

Christ above us, Christ beneath us,  
Christ beside us, Christ within us.  
Invisible we see you, Christ above us.  
With earthly eyes we see above us,  
clouds or sunshine, grey or bright.

But with the eye of faith  
we know you reign,  
instinct in the sun ray,  
speaking in the storm,  
warming and moving all creation,  
Christ above us. . . .

Invisible we see you, Christ beneath us.  
With earthly eyes we see beneath us  
stones and dust and dross. . . .  
But with the eyes of faith,  
we know you uphold.  
In you all things consist and hang together.  
The very atom is light energy,  
the grass is vibrant,  
the rocks pulsate.  
All is in flux;  
turn but a stone and an angel moves.  
Underneath are the everlasting arms.  
Unknowable we know you, Christ beneath us.

Inapprehensible we know you, Christ beside us.  
With earthly eyes we see men and women,  
exuberant or dull, tall or small.  
But with the eye of faith,  
we know you dwell in each.  
You are imprisoned in the . . . dope fiend and the  
drunk,  
dark in the dungeon, but you are there.  
You are released, resplendent,  
in the loving mother, . . . the passionate bride,  
and in every sacrificial soul.  
Inapprehensible we know you, Christ beside us.

Intangible, we touch you, Christ within us.  
With earthly eyes we see ourselves,  
dust of the dust, earth of the earth. . . .  
But with the eye of faith,  
we know ourselves all girt about of eternal stuff,  
our minds capable of Divinity,  
our bodies groaning, waiting for the revealing,  
our souls redeemed, renewed.  
Intangible we touch you, Christ within us.

Christ above us, beneath us,  
beside us, within us,  
what need have we for temples made with hands?<sup>10</sup>