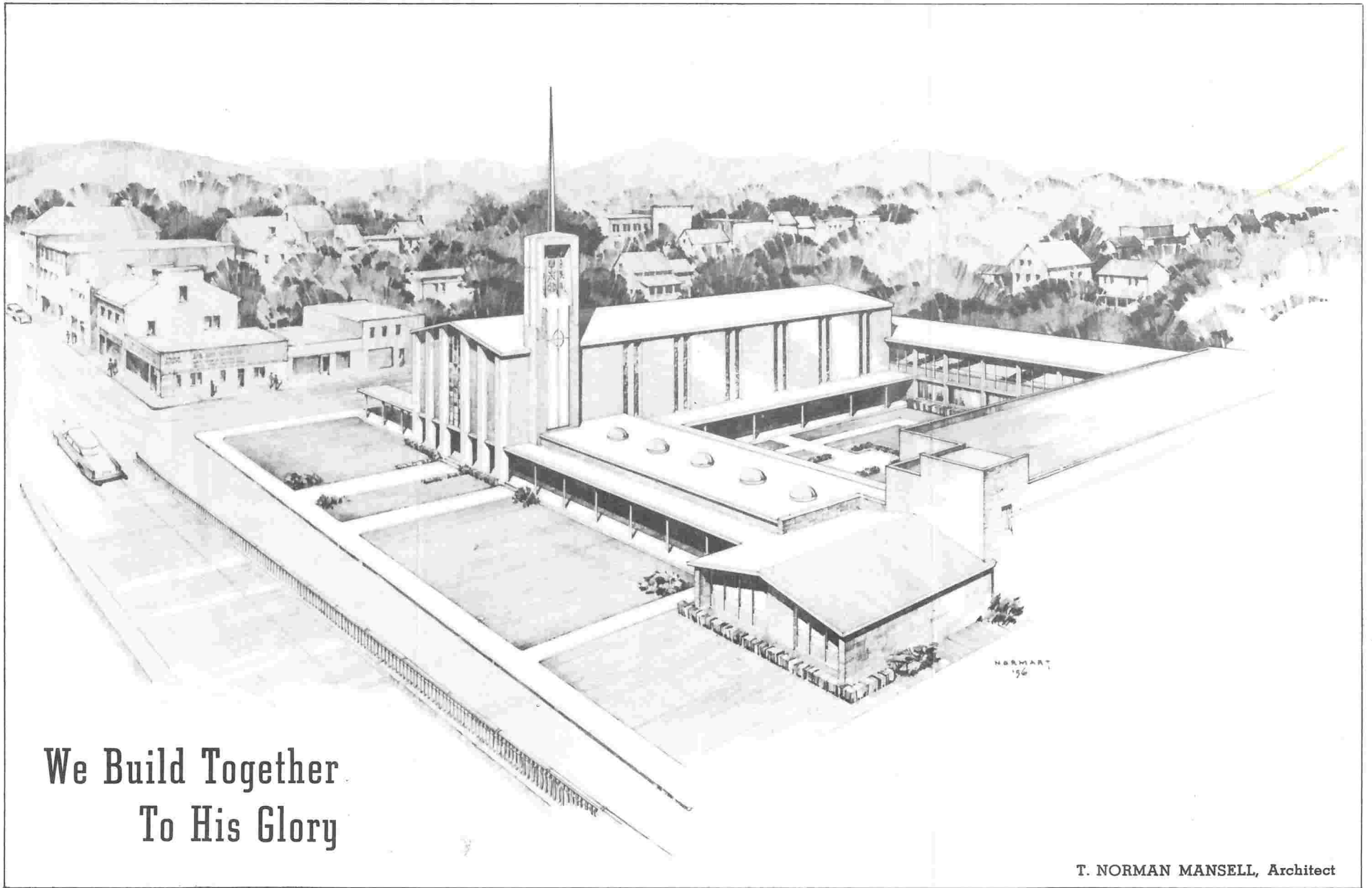


# SAINT MARK'S LUTHERAN CHURCH



We Build Together  
To His Glory

T. NORMAN MANSELL, Architect

PRELIMINARY SKETCH - "Our Dream of the Future"

## God Builds No Churches

God builds no churches. By His plan  
That labor has been left to man.  
No spires miraculously arise;  
No little mission from the skies  
Falls on the bleak and barren place  
To be a source of strength and grace.  
The humblest church demands its price  
In human toil and sacrifice.

Men call the Church the House of God,  
Toward which the toil-stained pilgrims trod  
In search of strength and rest and hope.  
As blindly through life's mists they grope.  
And there God dwells, but it is man  
Who builds that house and draws its plan;  
Pays for mortar and the stone,  
That none need seek for God alone.

The humblest spire in mortal ken  
Where God abides was built by men.  
And if the church is still to grow,  
Is still the light of hope to throw  
Across the valley of despair  
Men still must build God's house of prayer.  
God sends no churches from the skies.  
Out of our hearts must they arise.

EDGAR GUEST