



# KNOWN

*Funny how this works  
with my Papa and I  
I go low  
He goes high*

*Worship ascends  
My heart I submit  
Glory falls down  
His goodness won't quit*

*Pursuing, following to overtake  
To back down now  
Would be a great mistake*

*So onward and upward  
To realms unseen  
Deep into His embrace  
Soul refreshed, heart made clean*

*Portals now open  
His heart to mine revealed  
One by one—  
Each known and loved by name  
Swept up in waves of glory,*

*Never again the same.*

Ireland  
June 18, 2013





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# GIANTS

*Giant footstep left traces  
Unequaled  
For centuries.*

*Smell of the sea  
Eclipses all others  
As breakers crash*

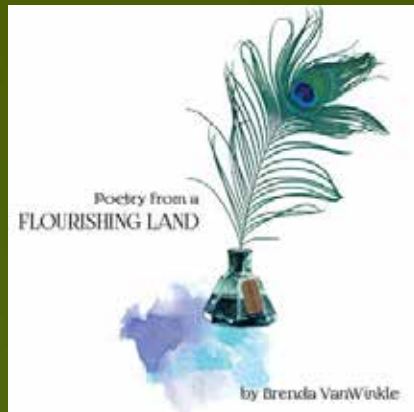
*Things for which man cannot account  
Add up in perspective of eternity.*

*Oh! Land where giants lived and breathed!  
Topography speaks of careful, intentional  
Sculpting by  
Potter's hand.*

*And in His wheel  
You remain, still.  
The vortex of wild spinning  
Is the safest place you  
Can be –  
The center of His will  
The palm of His hand*

*Clay softened with water –  
Salt of tears make an ocean  
And cause you to be  
Pliable  
In His hand.*

*Land where giants once trod,  
Giants are arising again.  
Those who know the Face of their God  
Reshape the face of the land.*



*Like cool water drawn from deep wells, the poetry of Brenda VanWinkle grants vision and creates hope for what is possible.*

*Brenda has carried Ireland as a love letter inscribed in her heart for many years. The poetry within as well as the spoken poems set to music in the companion CD, will lift your eyes and stir your soul to what is true.*

*Drink deep of God's delight over the nations.  
Dare to dream again!*

*For all who are Irish and those who are Irish at heart.*

