

# Touching Him

Ray Boltz

A woman came to Simon's house  
She knew the Lord was there  
For when she walked into the room  
She was greeted by a stare  
She surely must have shocked a few  
Of the people gathered there  
As with tear-filled eyes  
And trembling hands  
She took down her long dark hair

And from an alabaster vessel  
Precious ointment filled her hair  
As she wept she kissed his feet  
And began anointing them

With her hands, she was touching Him  
The alpha, the omega  
The beginning and the end  
And with her hands  
She was holding on to His  
The source of life  
Was right there in her hands

Now Simon said within his heart  
Lord if you only knew the kind of woman  
That's touching you  
But Jesus knew about her past  
He knew about the sin  
Yet He saw in her a repentant heart  
That had come to worship Him

With her hands, she was touching Him  
The alpha, the omega  
The beginning and the end  
And with her hands  
She was holding on to His  
The source of life  
Was right there in her hands

Now tell me why do we gather  
Together in His name  
Are we like the ones who merely watched  
Tell me is that why we came  
Are we like this sister  
Do we truly enter in  
In spirit and in truth  
Have you come to worship Him

With your hands, are you touching Him  
And with your heart are you loving Him  
And with your hands  
Are you holding on to His  
Then source of life  
Was right there in your hands  
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