

iLlisten



June 2026

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Dear Friends,

As the seasons begin to change and we wrap ourselves in warmer, cuddly jackets, this month's edition arrives with a gentle touch of fashion flair and heartfelt reflection.

Time and again, I am amazed at how lovingly our Father uses the very things close to our hearts to guide us, teach us, heal us, and gently reveal His presence in our everyday lives.

My prayer is that this edition finds you in a quiet moment...

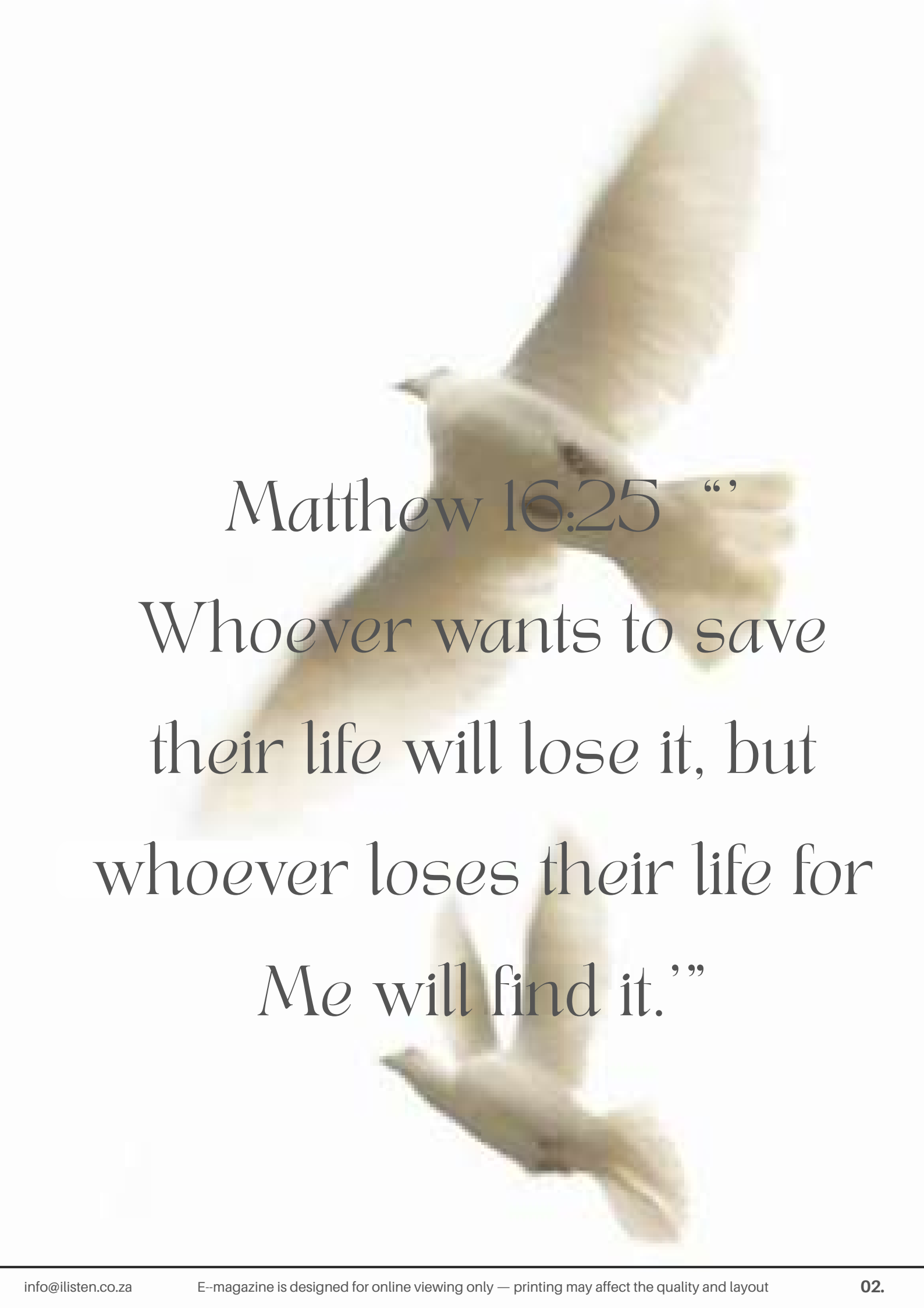
A moment where your heart can rest.

A moment where your soul can breathe.

A moment where you can quietly hear His voice.

May these pages settle softly within you, wrapped in the warmth of God's love and touched by His gentle grace for your life.

*With love
Carinah*



*Matthew 16:25 “
Whoever wants to save
their life will lose it, but
whoever loses their life for
Me will find it.”*

I'm Katie,

I'm 39 and live in
Johannesburg, South Africa



"Oh, how I love to shop..."

For as long as I can remember, beautiful clothes have brought me joy. Wandering through shops for hours, visiting two or three malls on a Saturday morning, searching for the newest trends of the season, not necessary buying but looking, observing, it was always something I loved deeply.

And then there were the quiet Sunday afternoons spent browsing endlessly through Shein and Temu, adding lovely dresses, soft knitwear, handbags, earrings, and shoes to my basket. I would leave them there for days, sometimes months, admiring them over and over again before finally deciding, Today is the day.

That wonderful feeling of pressing "Pay Now." The anticipation while waiting for the courier. Checking the tracking updates twice a day. Imagining how I would wear each piece, which accessories would match, what lipstick colour would complete the outfit. I would already fall in love with every item long before it arrived at my door.

Shopping became woven into the rhythm of my life. Seasons changed, and naturally my wardrobe changed with them. Spring became autumn, linen became knitwear, soft floral dresses became rich browns and deep winter textures.

One afternoon, while standing in a large fitting-room cubicle surrounded by heaps of dresses, blouses, and jerseys hanging from every hook, I looked at myself in the mirror.

Something felt... different.
I stood still for a moment.

with love Katie,

The dark brown knitted outfit looked beautiful. My hair was done. My makeup was soft and polished. Yet somehow, the woman looking back at me seemed unfamiliar. I moved closer to the mirror, trying to understand what felt so unsettled inside me.

Something was off.
I couldn't explain it.

I left the shop and continued shopping that day, but a quiet uneasiness stayed with me. For the very first time, I felt disconnected from myself.

The following weekend, a group of friends and I went thrifting together, something we had been doing for the past two years. We loved those mornings. Coffee in hand, rails of vintage clothing, conversations flowing easily between stories of family, fashion, faith, and Jesus.

Because yes... we are women who deeply love Jesus.

He is part of our everyday lives.
Part of our conversations.
Part of our laughter.
Part of our tears.

That morning was beautiful. Cappuccinos, endless chatting, trying on clothes, taking photos, laughing until our stomachs hurt.

Later that evening, while scrolling through the pictures shared in our WhatsApp group, my heart felt warm with gratitude for friendship. Then suddenly, I stopped at one particular photo of myself taken rather closely.





with love Katie,

I stared at it.

I did not look happy.

There was a sadness in my eyes. A tiredness on my face.

Yet the strange thing was, I did not feel sad or tired.

I zoomed in closer. Again and again.

Why did I look this way?

Almost immediately, I uploaded the picture to AI, asking it to analyse my face, suggest products, colours, and ways to make me appear more radiant and full of light.

But the AI answer I received surprised me deeply:

"Sometimes you see yourself as tired and sad, but the softness in your eyes shows that you care deeply and love people. Don't look for answers in the clothes, look for answers within yourself."

I sat quietly.

A thousand thoughts flooded my mind.

Do others perhaps see me differently than I see myself?

Could softness and sadness look similar?

Why did I feel joyful on the outside, yet somehow carry heaviness within?

That night, I scrolled through years of photos on my phone.

And slowly... my heart grew quiet.

Deep inside, I knew only Jesus, the Lover of my soul, could answer the question burning within me.

Not AI.

Not fashion.

Not makeup.

Not beautiful accessories.

Only Jesus.

with love Katie,

Over the next few weeks, I began searching Scripture more deeply than before. I asked the Lord gently, honestly:

“Show me my heart. Show me what is really happening inside me.”

And in His beautiful, tender way, He began leading me from scripture to scripture.

He uncovered old hurts I thought I had already healed from. Hidden disappointments. Quiet grief. Emotional burdens I had learned to carry so elegantly that I hardly noticed them anymore.

And suddenly I realised something profound:
I had not only been dressing my body beautifully...
I had also been clothing myself in emotional baggage.

Wearing it almost proudly.
Protecting it.
Becoming familiar with it.

But Jesus, in His mercy, began asking me to lay it down.

Not only some of the clothes overflowing in my cupboards... but also the heaviness overflowing in my soul.

He reminded me how deeply loved I am.



with love Katie,

And slowly, gently, He opened my heart a little wider
to receive His love, a deeper love.

Then one evening, while praying quietly, I felt Him
reach into the deepest corner of my heart, a place I
did not even realise was still wounded.

For two days, I cried.
Not tears of despair,
but tears of cleansing.
Tears of healing.
Tears of finally letting go.

Letting go of childhood words that had lingered for
years, lovers' quarrels that still echoed softly within
me, teenage insecurities, painful words spoken during
marriage, and most of all, the harsh and negative
thoughts I had carried about myself and my
circumstances.

And afterwards... something changed.
I felt clean inside.
Clear.
Light.

A gentle purity settled over my heart like the soft glow
of morning sunlight, warm, peaceful, and new.

During those weeks, God drew me closer than ever
before. I felt His love surrounding me in the smallest
moments, while driving, making coffee, folding
laundry, even while browsing through beautiful
summer dresses online.

And one Saturday morning, while lying quietly in bed,
I sensed these words so softly in my heart:

"My daughter, I love you. And the makeover you
experienced these past weeks was clothing your life
in My love."

I will never forget that moment.





Later that day, standing once again in front of a fitting-room mirror, surrounded by lovely dresses and soft summer colours, I smiled.

Because now I understood.

God gave me a heart that delights in beauty.
He created my love for fashion, textures,
colours, elegance, and creativity.

But He also showed me something deeper:

A beautiful dress can never heal a wounded heart.
Only His love can.

And yet, when His love fills your heart, even
the dress becomes an expression of joy.

Now, when I wear a lovely outfit, I no longer do
it to hide sadness or search for worth. I wear it
as a celebration of the woman God created me
to be.

Beautifully feminine.
Softly healed.
Deeply loved.

Because perhaps the most beautiful makeover
a woman can ever experience is not found in
her wardrobe...

But in allowing Jesus to clothe her heart in His
perfect love.

Love Katie,

*"Instead, clothe yourselves with compassion,
kindness, humility, gentleness and patience." —
Colossians 3:12*

*"He has clothed me with garments of salvation and
arrayed me in a robe of His righteousness." — Isaiah
61:10*

*"Above all, clothe yourselves with love, which binds
us all together in perfect harmony." — Colossians
3:14*



Lamentations 3:25
“The Lord is good to
those whose hope is in
Him, to the one who
seeks Him.”



The Quiet Grace

of a Hat

- Margaret



There are moments in life when something small... something ordinary... suddenly holds a deeper meaning.

For some, it may be a vintage locket resting near the heart, cradling the photograph of someone beloved, gone too soon. For others, a weathered wooden bench beneath an ancient oak, where prayers have been whispered for decades.

And for me, these past few weeks, everywhere I looked, I saw hats. Women wearing them while shopping, in the parks, along busy streets. Never before had I noticed so many.

A soft recognition stirred in my heart, a hat is not merely an accessory, not simply something you wear, but something you feel.

After days of gentle contemplation, of quiet prayer, I asked the Lord about these lovely hats. And slowly, like morning dew settling upon grass, an awareness came:

"I am covered... I am protected... I am set apart for Him."

This feeling is no accident. It is gentle, yet deeply spiritual. Personal, yet profoundly ancient, like a secret shared between hearts that understand.

The Language of Covering

- Margaret

Throughout Scripture, the idea of covering is woven with tenderness and layers of meaning that reach across centuries to touch our modern hearts.

In the Bible, covering is never merely physical, it is symbolic of something far greater, something eternal.

It speaks of:

Protection: "He will cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge" (Psalm 91:4)

Authority: The covering of a father, a husband, ultimately the covering of Jesus.

Belonging: "I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me." (Song of Solomon 7:10)

Nearness to God: "Draw near to God, and he will draw near to you." (James 4:8)

To be covered is to be held... to be sheltered... to be lovingly placed under divine care when the storms of life rage and the winds of uncertainty blow.

And perhaps, without even realizing it, your heart has found a way to express this eternal truth in a very personal, very intimate way.



- Margaret

A Sense of Protection

There is a quiet comfort, almost indescribable, in feeling hidden in God.

Like standing under a sturdy shelter while the rain falls in sheets around you, yet you remain dry and warm... Like resting beneath the spreading shade of a tree on a sweltering summer day, finding refuge from the heat that drains and wearies...

Covering carries the essence of safety, not the safety of the world that depends on locked doors and security systems, but the safety of the soul that rests in hands that were pierced for love.

Across different faith traditions and throughout history, covering the head has often symbolized an awareness of God's immediate presence, a reverence, a mindfulness, a holy nearness that transcends culture and time.



In Jewish tradition, married women cover their hair as a sign of modesty and the sacred intimacy of marriage. In many Christian denominations, women have historically covered their heads during prayer and worship as a sign of respect and submission to God's order. In times of grief, the veil speaks of sorrow too deep for words. In moments of joy, the crown speaks of dignity bestowed by the Creator.

But what you are experiencing goes even deeper than tradition.

is not ritual, it is not obligation heavy with expectation.

It is a feeling.

A knowing.

That Jesus hand rest softly on your head.

This awareness shifts something within the deepest chambers of your being, your thoughts soften like clay in the Potter's hands... your spirit settles into still waters... your awareness lifts from the mundane to the eternal.

And in that moment, you feel with certainty that surpasses understanding:

"God is near."

COFFEE

AT THE TART



- Margaret

Set Apart in Quiet Ways

In ancient times, those set apart for God often carried visible signs, garments of specific design, oils of fragrant anointing, coverings that marked them as different, as chosen, as His.

The priests of Israel wore ephods and breastplates, garments "for glory and for beauty" (Exodus 28:2). The Nazirites let their hair grow as a sign of their consecration. The prophets wore rough garments of camel's hair, their very clothing proclaiming their message.

Not to elevate themselves above others in pride, but to reflect an inward devotion that had already transformed their hearts.

To be set apart is not about separation that looks down upon others, but about alignment in love, Jesus Love.

It is the quiet decision to walk differently in a world that rushes past wonder. To live gently in a culture that celebrates harshness. To belong fully to Him in a society that demands divided loyalties.

And sometimes, often when we least expect it, the heart expresses this alignment through simple, unexpected acts.

Wearing a hat may be one of those acts for you, a soft, outward whisper of an inward shout of devotion:

"I choose God."

"I am His."

"Let everything about me, even this, point to Him."

A Personal Symbol, Not a Rule



It is so important to hold this gently,

This is not about rules that bind or requirements that burden. Not about what one must do to be close to God, as if His love could be earned through fabric and form.

Because true covering does not come from any material thing, it comes from His presence that surrounds us like the very air we breathe.

Yet our gracious God, in His infinite tenderness, often meets us in the language of our own unique hearts.

He speaks to the musician through melody. To the artist through colour and form. To the writer through the dance of words. To the gardener through the miracle of seed becoming bloom.

And if your heart feels closer... safer... more aware of His presence when you wear a hat, then that becomes a symbol precisely and perfectly for you.

A reminder when the world makes you forget. A quiet returning when you have wandered far in thought and worry. A physical anchor for a spiritual truth ... **you are never alone.**

The Covering That Never Leaves

- Margaret



Whether the hat rests upon your head as you read these words... or sits waiting on the hook by your door... or remains folded in a drawer for seasons yet to come...

The deeper truth remains unchanged, unshaken, eternal:

You are always covered.

Covered by His Grace that flows like a river, never running dry. Covered by His Love that stretches from everlasting to everlasting.

Covered by His Presence that never lifts, never sleeps, never abandons.

The physical may come and go, hats fade, fashion changes, seasons turn, but His protection, His nearness, His hand over your life... remains constant as the northern star.

"The eternal God is your dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deuteronomy 33:27).

A Gentle Invitation

- Margaret



The next time you place that hat upon your head, pause for a moment.

Let the world continue its rushing without you for just a few seconds. Let the noise fade to background. Let your breath slow and deepen.

Close your eyes if you can, or simply soften your gaze.

And whisper, whether aloud or in the secret place where only He hears:

"Thank You, Lord, that I am covered by You."

"Thank You that Your protection surrounds me like a shield."

"Thank You that I am set apart, not because of anything I have done, but because of everything You have done for me."

Let it not become routine, something done without thought. But reverence, something done with whole heart.

Not habit that deadens the spirit. But holy awareness that quickens it.

Because sometimes, in the simplest things... in the most unexpected places... through the most ordinary objects made extraordinary by faith... God speaks the loudest.

And His message to you, beloved daughter, is clear and unchanging:

You are covered.

You are cherished.

You are Mine.

May every covering you wear remind you of the Covering that wears you, the love of Jesus, that surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God.

(Ephesians 3:19)

Listen Inward





A HIDDEN CALLING

- Mariska

There is a way God calls a person that does not come with noise.

No announcement.

No title.

No explanation.

Just a life that slowly begins to feel things it cannot explain.

She didn't know when it started... only that it was there.

She would come to God with something urgent, something personal, something that truly mattered to her. The kind of burden that sits heavy on your chest and refuses to be ignored. And she would kneel down, ready to speak, ready to pour it all out before Him.

But the moment she stepped into His presence... something would shift.

Her own issue would begin to fade, not because it was solved, or because it didn't matter, but because something else started rising. A different weight, different concern.

Someone else's pain.

And she would try to push it away.

She would try to return to what she came for. "God, this is why I'm here," she would insist within herself. But the more she resisted, the quieter everything became. The flow would stop, and the presence she had entered so freely would feel distant.

So she would get frustrated. Sometimes she would even leave. Because it felt like God was asking her to abandon her own needs for the sake of others... and she did not understand why.

A HIDDEN CALLING

- Mariska

But this did not begin in prayer.

It had always been there.

Even as a child, she could not watch pain and remain normal. When others were hurt, something in her responded immediately. Not thoughtfully: instinctively. She would cry, plead, feel it as though it belonged to her.

She did not learn that response.
She was born into it.

What she called "being too emotional" ... what others may have called "being too sensitive" ... was never weakness.

It was alignment.

Her spirit was already tuned to something higher.

So when she came into prayer, God was not introducing something new.
He was drawing out what had always been within her.

And slowly, patiently, He began to show her how it works.

That those interruptions were not interruptions at all.

That the sudden faces, the unexpected names, the unplanned burdens... were not distractions.

They were invitations.

Because intercession does not begin with what you want to say.

It begins with what God wants to reveal.



A HIDDEN CALLING

- Mariska

And there comes a moment..quiet, but defining,
when you realize that prayer is not about releasing
your burden first.

It is about receiving His.

That is where everything changes.

Because you stop fighting the shift. You stop trying to
control the direction, you stop measuring prayer by
whether your needs were mentioned, and you begin
to follow the movement of His Spirit instead.

And as you yield, something opens.

A flow.

Not forced. Not strained.

Just a steady, unexplainable flow where you find
yourself praying things you did not plan, carrying
people you did not choose, and touching matters
you were never told about.

And yet... it is accurate.

Deeply accurate.

Because you are no longer leading.

You are responding.

That is the life of an intercessor.

Which is not always convenient.

It will interrupt you.

It will stretch you.

It will lead you into places of burden that have no
visible reward.

A HIDDEN CALLING

- Mariska

You will stand for people who may never know your name.

You will carry matters that will never be traced back to your prayers.

And still... you will continue.

Not because you have to.

But because something in you cannot ignore it.

And yes, you will weep.

Not carefully. Not occasionally.

But deeply. Suddenly. Without warning.

Because when God places something on your heart, it does not sit there lightly.

It presses. It moves. It demands expression.

And the only way to release it... is through prayer.

But here is what He does not always explain at the beginning,

While you are carrying others before Him...

He is carrying you.

Quietly.

Completely.

Without needing your permission.

You may not always see it immediately. You may even feel, at times, like your own matters are delayed. But nothing about your life is unattended.

Nothing slips past Him. Nothing is forgotten.

A HIDDEN CALLING

- Mariska

Because the one who stands in the gap is never standing alone. God watches over that life with intention.

With detail, with care that goes deeper than what is visible.

And in ways you may not even recognize, He begins to settle the things that concern you. Not always in the order you expect. Not always in the way you would choose.

But always with precision.

So over time, you stop asking, "Why does this keep happening to me?"

And you begin to understand,

This is who I am.

And when that understanding settles, resistance fades.

Prayer becomes less of a struggle... and more of a surrender.

Less about trying to be heard... and more about staying open.

And in that place, you become a meeting point.

Where heaven finds expression on earth.

Where burdens are transferred.

Where lives are touched... without noise, recognition, or announcement.

Just God... moving... through a yielded vessel.





A HIDDEN CALLING

- Mariska

Ezekiel 22:30

"I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land..."

Romans 8:26

"...the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

1 Timothy 2:1

"...prayers, intercessions... be made for all men."

Isaiah 62:6-7

"...ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence..."

Hebrews 7:25

"...he ever liveth to make intercession..."

Job 42:10

"And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends..."

A flock of birds, possibly doves, is shown in flight against a light, textured background. The birds are arranged in a loose circular pattern, with some in the foreground and others further back, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall tone is peaceful and uplifting.

2 Timothy 1:9–
“He has saved us and
called us to a holy life—
not because of
anything we have done
but because of His own
purpose and grace.”

Shalom Israel

Pentecost

There is a quiet hush that settles over Jerusalem at dawn.

The ancient stones seem to breathe in stillness, as though waiting... listening... remembering. And on the morning of Pentecost, that waiting feels more quiet than usual, as if the whole city is gently leaning toward heaven.

What I encountered in the streets of Jerusalem was not grand or overwhelming, but deeply intimate, a tender glimpse of what those first disciples may have felt when the ordinary room they gathered in became a meeting place between heaven and earth.

The Cenacle rests quietly on Mount Zion, unassuming and still. Its walls have carried centuries of whispered prayers. Yet on Pentecost morning, there is a soft stirring... something unseen, yet deeply felt.

Pilgrims gather from across the world, Koreans dressed in white, Nigerians in vibrant colour, Italians holding their rosaries close, Americans gently setting aside their cameras. We arrive as strangers, yet somehow, we belong to one another through a shared longing.

Kneeling in that upper room, I closed my eyes and imagined the sound described in Scripture ... a rushing wind filling the house. Not harsh, but full... alive... like the breath of God moving gently across open hearts.

When I opened my eyes, an elderly woman beside me was quietly weeping. She met my gaze and smiled softly.

"The Spirit is here," she whispered. "Can you feel Him?"

And somehow... I could.

Not in spectacle, but in a quiet warmth that seemed to settle over the room.

A small group began to sing "Come, Holy Spirit" in their own language. Soon, others joined, French, Spanish, Arabic, Mandarin. Different voices, yet one melody. No one led it. No one needed to. It simply... became.

By mid-morning, the celebration gently spills into the narrow streets of the Old City. There is movement, colour, life, yet even the busyness feels softened, as though wrapped in reverence. Priests walk slowly through the alleys, incense rising like visible prayers. Children follow with light steps. Shopkeepers pause in their doorways, some in quiet devotion, others simply watching, aware that something sacred is unfolding.

I found myself walking behind a group of Ethiopian nuns, their white robes glowing against the stone walls. Their song was ancient, steady, and deeply moving, a melody that felt older than the city itself.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: May they prosper who love you" Psalm 122:6

Shalom Israel

Pentecost

Even the marketplace seemed to slow, as if the rhythm of trade gave way, just for a moment, to something greater.

At the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, pilgrims waited patiently, without urgency. Nearby, a young soldier stood quietly, observing with a gentle curiosity. When our eyes met, he smiled softly, as if to say, this is Jerusalem... where the sacred and the everyday meet so naturally.

As evening approached, I made my way to the Mount of Olives. The Dominus Flevit Church, shaped like a teardrop, offered a place of stillness.

Through its wide windows, the golden dome on Temple Mount shimmered in the fading light. The modern world continued just beyond, yet here, time felt slower... gentler.

I reflected on the fire of Pentecost, the flames that rested upon each disciple.

Fire that does not destroy, but awakens.
Fire that does not overwhelm, but invites.

Ordinary people became vessels of grace. Fear gave way to courage. Hearts opened.

A light rain began to fall, rare, soft, almost like a blessing. The drops against the glass sounded like whispered prayers.

I lit a candle and placed it among many others flickering in the dim light. Each flame a story. A hope. A prayer carried heavenward.

What touched me most about Pentecost in Jerusalem was not its grandeur, but its tenderness.

In a city often marked by division, there were quiet moments of connection. Shared smiles. Gentle conversations. Small acts of kindness that felt deeply significant.

It reminded me that the miracle of Pentecost is not only in the understanding of words, but in the understanding of hearts.

The Spirit moves beyond language... beyond culture... beyond difference.

He meets us in the unseen spaces where love quietly bridges every divide.

I left Jerusalem carrying small treasures, olive oil, a woven prayer shawl, smooth stones from the valley. Yet what remained within me mattered far more:

A quiet knowing...
That the same Spirit who moved in that upper room still moves today.

In our homes.
In our daily routines.
In the unnoticed moments where grace gently meets us.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: May they prosper who love you" Psalm 122:6

Shalom Israel

Pentecost

Pentecost reminds us that we are not meant to hold faith tightly within, but to allow it to flow ... softly, generously ... into the world around us.

I may never again walk the streets of Jerusalem on Pentecost.

But the invitation remains the same.

The Spirit is near.
Closer than we realise.
As near as your next breath.

The wind still moves.
The flame still flickers.
And gently, patiently...

He waits for the door of our hearts to open.

"And suddenly there came from heaven a sound like a mighty rushing wind..." — Acts 2:2

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: May they prosper who love you" Psalm 122:6

A woman is walking away from the camera on a sandy beach. She is wearing a wide-brimmed, light blue hat with a red bow and a long, light-colored, flowing dress. She is barefoot and carrying a dark, textured bag in her left hand. The background shows the ocean with waves breaking under a cloudy sky.

Thank You Jesus
for Your Covering
over our Families
and Friends