

31st March 1995

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Down in the suburbs that border the bay,
The church preparations are well underway.
The calendar now shows this month is the one,
When planning will climax - we've started to run.

Mother Mary MacKillop we've turned to in prayer
As we looked for some guidance and money and care.
Our church has arisen from a paddock of dirt.
Now we're heading this month for our final great spurt.

Father Luke is still smiling with rarely a yawn
Despite having meetings from dusk until dawn.
The musos have music - they're practising hard
The Landscape Committee are surveying the yard.

The Building Committee has met fifty times.
Decisions! Decisions! From ceilings to signs.
The Liturgy crew have questions galore
They think they've got answers, but still there are more.

There are tasks that are needed for mother and son,
For father and daughter; the old and the young.
If the church is to be ready to open that night
It's up to each one of us to get things just right

It seems such a big task, but still we'll have fun.
Then at seven that evening we'll gather as one.
We'll pray and we'll sing. We'll marvel at the sight.
Then kick up our heels and celebrate through the night.