

I Am The Church

by Beulah Hughes

I am the Church!

The Great Creator drew the plans for me within His heart of love.

The Great Architect gave His dearest Possession that I might be erected.

My one and only Foundation is His Son — whose Body was nailed to a tree.

My Chief Cornerstone — the Stone which the builders rejected.

My walls — placed without hammer's sound — are built by the martyrs of the centuries.

My steeple points ever toward that Great Architect-Builder throughout eternity.

From my belfry rings out the call for worship to countless multitudes of all ages.

My door swings open to all of every race and every age — bidding them welcome.

In my sanctuary there is —

Peace for tired minds,

Rest for weary bodies,

Compassion for suffering humanity,

Forgiveness for penitent sinners,

Christ — for all who seek Him! . . .

I am the Church!

Without me civilization must crumble!

Within me is eternity!

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