

What is Church?

What is the church?

In all of it's glory and shame

What is the future of this beautiful wreck

And what will we do when we realize that the Church is a Bride
not a business

How will we explain our constant desire to hoard all we can
and keep inside a building made by hands of men

Some call it logic but God calls it sin.

How will we stand when his hand is seen

And the holy messiah who was born as a babe

Whose heart is wide open to the sick and the lame

How will we feel if he finds the church inactive

More attracted to the culture than those who needed us most

From the hurting across the street

To the poor surviving on some foreign coast

To the missionaries on foreign fields

The penniless less than an hour away

How will we stand on that day

When we realize that we were amused to death

We stuffed our bellies on selfish pursuits

Ignoring the riches of God

Realizing that Jesus was at our door
But we were too busy, too tired, too distracted to listen
So filled with excuses, conflict and cynicism
Content with the models of others
We neglected the savior, his sisters and brothers
The struggling fathers and the heartbroken mothers.
But for our church, the hour is late.
Will we become God's grand twist of fate.
It might be the hardest thing we've ever done
To leverage our lives to the plan of the Son.
Some might call it impossible
Others might call it irrelevant
Still others might call it foolish.
But when our church stands in the halls of eternity
Standing there before presence of God
Every other pursuit will seem rather odd.
Of course we'll be saved by God's grace
Absolutely we'll be redeemed in that place
But what legacy will we lay at the feet of our Savior.
How will we explain our thoughtless behavior?
That day is coming as sure as the sea
As real as the sun, as certain as sand

But here we are. We have this amazing chance to step up and serve

To leave everything on this field of destiny

To say it's all about them. It's not about me.