



“The Heav’ns Declare the Glory of God!”

My Father whispers gently in the dawn
of morning skies With vibrant, pastel
anthems that fall softly on my eyes.

His mercy and compassion bring fresh hope with each new day,
Reminding me that He ordains all things that come my way.

Though brilliance of the noonday Sun will not permit my gaze,
My Father’s holy purity outshines these blinding rays
That are a wanting emblem of the glory ‘round God’s throne—
Mere shadows of that excellence, unique to Him alone.

Then slowly a crescendo swells in praise to The Most High
In flaming gold and violet tones that bring a soul-deep sigh.
The Lord of all creation bids His Sun to take its flight,
And herald forth in other lands His majesty and might.

Soft twilight melts this splendor into deep’ning shades of blue,
And ushers in night’s lullabies in subtle, calming hues.
A serenade of peace they bring to saints at end of day
Who thank God for His faithfulness as Guardian, Hope and Stay.

With darkness comes a dazzling host across an ebon span.
The wonder of their vast array inspires the mind of man,
But night skies sing a *special song* to those who fear God’s name.
They fan a passion deep within, His glory to proclaim.

The God Who is my Father sends hope’s message day and night
That He will strengthen and provide no matter what my plight.
He grants amazing grace for me to trust that He is near,
And rest in His wise providence ‘midst sorrows, joys and fears.

Lamentations 3:21-23 “This I recall to my mind, Therefore I have hope.
Through the LORD’S mercies we are not consumed, Because His
compassions fail not. They are new every morning; Great is Your
faithfulness.”