

**The Brewerton Methodist Church in Poetry**  
***Written in 1943 by Reverend Earl Barfoot***

These steps – what length of service have they known,  
How each impression through the years has grown  
And worn its way into the stone; and then,  
Who knows – how many footsteps echo still  
Upon the hearts of men?

These doors, how many times they open wide,  
Not knowing who may chance to come inside.  
What hands have felt the need, and tried, within  
To lift their spirits high in prayer, and seek  
Forgiveness for sin.

This room – its noble, simple, quiet air –  
Tall windows, pastel beams of light that share  
The sound of amens everywhere. The rail  
At which so many countless heads have bowed  
And found the Holy Grail.

My church! – How hallowed is the very word.  
How reverently I tread lest I be heard,  
Or lest the silence be disturbed. Oh, Lord  
My heart it is that speaks. Know Thou how much  
Thy spirit is adored.