

December 14th 2009,
A day that memories are burnt into our minds,
The steeple and the front door still stand proud,
But the roof and the windows broken kiss the ground,
The Christmas hampers are gone,
The old pews broken,
The books all in ashes,
The fabrics gone in masses,
The visual that we see just breaks our hearts,
We think "Who could do this? Who has torn this apart?" ,
But maybe GOD is opening our eyes,
Making sure we see,
That anger, hate and loathing is not right,
What is even gone I say? ,
What exactly have we lost? ,
Fabrics, pews, books maybe? ,
Or maybe some old wood,
Yes, that's money down the drain,
History destroyed,
But we still have our church inside,
Our own love for Christ,
We still have the fellowship,
Our community in our lives,
Isn't that what church is about? ,
Being together in our beliefs? ,
Not what we have or how old,
It's staying strong and family,

December 20th 2009,
A day true church starts,
And material things are left behind.

Text written the day after the fire by Lindsay Hayman, a member of "The Way" and FQX. Lindsay stopped mid evening while doing homework and wrote this because she could just not go on until she put her feelings on paper.