

Thundering Hoofbeats

The word of the Lord came unto me saying:

I am a mighty God. I herd a mighty army of horses, released across the land, thundering to the mountaintop, seeking pasture in Me. Neither wind, nor rain, nor lightning can stop them. They are power released by My Spirit.

I hear the thunder of hoofbeats.
Horses, mighty in their power and strength,
Trampling to the mountain of their God.

Herds and herds, driven by the Lord,
Gaining strength as they go.

Do you hear them, brother?
Do you hear them, sister?
Do you hear their hoofbeats in your heart?

If you hear them brother,
If you hear them sister,
You can count yourself among their number.

I have chosen for Myself
In this hour of desperation
A mighty people in My Spirit going out for Me.

They have chosen the good way,
The highway to heaven,
Leaping and rejoicing as they go.
Thundering quietly in My Spirit,
Driven soundly by My Spirit,
Leaping and laughing.

Thundering hoofbeats around the mountain,

Through the pass and onward
To the heights of My glory,
To the radiance of My majesty,
In the power of My praises,
Singing and dancing, riding on high.

Let them soar--like on eagle's wings.
Let them come,
For on that mountain's peak
I, the Lord, await!
Draped in glory and praise
 and honor
 and power
 and riches
 and holiness.

Come, My people,
Soar with Me . . .

Rise!
Run!
Race!

Come unto Me, O holy people.
Come unto Me. I will give you rest.

May 7, 1986

