## Once upon a time

(written by Silvia Purdie)

Once upon a time, every town, every suburb had a church in the middle, one of each in the town Once upon a time, we could rest in the knowledge we were Christian and kiwi, we were God's Own land.

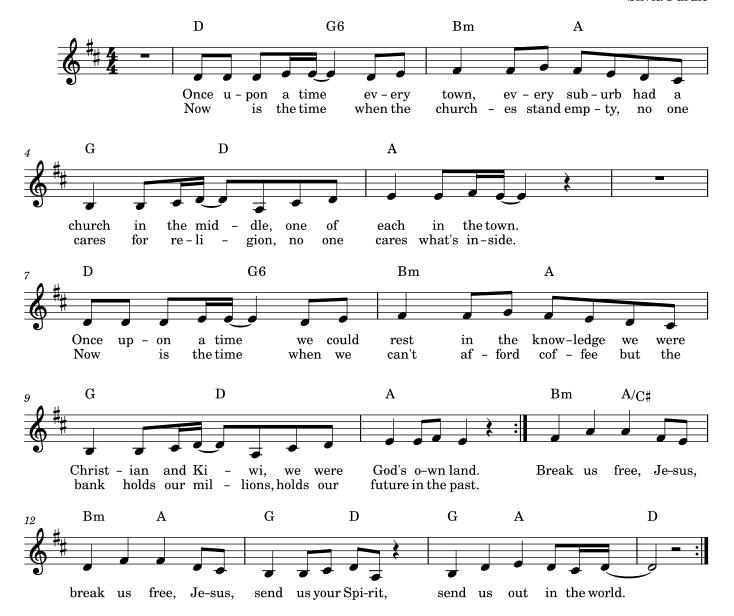
Now is the time when the churches stand empty, no one cares for religion, no one cares what's inside. Now is the time when we can't afford coffee but the bank holds our millions, holds our future in the past.

Break us free, Jesus, break us free, Jesus Send us your Spirit. Send us out in the world.

Here comes the time when the grandmas and children weave a space full of laughter and where stories are told. Here comes a time when the name of Lord Jesus is the hope of tomorrow and the truth of today.

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D G6 Bm A
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G D A
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A G

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