

OMNIPRESENT

I have no special time of day
In which I talk to God;
I see him in the rising sun
And in the upturned sod.

I hear His voice in singing wires,
And in the whisp'ring trees,
In rippling rills and storm-tossed waves
And robins in the leaves.

I feel His nearness when I pray,
Regardless of the hour;
And through the contact I believe
Comes courage, faith and power.

by Alice Whitson Norton

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