

THE PERFECT CHURCH



If you should find the perfect church
Without one fault or smear,
For goodness sake don't join that church
You'd 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'd 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 the 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, as last, where problems loom
God proudly builds His church.

(from The Virger)