

## **Stand Ready, II**

by Rev. Edward A. Vinson

The stirrings to return arrive.  
My soul is moved, my spirit stirs  
to spread its wings  
and turn toward home,  
mount up on wings of eagles, borne  
closer to 'places'  
on His heart.

His whispers draw us to arise.  
The heart is like a water-brook  
that in the Hand of God, responds,  
wells-up, swells sweet, runs clear, sings out  
to wend its way  
to places where it may be still  
partaking of The Shepherd's Peace,  
reflecting light, reflecting Light  
the rays of which, the Rays of Whom  
illuminate  
Mystery  
Revealed,  
pierce us with Love  
and stir the deep  
to call upon the Deep in God,

the unseen Spring  
that dug, that hewn, that carved  
now fills  
with Living Waters from above  
at depths perceived  
by God alone –  
to overflow  
with His Good Will  
where He shall send us  
in His time.

The Stirrings to Return have grown,  
cause me to groan, labor with pain  
with what He births, with what we carry  
kept like Treasure, deep in us,  
"the Mystery", "Christ in you", alive.  
The Stirrings of Return have grown,

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