

BEHOLD THE MIGHTY UNIVERSE

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Heavens, Earth, creations therein
Is there a purpose—Is there a place—
For things that are and have been?

Looking to space from what we know
See the heavens and ask what they be
Galaxies, stars, displayed so bold
Is there a purpose of wonders we see?

Vast and Endless that wondrous Space
How does it make sense? It's part of a plan—
Between, beyond, around the stars
A place for our planet, a home for man.

Our planet's unique and beautiful,
While others are bare and grim.
There is a purpose for the spaceship Earth
In all it speaks of Him.

A promised land with iron and coal
Prepared for you and me
A living sea, a land for crops
A country—the land of the Free.

All are here and "How," you ask,
"Can it testify of Him?"
If chance could do it, then so could you
So take your tools; begin.

An impossible task to make a plant
Or a rugged range of mountains
Or a desert where life is toil and strife
Or a volcano's fiery fountains.

It's part of a plan of a Heavenly Parent—
One precept first and then another,
To live in a world and learn about it,
And become someday like the Father.