5-19-91

# THE SPIRIT OF THIS CHURCH

G C G G C G

1. Oh my church's walls are not of brick or steel,
2. Oh the win-dows of my church are not stained glass,
3. And my church's altar will not be of carved wood,

G A7 D7

1. For it's love that's the spir-it of this church.
2. For it's love that's the spirit of this church.
3. For it's love that's the spir-it of this church.

G C Am

1. They are hands and hearts to hold the dreams we feel,
2. They are mul- ti col-ored dreams that come to pass,
3. But the search for peace and bro - ther, sis - ter - hood

G D7 G

1. For it's love that's the spir-it of this church.
2. For it's love that's the spir-it of this church.
3. For it's love that's the spir-it of this church.

G C

For it's love Yes, it's love

G A7 D7

For it's love that's the spirit of this church

Not the walls or steeple But con-cern for peo-ple

G C Am

Goes to make up the Spir-it of this church.

G D7 G C G

Tune: Nurse Jun. 5/19/91 With the Rev. Doug Lirong & Madison & Cf, & formerly of Mexico — & my 30-40 years ago crocodile Panther Lie Peake in Rendon shape — & I met his sister Anna Stewart, wife of Bob, of long ago!

The music rang: will the circle be unbroken, & the circle round glass (continuing to grow). (Like the people, & the rooms.)