

My Cathedral

Chris Rice

Sweetest days of childhood,
Playing in the deep woods,
Stomping through the creek
and feeling oh-so-much alive.

We're camping in the forest,
We join the cricket chorus,
Hum our songs of gratitude
around a crackling fire.

Out here in the stillness,
I found my house of worship
with column trees and canopy of stars,
Here in my cathedral.

It was beneath the blue skies,
I ran down to be baptized,
I felt the river wash me clean
and dried beneath the sun.

To this day believing
I'm wide awake or dreaming,
Scan the ancient sky
and understand where I belong.

Cause out here in the stillness,
I find my house of worship
with column trees and canopy of stars,
Here in my cathedral.

This is where I find my soul,
Out where holy men of old
first knelt in soil
and thanked You for the rain.

Wrote the songs that filled the air,
Harold angels sang their prayer,
out beneath
your darling constellations.

Let me off and wander,
Robin song and thunder,
Surrounding me with stained glass leaves
that change with every breeze.

Out here in the stillness,
I find my house of worship
with column trees and canopy of stars,
Here in my cathedral.