

# He Is

## Hilary Weeks

He is the first ray of sun to reach above the mountain  
He's a gentle ocean breeze on my face  
He is raindrops moving slowly down my window  
He's a long deep breath at the end of the dayHe is a warm afternoon at the end of September  
He's a brilliant sunset sky  
He is a silent snow fallen, the deafening crash of thunder  
He is endless stars on a cloudless night  
He is the laughter of children and the wonder in their eyes  
And on a distant rocky shore, He's a clear and steady lightHe is wrinkled hands and tiny newborn fingers  
And He's the beckon that calls you home  
He is the sturdy staff that leads you to drink beside still waters  
He's the reason why lilies grow  
He is a Sermon on a Mount, He is the widow and her mite  
He is the blind man's first glimpse of lightHe is a garden and a prayer  
He is two strangers on a hill  
He is an empty tomb and the price that Heaven paid  
He's a chance to try againHe is open arms, He is a quiet invitation  
He is hope when hope is gone  
He is lasting peace and the answer we are seeking  
He is the pathway home  
He isYes, He is

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