

God's Highest Creation

May the pulse of my heart be your praise, oh Lord,
and the rhythm of my lungs sing your grace.
All my inner workings amaze me, on Lord,
I'm fearfully and wonderfully made.

From dust I was shaped in the depths of the Earth.
Skillfully each little organ was made.
Before the foundation of the world was laid
you planned the number of my days.

I love to be called your Highest Creation.
You know all of my thoughts and cares.
For me you care more than all of creation.
You know the number of all of my hairs.

My heart longs to walk with you, Lord,
like Enoch did when you took him home.
I want to explore the Heavens with you,
and the streets of pure gold to roam.

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This poem was written in honor of
the guys at work, because sometimes
the air gets pretty thick and hairy
around there. Since I'm hearing-
impaired, I read lips; but sometimes
I want to read them from a distance
through a pair of binoculars.