

# 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