

## Eyes of Wonder

By Danetta Ferguson

Recently, I was spending time with the Lord sitting on my front porch early in the morning. I was looking out into the dark sky full of stars and a song came on my iPod that I have loved since the first time I heard it. The name of the song is Wonder by Bethel and the words go something like this:

“May we never lose our wonder,  
Wide eyed and mystified  
May we be just like a child  
Staring at the beauty of our King.”

Holy Spirit immediately brought to my mind a few pictures of some of my most precious memories. With my own sons, and now my grandchildren, I absolutely love(d) seeing the wonder in their eyes as they gazed at the lights of the Christmas tree. There is a look in a small child's eyes when they see those twinkling lights that is beyond compare. The wide-eyed innocence...the child like wonder is just beautiful to me. My older son was 10 ½ months old his first Christmas and the very first steps he took were toddling across the living room when the lights came on the Christmas tree. He was so engrossed in the lights...so focused...that he didn't think about what he was doing. He just took off. My younger son was about 5 months old when I put the tree up that year. I would lay him on the floor close to the tree and he would stare and smile and 'talk' for long periods of time. Oh, that look that

melted my heart!! Many times that Christmas I would stop what I was doing just to lay on the floor beside him, watching him watch the lights. I've gotten so much pleasure from being able to see the same awe and wonder in my grandchildren's eyes at Christmas. I've literally spent hours holding them all in front of the tree so that they could see the lights...and so I could watch their eyes and their smiles. A few weeks ago, I had my 4-year-old granddaughter with me in Hobby Lobby and they had just put their Christmas trees up. Even at 4 years old, she wanted to walk up to each tree and look at the lights. I didn't get much shopping done because we walked up and down those same aisles again and again. It never gets old to me. There's not much that makes me smile more than seeing the reflection of the Christmas lights twinkling in a child's eyes, and those eyes filled with pure wonder and awe.

As I listened to that song over and over that morning and stared into the early morning sky, I was reminded of this verse in Psalm 89:2

*"For I have said, "Mercy shall be built up forever; Your faithfulness You shall establish in the very heavens"*

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That scripture kept resounding in my mind and in my heart. I think at that moment, as I stared into the sky, the awe and wonder in my eyes would have greatly resembled that of a*

small child staring into the lights of the Christmas tree. The faithfulness of God reflected in the lights of the very heavens that morning almost overtook me. The stars that give us a repeat performance every night...the moon that reflects the very light of the sun and has since the beginning of time. Every single day since the fourth day of creation (with the exception of the sun standing still in Joshua 10:13), that same sun has risen in the east and gone down in the west. That same sun that Adam, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Peter and Paul watched rising each morning in the east, my grandchildren are now seeing. I know that's not some new discovery, but as I watched the sun rise that morning I received a new revelation of His faithfulness. The moon, the stars, the planets, the sun...all those heavenly lights...all since the beginning of time...and they are still there. Oh, the radiant beauty of our King. He has been faithful every single morning to bring that sun up and lay it down each evening. We don't ever have to wonder if it will come up because He is faithful to do it; because He has established His faithfulness in the heavens for us to see every day.

It was a little sad for me on those first Christmases when the boys just weren't that smitten with the Christmas lights anymore. It will be a little sad for me, I'm sure, when the grandbabies stop staring with joy at the tree. I only had that one special Christmas to see my son toddle for the first time toward those lights. I only had that one special Christmas where my younger son would lay still and coo and talk to that tree. I cherish those memories. As that song played yet

*another time that morning, and as I was staring into the star filled sky with the sun peeking over the hill, the lights were beautiful; but I was mystified at the faithfulness of our God reflected in those lights. The words to that song became my prayer because I don't want to get too old, too busy, too routine to lose that child like wonder. My desire is to be so taken with Him that I take off running without giving it a second thought.... smitten with Him. His faithfulness is established in the heavens.*

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May we be just like a child, staring at the beauty of our  
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