

Trust in the eyes of a tiny Babe
leaning on His mother's breast.
In the eager beat of a young bird's wings
on the day it leaves the rest.

*It is the living Spirit
filling the earth, bringing to birth
a world of love and laughter,
joy in the light of the Lord.*

Hope is in the rain that makes crystal streams
tumble down a mountain side,
and in every man who repairs his nets,
waiting for the rising tide.

Love is in the hearts of all those who seek
freedom for the human race.
Love is in the touch of the hand that heals,
and the smile that lights a face.

Strength is in the wind as it bends the trees,
warmth is in the bright red flame,
light is in the sun and the candle-glow,
cleansing are the ocean's waves.