

# Reaching

Carolyn Arends

There's a time I can recall  
Four years old and three feet tall  
Trying to touch the stars and the cookie jar  
And both were out of reach

And later on in my high school  
It seemed to me a little cruel  
How the right words to say always seemed to stay  
Just out of reach

Well, I should not have thought it strange  
That growing causes growing pains  
'Cause the more we learn the more we know  
We don't know anything

But still it seems a tragic fate  
Living with this quiet ache  
The constant strain for what remains  
Just out of reach

We are reaching for the future  
We are reaching for the past  
And no matter what we have we reach for more  
We are desperate to discover  
What is just beyond our grasp  
But maybe that's what Heaven is for

There are times I can't forget  
Dressed up in my Sunday best  
Trying not to squirm and to maybe learn  
A bit of what the preacher preached

And later lying in the dark  
I felt a stirring in my heart  
And though I longed to see what could not be seen  
I still believed

I guess, I shouldn't think it odd  
Until we see the face of God  
The yearning deep within us tells us  
There's more to come

So when we taste of the divine  
It leaves us hungry every time  
For one more taste of what awaits  
When Heaven's Gates are reached

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We are reaching for the past  
And no matter what we have, we reach for more  
We are desperate to discover  
What is just beyond our grasp  
But maybe that's what Heaven is for  
I believe that's what Heaven is for

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