

Can you ever get tired of the sky up there?

With sun and clouds and beauty everywhere;

In people and places as the weather does appear,

Meeting majestic horizons and countryside's so dear.

.

Endless skies, I wonder how on earth they could be so high,

The thought of creation's perfection reflected in the sky;

With the kingdom now meaning in the turning of the world,

Endless skies revealing freedom of life found in the word.

.

Birds fly across the heavens from wherever they have come,

Getting where they're going in the flight of all they've done;

Endless skies, an eternal thing by nature, covering us all,

Answered in the sunset when God gives his final call.

.

Twilight at nearly night time with a million burning stars,

Lighting up the darkened skies with Jupiter and Mars;

The moon and other planets granting us God's grace,

As we look up into the universe for signs of life in space.

.

I'm running out of ideas which endless skies will never do,

Hoping that through this writing, the righting will come true;

Now seeing clearly the vision of what really might well be,

Of endless skies underneath God and above you and me.

.

With a prayer for endless mercy for what I might have done,

I'm praying that you'll find this work for each and every one;

God leading in the making with Him as all we need,

The picture becoming richer for you my friend to read.

.

Signed, Forever there.