

THIS TABLE IS NOT OURS TO GUARD

for Tim Coles and First United Methodist Church

This tab - le is not ours to guard, These doors are not our own;
The stran-ger met and wel-come in By heav'n-ly grace a - dored,
To all, to each, to each, to all The hand of God ex - tends;
This ta - ble is not ours to guard, it calls both far and near

These walls are not our walls to keep, Nor pews to claim a - lone. For
Each child of God now finds their place And i - so - la - tion mourned. As
An o - pen palm in - vites each one, En - twined here now as friends. This
And trans-forms all who take their place: There are no stran-gers here! So

Christ in - vites, the Spi - rit moves, The Ma - ker gives us space. We
bro - ther son and sis - ter moon Bathe all of earth in light, So,
Je - sus, with an o - pen heart, Now walks be - side us here. The
take this cup and take this bread; These gifts are free - ly giv'n. They

stew - ard all with o - pen hands and wel - come through God's grace.
too, the love of Christ dis - pels The dark - ness of our night.
Spi - rit's breath breaks free our hearts To wel - come with - out fear.
weave us in a tap - es - try; A glimpse on earth of heav'n.

WORDS: Mark A. Boyle
MUSIC: Peter de Mets

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