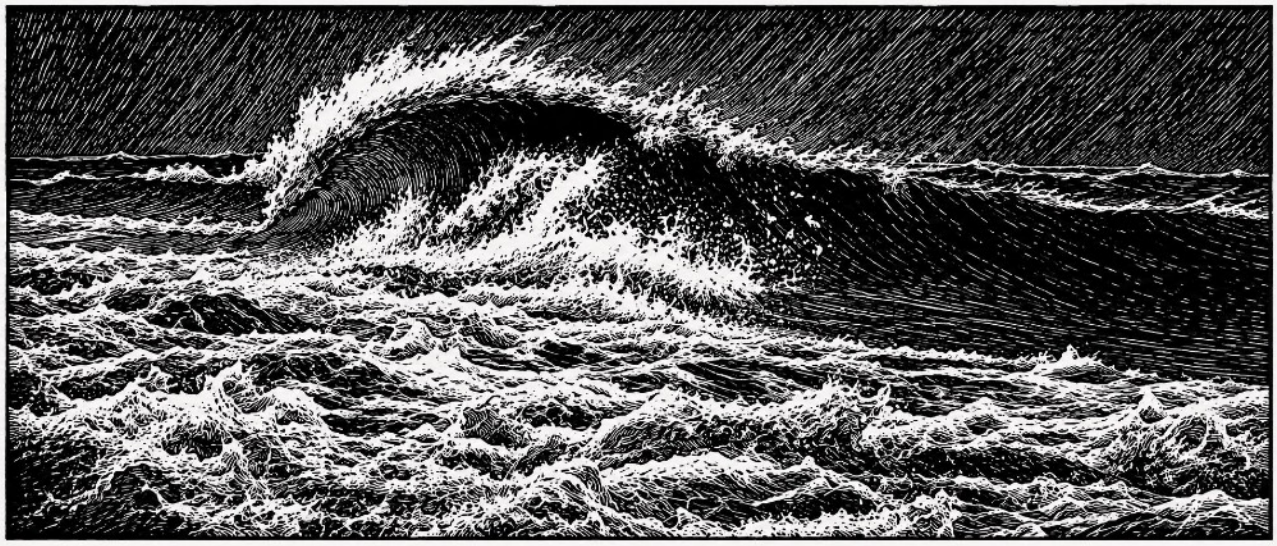




Call of Creation

The wind whispers softly and ocean waves roar;
See the birds as they dive, as they cry, as they soar.
Breeze on the seaside, footprints in sand;
Take in nature's wild beauty over this land.
Though flowers fade, they still bow down;
trees reach the skies, yet still worship the One...

***Who made the stars, who painted the heavens,
who crafted the flow'rs with loving intention;
every cry, ev'ry whisper, eve's call in the night
is a symphony of worship, and a song taking flight***

See the light breaking through towering trees;
Dawn is bursting to life, for He said "It is good."
Hear the sigh of leaves rustling in the calm after storm,
rivers dancing down hillsides on this beautiful morn.
So quiet He made it, yet still it sings;
be still and listen as it worships the King...

***Who made the stars, who painted the heavens,
who crafted the flow'rs with loving intention;
every cry, ev'ry whisper, eve's call in the night
is a symphony of worship, and a song taking flight***

Charis Yip, presented as part of the [Ecotheology and Ecolistening resource](#)