

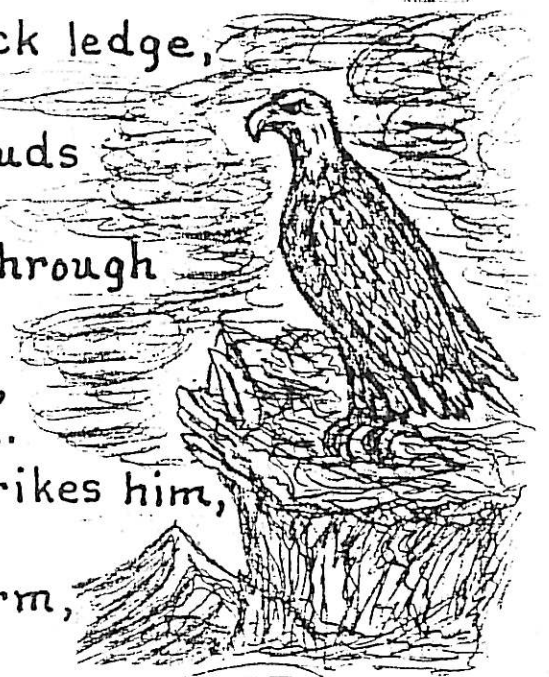
## Riding On The Storm

From his perch on the high rock ledge,  
The eagle's watchful eye  
Is fixed upon the rolling clouds  
Fast darkening the sky.  
As forked lightning pierces through  
The blackness overhead,  
Not a feather does he move,  
Nor quiver once with dread.  
But when the fierce wind strikes him,  
With one great piercing cry,  
He swings into the mighty storm,  
And rides with it on high!  
Then on the hurricane itself  
He soars without alarm,  
And glides about on quiet wings,  
While he waits out the storm!  
When we are hit by storms of life,  
May they carry us above,  
As we soar up with eagles' wings  
Right to God's arms of love!

"But they that wait upon  
the Lord shall renew  
their strength;

they shall mount up with  
wings as eagles;  
they shall run, and not be weary;  
they shall walk, and not faint."

Isaiah 40:31



FLB