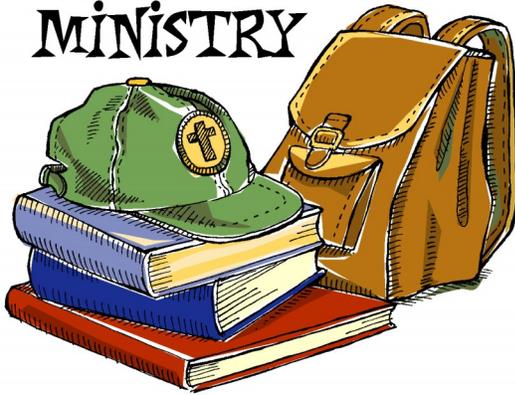
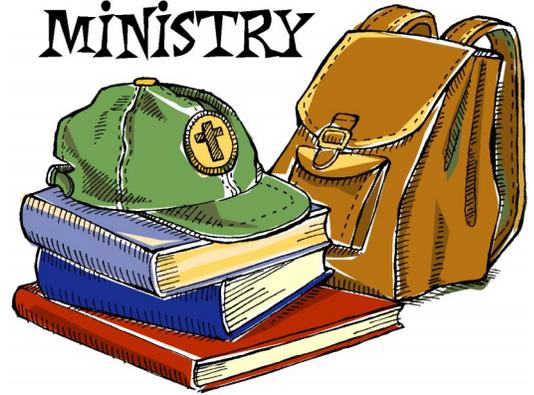


# CAMPUS MINISTRY



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'Twas the night before school starts, And all through UCC,  
Church members were cleaning and fixing for me.  
With Jann in the kitchen, and Emily too,  
And a saint in the bathroom removing the ...  
And out on the deck, there arose such a clatter,  
I saw Thomas Wood and a fresh deck stain smatter.  
And what did my wondering eyes entertain,  
But James' carept truck to remove every stain.  
I said, "What can I pay for this fine sanitation?"  
He said, "Not a penny, it's a Freeman donation."  
On Gene Bibb with paintbrush, On Nathan with rake  
On Tom with the grill, for evangelism's sake!

It finally arrived, our first Tuesday Devotion,  
After all the work, our year was in motion.  
I saw twelve students, after all that adversity,  
Like modern apostles, but with ethnic diversity.  
Some groups may be bigger, lilly white and obtrusive,  
But I'm proud of our students, they're racially inclusive.  
Their smiles were sincere, their worship was pleasant,  
Our students are finer than any Christmas present.

Why work with such passion, as they clean out the shelves?  
Our church works much harder than Santa Claus' elves.  
Who arranged all these details, and workers, for free?  
One thing's for certain, it sure wasn't me.  
So why do they fight through the grime and the dross?  
Because Christ's love compels us, he died on the cross.



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