

Mark Schultz "Cloud Of Witnesses"

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We watched them runnin' down the aisles,
Children's time, Sunday morning.
The preacher asked them who they loved,
They all smiled and started pointing to their mom,
Their dad,
The teacher from their kindergarten class;
And each and every one
Had just come from

A cloud of witnesses
That would see them through the years
Cheer them with a smile
And pray them through the tears
A cloud of witnesses that would see them to the end,
And shower them with love that never ends
A cloud of witnesses.

They stuck together through the years,
The best of friends faith could foster
So when they found out one of them
Had heard the news
He'd lost his father,
They ran to him
And prayed and put their hands upon his head,
And slowly one by one
They'd all become

A cloud of witnesses
As they sent above a prayer

They took a hold of hands and
circled 'round a friend
A cloud of witnesses with a faith just like a rock,
They helped him give his father back to God
As a cloud of witnesses

So when it comes the time
That heaven calls
They'll come running to see the ones who've gone
before,
And made the journey home to find waiting for them at
the finish line,

Cheerin happily they will run
and they will see

A cloud of witnesses
Lined up on a street of gold
As they run the final mile.
That leads them to a throne.
And through the cloud of witnesses
They see God upon the throne.
And as they fall into His arms,
They know they're home in
A cloud of witnesses,
Surrounded by a cloud of witnesses.

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Children's time
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