

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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