WE WILL NEVER AGAIN PASS THIS WAY

An old man going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
You are wasting your time with building here;
You never again will pass this way,
Your journey will end with the closing day.
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head;
"Good Friend, in the way I've come," he said,
"There followed after me today

A Youth whose feet must pass this way,
This stream that has been as naught to me,
To the fair-haired Youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OURS IS TRULY A GREAT TASK

That shall require great thoughts, great loyalty and great efforts. God always gives men great things to do.

OUR CAUSE IS GREATER...

For it is none other than our building for the future. With God we build true greatness.