

## His Presence

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Published: April 2018 when she was 97

A friend of mine once asked me  
Just how could I believe  
In someone I never saw,  
Nor spoken words received.

I thought, perhaps, I should explain  
Just why I have no doubt  
That it was God's creativeness  
That brought this world about.

I only have to look around  
To know that He is there.  
I see and feel and hear Him.  
That's why I'm so aware.

I see Him in the raindrops  
That nourish trees and flowers.  
I see Him in the rainbows  
That sometimes follow showers.

I see Him in a mother's love  
When looking at her child.  
So thankful that this miracle  
Is pure and undefiled.

I see Him in the wrinkled face  
That's seen so many years,  
Knowing it was faith in Him  
That overcame all fears.

I hear Him when a meadowlark  
Trills out its joyful song.  
I hear Him when the thunder  
Comes forth so loud and strong.

I see the beauty of Him  
In the butterflies on wing.  
The feathers of the peacock  
Are the colors He can bring.

I feel Him when a playful breeze  
Blows gently through my hair.  
When the sun shines warmly on my face,  
I know that He is there.

His strength shows in the mountains  
And the ever pounding seas.  
A kitten's purred affection  
Shows how gentle love can be.

It's true I have no pictures  
To hang upon my wall.  
I do not need a portrait,  
His presence to recall.

For those who wish to listen,  
It is played throughout the land.  
The symphony of life itself,  
Directed by His hand.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/his-presence>

The author says: At 97, I have witnessed so many things that have added to my belief. There is no way I could not believe, having had documented miracles, answers to critical needs, plus beautiful experiences. I look back on my lifetime and cannot see where I deserved the experiences that I have had, but it only tells me that we cannot underestimate God's love.

