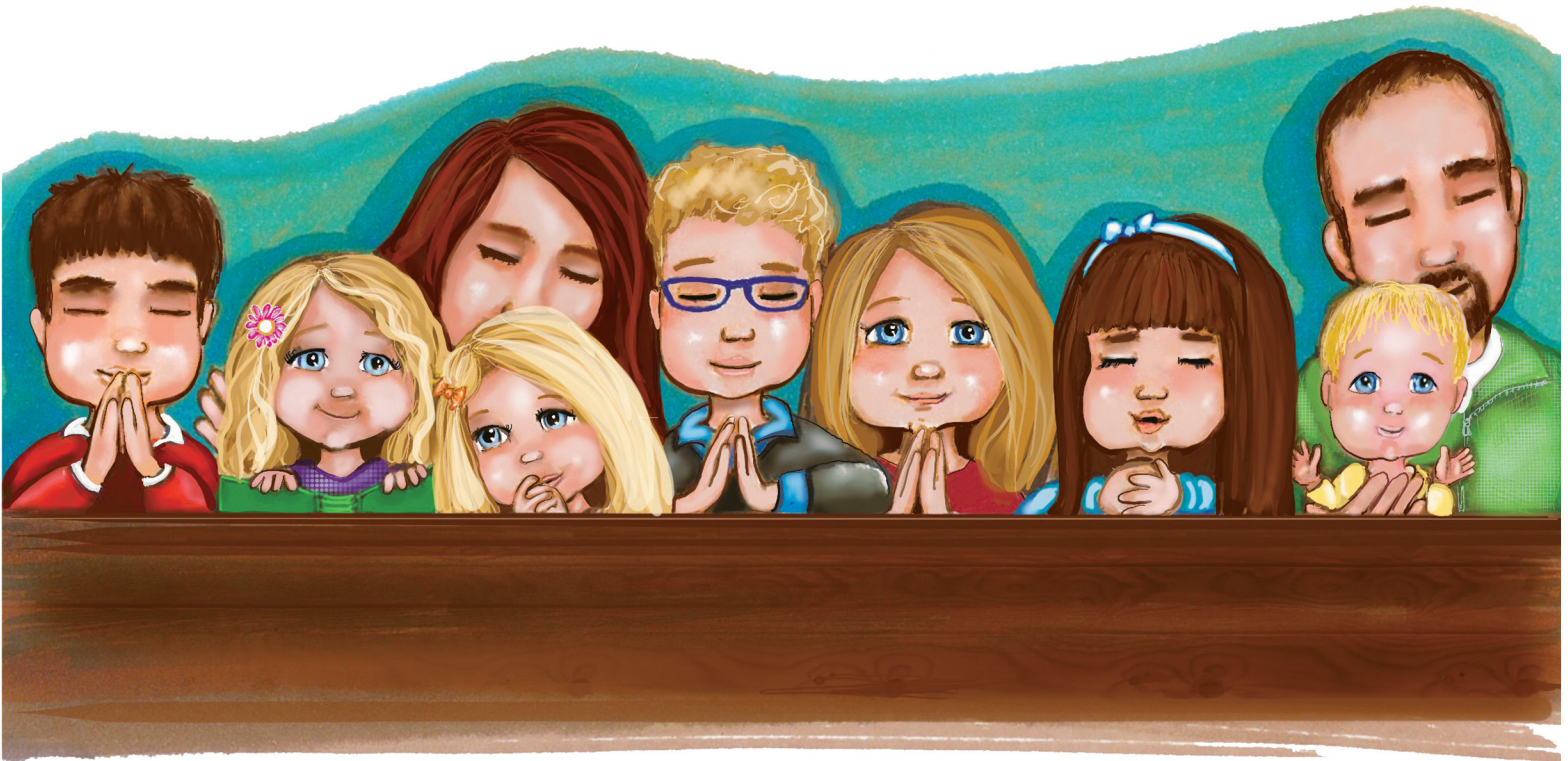


When I go to church
I see people in prayer.
They come to see Jesus,
they know that He's there.

I see the tabernacle and I genuflect—
it's a small way I can show my respect.
Our tabernacle is silver and gold,
it's bright and it's shiny and I know that it holds
a wondrous treasure that just looks like bread,
but it isn't bread really, it's Jesus instead.

With Jesus before me, my heart is at ease
like the warmth of a sunrise, the song of a breeze.
I tell Him everything, knowing He'll hear,
His eyes fixed on me, His arms ever near,
ready to hold me and say, "It's okay."
I'm here for you always and I am the Way."



So when Mass is over, I like to stay
and spend time with Jesus to thank Him and pray.
Dad taught me that Jesus is here in the Host
so I come to Him when I need Him the most.