



# A dragonfly and me



A dragonfly and me.

A testimony of the goodness of God to a young man in pain.

Why - why write a book?

To start, I had no desire to write a book. But over time, from the age of 14 to 46 as people have asked and as I have shared, I realized people seem to receive something from this story of my life.

They get a glimpse of the reality of Gods existence and care for them. They feel encouraged, and hope that God will hear them as well, and he does.

So why write a book, because a testimony takes two, It takes the one praying and the one who answered the prayer.

I'm certainly no writer or author, but the story and experience isn't mine alone. If it helps to expose people to the goodness and love of God then it should be shared.

It's History not just mine, and I have no right to keep it to myself.

I'm a small business owner now and named the business Project Dragonfly. Some times customers ask me about why I chose to name the business what I did. Then I have a chance to share.

One customer, I met in a high rise building. He was the president of a bank. We met once and then I put together a contract and set up the second meeting.

We had the meeting and I presented the contract. At the end of our time together he asked me about the name of the business. So I explained where it came from.

Two weeks later that same man met his maker. He left Pa. and traveled to Florida. During his time there he had a massive heart attack and passed to the next life.

It is my sincere prayer that he remembered the God who sent me a dragonfly and called out to him in his time of need?

So why write a book, that's why.

In the past 30 years somewhere between three to five people have told me you should write a book. I guess I got the message.

I heard you Stan O.

I recently had a meeting in that same high rise building with an elderly gentleman. After concluding some conversation about business he asked me “the question” the door was open. So I shared what God did through a dragonfly.

The gentleman had shared that his wife had passed away and he was still adjusting to his new reality.

After I shared he smiled, a sense of peace come over him and he seemed to be more at rest.

Why ,that’s why

## **Chapter 1**

### **And so it begins.**

Never wrote a book before. Not sure I've read 5 cover to cover?  
I guess there aren't any rules here? So I'll just start.....

So as I write this I'm 46 years old. Single, lover of design, architecture, motorcycles, interiors, and creative projects. I've seen myself and the world change a lot and not all for the better.

People are losing any understanding of God we once had and filling the vacuum left with any and all forms of idolatry and perversion. We (I) take our pain to the rough places.

I grew up in a christian home. We went to church and youth group on Wednesday nights. Our provision was stable.

I felt a lot of tension at times in my parents marriage. Those feelings made me want to disappear most of the time. To be clear my folks did alright in raising us. There's no manual on how to raise a child. Each person is wired differently. Our talents and abilities, interests and love languages are all different. The idea that a parent who is different than the child can know intuitively how to relate perfectly to their offspring is not possible. We all also need to learn boundaries, who we are and what we bring to the table to contribute.

My parents tried to do better, than they received. It is ridiculous, the amount of looking back and blaming past generations for things they may or may not have done. No one walked in their shoes, but them and they were also raised by imperfect people.

All we have is now, this moment, we all have choices to make and a hand of cards to play. You will make choices and not taking responsibility or playing what you have is not a choice.

To whom much is given, much will be required.

The Father expects us to live being aware of Him, who He is, and through a loving relationship with Him producing good works that our fellow man could also be saved.

Where to start?

It has been a long time since I tried remembering all of this.

As I recall we were told that the youth leaders were planning a hiking trip for us (the youth). We could choose to go or not. There was a good 4-6 month notice as I recall and we if needed should use the time to physically prepare.

The plan was to be in a national park hiking and canoeing for 2 weeks. There would be a 6 mile run at one point and a 24 hour famine or time a fasting.

At this point in my life, I was a huge basketball fan and player. I wasn't too concerned about the physical requirements other than having proper boots and my left knee would give me pain from time to time so the run wasn't something I was looking forward to.

I think at this point I had slept on the ground 4-5 times in my life so wasn't sure what to expect but figured we were all in it together so something will get sorted out.

The plan was to hike and canoe each day with about 60-70 pounds of gear, can goods and our tents/sleeping provisions. The cannons would also need to be carried while on land.

Each morning one of us kids would be the leader of the day. We were given a map and an achievable hiking distance for that day. The leader would set the pace each day and be responsible for making sure everyone got to the night's camping location. Food portions had been decided on as the youth leaders had to try and figure out how much to bring along to keep us all fed. A lot of responsibility and trust looking back on it.

Needless to say we all lost weight. If the hiking all day with 65 pounds on your back didn't do it the 95% heat and humidity would do the job.

The trip got cut short by a few days as I think we all had enough to drive the point home.

You don't know how good you have it till it's taken away and there is more than one way to live life.

You don't need as much as you think you do.

You're capable of more than what you think.

Those with leadership traits were found out and so were the "golden retrievers". All were needed but roles also needed to be discovered and played.

And so it began, the testing, living by faith, winging it with an objective and needing to help each other.

So the youth leaders picked a spot near Lake Placid New York for the trip. This was where the winter games were held in 1980.



I remember us driving by and stopping at the sky jump ramps. I thought who in there right mind would jump off that thing?

Well about every 4 years there's a few people who do that, so my hats off to you.



So two brave youth leaders and a group of inexperienced middle class kids set off for an adventure and suffering. There's always suffering in an adventure.

I don't remember too much about the trip other than a tough hike, moving the shoulder straps around, so the weight of the pack would rub a new spot of my shoulders. I remember enjoying the canoeing as it got the weight off the shoulders and felt easier.



The hikes were mostly on trails but the leader of the day would need to choose the course so some hikes were harder than others.

I do remember the bug bights, and that would come in to play later. A lot of bug bights!



So this is me at 14, to be more accurate the back of my head.

The red hat looking at the “mountains” of New York.



I honestly don't remember to much of the hike. The days were hard, long and I was hungry much of the time. I also new my basketball playing had helped me with conditioning so I was able to help others along the way. Being 6' and fairly agile definitely helps on a hike, rock climbing and canoeing.

At this point in my life basketball was what mattered most. I struggled in school, was diagnosed with a.d.d. and learning disabilities. Reading, writing and memorizing were some of my weak points. This made me feel inadequate from 3rd grade on. I was in “special” classes for my “learning” issues. This and the turmoil at home made me insecure and introspective. I felt very isolated and alone.

If they don't understand how to help me and I'm damaged in some way I don't understand, what will become of me?

You're on your own was the message I believed. In my upbringing we didn't talk about or through our emotions, so I was a mess. I made a vow, at one point to live from my mind. If I can just out think everyone or anticipate there moves, I might be able to not get caught off guard or have my inadequacies show. That is a great way to become suicidal as I found out.

School felt like getting kicked in the nuts everyday. Having it proven to you every day, that "your dumb and broken" for years strait will take a tole. This only made me think about basketball more and being an NBA player. I also new I liked photography and the design of sports wear. About this time, I had an art class teacher who had us make collages and I felt there was something here I could be good at, but I couldn't identify what. The pictures, the organization and the visioning all made sense some how.

Self confidence was low, feeling's of joy, peace and faith were defiantly not part of experience. Part of me was angry, frustrated at my parents for the constant tension, angry at the teachers, who got frustrated with me as there efforts to teach me were not successful. I was walking on egg shells all the time, desperately trying not to get anyone upset. I simply did not learn the way they were taught to teach. Hopelessness and despair were constantly knocking at the door.

Then there was the biggest fear of all, graduation. What would I do and become if I was already so far behind? How could I ever recover and make a living if no one understood me and I didn't understand myself?

Do remember Bruce Springsteens' song "Glory Days". I hated that song, cause if these were the best years, what did I have to look forward to. It was like an anthem curse over my life.

That was the back drop of my trip, so off to the hot woods and in for who knows what?



My best friend at the time (Drew) was really into the out doors and so I had taken his advice to purchase some outdoor hiking shows which was a good suggestion.

At one point during the week and half back packing trip, we made it to a look out.

It was foggy that day so I don't remember where it was only that our goal was to get to this medallion in the rock signifying the top.



Then it happened!

The youth leaders had planned a 24 hour famine for us, meaning they new we were going to do it, but we didn't until part way through the trip.

So we cannoned to an island and once there we were each given an area to stay in. We were not aloud to talk to each other. We had a sleeping bag, a bottle of water, and a Bible for 24 hours.

Now I had never fasted in my life at that point, so this would be something new for me.

We each went to our areas and began our fast. I grew bored quickly and was tired of being eaten alive by the insects. During this quiet time, I counted my bug bites. I had 200. 50 on each arm and leg that I could count. I was so angry and they were relentless. I started smashing fallen tree limbs and sticks. But nothing would make them stop.

I thought I'll get in my sleeping bag and then they won't be able to get to me. So in the sleeping bag I went. However getting in a sleeping bag in the middle of the day when its's 90 something degrees and the sun is out with high humidity isn't that comfortable.

I was sweating like crazy. So there I am for 24 hours. I was angry, miserable and felt trapped by relentless blood sucking insects.

I finally opened the bag realizing this plan of mine was not going to work. Now I had been raised in a church going home. Dad and Mom took us to church, the school I went to with the "special classes" for learning disabled children was also a Christian school. I grow up with the do's and don'ts of Christianity but I never quit got it?

How does going there (church), effect my life out here (day to day)?  
What's the bridge, from this place, to my every day experience, which I didn't like, other then basketball.



As I laid in the sleeping bag sweating, tired, angry, hungry and with the bag half opened I said a pray. Nothing religious sounding and if anything slightly insulting, but simple, honest and ready for an answer, although not expecting one.

“God if you’re real , can you keep these bugs off of me so I can go to sleep?”

That was it, nothing fancy but sincere.

After I said those words, I laid there a short time, a dragonfly came by and landed on my chest.

I thought well that’s interesting, but I was angry as I thought he was there to bight me like so many other insects had done.

For the first time, I heard the Holy Spirit say ”just let him set there, whats one more?”.

Well I was in no position to argue, I was ready to slap that bug into juice if he bit me though! But I left him set above my abdomen and I waited for what would happen next.

Sometimes in life you need to accept there may be pain and sacrifice, but thats usually when the good stuff happens.

I could look down and see him setting there, he wasn’t biting or stinging so I let him go. Not long after the dragonfly landed on me a mosquito landed on my right leg. And you know what, the dragonfly chased him away and then came back and landed on my chest.

A horse fly then landed on my left shoulder and my new friend chanced him away, only to come back and land on my chest. So this same pattern played itself out until that young angry boy fell asleep laying on his sleeping bag.

I don’t remember when I woke up. I think it was after dark. But I didn’t forget what a simple honest prayer and a dragonfly (?) did for me that day.

Now over my years I have shared this story whenever I got the question “whats Project Dragonfly” and why did you name your business that?

Most people listen and think it’s a nice little story and it is.

One time in a local Panera Bread a questioner tried to explain that there was no intervention of God on my behalf, but “science” had the answer to this situation and he was going to explain it to me.

So as this fella went on about dragonflies needing salt in there diet and how my sweet was likely the attraction, so thats why he kept coming back.....on and on he went.

Trying to explain to himself why there wasn’t a God and I must be some nutter?

Well , little did he know I had a second dragonfly story!

and

A third.....

## Chap 2

### God is not the author of our confusion or pain.

So that brings me to # 2 in the series of times God has answered my prayers with the symbol of a dragonfly.

Well the 14 year old young man grew up but always remembered that dragonfly. After high school I drifted. I went from job to job trying to find myself and some kind of fulfillment.

About every year and 1/2 I would switch jobs from sneaker /sporting goods salesman to personal trainer, to construction grunt, to grounds keeper at a local retirement home. Always looking for peace and purpose, always struggling with confidence.

A good friend, at the time recommended a book John Eldridge, Wild At Heart.

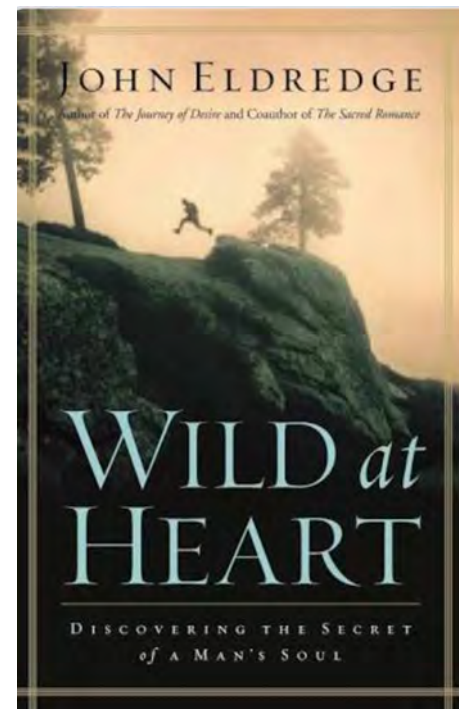
The book made a lot of sense and I found the “bridge” between church /this “relationship with God thing” and the world I lived in on a daily basis.

I also found something else and that was a lot of emotional pain.

The good friend really worked with me to discover the parts of my heart that needed healed and where things were left unfinished from childhood.

The book helped lay out what went rough and that God wanted to father the places in my heart that had not been fathered by my earthy Dad. God wanted to heal the broken places that got abandoned and bruised in my upbringing. I just had to let him.

Easer said, then done.



One of the ideas in the book is that the masculine journey, from boyhood, to adulthood, and a leader of a mans family, can not be taken in isolation. Other men must be part of the healing and coming of age process. So I joined a group of men at the church I attended to work our way through the book and share our past experiences and how we had been shaped by those events.

A dragonfly and me.

by Duaine Murtoff

We would also spent some time hanging out and doing “man stuff”, clay bird shooting, hiking, ropes course. One such event was a hike. One of the guys put together at a near by bird watching area named Hawk Mountain.

Bob Z in the tan jacket really put some thoughtful effort into this little adventure and prepared a hand out and some thoughtful words.

In the fall, in Pa., hawks, falcons, eagles and some other birds migrate south for the winter so, Hawk Mountain provides a cliff top view of these majestic birds. As they float along the mountain ranges updraft. They ride and surf the upward moving air, floating there way down south following the mountain chain.

So thats what we thought we were in for. But God had something else in mind for me that day.



So when I was young, I learned to be hard on myself. I figured I struggle in school so the only way for me to survive is, I need to push myself in ways others might think is unreasonable.

This drivenness from fear and insecurity caused me to grind my teeth at night, a painful and expensive lesson. I hope you don't need to learn as I did.

To start our hiking trip started we arrived at the park. The 3 or 4 of us headed into the guard station to get a trail map and go to the bathroom before our hike.

Then I saw her. There was a quiet little gal with dark hair and dark eyes and this single guy was trying to think of something to say. I dated very little in school and very little in my early 20s. The opportunity passed as I didn't know how to make a move or even introduce myself to this quiet gal.

So the old messages started. You know the ones, “this will never change”, “your to broken and messed up”, “you'll just look like a fool”, “she will never want you”, “you can't even provide for your self”, and you get the idea.



This is some of the worst of satans' work. It's one thing when he lies to you and then another when you agree with it. It's even worse when he doesn't even need to show up and you just default to putting a beat down on yourself.

So that was that, another opportunity waisted because "you're to messed up", I thought.

The guys and I started up a trail. We got about 50 yards from the guard station and I was looking down punishing myself for all my perceived short comings, true or not.

The judge had spoken and that heart wasn't going to find the courage to get out of jail today and take my shot with that cute girl.

As we hiked I noticed something in the leaves. I dismissed it and after another 75 yards or so my heart was crying out, "go back to those leaves", find out what that was?

So I told the guys I'd catch back up with them and back down the trail I went. Some times God speaks softly. Some times it's clear and with peace and authority and some times its just an impression or a sense and I sensed something was in those leaves for me.

So I looked around a little bit and there it was. A bright green ring with a dragonfly on top!

Now what are the chances? How could a dragonfly ring show up, out in the middle of nowhere? How could it have been there at this vulnerable moment when I needed encouragement?

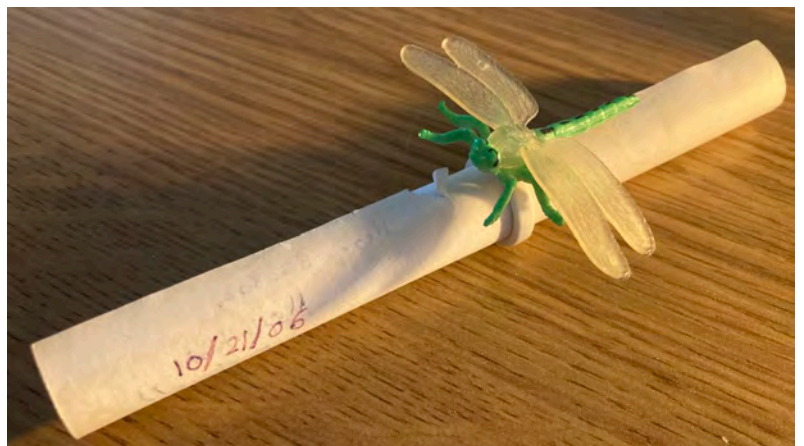
It was as if God had said I see you. I have this relationship thing all worked out, just trust me.

She's out there and when its time I'll get you ready.

Well I don't know how God works. I know I don't always get it right.

I know I've made some bad choices in my life and maybe I passed on a girl or two I shouldn't have.

I also know marriage is hard and the more healed you are the better chance the relationship has.



I know, I don't know, what's best and I want God to make that introduction when he thinks it's time. So I still have the ring as of 11/14/2023.

By the way the guy in the restaurant had a harder time explaining that away.

It's hard when someone bares there soul in front of you and you want to say you don't believe, but you can't deny the experience shared, even if it makes you feel uncomfortable.

That leaves a person with just one choice, to look in the mirror and be real with themselves.

So that brings us to one more for good measure!

### Chap 3

#### **God gives good gifts.**

So in my life I have had several dreams. Being an NBA basketball player.

Building my own custom motorcycle.

Being a designer and builder.

Some of my dreams haven't happened, some have, an NBA basketball player, wasn't one of them that made the come true list.

But God is good.

He let me get out on the court at a Sixers game and see my childhood heroes up close.

A buddy of mine went to school in Philly. He just so happen to know one of the Sixers cheerleaders and was able to get me into one of the contests that happen during tv timeouts.

So that's me, from the foul line, in front of the Atlanta Hawks bench. This was during the Dikemba Motombo/ Mockee Blaylock days. They were coached by basketball Hall Of Famer, Lenny Wilkins.

About this time my knees where becoming more of a problem. I had been offered a D3 scholarship from a local coach but felt too lost to commit to anything. My emotional pain was high and my idol that made me feel good (winning in basketball) was failing me.

But God was still showing me he cared. I didn't know what free will was but God is willing to play the long game to win us over.



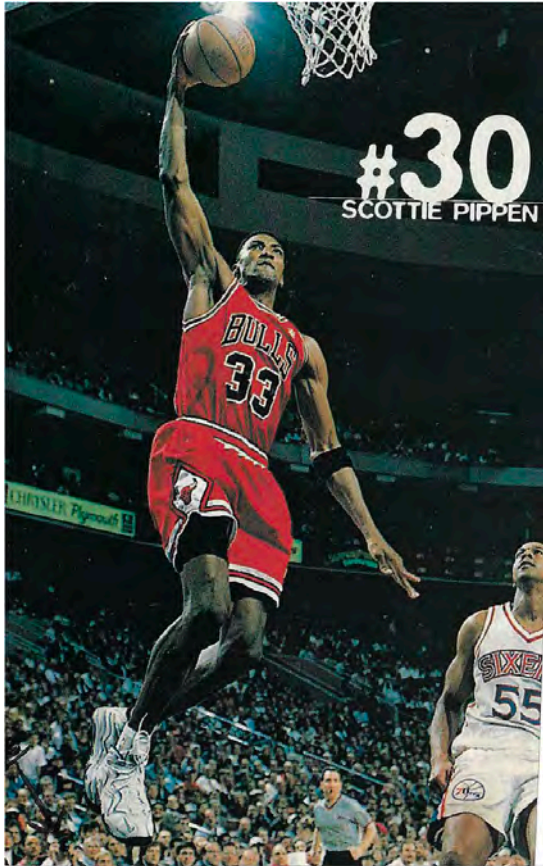
(I think I missed 3-4. No warm up shots you go in cold.)

A lay up, a foul shot, a three and a half court as I recall?



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That's me, "super Bulls fan"

(Pic from court side seat)

God also gave me the amazing gift of setting court side for a Bulls vs. Sixers game. Remember all that "M.J. got crossed up by A.I." talk, I was there.

As an MJ fan, It' didn't look that bad from were I was sitting. Bulls won by the way! Just saying.

So the guy with the Jump Man hat on, with a camera up in front of his face in SLAM magazine, yep that "supper fan" was me.

As I said my NBA carrier didn't work out. But you gotta admit those were some pretty good gifts for a young guy to experience.



In my early 20's I was having bad knee pain and had arthroscopic surgery on both my knees. These surgeries ended my basketball life. My false identity that I had used to get validation was over. I felt largely lost again.

At least feeling lost was familiar. God sometimes removes our false idols for us to protect us. I was headed no where with that one. I couldn't practice, I just could not maintain the skill level of play I was used to. So I put the ball down and tried to find something new. What was left? Well I was always creative and had an eye.

After a friend of mine at the time bought a motorcycle, I started to ride. That lead to seeing custom motorcycles and that was something I wanted to go after.

I had to move on to the next dream and that was becoming a custom motorcycle builder. Keep in mind this was early 2000's so the 2007 economic collapse hadn't happened yet.



## Capter 4

### **To the welding shop**

Well in the early 2000s' custom motorcycles were the new rage. I had started riding in my early 20's so this new hobby and now seeing the creative machines one could make intrigued me. Jesse James was on tv with his Discovery Channel specials.

My artistic side was motivated to be a bike builder.

So, I took some welding classes and a machine shop class at a local collage and then went out looking for a welding job. There's no substitute for hands on experience.

So I started working at a welding shop. I wanted to learn how to work with metal so I could acquire a new skill set and achieve the dream.

Looking back it wasn't the best plan. Bike building is a hobby at best and is the first thing on the economic chopping block, when it comes to economic down turns.

Most builders who "make it" ,as a full time business, do service work, make parts, kits, or are custom painters. "Building" is a way to market and shaping metal is a small part or an add on to the other money generating parts of there business.

The welding shop was a tough place for a strait laced kind of guy to work. There was so much swearing in one sentence I would have the guys stop and give it to me again in english!

The guys were all fairly good natured just rough around the edges. But the place was disorganized and that to a guy who's gift is organization and deign, was a nightmare.

Every day was hot, and I struggled. It just seemed like I couldn't get my footing. Nothing I did seemed to please the owner, I asked for help and did my best, but it wasn't good enough. I was under a lot of internal pressure as well as trying to learn the new skills. That with the disorganization "language barrier" and all my "head noise" was too much to overcome.





After I was called “brainless” they hired my replacement. He was there a few weeks and I got the picture.

I remember one day at lunch sitting in my car, wondering what am I doing here, is this the right path? I was not sleeping well at night because of the stress. I was also grinding my teeth, which I found out later with some expensive dental visits.

As I sat in the car, almost in tears crying out to God, a friend showed up.

I had the windows down in my 94 Acura Integra, and a dragonfly flew in the passengers side window, hovered above my steering wheel for a few seconds and then flew out the drivers side window.

I don't know how anyone explains that, but three heart braking moments and the same symbol showed up each time to remind me.

God sees you, he hears you, he cares for you.

So that was pretty much that. Not long after the shop owner and I had the this isn't working out talk and I called up a past employer (construction contractor) as I needed a place to land and heal.

That has been an ongoing journey, but God has proven his care and faithfulness over the years.

I realize people may read this and doubt, but facts are the facts. You just need to deal with the truth. God is real and we will all meet him sooner or later.

I suggest you get real equated in the now, because if you don't know him in the later, well he won't know you either and that choice has very significant consequences.

## Chapter 5

### **What's in a name?**

After high school, one of my multiple jobs was in construction as a grunt.

I took about 3 different construction jobs until I was ready to take some risk. My creative side was very strong and it needed to be used or I found myself fighting depression and despair.

Maybe it was being used as another idol too ?

Identity is a funny thing. We should know it and where it comes from, but often it seems we go through life “looking through a glass darkly” as an author puts it.

Finding a path and learning to live in this moment, centered and at rest, has been difficult for me. Growing up in a performance based love system, makes peace hard to find and there's always a hook in it when you do get it.

The thing about paths is that they twist and turn, they widen and get narrow.

So in 2007 I figured, if they can do it, I can do it and I created Project Dragonfly LLC.

My plan was to work in and around the construction industry while using my creative juice as my selling point. If I could be on the front end of the job cycle designing, I could exercise my creativity and that is where I fit best.

I started by painting for friends and family and then building unique picture frames and furniture.

Then expanded as my work became more known.

The path forward has not always been clear and there have been times when God in loving discipline would put me on the side lines to adjust my perspective, mostly my view of my self worth.

He has always been faithful and merciful to me and is willing to help anyone who develops a relationship with him.



What does someone name a company when there not sure what there product can be, because there interested in many things?

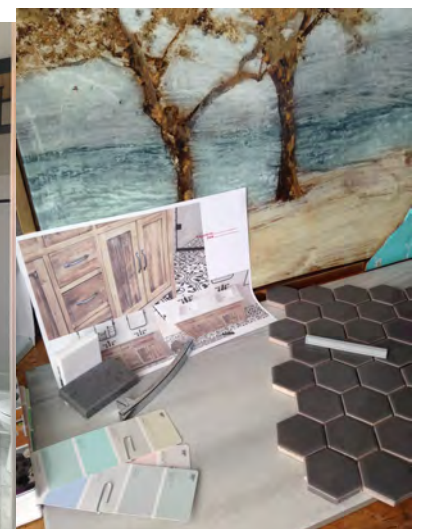
How about a name that reflects some of the most important and personal communications you have had with God?

So these days this is what Project Dragonfly has become. We do design/remodel projects on commercial and residential spaces.

From kitchens, bathrooms, basements, offices, man caves, restaurants, juice bars and dental offices. We design and build. We also work with brands to help carry there themes through there stores.

And when opportunity presents itself, we share what God has done through these experiences to encourage others.

I'm not trying to be like anyone else these days, just trying to be the best version of me God put in here.





At now 46, I've learned we can't get all the things we want, but you only get to keep the things you're willing to give away.

There's a bunch of ways to say this same thing and half of what I just typed came from someone else. I can't remember who, but all truth is Gods' truth.

When we hold on to stuff or identities, we loose our ability to keep it, as only Gods love for us can be the truest thing that gives us value.

I thought I was basketball, or a designer, but ability doesn't measure worth.

The worth and value of a human being can only be measured by God. And in Gods system your value is not measured because of what you do, but rather, that you are.

He made you and while you have things you can do and will be more inclined at, your true value comes from his love for you.

It's not only "what is truly valuable" but "who do you have holding your scales".

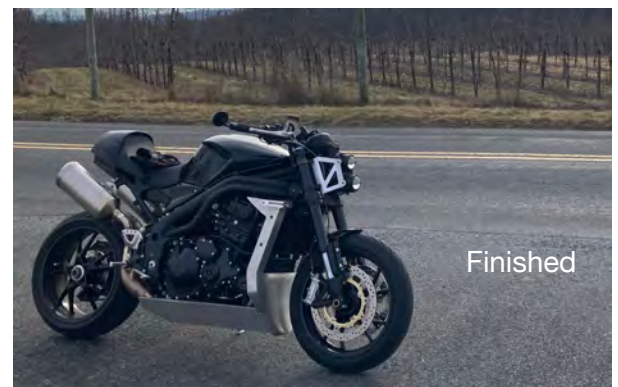
Our egos and others, can measure us by what we do, produce, but that is not how God measures us.

His affection for us, is how we are measured.

We can only love him with the love he first gave us. We can have relationship with him and that relationship is what truly gives us our value.

So remember that bike building thing?

Well the pics above are another desire/dream fulfilled but nothing is better than relationship with the lover of our souls.



## **Chapter 6**

### **Growing is an ongoing journey.**

“It brings out the Pauper ness in you.”

God, again through a miraculous event only he could orchestrate gave me a dream bike. The BMW K 1200 R , which I had asked him for, as a joke really (thinking he wouldn't care) but he saw a desire in my heart and took me seriously.



What I didn't know is that BMW had a problem with there brake servo systems from 2006-2010 and my bike was manufactured in 2007.

The servo issue caused me to have an accident and after having the bike “fixed” the problem popped up again. At this point the bike was becoming a point of frustration. BMW did not have a fix for the issue and so with the insurance money from accident I bought the bike on the right, a Buell lightning, which also had captured my attention earlier with it's simple design aesthetic.



One Saturday morning I was on my way to a mens Bible study and God had somethings he wanted me to deal with. His kindness had once again proven his love for me, but I was struggling to get the point.

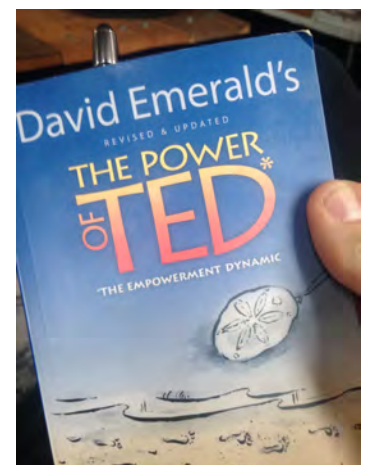
I first hopped on the BWM (which I believed was repaired after the accident) and sat at a red light. Then the code light came on. Not willing to chance it, I went back to the garage and swapped it out for the Buell.

Back to the red light on the Buell this time, I asked God a question, “why do I feel differently about myself on these two bikes”?

God said to me in reference to the BMW “it brings out the pauperness in you”?

I thought for a minute then realized what God was communicating.

It was easy to feel “puffed up” and pride on the “BMW”, but the Buell had a different vibe. More importantly I was allowing “things” to determine my value and that is idolatry.



A dragonfly and me.

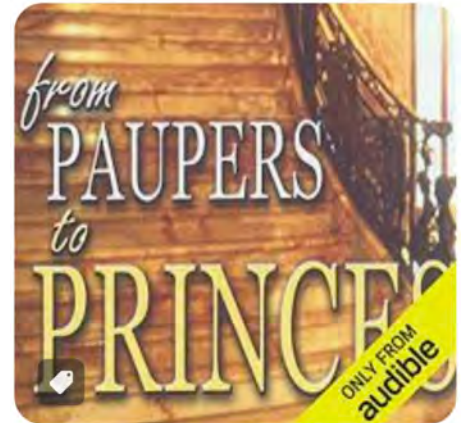
by Duaine Murtoff



God loves us even in our junk, if we let him, he will show us how to return to a proper orientation towards him.

We work out our salvation through fear and trembling. We must humble our hearts, give over our preconceived constructs and allow God to show us what the truth is.

It's a process of allowing him to father us up into adults and become people he can trust. During this time I was listening to a sermoned series called from paupers to princes. So I understood the pauper reference.



Prov 29

Under <sup>k</sup>three things <sup>s</sup>the earth trembles;  
under <sup>k</sup>four it cannot bear up:

<sup>22</sup> <sup>t</sup>a slave when he becomes king,  
and a fool when he is <sup>u</sup>filled with food;

<sup>23</sup> <sup>v</sup>an unloved woman when she <sup>w</sup>gets a husband,  
and a maidservant when she displaces her mistress.

God can heal our hearts, but our thinking is made by our choices. We can lay it down and accept the truest reality, or keep being controlled by lies. God can give you the promise and power to accomplish "the promised land", but you are responsible to believe and act in faith, that he will do it through you.

Repentance means change the way you think. That part is ours to do, because God will not violate our free will. God has lead me down some paths to reveal things to me and sometimes he just uses the stuff we bring along with us. Like a love of motorcycles.

So I think this is a fitting place to end.

I want you to know and be encouraged, God can use anything and wants to father us through all seasons in our lives.

He is full of tender mercy and love for us, if we will humble ourselves and listen to what he wants to show us about ourselves, we can learn change and grow. Like a metamorphosis.

I'm not a perfect man, I make mistakes daily but hopefully less frequently. Then there are those things that God knows about but I haven't even discovered yet, and he loves me (us) anyway.

A dragonfly can be a very cool thing, but it is the one who loves us and gives us these moments that is the best. He is the point and he is why I wrote this.

These life stories are his work, and proof of his love and desire to be in our lives. Our souls come from him and he loves us enough to allow us to hurt him, which I find scary and humbling.

God is not a respecter of persons, meaning while these are my experiences they are proof of his love for me, but he wants to show up for you to. I don't have a secret phone number that you don't also have.

Maybe you will have a dragonfly experience, but most likely he will show up as you welcome him in and communicate to you, in a way that is unique and meaningful to you. You believing in him is the first step, repentance for our sin clears the "air waves" and opens our hearing.

That's how he works. He doesn't violate our free will or our misperceptions of who we think he is. He will let you draw your own conclusions. He has told us who he is in the Bible but often times we need the personal touch.

I'm learning that he is much bigger and better than I could have imagined and I desire to leave more and more of my thoughts, feelings and beliefs behind and just be with God as he is.

As he is..... that's a big one.....

It's a new season, and with that comes change.

A new logo to lighten and brighten things up.  
Change in me, change in the business and hopefully a change in my love life (a wife)?

But one thing remains consistent and faithful, God is still showing up !

And he wants to do the same for you.

I hope in sharing these God stories you have received something from reading this.

Maybe you needed encouragement,  
Maybe you needed a better understanding of his goodness,  
Maybe you're now hungry to find out for yourself?

To be clear following God doesn't mean you get everything you want, it does mean you get the most important thing..... Him

Just be honest and sincere with him, he will show up..... he's good like that.



This picture was taken on July 19th/24, as I'm working on a brand refresh.