

# Wrestling with the Angels

Gen. 32:22-31

We call it our routine,  
that endless stream of errands  
that helps to keep our bodies above ground.  
The lure of the foreseen,  
the tasks that would define us,  
turning minutes into hours and hours into days;  
secure in the predictable we travel on our way  
until the unexpected comes around.

**Refrain:** And on my way to Walmart  
like storm clouds 'round the sun,  
an angel blocked my path with shades of night.  
A holy interruption from the lull of my routine  
requiring me to wrestle with a moment unforeseen,  
sent by the God that's hiding in plain sight,  
sent by the God that's hiding in plain sight.

We rarely see the grace  
when the obstacles intrusive  
should hurl us into the realms of lost control.  
Each crisis we must face  
when answers are elusive  
compels us all to find the strength to grapple with the fear  
that strips away the coverings  
we've come to hold so dear  
and leaves us standing naked with our souls. **Refrain**

The heavenly surrounds  
and seeks to find our vision  
breaking through the cracks of our well-structured walls.  
At times it can astound  
and find us in collision  
with angels we must wrestle till our morning suns arise,  
recipients again of one more preordained surprise;  
the Spirit of the Lord upon us calls. **Refrain**

