

## Reaching Out

Phil Keaggy

Had a dream just yesterday,  
Though not asleep, I was awake.  
In my mind I saw these hollow faces.  
They were young and looked neglected.  
They weren't loved, they were rejected,  
And their eyes despaired of happy places.

Could a world so lost be found again?  
Could a child so lonely find a friend?  
Reaching out to feel the touch of one hand.

Near the bedside of one dying,  
Down the hall a newborn crying,  
In my heart I have so many questions.  
In the season of the Spring,  
New life flows through everything,  
Though memories of some are cold reflections.

Could a world so lost be found again?  
Could a child so lonely find a friend?  
Reaching out to feel the touch of one hand.  
A new city is being formed,  
May your weary hearts be warmed  
Everyone who faints with sorrow enter.  
And when the pain is passed away  
And the night has met the day,  
There the Son will melt away the winter.

Could a world so lost be found again?  
Could a child so lonely find a friend?  
Reaching out the healing touch of God's hand.