

*PRINCES ST CONGREGATIONAL/UNITED
REFORMED CHURCH*

1819 - 2020

*This was a place
built on faith and hope.
A shelter from the storms of life;
a rock of consolation.
A place where praise and thanks to God were sung
(at first without an organ).
Where prayers were said in words and silence;
Scripture read with thought and care,
and then expounded by the preacher,
standing in the pulpit, high above the congregation.*

*This was a place
where families brought babes to be baptised,
and then as children to Sunday School
before taking their place in grown-up worship.
A place for weddings
so that, in their turn,
the next generation joined
the warp and weft of the fabric
which makes a church family.*

*This was a place of joy, laughter and celebration
as well as grief and tears
when lives ended
and were remembered with thanksgiving.*

*This was a place with open doors;
a luncheon club, Tuesday prayers, house groups,
carols by candlelight and Easter breakfasts.
A space for local charities to flourish,
a community within the community,*

a place of service, proud to contribute to the Fine City.

*This was a place
of fellowship and love.*

*This is a place
where prayer is silenced now;
the organ voiceless
and the words of preachers stilled.
Faint echoes in the walls of worship past.*

*This is a place
which can live on in faith and hope;
its new purpose as yet unknown.
But let our prayer be this;
May its walls provide shelter
and the space within them give inspiration
to all who come here.
And may we who have loved this place
be led by Christ on new paths
to new joy in him
wherever that may take us.*

Barbara Searle

*This poem was written for the closing service of Princes Street URC on
25th October 2020.*