

BOUQUETS

from My Beloved

Encounters with Jesus, the Bridegroom

judy lokits

A decorative floral frame in light gray, featuring a scalloped top edge and a base of intricate, symmetrical floral and vine patterns. The frame encloses the main title and subtitle.

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I dedicate this book to the The Bridegroom, Who has given me the thoughts of His heart to share, and to my incredibly talented sister, Kathleen, who has always encouraged me to use my artistic talents.

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PREFACE

For the most part, the words of this book came to me in bits and pieces written down in my journal or on other miscellaneous pieces of paper following an especially enlightened time with the Lord. I've learned to keep my journal or even a pencil and paper nearby my bed, my lounge chair on the patio (which doubles as my prayer closet), in my purse, and in the car. The story of the life-guard, for example, came from the Lord while I was driving and reflecting on a sermon that I had heard that Sunday morning. I literally stopped and wrote it down on the side of the road. It's not that I'm so spiritual; it's just that my memory is so faulty.

Preface

With the onset of the electronic media explosion, I've grown to see the value of a computer in a begrudging sort of way. Instead of various sizes and shapes of papers stuffed into a notebook that I loosely called a journal, I now have a file cabinet in my "doc." on my computer. Here I try very hard to promptly sit down and transfer these thoughts from His heart to the screen just as they come, quickly label them, and go on with my day, marveling at what God let me in on just then.

I believe this is the way it is supposed to be. Him and me just sharing and talking things over throughout the day. He certainly doesn't need to make note of my thoughts, but I find His thoughts so astounding sometimes that I know they must be recorded. Recorded either for me to ponder at a later time or to share with someone else when I discover that the Bible confirms it all.

So take your time as you read this book. It is not meant to be read all at one sitting. Allow the Lord, your Beloved, to speak to you also, perhaps as you ponder the thoughts expressed herein or as

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you read the scriptures noted at the end of each chapter. Give the Holy Spirit a chance to teach you about His love for you; pray for revelation, and then allow Him to do the healing work. He is waiting for you.

My Beloved

You're My beloved, you're My bride.
To sing over you is My delight.
Come away with Me, My love.
Under My mercy come and wait,
Till we are standing face to face.
I see no stain on you, My child.
You're beautiful to Me, so beautiful to Me.
I sing over you My song of peace.
Cast all your cares down at My feet.
Come and find your rest in Me.
I'll breathe My life inside of you.
Bear you up on eagles' wings and hide you in the
shadow of My strength.
I'll take you to My quiet waters.
I'll restore your soul.
Come and rest in Me and be made whole.

—*By Kari Jobe and Klaus Kuehn/Kari Jobe*

FEATHERS

His Bouquets for Me



It was a cool Arizona morning as I walked through the foothills with Pepper, my black poodle. The green bark on the leafless Palo Verde trees stood out against a beige desert backdrop. Here and there a cactus plant in one of its numberless varieties displayed brilliant red, yellow, or pink buds, ready to burst forth in the miracle of the Arizona desert in spring bloom, so exotic and unexpected in this bland landscape.

Then I saw it! A beautiful blue feather—an offering from a resident blue jay, skittering along the gravel path. As I quickly scooped it up, I heard the still, small voice of the Lord in my head, saying, “A kiss for you this morning, My beloved!”

This little discovery turned a new page in my life. A year before, in 1997, my husband of twenty years had died, and hungry for an intimate touch, something tangible I could feel, I hungrily brushed this beautiful gift of love across my cheek, under my chin, and on either side of my neck. As I closed my eyes and smiled, I felt the soft kiss of my Lord, reminding me that He knew my need

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and had found a way to meet it with such tender and intimate care. I walked on, listening to worship music being electronically piped into my ears, and found my heart soaring with His love.

I love listening to music, especially worship music. So when I discovered a “walkman”—a portable cassette player that I could strap to my waist as I walked each morning with Pepper, I rarely left it at home. I also subscribed to a worship music service, which sent me the newest worship and praise tapes every three months or so. Other tapes were recommended to me. Some were better than others, but God used a few, like Chuck Gerard’s “Voice of the Wind” to lead me into a new level of communion with my Lord.

Talk to Me, talk to Me,

I’m waiting in the morning;

I wait throughout the day.

How sweet it is for Me to hear all the things you
have to say.

How lovely is the music of your heart.

Feathers

Talk to Me, My love.

I've love you for forever, and forever I will be

The one who will always love you and when you are
with Me,

How lovely is the music of your heart.

Talk to Me, My love.

I love to hear your praises, I love to hear you pray.

I long to hold you in My arms at night and dry your
tears away.

So talk to Me, talk to Me, talk to Me, My love.

Sing to Me, sing to Me, Sing to Me, My love.

—By *Chuck Gerard/Voice of the Wind*

Companionship is not the only reason I had a dog; I needed a motivating factor to get out there and walk. So, dog leash in one hand, plastic bag in my pocket (for you know what), and my walk-man strapped to my waist, I had a “date” with my Beloved each morning. With intimate songs of love and devotion to my Lord filling my auditory senses, my eyes took in the beauties of nature He

has created for us. And this particular morning, just as my heart was soaring with gratitude and praise to Him, I saw it! Another feather! This time pure white and fluffy around the edges, right in my path! As I reached for it, my heart skipped a beat, and, carefully picking it up by the spine, I again closed my eyes and touched it to my cheek, my chin, my neck, and then hugged it to my heart. He loves me! He hears my praise! He sees my spirit, trying to burst forth in some way to express the intensity of my love for Him!

Well, from then on, everywhere I walked—shopping, appointments, work, even sightseeing on a trip—my eyes were magnetically locked on the ground and the possibility of another “kiss” from the Lord. Even when I momentarily forgot or was distracted, it seemed that my eyes would be drawn to that beautiful token of love dropped with such care by my Beloved and one of His feathery friends. I found white ones, blue ones, striped ones, big black ones, lacy ones, tiny ones, grey pigeon ones, spotted wren ones, huge, irides-

Feathers

cent duck ones, feathery white egret ones, and a special polka dotted turkey hen one.

As my collection grew, I stored them in glass containers of every size and shape. When I traveled to Europe and Israel (other extravagant gifts from my Lord), I brought back feathers along with an occasional dried flower, which were mounted on a page of my photo album. Each one was collected with great delight and wonder that my Lord never forgot how much I needed those kisses at that particular moment.

I suppose my love for nature and my love for the arts, particularly music, adds to the intensity with which I received these physical touches from God. He couldn't have chosen a better way to connect with me. But not everyone is the same.

I have a friend who is very organized—a left-brained person who is overjoyed when she has every detail in place and it all works. Rarely the case for me, thus no joy. But she senses God's personal touch to her in this way and enjoys an intimate relationship with Him. My sister, a very tal-

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ented, artsy person, sees visions of spiritual truth, which she translates into drama, dance, mime, or incredible combinations of them all, and then she presents them all over the world and trains others to do the same. For her, these glimpses of the heart of God are her special gift from Him.

How does He tell you He loves you? *You!* That's right, a big personal *you*. What is your bouquet from your Beloved? Perhaps it's an ocean view or a flower that jumps out at you with *your* name on it even though you've seen it before dozens of times but never like that. Perhaps, like me, it's a chorus sung in church that brings you to tears because you hear His heart speaking to *you*.

Usually, it's unexpected, although it is anticipated. By that I mean I anticipate that my Beloved wants to touch *me*, but I never know how or when. More often than not it's when my spirit is in touch with Him, and I'm not distracted with "the cares of the world." That's another reason for the dog and that walk every day with worship music accompanying us.

Feathers

I return home with my spirit open, tenderly clutching my feathery kiss, sweat dripping off my forehead, and ready to hear more from Him. I grab a cup of water or coffee and head for the screened-in patio, my “secret place,” and either finish worshipping with the music or open my Bible. Sometimes I start praying for a burden revealed during my “date” with the Lord. But by all means, this is my favorite time of the day, and now that I am retired here in Florida, I can stay there as long as I want. Thank you, my Love.

Now, back to *you*. The important thing is that you anticipate. That you recognize His personal, intimate touch for you. That He eagerly awaits, watching to see if you discovered it, like mom and dad watching as you searched high and low for the little Easter egg nests as children. Don't be too much of an adult and think to yourself that “this is silly” and miss the thrill of the creator of the world's latest idea to tell you that He loves you. He is eternal, ageless. So be a child, if necessary, eagerly looking for the treasure each day.

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Not once in a while, but daily, maybe even hourly.
He's not stingy or on a twenty-four hour schedule.
He is extravagant, imaginative, even outrageous.
Anticipate!

Look up and enjoy:

Jeremiah 31:3

Psalms 139

Song of songs 4:12-5:1

