

Holy Places

Walking in certain forests, in the quiet, we don't speak,
or we feel a deep-down grounding, when our road wraps mountain peaks.
And it's as if our spirits lift through dawns or Milky Way,
and Earth's wild motions we pick up in ocean's bass-drum waves.

Chorus: Don't these feel like holy places? Awesome. Beautiful. Intense.
Thank you, God, how they remind us of the power you possess!

God, besides amazing places, humbler places did become
marked with names or weighty stones there, to point up what you have done.
The "Holy Land" holds settings, too, of your Son's miracles:
small towns or homes or nowhere— He fed thousands on a hill.

Chorus: Thank you for these holy places, even those not clearly known.
Thank you, God, how they remind us of the presence you have shown.

"Do I not fill Heav'n and Earth?" you said, and Christ affirmed the same
when he promised he's among just two or three met in his name.

Holy places, then, are kitchens, bedsides, desks, and who can tell....
We'll count gardens, yards, and churches, open countryside as well.
'Don't need cell phone signals— God, it's prayers you're always taking in,
while Spirit's setting out your Word, with whispers or like wind.

Chorus: Thank you for all holy places, faraway or fully near.
Thank you, God, how they remind us, anywhere, that you are here.

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