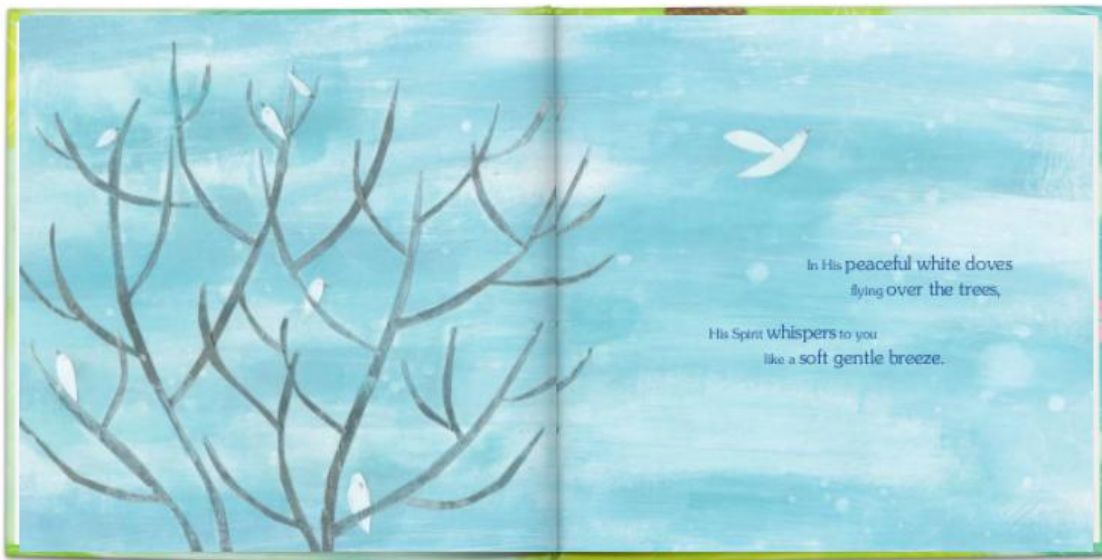


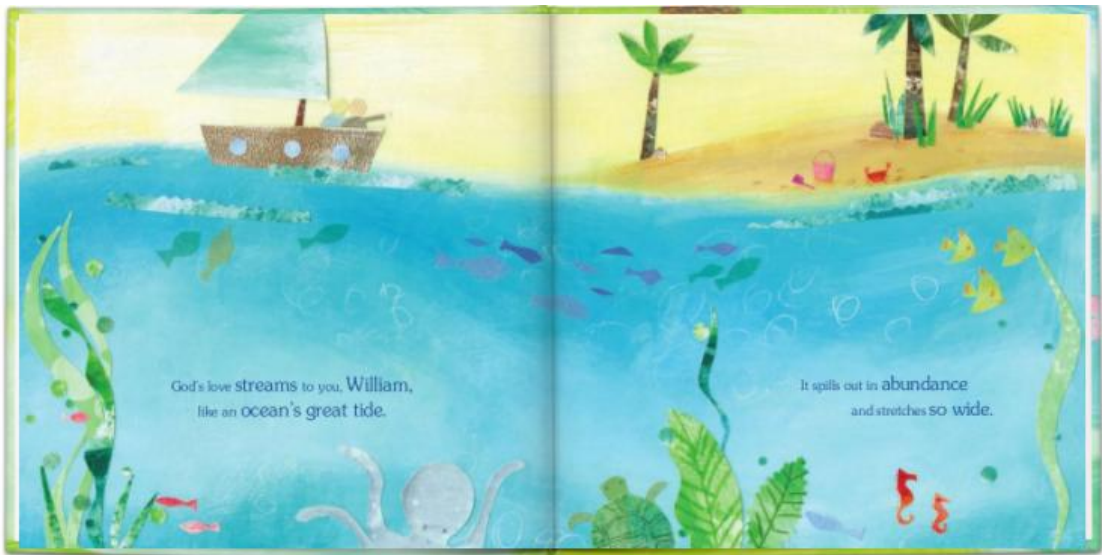
Under His brilliant blue sky
you came to be born.

He created you, William,
like His evening and mom.



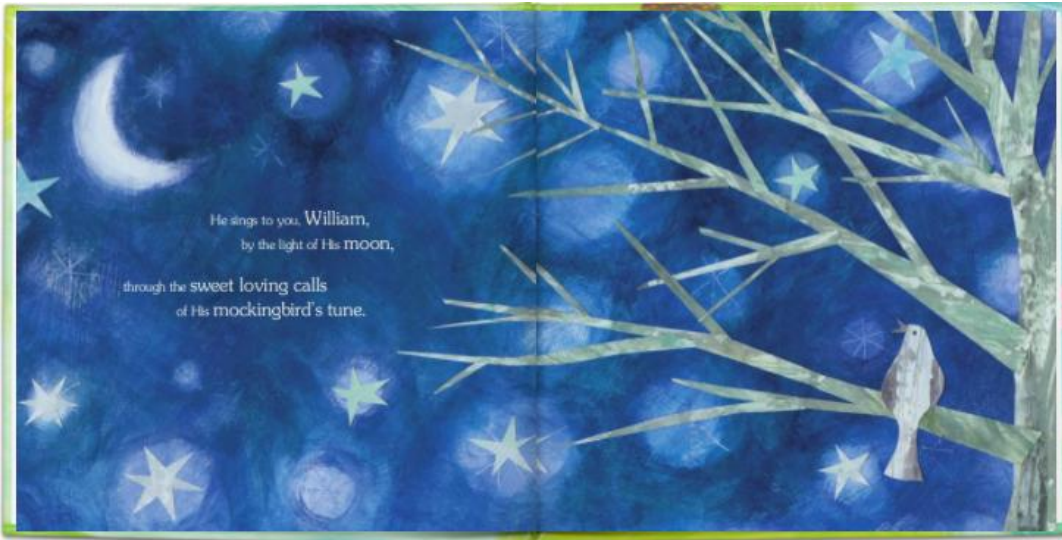
In His peaceful white doves
flying over the trees,

His Spirit whispers to you
like a soft gentle breeze.



God's love streams to you, William,
like an ocean's great tide.

It spills out in abundance
and stretches SO wide.



He sings to you, William,
by the light of His moon,
through the sweet loving calls
of His mockingbird's tune.



God's love graces
each creature,
the great
and the small,

and it soars to the sky
like His redwoods SO tall.



It sprinkles upon you
like spring's tender showers
and blossoms and grows
like His fruit trees and flowers.

