

Writing Therapy®

Rivers of Living Water

“But whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst.

But the water that I shall give him will become in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life.” (John 4:14)



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The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. (Gen. 1: 2)

And God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters." And God made the firmament and separated the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And it was so. (Gen. 1: 6 – 8)

And God said, "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear." And it was so. (Gen. 1: 9)

And God said, "Let the waters bring forth swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the firmament of the heavens." So God created the great sea monsters and every living creature that moves, with which the waters swarm, according to their kinds, and every winged bird according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let birds multiply on the earth." And there was evening and there was morning, a fifth day. (Gen. 1: 20 – 23)

They are abundantly satisfied with the fullness of your house, and you give them drink from the river of your pleasures. (Psalms 36: 8)

There is a river whose streams shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High. (Psalms 46: 4)

*With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation. And you will say in that day: "Give thanks to the Lord, call upon his name; make known his deeds among the nations, proclaim that his name is exalted. Sing praises to the Lord, for he has done gloriously; let this be known in all the earth. **Shout, and sing for joy, O inhabitant of Zion, for great in your midst is the Holy One of Israel.** (Isaiah 12: 3 - 6)*

*Each will be like a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, **like streams of water in a dry place**, like the shade of a great rock in a weary land. (Isaiah 32: 2)*

*...They shall feed along the ways, on all bare heights shall be their pasture; they shall not hunger or thirst, neither scorching wind nor sun shall smite them, for he who has pity on them will lead them, **and by springs of water will guide them.** (Isaiah 49: 9 - 10)*

"Ho, every one who thirsts, come to the waters;

and he who has no money, come, buy and eat!

Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isaiah 55: 1)

*Then he brought me back to the door of the temple; and behold, **water** was issuing from below the threshold of the temple toward the east (for the temple faced east); and the **water** was flowing down from below the south end of the threshold of the temple, south of the altar. Then he brought me out by way of the north gate, and led me round on the outside to the outer gate, that faces toward the east; and the **water** was coming out on the south side.*

*Going on eastward with a line in his hand, the man measured a thousand cubits, and then led me through the **water**; and it was ankle-deep. Again, he measured a thousand, and led me through the **water**; and it was knee-deep. Again he measured a thousand, and led me through the **water**; and it was up to the loins. Again he measured a thousand, and it was a **river** that I could not pass through, for **the water had risen**; it was deep enough to swim in, **a river that could not be passed through**. And he said to me, **“Son of man, have you seen this?”***

*Then he led me back along the bank of the river. As I went back, I saw upon the bank of the river very many trees on the one side and on the other. And he said to me, **“This water flows toward the eastern region and goes down into the Arabah; and when it enters the stagnant waters of the sea, the water will become fresh. And wherever the river goes every living creature which swarms will live, and there will be very many fish; for this water goes there, that the waters of the sea may become fresh; so everything will live where the river goes. Fishermen will stand beside the sea; from Engedi to Eneglaim it will be a place for a spreading of nets; its fish will be of very many kinds, like the fish of the Great Sea. But its swamps and marches will not become fresh; they are to be left for salt. And on the banks, on both sides of the river, there will grow all kinds of trees for***

*food. Their leaves will not wither nor their fruit fail, but they will bear fresh fruit every month, because **the water flows from the sanctuary**. Their fruit will be for food, and their leaves for healing.” (Ezekiel 47: 1 – 12)*

*Rivers of water run down from my eyes, because men do not keep **your** law.
(Psalms 119: 136)*

*“But the boat was now in the middle of the sea, tossed by the waves, for the wind was contrary. Now in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went to them, **walking on the sea**. And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, “It is a ghost!” And they cried out for fear. But immediately Jesus spoke to them, saying, **“Be of good cheer! It is I; do not be afraid.”***

*And Peter answered Him and said, “Lord, if it is you, command me to come to you on the water.” **So He said, “Come.”** And when Peter had come down out of the boat, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw that the wind was boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink he cried out, saying, “Lord, save me!” **And immediately Jesus stretched out His hand and caught him, and said to him, “O you of little faith, why did you doubt?”** (Matthew 14: 24 – 31)*

*“On the third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. Now both Jesus and His disciples were invited to the wedding. And when they ran out of wine, the mother of Jesus said to Him, “They have no wine.” Jesus said to her, “Woman, what does your concern have to do with **me**? My hour has not yet come.” His mother said to the servants, “Whatever He says to you, do it.”*

*Now there were set there six water pots of stone, according to the manner of purification of the Jews, containing twenty or thirty gallons a piece. Jesus said to them, “Fill the water pots with water.” And they filled them up to the brim. And He said to them, “Draw **some** out now, and take **it** to the master of the feast.” And they took **it**.*

When the master of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and did not know where it came from (but the servants who had drawn the water knew), the master of the feast called the bridegroom. And he said to him, “Every man at the beginning sets out the good wine, and when the guests have well drunk, then the inferior. You have kept the good wine until now!” This beginning of signs Jesus did in Cana of Galilee, and manifested His glory; and His disciples believed in Him.” (John 2: 1 – 11)

*“On the last day, that **great** day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried out, saying, “If anyone thirsts, let him come to **me** and drink. He who believes in **me**, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will Flow **Rivers of Living Water.**” (John 7: 37 - 39)*

*“Then the third angel poured out his bowl on the rivers and springs of water, and they became blood. And I heard the angel of the waters saying: “**You** are righteous. O Lord, the one who is and who was and who is to be, because **you** have judged these things.” (Revelation 16: 4 - 5)*

*“And He said to me, “It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. **I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely to him who thirsts.**” (Revelation 21: 6)*

“And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the lamb.” (Revelation 22: 1)

“And the Spirit and the bride say, “Come!” And let him who hears say, “Come!” And let him who thirsts come. Whoever desires let him take the water of life freely.”

(Revelation 22: 17)

I, Flow

In a dry canyon lay
 a stream gully, forged from
 ions of passing time, moved into
 a river bed, made swollen by
 streams of migration, driven by
 its journey into new, unknown territory
 that could only be discovered by its
 persistent course through
 the open beyond,
 as this channel served its severe need
 to move.

A new, open space beyond the known
 grew from no trespass from before,
 only a willing resolve,
 as the light from beyond
 shown brightly on the water's path.
 The river knew what had past.

That it had died along the way
 and now, could only be forgotten.
 Like a stone that had fallen from above,
 its flow had slowed down its own movement,
 and had seemed to leave it for a time.
But no matter...

for its memory of what had past
 now created a death-like stench
 that fell into the ditch,
 for it could not move handsomely into
 the direction it was going, only into
 an active oblivion.

All the years before,
 this water's passage had seen itself move;
 its own resiliency slipped through what had moved,
 but now there was another border downstream,
but no matter.
 That passage could only be
 swayed into compromise
 or a stationary pause,
 for its flow now
 dipped and curled around new
 rocks or quarry, that had tried to

mar its flow before.
*But no matter for
this too shall pass...*

The river knew its path
and needed no help to get there.
Its way was just to
let things be.
All things worked themselves out,
even the water's flow,
and what was set to make the flow
move on its own did not
give newness to the ripple that had formed.

The river gave nothing to its loss or need.
Other rivers would care for their
distilling process, but this river knew the way.
The way was to trust what would come
for trusting the flow
moved the river downstream.

The flow was perfect.

II, Trust

Let Him guide me stronger, deeper than before.
 Give myself to Him completely,
 as no one is blocking my path now.
 Only I have blocked my own path.

I kept telling him,
"I'll love you, whatever comes along."
 He liked to hear me say that.
 In return, he promised me the moon
 and I believed he would get it for me,
 but I don't need his moon.
 I need the light of the sun.

So, I let him go.
 Into a cavalcade of wonder
 I let him go.
 and I hope, with all of me, that he will be happy.
 You see, both people create the moment
 as each one wants it to be.
 And then each one has to trust what he's created.
 It's the same way for this planet.
 Each one of us (His children)
 has created what needs to be
 and then can only trust what he's created.
 For what has been given
 can never be rescinded, only cherished.

There's a difference between what knowledge renders
 and what God gives. They're not the same thing.
 Knowledge creates a space
 for the human being to know what he wants
 (maybe apart from God),
 and God gives each one a spacious gift
 that lasts for eternity.

Trust enters the human picture
 to blend both senses into one thing.
 And this one thing is not a joy ride,
 where you see the sights
 without paying a fare.
 Trust's one thing is a personal commitment
 you make within with the Lord.
You get what you pay for,
 so if you have paid no fare

or you have no personal commitment with Him,
you will only travel within heartbreak ridge.

Heartbreak ridge is a hard, dirty place
where joy ends immediately
(especially when joy was promised).
And just tossing in your fare
doesn't create the trusting heart.
What does?
It takes a character made of steel,
unflinching, yet open to change.
If you take a joy ride
you will only get a flat tire.
It's comparable to eating a sundae
that has no cherry.

So, even if you have a *Sweet Prince*
just eat enough of the sundae
to wet your whistle,
but don't get a stomach ache
because then the joy ride gets a flat tire.
Well, you get what you pay for...

You see, happiness cannot be bought and sold.
Happiness is not a *token* of love.
Happiness is a daily activity.
And trust occurs in relationship
with or without happiness at the wheel.
So you can fall in love with someone
while he lies to you and you don't know it,
but when the end comes,
leave the whole mess
right where it is
and move ahead.
Forget about the promises
and changes to your life that
you were told to plan for.
Deeply, you ask "*Who do I trust now?*"
and a silent space answers.
Such is this journey's travel plan.

The Lord puts people together for a season, *for His reason*.
You can pay the fare, but He's the guide.
Trust His presence, folks.
This is a one-shot-deal.
You don't get a second try.

And all the pieces of life's puzzle
fit together when they need to.
Life is a moving mosaic
with a larger pattern
you'll never know,
so just accept the picture as it forms
and then reforms.

Nothing's final until the last countdown.
Then you see a picture of how
all the pieces fit together.

Hooray for divinity in action!

III, Faith

Memory fades into the doghouse.

Sweet Prince takes his last bite.

My pastor's presence now stays within.

Baptism fills all of me, spilling over into you.

Love with the Lord fills me, drenching you.

Spirit cascades around me igniting a fire within

to burn where you are.

Faith for the Lord has no limit.

He rises up in me, goes to you,

shines passion in your soul,

turns night into sunlight.

Faith is the light of not knowing,

as bitter turns sweetness into

a second helping of ignorance

brighter than before.

Don't be concerned with what dims.

What fades away seeks new light

among the living.

Be with His light now and always know His way
together in His light.

He knows no boundary
and faith has no limit.

"Stay with me," He says "and know the faith that moves mountains.

No man comes to another but through me."

IV, *Heart of the Lord*

The heart of the Lord is love.
 The heart of Him is kind and knows no flaws.
Come to me and abide with me
and I shall give you the sweetness of eternity.

There is no such thing as memory.
 Things go away that are needless,
 full of pride, tyranny and aggression.

There is no such thing as begging for what you need.
 All things come to you when you need them
(He knows when)
 and you welcome their presence.

“Give up all remorseless suffering
for I love you in all things.
You are always with me.
I celebrate all that I give you
to hold onto in its own time.”
This is the season of the Lord,
ripened and then cut down to make way for the new.

What is inside you looks out of you
 to see all the senseless killing,
 the horrors of humanity
 mounting up the pinnacle of fate
 made feasibly open to oppression
 by others who seek to bring you down
 because they know not how to
 bring you up.

Let go to me. Abide in me.
 I give you a new tomorrow
 opening right where you are.
 The past is dead
 and all that went with it.

I give you the treasure of my heart
 loving all of you right now.
 My heart grows in you,
 as my beautiful flower blossoms
 in the light of love unfolding.

How Wondrously Strange

How wondrously strange that someone you knew before
 would take you out to be a fool,
 while each and everyone of your former friends,
 associates and pastors
 left you alone for unstated reasons,
 and then the scoundrel
 who bade them leave
 then had the gumption
 to say that you fell by the wayside.
 He said that he would help you,
 but what you had already created
 only seemed to die a thousand deaths
 without his presence lending a hand.
How wondrously strange that the
 scoundrel's death never gave you
 a scratch. (*He was protecting you.*)

For it is *wondrously strange* that
 a hero may die a thousand deaths,
 but only the strong-willed survive
 the slings and arrows tossed outrageously
 through false accusations hurled against the innocent.
 Before, his lies and heavy-handed silence
 bade your friends and associates leave
 as you appeared to them
 like you moved in a fog.
*Abide in me, for this fog was just
 one of his false trials.*

It is *wondrously strange*
 that you take stock of yourself
 as the axe hits the ground
 with a thud, yelping to be
 the winner of the most horrible, villainous plot
 ever known to man.
 All the cupboards turned bare
 and the secrets were told *about* you
 to everybody *but* you.
 And He was looking on,
 watching all the action
 from the wings.

How wondrously strange
 that he would harm you
 in such a unique way,
 hiding his foibles
 while he told you lies
 and hid the truth from your eyes.

You moved innocently
 like you were on a
 Merry-go-round, not knowing that the
 horses carried a load of
 deceit and villainy, for they wanted
 to boast of carrying the boss, even though
 they never looked up to see
 who it was that was
 held in high-esteem by others.

He tells me now
“This was your game, girl.
Why’d you try to
give away the dice
I threw to you?
I’ll throw you another set
but don’t go giving them
to someone else, okay?”

They’re His dice.
 It’s a seemly creation
 that is/was designed by God
 but this guy wanted all the credit.
He’ll never have it.
The credit’s mine in His name.

Around and around I went,
 dazed and bewildered before.
How wondrously strange that someone you once loved,
 this guy who said that he loved you too,
 with whom there could have been such respect shared between
 should end his presence without telling you,
 just so he could have the last word.

I don’t call that love
 or proper communication.
 He can go fish now for awhile
 until the trawl he throws into the pond
 finds its home.

It is *wondrously strange* that
all that the Lord brought me
and him should come to nothing
after 4.2 years, just because
he didn't have the guts
to finish rightly what he promised.

So now, as I move on **your** path, my father,
I call on **you** to help me
put the finishing touches
on your mark of love,
for I abide with **you**
in the kingdom on earth,
as everyone speaks their own
faith in the Father.
May I present myself before Him
and do what He bids me do.

Profile of the Month

My *Profile of the Month* that was asked for and sent to Multiple Sclerosis International Federation, www.msif.com in January, 2006. The Profile was asked to be 500-1000 words about “*how your MS diagnosis has affected your life*” and was to be published on the web. So, without looking the other way I set out to write my profile and sent it to this large M.S. federation the next day. Here is the original copy. It has a dry sense of humour, but I figured, “What the heck. There’s a first time for everything and when you got it, flaunt it (even if it has M.S.)”:

I was diagnosed with M.S. in October, 2001. It showed up in an MRI that I was asked to take by a really nice Neurologist who retired right after he diagnosed the problem that he said had begun in 1991. (!) Not knowing what would appear later on, I went about my business (I was a Licensed Massage Therapist and teacher) and started to write for publication. Then, I saw that everything I wrote was published. I had a gift to express myself and told myself that **"No type of illness is going to stop me!"**

Without looking ahead (or around either) I continued on my merry way with an open, innocent heart, interested to help others, even as the M.S. thing continued to slowly progress up the ladder of my life. *"No matter!"* I cried as every graduate school to which I had applied turned me down and all my friends turned away (I guess nobody wanted to be with a diseased person). I began to see how relevant my life was to the other problems that plagued this world too (war, hunger, poverty, despair, etc.) and began to see each circumstance as another tool for planet Earth to also get a grip. Turning around I saw that the obstacles in my way acted like cracks in the sidewalk that I had to jump over.

With a positive attitude, I carried around no secondary, opportunistic infection and my body created no need for surgery. I began to see that I could keep my focus when my brain began its lock-down for the day by simply moving ahead and keeping a smile on my face when I felt otherwise. Then I began to regroup what was left and quilt a lot at home. I moved my life into writing poetry, journaling, keeping my website on key, and drawing just for fun without a publisher breathing down my back. Self-publishing became my standard, and I made sure that I had no typos. I mean, integrity needed to stay alive, right? So, I told myself to let the grey skies clear-up while I kept a pen in my hand and smiled.

I mean, what was I going to do? Be a witch about every little thing just because I didn't like how it moved? And the M.S. could stay in me, but it wasn't going to take a front row seat in my life, no way! I needed to keep my chin up as the power that moved my life ahead moved on its merry way too. M.S. could take away effectiveness in the brain for sure, but it couldn't take away my willingness to serve God in faith and love. And I found most recently that as I stay centred in serving Him, I served myself too, for He doesn't deny love to anyone.

Moment-to-Moment

His is the steady hand
 as my pace secures a new kind of
 pacifying acceptance for
 all that flows by.

Moment-to-moment
 He is with me in all I do now,
 for He moves my life along
 and I accept what comes
 as I see what goes away.

But this is no matter now.
 Each moment brings the next
 and all things in my world
 accept this sense of day.
Life grows stronger within me
as I look away from the light
knowing that it is right
to turn my face to night.

And with the slower pace
 I move into a great peace
 that entertains the calmness
 flowing down from above.
 Evermore He accepts me
 and I keep repeating the same words
 as I see Him up above
 beckoning me to go to Him:

“Stillness brings the strength to know
that each moment is His will
moving day to night.
So let His light shine
while the day is here
for evening shadow falls
darkening His spring of night.”

I know no night, Jamie, when I write.
You’ve inspired me so.
 Every book has had your hand on it,
 and you’ve been present
 turning each page.

All my life thanks you for the light you’ve given me.

Rivers of Living Water Grows the Earth

Conservation enables growth.
Okay, let's have some conservation.
I guess that's better than
downing the trees to make money.
By the way, helping the needy first
also conserves the planet.
They're a river too.

He knows what's going on
and I don't need to help Him along.
He just receives my love.
And He'll bring along
what I need to see
every moment I'm with Him.

Just so, the earth's people are a river too.
I pray, O Lord
that I see you in all things we create,
as this world spins around its sun
not intent on anything,
but facing the light.

References

Holy Bible

About the Author

Jaclyn Henderson is a writer and free-write, mystic poet living in Port Orchard, Washington. A retired massage therapy teacher and Licensed Massage Therapist for twenty years in three states, she is also a retired Energy Medicine Therapist, teacher, and Pastoral Intern. She now volunteers her time as a licensed Registered Counselor who offers pastoral care and receives in-home pastoral care. She has applied for and has been rejected from twelve+ MFA programs maybe due to her M.S. (?).

Jaclyn holds a B.A. in Independent Study from the Robert D. Clark Honors College at the University of Oregon, 1990, and is an accomplished quilt artist. She is published author of: *The Healing Power of Attunement Therapy, Stories and Practice* (*Findhorn Press*, 1998), which was translated into three languages, and is now out-of-print; one of her memoirs *Pilgrimage, Leaving the New Age Cult* (*Wasteland Press*, 2003); and her free e-books: *Writing Therapy™* (Parts I-IV); *Writing the Labyrinth; Healing the Body with Soul; Faith and CAT, Complimentary Alternative Therapies for Multiple Sclerosis*, etc. These free e-books are available for free download from her website: www.healingwithsoul.com.

She has written, with an Invited Guest, a quarterly Online Literary Journal called *The Grace Note* that was originally published at her website by the tenth of: March and June, 2005. Jaclyn may choose to publish more *The Grace Notes* in the future. This is a quarterly journal that relates to the Christian calendar year. Published authors and pastors are invited to email Jackie to become an Invited Guest for a journal issue of their choice.

Jaclyn has also previously published many poetry books, which are available at www.healingwithsoul.com. Her poetry books include: *The Wisdom to Grow*

Downwards, Poems of Loss and Recovery; Full Circle; Inexpensive Entertainment; Second Coming; the Field of Faith; Home among the Stars; Now is the Time, etc.

She has been a free-lance writer, Feature Author and Columnist for: *The Awakenings Review, Massage and Bodywork Magazine, Alternative Therapies, The New Times, The Higher Source* (out of Bainbridge Island, WA), *New Thought Journal, Resonance, Transformation Times, Portland Down Towner, Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary's Daily Prayers* and other publications for many years prior to her free e-book publications.

Jaclyn lives with a variety of incurable diseases: Asthma, Bipolar Disorder and Multiple Sclerosis. She takes prescribed allopathic medications for these illnesses and prescribed naturopathic alternative medications. Jaclyn has the trademark for Writing Therapy® that encompasses her literary ministry. Her books offer her faith increase for God within her illness expression. She hopes that her words inspire benevolence and kind behavior.

Donations may go to one's church or charity of choice.

