

I'M ONE HUNDRED - ANN STREET, CHURCH OF CHRIST

I feel a kind of meekness, yet happy right inside  
And if I could smile or sing a bit, I'd do it with much pride.  
And here I have been standing for a whole one hundred years  
I've shared my peoples happiness, their laughter and their tears.  
I've seen the children growing to adulthood fine and strong  
And I've seen their parents passing to another happy throng.

Over the years I've been trimmed up quite a little bit  
I boast red carpet on the floor and with electricity I'm lit.  
I've got some fancy wood work above my baptistry  
And a beautiful lead light panel for everyone to see.  
There are memorial wondows for those who have gone before  
And a soundproof Mother and Baby's room just inside my door.

But the sturdy beams that hold my roof have been here from the start  
And my sandstone walls support my beams, each one to do its part.  
They covered my dear old shingles with corrugated iron  
For sad to say the rain came in, with the passing time.

But outwardly I'm much the same as I was before  
Except that now I have two flags just outside my door.  
And to one side a great big sign that states a message clear  
I hope it brings more people in, more messages to hear.

If I could write a diary and you could look inside  
You would see some names of your own folk and you would say with pride.  
Why that one is my Grandma-ma and that one dear old Dad  
And your memory would take you back to the teaching that you had.  
You would remember Bible readings after the evening meal  
And then the earnest praying and I know just how you'd feel.

I could speak for many an hour of all the folk I knew  
And as you listen to me you too would know a few.  
Well now those folk have come and gone their battle has been won  
They are waiting for their Master to say that last well done.

There is an awful lot of living in my hundred years of time  
And the secrets you have shared with me are between your God and mine.  
But the thing that makes me happy from the time that I begun  
Are the messages that were spoken and the souls that have been won.

In the past my folk have walked for miles to climb my eleven stairs  
They also came by horse and cart and I've heard their earnest prayers.  
To-day there are the motor cars and the petrol fumes come in  
And overhead the aeroplanes make an awful din.

Oh yes I've seen some changes of that there is no doubt  
But our God he never changes so let the people shout.  
And tell all those around us that He is with us still  
He is standing here beside us and He always will.

Now last week something happened that to me was very new  
And those of you who came along would have seen it too.  
For the children were all jumping and shouting out with joy  
They clapped and sang and praised our Lord, every girl and boy.

My platform it was trimmed up in a most unusual way  
But my roof was a protection for the balloons that got away.  
To see those happy faces was a truly wonderful sight  
As the young folk brought their message on their Anniversary night.

Well now, a plaque has been placed on me, that also is quite new  
And I will wear it proudly for everyone to view.  
It states that I'm a hundred, of that there is no doubt  
But, to the Glory of our God is what I'm all about.

Now I thought that I would get sold up in Nineteen Sixty Two  
But some other plans were put in force so my sale got a review.  
I'm glad I didn't get sold off, the thought it makes me frown  
For I'm a mark in Ann Street and this old Brisbane town.

Now there were many anxious times that I have shared with you  
First there was World War 1 and then came World War 2.  
I saw young couples marry before men went off to fight  
And I stood here waiting patiently, through many a dreadful night.  
I saw the joyful greetings as loved ones were returned  
And I saw the awful heartaches as for others loved ones yearned.  
But my people plodded onward and offered up their prayers  
They had the faith that conquers as they climbed my eleven stairs.

Well more history is being made in this old Brisbane town  
The buildings all around me will soon be coming down.  
But I won't be coming down, oh no, of that there are no fears  
For I am history now you know, I'm a proud one hundred years.  
They are going to do some wonderful things when they build Cathedral Square  
And you will see me that's for sure for I'll still be standing there.  
Folk will look at this old Church and think I'm really nice  
They will see me standing witnessing for the Church of Christ.  
I'll be standing as a witness in the rain and in the sun  
Yes I'll be *standing* as a witness for a hundred years to come.

Ruth Wilson

PROGRESS THROUGH ONE HUNDRED YEARS

I would like to take you back in time to 100 years ago  
When on our bumpy dusty roads the going was so slow.  
We didn't have a motor car and tar-sealed roads were few  
And the humble horse to carry loads was the only thing we knew.

We didn't have our roads lit up like our streets are now at night  
And the humble candle or kerosene lamp gave our houses light.  
Our clothes were boiled out in the yard and stoves were fueled with wood  
But the dampers cooked in camp ovens tasted mighty good.

Now all that seems so long ago, but that's when our church began  
For we needed more than damper to feed the inner man.  
The people needed teaching about the love of God  
Of how he sent His Son to us and of the path he trod.

So just a few they gathered round - a group of nine or ten  
They had some set backs, but tried again, this group of faithful men.  
And after awhile they realized a Church they must begin  
So they preached and prayed and tried real hard some other souls to win.

I dip my hat to the folk back there, one hundred years ago  
And to a man I'd like to mention and his name you sure must know.  
He gathered the folk around him to preach to them and pray  
And the folk they stopped to listen and grew in faith each day.

Then after awhile they built a Church and worked away with will  
A Church was built at Zillmere and to-day one stands there still.  
Now Stephen Cheek this man of God set his sights on other towns  
So he went to Rosewood then Teewoomba up on the Darling Downs.

The people up there welcomed him, the answer to their search  
So he preached and prayed and won more souls than they too built a church.  
Now Stephen Cheek, this man of God went to another town  
But at Warwick, while working to win more souls, a fever struck him down.  
So the people erected a monument in Eighteen Ninety Three  
And it stands there in the cemetery for everyone to see.

Throughout the years that followed within our Queensland State  
The Church of Christ has flourished and progress has been great.  
Our Churches number 66 and we are marching on  
We are winning souls with preaching with praying and with song.

Now just go back in history to one hundred years ago  
When on our rough and dusty roads the going was so slow.  
Now jump again back to to-day in this most modern time  
When travel is so easy by plane or cars, so fine.  
Then thank the God above you for those brave folk of old  
Who plodded on with courage as God's messages they told.

Now a hundred years of history the Church of Christ has made  
Christians marching onward in a wonderful cavalcade.  
May we ever keep on marching until the very end  
Until we meet the Master, our Saviour and our Friend.

*Ruth Wilson*