

You Stir Me and I Come

By: Hazel Gay Lee © 2013

Oh God, you move within me and I am overwhelmed. What is it that makes you move and stir my innards? My soul is moving and I sit at your feet. Please speak unto my soul.

Within the reservoir of my being I feel you stir. Please speak what is meat for my soul. And then I know. You don't want to speak, you want only to stir my being and see if I will respond. You know I will. You stir me and keep stirring me. You know I'll come unto thy courts when you call me to come. You know I'll come. I cannot help myself from coming. Nobody knows me like you know me. You knew I would come and here I am. I cannot stay away.

I tap upon your door and you open unto me. You knew I would knock on your door the moment you stirred my soul. I always do. You draw me and I cannot stop myself from coming. I sit at your feet and dine with thee. You touch me so I can hear what your spirit is saying to my soul. Silence surrounds us but our soul communes that which is fit meat for the day. You are my creator and controller. You ask me to come so I am here.

I understand how important it is for me to respond when you stir within me. You call and I listen. Not with words, but with our souls. No matter how busy I am I stop and I come. I cannot stop myself because I am not in control, you are. I sit down and let you take me over. I sit at your feet while you commune with my soul. I am honored that you have summons me into your presence. I know that if I did not respond you would still love me, but I have to respond. I have to come. I love thee. My soul loves thee. I desire you and your love. I need you and your love. I cannot exist without thee and thy love.

What is it that makes you stir me like you do to come unto thee? I don't know. I am honored beyond words. I am summons to come from thee. I am here because thou first loved me. I love thee, my precious Father and Lover of my Soul. I love thee.