

## The Legacy

There is no photograph, no Kodak-captured moment of that first congregation. Men in skinny ties and narrow suits, women in shirt-waist dresses,

flipped-up bouffants, their children interspersed among them like precious cargo. That early gathering of minds

and hearts aligned with purpose and faith, but little else. In their faces, both fervor and resolve, like any people

preparing to embark on a journey — eyes fixed on the horizon, a glint of hope that burns only in those

willing to see through and beyond obstacles, toward a future that would outgrow them, outlive them, just as it does

us all. Believers doing what believers do, putting their faith in what they could not see or touch, holding fast to something yet to be

made manifest. Before there was mortar, there were minds conceiving. Before there were bricks, there were bodies at work. Before one hammer's

blow resounded through these trees, hearts hummed with prayer. And before sanctuary doors were opened, there were spirits humbled

by what Christ's presence, enacted through them, had done. We are that legacy, those believers, who first met in a small community hall on folding chairs.

Our minds still conceiving ideas and plans  
for this church to sustain, to thrive.  
Everyday there are bodies at work, they feed,

they nurture, they minister. Our hearts,  
now greater in number, still hum with prayer,  
the vibrations resonate throughout

the world. And even now, our spirits are humbled  
by Christ's presence enacted here, tonight and by this  
legacy we honor. Let the same hope that gleamed

in their eyes, gleam in our own, bearing bright evidence  
of our faith. It lights the path, our journey  
toward a future that will, with God's Grace,

outgrow and outlive us. And perhaps those who follow  
after us will look back, as we are looking back, and say  
with gratitude and with love – well done, good and faithful servants.