

A Love Letter to the Church

In May, a good friend of Dolores Yilibuw attended worship with Dolores. In addition to being Dolores' friend, Brenda Stanley, who lives in Atlanta, is also a poet. At the end of worship, she gifted us with reciting one of her poems "A Love Letter to the Church". In her e-mail giving us permission to reprint her poem, she said that she thinks of the words as more of a commendation than a recommendation for our church!

It does not matter how tall the steeple
or how well dressed the people,
it does not matter how eloquent the preacher
or how educated the teacher,
it does not matter how melodious the song,
but that the choir and the musicians get along,
it does not matter how expensive the pews
or whether the church is featured on the six o'clock news.

What matters is the presence of the Lord,
that the people are with one accord
that the preacher preaches love with truth and
there are mothers and fathers who mentor the youth.

It does not matter whether the church is rich or poor,
what matters is a WELCOME door,
what matters is its outreach to those in need,
and how it plants, and waters, and nurtures each seed.

What matters is the WORSHIP within
not who is the most righteous, but forgiveness of sins.

What matters is the manifestation of God's glory
in the lives of the people that tell the story
of what worship means and what it is all about
and the way people still show LOVE when the service is out.

It does not matter how humble or magnificent the place when hearts are open
God fills the space.

The Church

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