

When God is Born Anew

With every birth that graces earth our God is born anew.
In blossoms bright unfolding his beauty springs to view.
His is the power vast in lightening blast, exploding stars far out in space.
His are the eyes that watch us from a loving mothers face.

His is the heart that's yearning, His are the cries for love.
And His the quest for learning searching for the meanings of.
His is the final victory that we will see over tragedy and death.
The pulse of every heartbeat, and the drawing of each breath.

Refrain: Rejoice now in the place that's yours in all that must unfold.
The part you play from day to day, the puzzle piece you hold.
Rejoice in all that you have been and what you will become.
And know that as your life unfolds that you and He are one.

For we are He incarnate in the grasp space and time.
As finites of the infinite into his light we climb.
The little stories of our lives are woven well into the master plan,
the epic tale of what has been since what has been began.

Refrain

With every birth that graces earth our God is born anew,
with all the new beginnings that He finds again through you.
And every triumph and defeat that we must meet
are shared in the joy and strive
by He who stands beside us
as the liver of our lives, when God is born anew.

