

The Living Word

God spoke to me this morning in the feel of a cozy bed,
in the taste of eggs and bacon and the smell of toasting bread,
in the sound of laughing children and a lovers warm embrace.

God spoke to me this morning in the sunshine on my face.
His revelation's coming through in a language we can hear.

It's filling up our senses and showing us He's near.

He hasn't finished telling us of all that we can be.

The living Word can still be heard in the lives of you and me.

God spoke to me this morning in the language of the heart,
in a parent's soft compassion when tears begin to start,
in my anger with a news report and the worries of the day,
in the gentle rush of happiness when things turn out O.K.
His revelation's coming through in a language we can hear.

The message of our feelings is showing us He's near.

He hasn't finished telling us of all that we can be.

The Living Word can still be heard in the lives of you and me.

God spoke to me this morning in a flashing spark of thought,
another understanding of a new truth to be caught.

And in my sweet elation I thanked Him for the lift.

Where He is found ideas abound if you're open to the gift.

His revelation's coming through in a language we can hear.

And in the language of our thoughts He's telling us He's near.

He hasn't finished telling us of all that we can be.

The Living Word can still be heard in the lives of you and me.

God is a patient teacher whose lessons still are taught
In the language of creation, of feelings and of thought
To people of all cultures in lands both far and near.
Within the framework of their lives the Spirit helps them hear.

His revelation's coming through, a universal song.

Across the ages has not changed but echoes loud and strong.

He hasn't finished telling us of all that we can be.

The Living Word can still be heard though out humanity.

The Living Word can still be heard in the lives of you and me.

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