

# Hands

Today you gather in one place for a dedication that is right,  
giving God the glory as He has seen you through the night.  
You didn't stop what you were doing, the message still went on,  
there were weddings and baptisms as the plans were being drawn.

Sister churches stood by you, denomination mattered not  
and Jesus shed his blood for all, he can cleanse the darkest blot.  
As each day turned into a month and a month turned into years,  
you moved beyond the anger to the streams of joyous tears.

You met the needs of others without a building that was grand  
and you realized the work of Christ just needs a pair of hands.  
For the church is not a building made of metal, wood or stone,  
it's Christians loving neighbors like they would love their own.

Your ministry will never stop, it has been tested with a flame,  
just like gold that's been refined, now you'll never be the same.

The Nave once held the ashes that consumed with fiery might,  
but in St. David's, Christ still stands to shed His glorious Light.

Written for St. David Episcopal Church, Topeka, Kansas

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