

A History Poem for West Point Christian Church's 130th Anniversary

By Rev. Kevin K. Adams

From Oklahoma's Land Run days, a tale unfolds,
Of faith and courage, a story to be told.
In eighteen eighty-nine, when settlers raced,
West Point Christian's roots were firmly placed.

R. L. Fry on Old Mat, his trusty steed,
Rode to claim the land, planting faith's seed.
In a humble sod school, they first did meet,
Their Sunday prayers rising, pure and sweet.

Lucy Fry, first to join this growing flock,
Her commitment to Christ, strong as a rock.
Famous librarian Mabel Fry, a guiding light,
Her wisdom and knowledge shining bright.

In ninety-four, they organized with care,
Pastor George Woods led them in fervent prayer.
Five years hence, in eighteen ninety-nine,
They built their church, a house divine.

Shell Creek' waters, sacred and cool,
Baptized the faithful, following God's rule.
Through wars and peace, their faith held strong,
A beacon of hope for all who belong.

For Marvin Fry and Calvin Florence, our heroes
In forty-six, a church addition arose.
Their sacrifice in World War Two,
Remembered in walls both strong and true.

Nineteen eighty-three brought recognition,
The National Register gave its benediction
And testament to history's embrace,
Of West Point Christian, a hallowed place.

One hundred thirty years have come to pass,
A legacy of faith that's built to last.
From soddy school to steeple high,
West Point Christian reaches to the sky.

From past forefathers Stone and Campbell
We learned of Christian unity to tell
Of God's people we never shun
But in Christ "welcoming all & excluding none!"

So let us celebrate this milestone year,
And thank the Lord for bringing us here.
A church that's stood the test of time,
Its story woven in this simple rhyme!