonial songs of worship experience to be accepted in the Heavens as well as in the earth. I am thankful for him. I couldn't have done this music project without him.

Then the Holy Spirit gave me a dream. I was sitting in a college music classroom for years. Waiting, listening, and asking to be released from that room. All the people around me were so talented. I watched them in appreciation, but they acted as though they couldn't see me. The gift of Love in my heart did not seem to compare in equality to talent. I wanted to go. Then a tall man came in the door and walked down the aisle right up to me and said, "You are to sing all the psychology the Holy Spirit has ever taught you!"

Understanding came. I stood up and walked out of that classroom, down the hall and into the lunchroom. I looked down at my hands and thought, "but Lord, I still don't have an instrument to play." Light came again into my understanding. I understood

I WAS THE INSTRUMENT... HE PLAYS ME. So I started singing my heart out. The people in the lunchroom were eating up the music as I sang. It was feeding them. The more I sang the more they ate. They were getting healthy and beautiful. I was overjoyed.

I will sing all the psychology the Holy Spirit will teach me.

So, let the Holy Spirit through me "feed" you.....hot lunch for the heart, soul, mind and flesh.... with His Love, Alexandria.