

THE
MESSAGE
MAKER

WORDS FROM A WORLD AWAY

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LETA RAE PEREIRA



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Foreword

The Message Maker is not just a book to be read but an incredible journey that reaches into the deep places of your heart.

Leta's inspirational writings will stir you, challenge you, and remind you that we have a Father that longs to bring comfort and hope to His children.

As I read through the pages, I realized that each poem represented experiences we can all relate to and identify with; it felt like God was speaking to me in a very personal way.

The Message Maker is like sitting at a banquet table that will feed the longing of your soul. May you enjoy this book that is full of God's grace and truth as you hear the whisper of what the pages have to say.

Co-Pastor Dori Bannister
Hillside Christian Fellowship
Hollister, California

Introduction

In late December of 2008, there were “rumblings” within my spirit. At the time, I perceived them to be nudges from the Lord to write a book about my life. I thought it might be a possibility, as I kept hearing the words “Come, follow Me” off and on over the course of a few days. And I thought, “Yes, Lord, one day I will write my life’s story because it’s all about You, and I would love to share what You have done!” I had no idea that within a few short days, “someday” would become “now” and that the book I was possibly envisioning *would* unfold, not as my life’s story but as poem after poem of “messages,” messages sent straight from the gate of heaven. This is how it all began:

At about two in the morning on January 3, 2009, I was awakened from a sound sleep. (I know the Lord has a sense of humor because I have been blessed to be able to “sleep like a rock.” I believe this was His way of telling me, “You know this is Me because nothing else would wake you up!”) Immediately upon waking, I simultaneously saw and heard words within my spirit: “Come, follow Me, My child. I will be with you from the start.” I knew without a doubt that I was to begin writing. I remember looking for anything to write on and found a small piece of paper. Within a few minutes, I was searching for more paper, as I had nine verses! As I was writing them down, I suddenly realized that they were “memorized” within my spirit. This was all during the night of January 3. No more verses came until the early morning of January 5, at about 5:30 a.m., when I received two more. On this same day, I went into my closet to get something. There, with what I was looking for inside, I found a bag with these words written on it: “‘Come, follow Me,’ Jesus said, ‘and I will make you fishers of men’” (Mark 1:17). I felt as if the Lord had reached down and touched me on the shoulder, for surely He had. The remainder of the poem came through my spirit during various times of the day between January 5th and January 8th. I would stop whatever I was doing and write

the verses down. If it was a case where I couldn't write them immediately, they were never forgotten.

I remembered them clearly, and wrote them as soon as I had an opportunity. The twenty-four verse poem "Come, Follow Me" was completed. I read the poem over and over; I could not believe what I held in my hands. I was in awe and amazement as I praised the Lord for giving me this treasure. Blessed beyond words by having received this one poem, I never imagined having anything more. I was wrong, for since that January of 2009, I have been given poem after poem. It has been rare when there has been a month without at least one. The majority of them, from the shortest to the longest, have been written within minutes.

The Message Maker contains 56 poems, each of them concluding with at least one Scripture reference. It is my suggestion that you have a Bible available to refer to the verses. I see the poems as a "gateway" leading into the garden of the Living Word. You will be touched in just reading the poems, but they are meant to draw you further, ever closer to His heart, His heartbeat found within the pages of the Bible. Following the poems and Scriptures, you will find a short section entitled either "Background" or "Note." The "Background" is a journal of the occurrences surrounding the words, what was happening in my life or in the life of someone else when the verses were written. The section entitled "Note" is simply my personal insight into what the poem means to me.

Over the course of time that I have shared these writings with many different people and in varying situations, one thing becomes very clear. I have discovered that these verses are not limited to me, nor were they meant to be. Without a doubt, you will see your own life, dear reader, within these verses. You will recognize those who are a part of your own journey. You will feel the ebb and flow of your own emotions. In other words, these poems will be intensely *yours*. You are holding within your hands a book containing words God gave to me, words of love and encouragement that were specifically sent to *you*. They were written as an expression of His immense love for *you*. They were written for *you* to feel upon *your own* heart the touch of the Master, the Message Maker.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.
He is the Rhyme, He is the Reason, He is the Author,
He is the Finisher, He is the Message Maker.

Hebrews 12:2

Acknowledgments

I have been blessed through the people God has chosen to place in my life. Were it not for each of you, these poems might have remained on my desk and been shared with a few but never reaching the possibility of being shared with so many more. I want to express my thankfulness to you, my family, friends, and church family, for all the encouragement you have given me over the course of these writings. I have even received encouragement from people I have never met, as a poem might have made its way to them through a family member or a friend. When I have heard how these hearts have been ministered to through these verses, I received renewed determination to make publishing this book my goal. Some of you will recognize yourselves in the background of a poem. I was so blessed that the Lord gave me these words to minister directly to your hearts. I am so appreciative to those who offered to take time out of their busy lives to help me compile the format for the book. Thank you to each of you. Lastly, I want to thank my grandson for helping me through the final “putting-together” stages; I am forever grateful for your love and patience, Rhandy. In compiling this acknowledgement, I sense in an even deeper way how truly blessed I am, as I have felt the touch of the Message Maker through each of you.

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Biography

Leta Rae Pereira is a wife, mother, and grandmother. Born in San Jose, California, she and her husband, Joe, relocated to Hollister, California, in the spring of 2005. Within a very short time, she realized that there was a significant reason for being led to this particular place at this particular time. She found the move had been totally spiritually based, as God began opening doors she never could have imagined, and He continues to do so. In 2008, Leta began serving as a volunteer peer counselor at Hollister Pregnancy Center, going on to later become client services director. She and her husband are actively involved in their community church, Hillside Christian Fellowship. *The Message Maker* is her first book.

References

1. The Spirit-Filled Life Bible NKJV
2. The Holy Bible Authorized KJV

The Message Maker

The words flow through my spirit
As the pen is put to paper.
I place them verse by verse,
But *He* is the Message Maker,
The Holy Spirit's Gentle Prodding
Of the words He will convey,
Words meant to reach His children
In a poem's special way.
The rhythm of rhyming thoughts,
His Heartbeat of Mercy through the lines,
The Longing of His Love
Extended throughout time.
When the lines are placed together,
When each poem is complete,
I add one to another,
Then I wait for Him to Speak,
For *all* is in *His* Timing
As to when each will be shared.
I wait here as His vessel,
For Him to Tell me when and where,
Where to carry these words He has Given.
Words to encourage, uplift, and guide,
Words to enlighten this dubious world,
Words to confirm He forever abides,
He is The Maker of each poem.
He is The Writer of each line.
He is our Heavenly Father.
His Love is yours; His Love is mine.
He Longs to Touch our hearts
In a way we will understand
That in the reading of these poems,
We will hear The Great *I AM*.

Mark 4:24

January 2011

Come, Follow Me

I heard The Voice of Jesus gently whisper to my heart,
“Come, follow Me, My child; I will be with you from the start.
Leave your cave of worldly darkness; step out into My Light.
Follow in My Footsteps as we pass through shadows of the night.”

“But will the path be easy, Lord?”
My fitful flesh cried with concern.
“No, it won’t,” My Jesus Answered,
“For there are lessons to be learned.

“The first thing you will realize
As we walk along together
Is that this world is only temporary,
While My world is forever.

“The treasures of this world
Will never have anything to compare
With the life that I Have Given you
And the Gifts you have to share.

“The Gifts that I Have Given
Are always meant to be
An infinite Reflection
Of The Love that shines through Me.

Your Gifts flow from My Spirit
And will saturate your heart,
And as you choose to use them,
You will find yourself apart—

“Apart from those who cannot see
Or do not choose to hear,
Apart from those who choose the dark
And do not want Me near.

“You will have days of intense discouragement
And nights of deep despair.
You will grieve the loss of loved ones
And perhaps sometimes believe that I don’t care.

“During these times of trial,
As you suffer these attacks,
There will be those who question you,
‘Why is it that *you* lack?’

“Where *is* this God you follow?
We thought you said your faith was true.
Where *is* this God you follow?
Has He forgotten you?’

“No, My child, The Path will not be easy;
The burdens will not be light.
The Road would seem impassable
If you journeyed with mere sight.

“But Remember, My dear child,
I, too, have Walked through this worldly life.
I have known of intense loneliness,
Of bitter sorrow, pain, and strife.

“On that hill of Calvary,
As unspeakable pain pierced through My Bones,
I searched the crowd through blood-soaked Eyes
And found Myself Alone.

“Alone, Save for the closest ones,
All My followers had fled in fear
Alone during my darkest hour
Unspeakable grief flowed through My Tears.

“My closing Eyes looked to the sky
As I hung upon that tree,
And I cried out in all My anguish,
‘FATHER, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?’

“As My tortured, pain-filled body
Exhaled its final, shuddering breath,
I whispered, ‘It is finished,’
And released Myself to the appearances of death.

“Three days, those who had loved Me
Walked cloaked in distress, discouragement, and despair,
While others mocked and told them,
‘Your Jesus is no longer here!

“Where *is* this Jesus you followed?
What has happened to your King?
Where *is* this Jesus you followed?
For Him, the death toll rings!

“But oh, the joy of morning
On that resurrection dawn
When the stone of the tomb was rolled away
AND THE KING OF KINGS WAS GONE!

“*ARISEN!*
In manifestation that my promises are true,
ARISEN! gone on to prepare a place
For my blessed loved one, *you*.

“And so, My child, I have Given you
This map for you to follow
The example of My Own Life here
In anticipation of your Eternal Tomorrow.

“And in closing, My dear child, I will leave you with these thoughts:

“The world will never know Me,
Nor the Salvation that I Brought,
If *you*, My beloved child,
Will not strive to do your part.

“You must use the Gifts I Have Given you
So that other hearts may sing
The Song of My Salvation
And know the Love I Came to bring,

“To know the reality of Eternal Life
And that my promises are true.
You see, My precious child,

“It all depends on *you*.”

1 Peter 4:10
1 Corinthians 12: 4-11
1 Timothy 4:14

January 2009

Seasons

There is a place deep within me
Where no one else can ever go,
Where I meet The Holy Spirit,
And He sets my heart aglow.

This Place is built of Peace profound,
Of joy beyond compare,
And when I truly seek His Face,
He always meets me there.

In times of cold and dampness,
With Winter's chill throughout my heart,
I've called upon My Master,
And He has sent warmth into each part.

In those days of deepest darkness,
When no one else could comprehend,
I've heard Him softly whisper,
"This too shall have an end."

And so, firmly planted in His Promise,
Knowing the comfort He always brings,
I've felt the barren days of Winter
Softly melt into the days of Spring.

When blossoms have bloomed with blessings
That have come forth for me to share,
As the winds of Winter's sorrow
Have been replaced with the gentle breeze of His caressing care,

Then came those days of Summer
When my soul was so parched and dry,
And the enemy had filled my mind
With discouragement built on lies.

This desert place was so torrid
I was sure my spirit would die of thirst,
But once again I heard my Jesus:
“My child, Just place Me first.”

So came the day I finally said,
“Yes, Lord, I give you *all* I am,”
Fully determined to follow His Calling
In every way I can.

Reaching this place of firm decision,
I have realized within myself
That I am now in the days of Autumn,
With an overflowing abundance of Spiritual wealth.

For just as the fullness of Fall’s bounty
Bursts forth in colors beyond compare,
My spirit has burst forth with its true purpose
In the realization of His Gifts that I am meant to share.

On my journey through the seasons of life’s stages,
Whether I am living in shimmering sunlight or relentless rain,
My heart’s foundation remains built upon The Rock of Ages,
For through Him Alone I am sustained.

Each life is touched by seasons;
There is nothing unique about mine.
Each life flows upon the river of change
That spans a course of time.

But when we look inside ourselves
To contemplate the Seasons of our days,
It is there we meet our Master,
Holding our reflection within His Gaze.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

March 2009

Note on “Seasons”

“Seasons” was written as I contemplated the journey of life. Just as the seasons come and go, so too do the events of our time on earth. Some changes bring hardships cold as winter. Others bring joy bright as summer sunshine. As we draw closer to Him, He awakens in us the gifts we have been given and are meant to share. It is then our spirit bursts into “colors” as glorious as autumn. But there is one circumstance that is, has always been, and forever will be unchanging: the unconditional love that God has for each of us. It is there always, throughout the fluctuating circumstances of our lives. He waits, holding the unchangeable within His hands.