

## David Meece "His Love Was Reaching"

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Where should I begin to tell my thoughts?  
What can I say that would do?  
Where are the words when I need them most  
To show my gratitude?

Though the times I was burdened  
Yet I did not fall  
Though the times I was certain  
There was no one at all

His love was reaching  
An invisible hand pulling me through  
His love was reaching  
Touching my life  
In more ways than I ever knew

As I lay beneath the southern cross  
The stars tell more than I could  
And if the words don't say what I really mean  
I pray I'm understood

When I thought I had nothing  
Yet I had so much  
Though the years when it seemed  
We were out of touch

His love was reaching  
An invisible hand pulling me through  
Touching my life  
In more ways than I ever knew

How could I think I was living alone?  
How could a man be so blind?  
How could I have come so far  
Without His hand in mine?

His love was reaching  
An invisible hand pulling me through  
His love was reaching  
Touching my life  
In more ways than I ever knew

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