

15 Peniel

I only saw Your burning feet,
And the line in the sand
Your wing feather made
When You turned and looked in me.

It was You who opened up
my book of visions,
It was You who poured
honey on my tongue,
It was You who sang
and called up the sun.

So vain, my introspective sight
Mirrors myself and what's behind,
While I stumble into the future, blind –
Till the other side of Yours is mine.

Under the shadow of Your Hand
No one oppresses,
Beneath the shadow of Your wing,
I'll find my rest.
In the cool of Your shadow,
I know my soul is blessed.

I only saw Your burning feet,
And the line in the sand
Your wing feather made
When You turned and looked in me.

The passion of worship comes through full engagement with the Lord. Wrestling with the Lord for favor is what Jacob did at Peniel. He was desperate and his passion was finally for God above all else. He prevailed in spirit, though he was wounded in his flesh, like the Messiah who was in his loins—the future Son of Man—Who was also the Son of God. This song is about my Peniel.