

To see an eagle fly

I remember well that afternoon when Mira knelt to pray
*“Dear Lord, I yield to you my life, please wash my sins away
I haven’t much to offer you, my life seems all in vain”*
She knew little of His promises, the riches she would gain.

Her downcast eyes showed little hope as I opened up God’s word
“I wish that I was clean again,” was the whisper that I heard.
The first promise she ever read was recorded there within
‘He’s faithful and just to forgive us and to cleanse us from all sin’.

The days passed on and I watched with joy as she began her walk
A new creation was evident, in attitude and talk
To serve the Lord was her desire, to truly run the race
And I had the honour to mentor her as she eagerly sought His face.

She was never truly satisfied with scattered crumbs and seeds
With serendipity preaching that seldom meets one’s needs
She longed for more than chickenseed to feed her hungry soul
So feasted on His written word as the Spirit took control.

She drank deep of the water that keeps our souls from sin
That washes away our worldly dross, revealing Christ within
To be ‘gloriously different’ was the goal to which she’d aspire
So fellowshiped with others, who’d been touched by heavenly fire.

Soon my ‘little chicken’ rose up above the rest
And set her sights on heavenly things, hungry for God’s best
Rising on the Spirit’s wings, she’s reaching for the sky
Can there be a greater joy than to watch an eagle fly?

Lord Jesus, keep her close to you, abiding every hour
And use her for your glory, anointed with your power
And as she soars on eagle’s wings, my prayer shall always be
Thank you Lord for this precious gift that you have given to me.