

Shane Barnard "Fringes"

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He stretches out the north over empty space
And hangs the earth on nothing
And how faint a word we even hear of Him
And yet- our eyes and ears and
Minds get all the candy
I sing for grace
For grace it lets me sing
And all I've ever seen or heard
Or haven't seen or heard
It's His
There is no other
All of this is but the fringes
And these are but the fringes
And all the world hinges
On His grace and on His word
He speaks things into being
And the spoken things revealing
The glory of our God and King
I'm stumbling upon things that aren't mine
All the things He spoke to life before time
Name one thing that's not
One law or thought
He taught the clay
Molded it
Behold, He called the sheep
That's why they came
Sheep who by grace got a peep
And made it cheap by calling it mine
Job 26:15-17

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