

NATURE



*At whose behest is sunshine led
to warm my upturned face?
My eyes are closed in evening sleep,
by what forbearing grace?
The massive oceans mighty tide
with breakers in its care
The snow that mantles mountain steep
the gorge--why is it there?*

*The days, the years in cadence sure
course through the mist called time.
Why am I sure a towering will
guides with a hand sublime?
Why do I surely also know
that all perceive the same,
That everyone in all the earth
knows of a heavenly frame?*

*For in the heart of all mankind
a knowledge firmly lives.
A voice that says "Believe, believe,"
a mind that knowledge gives
A soul like ours that waits for us
beyond the evening shade,
Who in the meantime shows Himself
through all that He has made.*

*How do I know His tender love
upon me is outpoured?
He in His Word presents Himself
as living, loving Lord,
Who in creation shows His power
and on the cross His love,
So we can step through nature's veil
with Him to dwell above.*

*Weep then for those who know Him not,
who by their choice are blind,
When caring nature's open door
they cannot, will not find.
Rejoice with those who in a rose
their great Creator see,
Who finding Him who made the rose
are blest eternally.*

—Dave Breese