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What does this church, this building, this congregation, mean to me?

Well, let me count the ways.

I can remember when this beautiful sanctuary and the hall below were nothing more than concrete and some timbers. We worshiped in the chapel. My dad and I came down on weekends, he to do work, me to get in the way. This church was built by the congregation to serve the congregation and the community.

Later on in my teens, with Boy Scouts in the basement and movies to run at the upstairs stage, I found this place to be a sanctuary in other ways. With a few teen in the 60's problems, I came here in the afternoons to do tea and homework. The pastor was there to council if I needed. It was quiet and comfortable in a way that even home was not.

As I got into my twenties I drifted away from church, as many do, when my travels took me hither and yon. I attended a few other churches along the way, and although some had beautiful buildings and some had caring people, and some had both, no place had the same feeling as CCC. I know, CCC was my first, but it seemed to be more than that.

When I moved back to the area, and especially after my dad died, I attended CCC more frequently with my mom. When my marriage to Diane, here in the church, and kids came along, we had to make a decision to attend in Malden or here in Lynnfield. It was not a hard decision. CCC just feels right. And the added benefit was that mom\grandma and my dad\grandpa were right here. The youth program and confirmation were great for my kids and friends remain among them all to this day.

And then my mother and my brother died within 3 months of each other almost to the day. That was, and is, real tough. The faith I learned in this church told me it was not the end of my relationship with them. Had I not had the faith to believe that, I don't know what I would have done. The outpouring of love and help and moments of joy from this congregation to me and my family gave us a rock to cling to. And that is the same rock that this church was built upon. It's not in the same shape or made up in exactly the same way, but it is the same rock.

This church, this congregation, is really something. The missions, and having been on the missions committee I've seen the passion and commitment many have to the core principle of Christianity to help others. Heifer, the youth program. All are special. Most important, the groups that this building, the building that the congregation built for this exact purpose, use it to help those in need, use it to shelter the Boy Scouts, use it for bible study. The list goes on and on. It is a great and wonderful thing that This congregation has done to see the need to maintain this building that we built so that it may continue to serve the community at large.

Some build with deeds. Some with dollars. Some with prayer. But as a congregation, and, after all, we are Congregationalists, we all work together, give beyond our means together, travel on this faith journey together, share our sorrows and joys together, gain the courage to tell others we are Christians together, and, most importantly, build a better future for all those who come after us.

And that is a small part of what this church means to me.

And that is why I support it as much as I can and in any way I can.