

## **The Church with the Styrofoam Steeple**

A stranger as cold as the winter that bore him  
Walked up to our church all alone  
The long, snow-capped roof, shingles of grey  
Old walls and worn steps of stone

Why he stopped only God knows, but he lingered outside  
And gazed at the sign on our door  
It's hung there forever and there it'll stay  
For its few words are hard to ignore

I went out to greet him, a lost soul to save  
But he shot me a terrified eye  
"Don't try to save me," he warned, "It's no use  
"I'm just looking for a warm place to die"

No arches of marble, no statues of gold  
Just a home for the hearts of her people  
The sign on the door says "There's room for one more"  
The church with the styrofoam steeple

"Our chapel is humble, but it's warm," I replied  
"And you're welcome to rest here a while"  
We walked up together as he shivered and coughed  
He entered without even a smile

I'd hoped to unburden the stranger that night  
As I brought him hot coffee, I said  
"If you won't let me help you at least tell me why  
"You think that you're better off dead"

"Maybe you know me," he began, "maybe you don't  
"But my name's been all over the news  
"I've hobnobbed with kings back in my better days  
"When this old church cost less than my shoes

## CHORUS

"I've preached in cathedrals under spires of gold  
"Looking down on my flock from my throne  
"But the uncommon love I bore witness to there  
"I'm afraid I never have known

"So would you please oblige me one pure act of love  
"Take this pistol and prove that you care  
"Agree to this kindness, no strings attached  
"Lift my burden of hopeless despair"

"I'll hold the gun with you," I promised the stranger  
"If you'll bow your head with me and pray"  
But his body had already slumped in my arms  
As the gun's report echoed away

## CHORUS

Did I pull the trigger? The judge says I did  
Powder burns marked both our hands  
But the Lord does his work in mysterious ways  
And love makes peculiar demands

No arches of marble, no statues of gold  
Just a home for the hearts of her people  
The sign on the door still says "There's room for one more"  
The church with the styrofoam steeple