

God Who Sees

Before the stars were named,
Before the seas began to rise,
You were there—
In the quiet before creation's cry.
Before breath touched my lungs,
Before my story had a name,
You were watching,
Holding love that never came undone.
Through fire and flood,
Through every wound and stain,
You never let me go—
Your mercy runs deeper than pain.
When silence grew heavy
And fear drew near,
You whispered through the dark:
“My child, I am here.”
You walk on waters I could not cross,
You stand where the flames would burn.
You tear down the walls I built in fear,
And call me by name—again, again, I return.
You are the God who sees,
The One who hears my cries.
When I am lost, when I am weak,
You lift my gaze to light.
Through storm and shadow,
Through all that breaks and bends,
I am Yours—
From beginning to end.

YOUR SALUTATION HERE

***(Options to insert scriptures or affirmation below poem)**

“You are the God who sees me,” for she said, “I have now seen the One who sees me.”
— Genesis 16:13 (NIV)

Written with care by EchoScript Sound