

The Windows of a Soul

What do You see, through the eyes of eternity?
That the Maker of the Universe, would die just for me?
What gives man, a special place in Your heart?
Created in love as Your companion from the start

What do You see, through the windows of time?
That the clay would be esteemed, through eyes so divine?
With infinite possibilities, we could have been replaced
But with everlasting tenderness, lost sheep are still embraced

What do You see, with eyes that penetrate my soul?
That the Holy One, would touch death, just to make me whole?
What causes Your justice, to be drowned out with love?
That my name, would be engraved, in God's palms up above

What did You see, for nine months in a womb?
That You cared for the people, who would give You no room?
Why would the Almighty, send angels to sing
Could the Babe in the manger, somehow be the King?

What did You see, as You laid in the straw?
That the infant who seemed helpless, created it all!
When did You know, that Your death would re-claim?
The ones that You came for, who would call You by name?

What did You see, on that blood drenched cross?
That the Master of Life, would tame death for the lost?
With a nature that abhors, the very presence of sin
You wrapped sin around You, to cleanse us within!

What did You see, knowing the full story?
That our hunger could only be quenched by Your glory!
Laying in a feeding trough--- as food for the sheep
While Your mother lay close by, just watching You sleep.

What did You see, through the eyes of a Priest?
That the Shepherd, would serve, as the Lamb of the feast?
How You gave Your own flesh, as the true Bread of Life
The Babe in the Manger- You were the sacrifice!

What do You see, when You catch the love in our eyes?
That the windows of a soul, can espy the Son Rise?
When someday, our eyes meet, face-to-face- will we know?
The depths of Your love, through the windows of Your Soul?

your sister in Christ, Theresa Halcombe