

# The Gift

Across the lake I see  
A stillness and a peace  
Where misty mountains rise  
And islands float quietly.

I feel a gentleness  
From breezes drifting free  
And everything stands still  
To greet the coming day.

*And I know when I look on this  
That it's God's gift to you and me  
This privilege that He has blessed us with  
Is a miracle to keep.*

I touch the falling rain  
Catch snowflakes in my hand  
Watch moontides ebb and flow  
And sunbursts on the land.

Every time I hear a storm  
And waves crash against the shore  
My spirit leaps for joy  
At the wonder of it all.



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