

Grace and Glory

Objective Lens

My heart leaps within me

At the thought of Your name!

Your love and Your grace pour onto me

And I am not the same.

The smile that plays on my lips

As You tuck me into bed at night

Replaces stress as the day flips

Into tomorrow morning's light.

There is no other besides You, God.

You are the hope of all my days.

Whether I blink or bow or nod,

You are the object of my praise!

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Heart of Praise

Oh great and gracious God

You are worthy to be praised!

Oh great and gracious God

Let our voices and arms be raised!

Most holy is Your name, Jesus.

Most worthy is Your cause

To bring worthless sinners

To glory and salvation without

A moment's pause.

To all those who can see

Who are yet blind to Your love,

Let us as Christians be

Shining lights seen from heaven above.

Never ashamed to speak Your name

As beacons of Your Holy Word.

Let us help empty hearts without blame.

Love and grace is what needs to be heard.

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Life's Theme

The breeze softly blows

My hair gently around my face.

I feel the hand of God

Caress me with His grace.

The water tumbles and rumbles

As it loudly rushes by;

The birds sing their song of springtime

As they boldly fly.

The great outdoors

Brings me to my Creator's feet.

He spared no earthly or heavenly cost

So that someday we could meet.

Inside or outside,

God's mark is clearly seen.

Creation cries out, "Holy is the Lord!"

It is all of life's theme.

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What Are You Created To Be?

How does a caterpillar feel

All squishy and fat,

His tiny little legs never

Leaving the footing

Of something solid and flat?

Does he know someday

That he'll fly in the sky

And all those who puckered,

Saying, "Yuck!" when he inched along

Will stand in awe at the beautiful

Expanse of his wings?

All along he was created to be a part

Of the awakening called spring.

As I struggle along the way,

Can you look at me

Knowing I, too, will awaken someday

As I emerge like a butterfly,

Beautiful and free?

I will look at you, my friend,

With awe and wonder on my face

Peering through God's special lens

Called love and grace.