# My Cathedral

## Chris Rice

Sweetest days of childhood, playing in the deep woods
Stomping through the creek and feeling, oh, so much alive
We're camping in the forest, we join the cricket chorus
And hum our songs of gratitude around a crackling fireAnd out here in the stillness, I found my house of worship
With column trees and canopy of stars, here in my cathedralIt was beneath the blue skies, I ran down to be baptized
I felt the river wash me clean and dried beneath the sun
And to this day believing I'm wide awake or dreaming
Scan the ancient sky and understand where I belong'Cause out here in the stillness, I find my house of worship
With column trees and canopy of stars, here in my cathedralThis is where I find my soul, out where holy men of old
First knelt in soil and thanked you for the rain
Wrote the songs that filled the air, herald angels sang their prayer
Out beneath your darling constellations
So let me off and wander, robin song and thunder
Surrounding me with stained glass leaves that change with every breezeAnd out here in the stillness, I find my house of worship
With column trees and canopy of stars, here in my cathedral

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