

## God has been painting again

When I look, out my window, the world, before me flows.  
Trees dotting the landscape, among the buildings grow.  
Hills lying in the distance, birds flying in the air,  
Clouds passing overhead, mountains everywhere

For God in all his glory, with a paintbrush in his hand,  
with love and great patience, has been, painting, again.  
All glory is his canvas, his easel and his stand.  
The twinkle of a child's eye, or couples hand in hand.  
The pain, and the laughter, and things, we don't, understand.  
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A flag flaps in the distance, people walking right on by,  
children playing and laughing, trees swaying as if they sigh.  
The sun sets in the distance, the sky is all aglow,  
with radiance and great beauty, never before seen or known.

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As I wake with the sunlight, creeping on my bedroom wall.  
And I look and our eyes meet, and you smile, and blink, and yawn.  
And I wonder and I ponder, what I did, to see this dawn.  
With its wonders and its glory, its sights, and views, and songs.

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