

IMMANENCE

I never think of God
As a God afar
When He lifts His torch
To the first white star
I never think of Him
As a spout aloof
When His kind rains dance
On my dark, wet roof

I never think of Jesus
As in Galilee
When I wander on the shores
Of a gold-rimmed sea
I never think of Him
On a shining throne
When I walk at high morning
In a wood, alone

I know a path
Where the hollyhocks nod;
And when I go there
I grow friendly with God
And when young daffodils
Dance before my eyes
I cannot think that Heaven
Is away in the skies

I have a friend
Whose hands feel in mine
Like the very same hands
That turned water to wine
And when, at the day's end,
I look in his face
The whole wide world
Is a God-filled place.

Wilson MacDonald.

