

WORSHIP THROUGH
VERSE, VOL 1

LOREE
PEERY

Shelter

IN THE

Night

Shelter in the Night

Worship through Verse Vol. 1

LoRee Peery

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Shelter in the Night
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Dedication

To my Lord God Almighty, my Shelter in the night.

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust." Surely he will save you from the fowler's snare and from the deadly pestilence. Psalm 91:1

Endorsements

"Shelter in the Night, LoRee Peery's book of modern-day psalms, is a pleasure to read. The poetry has depth and feeling that really did remind me of the Psalms. This is a truly beautiful collection of writings." —Mary Connealy, best-selling author of *Braced for Love*, book #1 Brothers in Arms Series

Introduction

I've found myself in what I call LoRee's waiting place quite often through my adult years. The conclusion I've reached is that what touches my life is according to God's time, and I'm not meant to ask why. So for whatever reason, to build character, patience, or perseverance, that waiting period happened again between May and November of 2020.

Pain struck on Mother's Day. I applied eye makeup for the first time since the Covid 19 pandemic lockdown began in March. I lowered my arm and the pain took me to my knees. I'm used to something always hurting due to fibromyalgia and osteoarthritis, but I have a high pain tolerance. If I'm nauseated, I know the pain is high, and that sudden stabbing down my arm was eight on the pain chart. I was sick to my stomach all day long.

A few days later, an X-ray revealed a broken acromion bone, the thin one at the top of the shoulder that curves on the end. A CT scan told the surgeon his earlier rotator cuff repair hadn't worked. I needed a reverse shoulder replacement.

The next morning, I awoke at 4 a.m. recalling that sometime during the last half of February, I had picked up Valentine decorations off the floor that had fallen from the shadow box. Backing up in my journal I found nothing about my shoulder, but my lower back had screamed with pain for a couple weeks. Then I remembered the jarring accident.

My husband had left his shoes on the floor. I

tripped over them (having not turned on the light), and with my right shoulder, hit the narrow edge of an open door. Then I bounced into the wall with my upper left side, knocking off the shadow box and its contents.

I had a reverse shoulder replacement on June 3rd. At the same time, the surgeon used what he called putty from that earlier repair and two screws to hold the acromion in place.

Long, painful, and weak months ensued. In July we saw that the bone hadn't healed. I needed a second surgery to remove hardware, along with a bone graft.

During those months of pain, I was up in the wee hours of many sleepless nights reading my Bible. I found myself pouring out frustration and praise through what I called LoRee's modern-day psalms. Or lamentations and songs, all with adoration for the Lord God who calls me His daughter. Ever trusting, though my frailty drifted to the surface, my Lord had control and all would be well.

He's never disappointed.

November, 2023



PSALM 94:19

When anxiety was great within me, Your consolation brought me joy.

IT HURTS, LORD

You know how long
My heart has been troubled
Five years at least,
I've wanted to move
I've waited
I've trusted You
I've been patient.
What should I do?
Nothing is happening
Day after day
I rest in You
But how much longer, Lord,
Must I wait?
My heart is still troubled.
Yet I can rejoice
I can be thankful
I trust in Your plan
I trust in Your love
You are God and I am not
God, my Holy Father
I sing praise to Your Holy Name.

JOB 12:7-10

But ask the animals, and they will teach you, or the birds in the sky, and they will tell you; or speak to the earth, and it will teach you, or let the fish in the sea inform you. Which of all these does not know that the hand of the Lord has done this? In His hand is the life of every creature and the breath of all mankind.

MY EVERYWHERE GOD

I see You in the vast blue sky
The clouds that only move with Your breath
I see You in the wingspan of a great blue heron,
The iridescent wings of a firefly.
You paint the red on a cardinal's breast,
Dot the blue on a swallowtail's wings
Brush the blush on a hibiscus bloom
Wave a fern frond with a whisper.
I see You everywhere, God, in the
Creation You've surrounded me with.
I revere You, sing Your praises, and
Shout Your greatness in all the earth.





PSALM 46:10

He says, "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth."

HOW LONG? BE STILL

How long, oh Lord?
I know You hear me
I know You don't have to answer
But I am so weary.
I've been in a waiting place
More times than I can count
Each time, You bring me back
With Your still, calm Voice.
You are God. You know how long.
You are not a god of chaos
If I tire of waiting and jump in
Chaos is the result.
So, how long, Lord?
Long enough for
Your plan and Your will
All to Your praise and glory
As I continue to wait, I rest.
"Be still, and know that I am God."

JEREMIAH 8:11

They dress the wound of My people as though it were not serious. "Peace, peace," they say, when there is no peace.

PEACE, PEACE! BUT THERE IS NO PEACE

The summer of 2020
Has been like no other
Hatred, strife, vitriol, riots
And the threat of socialism
A virus roams the world
Where is God's peace?
My heart is uneasy
And I am tired
Weary, in body and soul
Trying to heal a broken bone
And spirit, from
Not writing two dry months
One day is fine, I'm
Praising and rejoicing
The next day energy vanishes
And I want to sleep
Rest can only be found
In the arms of my God
Due to the sacrifice
Of my Lord Jesus
There, there with Him
Peace floods my soul.





EXODUS 3:15

God also said to Moses, "Say to the Israelites, 'The Lord, the God of your fathers—the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob—has sent me to you.' "This is my name forever, the name you shall call me from generation to generation"

GOD'S GOT IT

On the cusp of I know not what
In this weird unprecedented time
God's got it
Negative fake news
Political lies and dirt
A global pandemic
That all feeds fear
God's got it
Is my shoulder healed?
Why am I so tired?
Will I have a new home?
Will my loved ones be in heaven?
God's got it
God has the whole
Earth in His hands
God has me and my
Family in His hands
God's got it
God is the Great I Am

God is the Maker of the stars
God is Creator of all
God is Healer of all
God's got it
All in His hands
Praise His Name forever
Bless His Name forever
Hallelujah to Him forever
God's got it all forever.

PSALM 33:22

*May Your unfailing love be with us, Lord, even as we put
our hope in You.*

YOU CALL AND I CHOOSE

Chronic pain wearies my soul
I spill out my weakness, my struggle
I'm wiped out emotionally
And I've never asked why, I trust
I empty myself for Your strength to fill up
You are the Potter, I am the clay
You are strong, I am weak without You
You are the Vine, I am a branch
Your faithful love will not be shaken
I choose to rise above sorrow and darkness
I choose to rise above cloudy skies
I choose to rise above feelings
I am glad and accept Your love.





JEREMIAH 30:17

“But I will restore you to health and heal your wounds,” declares the Lord, “because you are called an outcast, Zion for whom no one cares.”

JEHOVAH-ROPHE,

THE GOD WHO HEALS

Thank You for getting
Me through another day
I’ve been on auto pilot
Trying to make it without
Falling to pieces
Tears are close,
But I haven’t given in
Six months I’ve lived
With a broken bone
That won’t heal
I get done what You’d have me do
According to Your plan.
Thank You, Lord, for getting
Me through another day.
Jehovah-rophe, You are the God Who
heals.

PSALM 91:5

*You will not fear the terror of night, nor the
arrow that flies by day.*

I CALL OUT TO YOU

No matter the time of day or night
When I call out to You
You are there
No matter where I am
When I call out to You
You are there
No matter the circumstance, good or ill
When I call out to You
You are there
Thank You, God, the Father
Thank You, Jesus, my Lord
Thank You, Holy Spirit
The Mighty Three in One
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.





JOHN 4:24

*God is spirit, and His worshipers must worship
in the Spirit and in truth.*

WORSHIP ANYWHERE

The day is waning
Though I didn't brush my teeth
Or change from night clothes
But I have read Your Word
And worshiped in spirit
If not on my knees
From inside out I come to You
Knowing You hear because
I know Your Son
And You know
My pain inside out
Pain that is in body and soul
I will focus on what Your Son
Did for me, and for reasons
Unknown to me
You've chosen me to
Worship You in spirit and truth
Heart and head, anywhere.

ROMANS 12:1

Therefore, I urge you, brothers and sisters, in view of God's mercy, to offer your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and pleasing to God—this is your true and proper worship.

A HOLY SACRIFICE

I am Yours, Lord
A holy sacrifice
You created my body
And soul to worship You
You gave the Word, Lord
I'd be lost without it
Your Spirit is set
Within me to worship
I worship You
In Spirit and in truth.





PSALM 147:5

Great is our Lord and mighty in power; His understanding has no limit.

MIGHTY AND TRUSTWORTHY

Great and powerful God
You made heaven and earth
Your name is the Lord
Who reigns over all
Mighty are Your works
Why should You care for me?
Nothing is too hard for You
My place is not to ask why
I trust and ask forgiveness
For the wrongs I have done
You give good things
You made me with fear and wonder
I look at You with fear and wonder
You made the moon and stars
I tremble at Your holiness
And worship with all my heart.

ISAIAH 40:29-30

He gives strength to the weary and increases the power of the weak. Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall.

R-E-S-T

Renew my strength
Establish Your light within me
Saturate me with peace
Trust in You lifts me high as an eagle.





PSALM 100:3

Know that the Lord is God. It is He who made us, and we are His; we are His people, the sheep of His pasture.

DEEPER WORSHIP

The more we know God
The deeper we worship
The more we know His awesomeness
The wider the gap
Between His mighty self
And our humanness
Yet, He loves us
And desires our hearts.

PSALM 6:2

Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am faint; heal me, Lord, for my bones are in agony.

YOU ARE MY ANSWER

You are my God and here I am again
In the middle of another sleepless night
You are with me but how long
Must I persevere as I always have?
You will continue to help me while I
Continue to wait for pain to abate
You give me patience as I seek strength
To carry on while weakness increases
You I can trust, You are my peace
You take my fear, You are my rest.

