

# 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 day He 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 light He 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 light He 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 again He 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 is Yes, He is

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>