

David Phelps, Visions Of God

She gently falls asleep
Her head is laid upon my lap.
The highway sings a soothing lullaby.
My daughter here beside me
My little boy is in the backseat
Outlined by the headlights from behind.
I ask the Lord to freeze us here in time
As my son reaches out his hand to mine.

Chorus

Silhouettes sent from Heaven
Paint a portrait of eternal things.
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor
Brings remembrance of what is holy.
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed
Oh, come to me sweet visions of God.

I hear her whisper sweetly
"I made this for you, Daddy."
Her crayon masterpiece says, I love you.
At last a bedtime story
They rush to get beneath the sheets (They gather underneath the sheets)
For Peter Pan, Pinocchio, and Pooh.
They cling to every word until the end
Then they close their eyes and drift to Neverland.

Chorus

So often I have missed Him
Like a shadow in the night
A familiar face I fail to recognize
But He is there in pigtails,
Peek-a-boo and piggyback rides
A kiss, a gentle touch, a baby's cry.

Chorus