

The Perfect Church

I think that I shall never see
A Church that's all it ought to be;

A Church that has no empty pews,
Whose Pastor never has the blues;

A Church whose Deacons always Deke
And none is proud but all are meek;

Where gossips never peddle lies
Or make complaints or criticize;

Where all are always sweet and kind
And all to other's faults are blind.

Such perfect churches there may be,
But none of them are known to me.

But still we'll work, and pray and plan
To make our Church the best we can!

The Perfect Church

If you should find a perfect church
Without one fault or smear,
For goodness sake, don't Join that church
You'll spoil the atmosphere.

If you should find the perfect church
Where all anxieties cease,
Then pass it by, lest joining it
You spoil the masterpiece.

If you should find the perfect church
Then don't you ever dare
To tread upon such holy ground,
You'll be a misfit there.

But since no perfect church exists
Made up of perfect men
Let's cease on looking for that church
And love the church we're in.

Of course, it's not a perfect church
That's simple to discern,
But you and I and all of us
Could cause the tide to turn.

What fools we are to flee the past
In that unfruitful search,
To find at last, where problems loom
God proudly builds His church.

Found in a church in Wales