

Empty Church

The door unlocked, so I stepped in.
No lights were on, the place was dim.
Into an empty church today,
I took some time to think and pray.
The windows had been closed so long,
for such a lengthy time;
so stuffiness had filled the place
with the airless quarantine.
And yet there was a presence
of the people who worshiped there;
for I saw where each one sat each week
as if they were still here.
No hymns I heard, no organ played,
no words were spoken out;
yet I could hear the preacher
and the reader still about.
I knelt upon the cushions
that circled the altar rail;
I raised my eyes to the wooden cross
from years so worn and pale.
It was not long when then I thought
I heard the chapel door;
it creaked and seemed to open wide;
were footsteps on the floor?
Was I alone? Who had come in?
I dared not look to see.
I wondered who had joined me in
the dim lit sanctu'ry.
I hoped the one had worn a mask;
would keep six feet away.
I guess I was annoyed by this,
I came to pray alone today.
I tried to close my eyes once more,
I bowed my troubled head;
that's when I heard a voice within,
and this is what it said:
"No virus, no pandemic,
no world predicament,
has made me turn away from those
who each week are participants
in this my house, my temple true;
for those who come within.
Nothing can take you from my care,
no sickness, faults or sin.
I Am your Father God,
your Jesus is my Son,

in you the Holy Spirit dwells,
we there with you are One.