

The Miracle Worker

Folks don't believe in miracles,
Claim they don't happen anymore,
God doesn't show His power now
As He once did in days before.
I don't know what they are expecting
Or what it is they hope to see,
But oaks wrapped up in acorns
Are miracles enough for me.

I can't move a mighty mountain
I can't even move a hill.
I can't call down from heaven
Or make the blazing sun stand still.

But He hangs the earth on nothing
And He commands the restless sea,
He walks upon the waters
And He's walking now with me.
He makes the sun keep shining
And hangs the stars up there at night
He feeds the little sparrows
And adorns the lily bright.

You don't believe in miracles?
Better take a look around,



Count the fishes in the ocean
Or the flowers on the ground.

I can't pack things in an atom
Or hang the stars in space.
I just leave that to the Master
And go on living by His grace.
I can't work a lot of wonders
But I believe the things I see,
He reclaims the lowest sinner
That's miracle enough for me.

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