

The poem I am going to read was written for this occasion
by one ^{Writley} ~~Writley~~ Dedication of the Church House

Yes, we really have a church house, after all the years of thought;
And of fussing, and of fretting, and of knowing that we ought.
We've put our shoulder to the wheel, and pushed with all our might,
Until the thing we couldn't see, soon dawned upon our sight.
We counceled, and we labored, and prayed both day and night:
To get the project started, and make it come just right:
More room we surely had to have, we felt the need each day,
More space to do our training, and a place where we could play.

Our boys and girls are just as fine as any to be found,
But where to give them space, was a question most profound.
The Master says, "To bring the children, all, into the fold,"
Into the sunshine of His love, where none are lost or cold,
For there are many little ones that we should gather in
And many many girls and boys whose souls we hope to win,
And there are poor, and out of work, who have no christian faith:
No blessed promises of help, and in no church a place,
But Christ has said, "Unto the least," of all this human tide,
Now let us show that unto them, our doors are open wide.
And so we come with grateful hearts, to those who heard the call,
For we have a new church house, and room enough for all.

To many, it meant sacrifice, and give until it hurt,
And all their energies and time, were put into the work.
Many had no time to give, but worked while yet t'was light:
And brought their income of the toil, e'en to the widows mite:
And placed it on the altar, along with all the rest:

-To be worked into the building of "The house that God loves best."