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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