

## Praise Him

### Housefires

Praise Him for the cosmos and the picture that it paints of an artist so brilliant he can scarcely be defined. Praise Him for the first time that you paused to notice the open sky and wondered what kind of imagination could inspire such beautiful things from scratch. Praise Him for the scratch, for dust held in the hands of a master craftsman unashamed to share His likeness with those He knew would break His heart and test His patience, and try His love.

Praise Him for the borrowed breath that you breathe and faculties that function, so as to remind you that you are not your own, for a love that finds its way to you in every season, letting you know that you are not alone. Praise Him for the miracles that your eyes have seen, that you were too hard-hearted to believe, too nearsighted to perceive, and too self-sufficient to receive, and still somehow, He met all of your needs.

Praise Him for broken hearts and bruised knees, from mountains brought low, in valleys raised for joy given in the deep of night. Praise Him for the night and weeping that always expires, and lasts only as long as He allows. Come on, praise Him for all that He allows, all that He permits, all that He prevents, and all that He provides, for blessings often overlooked because they're disguised.

Praise Him for Jesus, who brought the radiance of the sun and the tyranny of an unrelenting dark night. And before you were even awake to the world, you gloried in His light, warmed by the generosity of His love, carried from death to life on the wings of faith. Remember your name, uttered in a prayer, and your heart awakened to its need for a Savior.

Praise Him for the Savior who showed up at just the right time, to show humanity that God would never turn His back on the world that He made. Praise Him for the way that He came, matchless power contained in the frame of a Child, born in a city as obscure as they come. The giver of life, filling up His very own lungs to show that He's not ashamed of us, He is well-acquainted with us, and is committed, no matter what the cost, to saving us.

Praise Him for saving us in the Cross that provided the means, it's the door through which we enter, the shade under which we rest, His righteousness, and not our own. His grace and His grace alone, calling us out and bringing us in, conquering death and absolving our sin. Let me say it again, praise Him for the reason that you're in, because it bears the mark of His hold on you. And when life gets a hold of you, tempting you to forget,

lift your eyes, lift your hands, lift your hearts, and praise Him. Lift your eyes, lift your hands, lift your hearts, and praise Him. Lift your eyes, we lift our hands, we lift our hearts, embrace You, we lift our...