

An Aging Congregation

(Paraphrase of Psalm 132: 1-10)

David thought that one temple would be sufficient to house the Lord. He would be amazed to see churches sprouting like dandelions in every town and city – and each one precious to its people.

With bake sales and bazaars beyond number, Lord,
we raised the funds for this building.

We held strawberry socials and silent auctions;
we raided piggy banks and cashed in savings bonds.

We could not sleep, worrying about our mortgage.
At home, at work, at play, we thought of little else.

We wanted this church!

We needed this church!

We were going to build this church!

The word of our commitment got around.

People came out of the community
like blackbirds popping from a pie.

They pitched in at potluck suppers
and hammered nails in building bees.

They joined committees and shared in worship.

It was a great time, God.

When it was finished, we held our heads high.

We flung open the door to invite you in,
and found you were already there.

We are growing old and tired now, God.

Don't leave us because we lack the energy we once had.

Don't let our church close

because disillusioned people drift away to other challenges.

You promised to be with us, always.

Don't let our church die.

by James Taylor, Everyday Psalms