

## Closed Church Lessons

### Description

Psalm 90:12-17

The little church that I attended as a child never grew much. It tried. There were Sunday school drives, revivals, and a “Christian” clown was hired once. There were “sing-spirations,” Christian film nights, and an “old fashioned” Sunday, where people dressed up in 18th-century costume.

Efforts to reach the lost and troubled were made—but nothing worked. I guess the Michigan unchurched in the 1970s didn’t want to be entertained by a Bible-quoting clown or dress up like someone from the old American West. Who knew?

My home church was small, never grew, and probably could have done better in reaching people with the gospel. So, was the church a failure? Consider this: I learned that followers of Christ loved children and teenagers too, and that old people and young people can share in life together. I learned that the church is meant to be a family that cares for one another. Out of that church, now a doctor’s office, came at least three fulltime ministers and two others who served as missionaries. They learned those lessons, too.

Failure? I don’t think so. The work has continued, just not at that location.

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