

## The Courier

by Cammie Corlas Quinn

One day upon a highway drear  
When life seemed laden o'er with fear,  
I spied a bird, a red-tailed hawk  
Atop a pole where humans talk.

No mind he paid my car so near,  
Undaunted by my shifting gears;  
Focused on a mouse or snake,  
A welcome meal in winter's wake.

As I stopped and tarried near,  
One hop he took and up he veered;  
Climbing unseen stairs of blue,  
Piercing shafts of every hue.

Passing clouds, heav'nward bound,  
Aiming high, till solace found;  
Hanging there on thin, bright air,  
He rode white silence, buoyed and fair.

Who sent thee down, red-tailed hawk  
To cheer a heart, to stir a walk?  
What did He whisper in your ear,  
What language sent you winging here?

How oft this circuit have you flown,  
Brushed wings with other couriers you've known?  
What Master's rod waives thunderbolts  
For lambs and doves and donkey colts?

O Lord, Sender of all signs and helps,  
Thank you for this friend so dear,  
Dispatched this day for me alone  
To bring Your presence close to home.

For there is no curtain Thou cannot part,  
No height nor depth subdue Thy heart,  
No barrier betwixt Thee and me  
That Love's Creation cannot breach.

