

Welcome Poem

This house, our house, God's house, is a house for all.
You are welcome here.
To sit and think, to cry, to pray,
or just to enjoy the quiet beauty around you.

This house has held extremes of pain and grief
beyond what can be borne by the human heart.

This house has been witness to joyful celebrations and solemn ceremonies,
To matrimony and memory and mystery,
To the thundering words of prophets and preachers,
and the quiet words of poets.

This house has echoed with the music of uncounted voices raised in song,
To the notes of the gong, and the dulcimer, and the harp,
and a shredding electric guitar.

This house has rung with stinging challenge from women of God,
from Presidents, theologians, abolitionists, activists
from the unhoused, the abandoned, the forgotten,
and from our own neighbors.

This house has seen the offerings of makers;
of sculptors, painters, weavers,
workers in glass and wood and metal,
and brewers and cooks and bakers,

This house remembers the steps of a thousand feet
and the beating of a thousand hearts
and the whisper of a thousand prayers.

This house, our house, God's house, is your house too.
You are welcome here.