OUR GOD’S A SANCTUARY

Text: Edward Moran, 2017 Tune: ANGEL’S STORY

1. H. Mann, 1881

Our God's a Sanctuary,
Her walls do not exclude;
They're boundless like the prairie
And wide as dreams pursued.
Safe under God's surveillance,
We move to faith from fear;
With gospel trump our cadence:

The widow's pence is dear.

As pilgrims, we might saunter

To Mecca, Zion, Rome;
With God our yoke and yonder,
We're migrants close to home.
God shields us from all danger
And heeds the sparrow's fall.
Fear not the huddled stranger,
Build bridges--not a wall.

For sure, our God's a shelter
With arms that open wide
When hearts become a welter
Of wintriness and pride.
Incarnate, God is homeless,
A Refugee for love,
Evicted by a Promise
From habitats above.

God comes to us a stranger,
No room nor inn nor bed.
Rude dreams brought forth in manger,
Rood wood beneath his head.
See Mary, Joseph stealing
Through streets and hearts all iced
Toward habitats appealing
To carpenter and Christ.

God’s likeness takes on glory
When caged in human flesh,
Though bitter be the story
Of cross athwart the crèche.
How can the people trust us?
With hammer, nails, and wood?
Let’s turn these tools to justice
And build a world of good.

A world of many mansions
With lives and loves unique
Fulfilling God’s intentions,
Embracing slave and Greek.
A world where none are homeless
Where Love alone runs wild,
A habitat of promise
For Lion, Lamb, and Child.

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