

3 April poem

by Jasper Betin-Phillips

He is the creator of all,
He shall never fall.
For in his eyes love shines,
And when it comes to love, he never declines.

He loves us dearly,
he loves us so much,
He speaks every single language,
even Dutch.

His home is a church,
we pray there every week,
A good place to go,
especially for the meek.

He is everyone's father,
even non-believers.
Because when you are close to him,
You become an achiever.

Life without him
would be like without breath.
It would be treacherous,
Even worse than death.

He is the world without end,
He will always be our friend.
He is the whole of my life,
With him we will never have strife.