



The EGG Church

You know I heard a story about a man who once mixed batter,
He depended on a special one who measured for that matter.

Then there's a story about men with ice cream scoops,
And a couple of guys who lay out newspaper and clean up after the troops.

Then there's those women who occasionally allow a special sort of man,
To shape those eggs into beautiful form, each one by hand.

There are men who melt chocolate, one's tall, one short.

Why, they even allow preachers to do things of that sort.

There are some who dip eggs in a big chocolate filled pot,
Standing all that time is tiresome and for some must be quite hot.

They have folks who wrap the eggs and talk as they go

It must be done precisely, no green part can show.

They have some who scrape tables and pick them up, too,
While others cover them with paper that is sparkling, white, and new.

The story goes on, that someone carries a broom,
And makes sure there's no chocolate on the floor of that great, big room

There's this guy who picks up boxes and puts eggs on the shelf

And there's Santa cutting paper with the help of his own elf.

It's even been told that the police chief was there, dressed in his crisp white shirt.

Even a Librarian and a special cashier helped, and no one even got hurt!

I hear there are people sequestered away, who count out the bills

And count the change that comes in, on a certain little wagon with wheels.

Why, I've heard tale there's a saint that sells the eggs, always with a smile
She counts them, bags them and carries them, and is kind all the while.

There is one who makes phone calls, and one who takes in every e-mail,

And some who take them out to stores to be sold from a basket or pail.

But you know I heard that people buy them by the dozen,

Send them out to friends, neighbors, aunts, uncle or a cousin.

The best part of the story is how the money is used by the community it serves
To help the children, the needy, the battered, the elderly and anyone they feel it deserves.

Now these tales are told all around the town about all these special people

Who come to make eggs at the EGG Church, the church with the little white steeple.

So if you hear this tale of the EGG Church down on Oakhurst Street

I hope you'll repeat this tale to everyone you meet.

Ellen Watts

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