



A musical presentation celebrating home and family.

Cast:

Narrator
Jack
Mary

Rose (Child)--Jack & Mary's first child
Rose (Grown up)
Mike (Rose's husband)

Child 1* (9-11)
Child 2* (8-10)
Child 3* (6-8)
Teenager*

Meg--Jack & Mary's second daughter

Brian (Meg's son)

**Child 3 and teenager sing only in the finale.*

Notes:

This script is very simple. It can be performed in a chapel setting, using minimal sets and props, or it can be staged more elaborately. The narrator should talk to the audience in a conversational style, and the actors can also direct several of their lines to the audience as appropriate. Most of the program is music, and the songs will need to be acted as well as sung. The program lasts approximately 1 hour.

Scene 1:

Narrator: Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived a boy named Jack and a girl named Mary. They grew up in ordinary families, in an ordinary town, and lived fairly ordinary lives. Jack played in the school band and Mary joined the swim team. While Jack served a mission, Mary went off to college. Then

one summer, Jack met Mary, and the inevitable happened:

Jack: Mary, I gotta tell you something. Remember the other day when I drove you home through that neighborhood... the one with the really huge houses, and we started talking about what our "dream homes" would be like?

Mary: Oh yeah... I want an indoor swimming pool...

Jack: And I want... Well, I went home that night and imagined what it'd be like, and Mary, I want to build a dream home.

Mary: You want to build one? You're kidding! By yourself?

Jack: Well, no, see... that's the catch. I'm gonna need some help.

Build This House With Me--Jack & Mary

Scene 2:

Narrator: Well, before too long, Jack and Mary found themselves kneeling in the house of the Lord, promising to love each other forever. Then they set out to build their dream home. Not that you and I might have called it that--it was a small house, not too fancy, and the indoor pool was missing, but it was solid. It was as though they took for their motto the words Jesus spoke long ago: "...whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

Built Upon the Rock--Jack & Mary

Scene 3:

Narrator: (Brings baby to Mary as he speaks) With such a snug, solid little house, Jack and Mary started wishing for someone to share it with. Sure enough, it wasn't too long before a baby girl came along.

Mary (Holding baby): Oh Jack, isn't she just beautiful?

Jack: Just like her mom.

Mary: Awww! What shall we name her?

Jack: How about "Polyanthus?"

Mary: Polyanthus?!

Jack: It's an old family name.

Mary: Jack... I was thinking maybe something a little more... simple.

Jack: What's wrong with "Polyanthus?"

Mary: Oh Jack, just look at these beautiful little hands!

Narrator: Well, little Rose grew and grew, and her beautiful little hands learned to hold rattles, and open cupboards and get into mischief. Eventually they learned to write, and mix cookie dough, and play the piano, and to help out when little Meg and David and Amy and Jack Jr. came along. The dream house began to be a bit full, but somehow there was always room for all of them. They did the things normal

children do, and Jack and Mary watched and smiled. They did the things normal teenagers do, and Jack and Mary watched and prayed. But most of all, Jack and Mary watched and gave thanks as their children learned and grew and began to understand their divine inheritance as children of their Heavenly Father, created in the image of God.

Created in His Image --Rose (child)

Scene 4:

Narrator: Jack and Mary and the kids were happy in their little dream home. Mary bought a bumper sticker that said "I Love My Kids," and Jack showed slides to anyone who'd watch. Time went on, and, all too soon, those kids began to think about leaving the nest to build homes of their own:

Rose (Grown up): Mom?

Mary: Yes dear?

Rose: Well...

Mary: Rose? What is it?

Rose: Well, when you were my age did you ever think about what your dream home would be like?

Mary: Oh yes. I was going to have an indoor pool.

Jack: Which, in case you hadn't noticed, she still doesn't have.

Mary: No, I have something better. I have a home full of faith and a family that loves me. That's much better than an indoor pool.

Rose: Both would be nice. But if I had to choose, I'd take what you've got. How do you do it? How do you make a home feel like this?

Jack: Oh, just be sure to marry a great guy like your dad and have twice as many kids as you have bedrooms...

Mary: Jack!

Jack: ...and don't forget the bunk beds.

Rose: Thanks dad. But that's not it. What I mean is, how do you make our home a place where people want to be? My friends love to come here, and whenever I feel lonely or when I have good news to tell, my first thought is "I can't wait to get home." Oh, I know it's not perfect, but if I can just make my own home feel like this one... How do you do it?

Mary: Well, you put the Lord first in your life. When you do the things that make Him welcome in your home, it doesn't matter what kind of house you have. When He's there with you, your home will feel like heaven.

A Heaven on Earth--Jack, Mary & Rose

Scene 5:

(During the following narration, Rose leaves them and joins Mike, Jack & Mary follow. They pantomime introductions, Jack examines Rose's left hand, Mary hugs Mike, etc.)

Narrator: Slowly but surely the little house that had been so full began to empty as one by one the children set out on their own. Somehow that indoor pool just kept getting put off--college tuition, missions and weddings seemed to occupy all their time and use up all their money. But there were plenty of pictures of the kids on the walls, and soon they were joined by pictures of grandkids. Mary bought a bumper sticker that said, "Happiness is being a grandmother," and Jack showed slides. They kept a jar of cookies on top of the fridge and the grandkids made a beeline for the kitchen when they came to visit. And like the good mother she was, Mary was always ready with advice when her children needed her.

Rose: (On phone) Mommmmm! What a horrible day! I'm such a BAD mother!!!

Mary: Rose, honey, calm down. Whatever is wrong?

Rose: I wanted to be the perfect mom... like you are! I wanted my home to be like heaven on earth! I wanted my house to be clean and my kids to be good and...

Mary: Rose, *my* grandchildren are *perfect*!

Rose: Mom, they flooded the basement with a garden hose!

Mary: Oh. Hmmm. Well. I always wanted an indoor pool.

Rose: MOM!!!!

Mary: Sorry. Rose, you know, a little flood isn't going to pull your house down around your ears. You'll survive!

Narrator: Well, Mary was right. Rose would survive that day and many more like it. Eventually she would learn to relax and smile, even when her little angels... weren't.

Child 1: I think we're in trouble.

Child 2: Oh boy are we in trouble!

Child 1: But they never *told* us not to put the hose in the window!

Child 2: They told us lots of other stuff though.

Child 1: That's for sure.

Our Home is Just Like Heaven (Except for When It's Not)--Child 1 & Child 2

Rose: Okay you two... let's go clean up the mess!

Child 2: Aw, do we have to?

Rose: You certainly do.

Child 1: This is so cheap!

Scene 6:

(Rose and 4 kids are playing Monopoly)

Narrator: Rose learned a lot of things those first few years--among them, how to laugh and how to adapt. Her husband had a few lessons to learn too. Mike wanted to give Rose and the kids everything. He worked hard. Maybe a little too hard. He worked hard to finish college. He worked hard to find a good job and then he worked hard at that. He worked hard to get promoted. Eventually, all work and no anything

else had made Mike...

Mike: (Enters through audience, talking on cell phone) Yeah, this is Mike.

Narrator: Well, take a look:

Mike: Yeah, that's right, I want it by 8 o'clock. Yeah, I know it's early, but it has to be done. Hey, I know, but this is a big deal. Okay. Bye.

Child 1: No that's me. I'm the hat.

Child 2: Oh yeah, I'm the dog.

Mike: Hi guys, I'm finally home! When's Family Home Evening?

Child 2: It's already over dad. We have to go to bed in half an hour.

Child 1: Hey, you're in jail!

Child 2: No I'm not, I'm just visiting.

Mike: Company? Tonight? Who're you're friends? Where's the baby? (They stare at him blankly.)

Rose: Um, ...Mike, can I talk to you for just a minute? (Leads Mike away from group.) Dear, we have no company tonight. Those are all yours. And the baby... just bought Boardwalk.

Mike: Oh.

Rose: I know you work hard for us, and I appreciate it--really I do. It's just... the really important things... are things no amount of money can ever buy.

The Riches of My Soul--Rose & Mike

Child 1: Hey dad, do *you* wanna play?

Rose: Do you remember how to play Monopoly?

Mike: Sure. Of course. It's my favorite game. (Mike & Rose rejoin kids.)

Scene 7:

Narrator: Well, it sank in slowly, but it did sink in. Rose and Mike got their priorities on track and invested their energies in the most important business on earth--building and strengthening their own home. As time went on, they began to see some of the rewards of that investment:

Rose: Okay guys, time to get ready for bed.

Mike: I'll clean up.

Rose: Thanks! (Rose exits with Child 1, Child 3 & Teenager)

Child 2: (Lingers behind) Um, dad? We had a lesson in church about what we can do to make our home better.

Mike: Oh yeah? And...?

Child 2: Well, we have sort of an assignment. I have to find out what you think I can do to make our home a better place.

Mike: Hmmm. Lets see. How about.... cleaning your room, picking up your toys, helping your mom with dinner, washing the dishes, cleaning out the cars, bathing the dogs...

Child 2: Good grief, dad!

Mike: Okay, okay. I would say the most important things are to stay close to your Heavenly Father and live every day like the Savior was right there with you.

Child 2: How will that make our home better?

Mike: Well...

A Heaven on Earth (Reprise)--Mike

Child 2: Is that really all there is to it?

Mike: Well, no. But if you do those things, everything else will pretty much fall into place. Come on, let's get ready for bed.

Scene 8:

Narrator: Now let's look in on the rest of Jack and Mary's kids. The little dream home was getting to be fairly empty: Jack Jr., was the only one still there; Amy was in college; and David had a wife and two little girls. Meg was all grown up too, with a home and family of her own. She was happy and comfortable, and seemed to be doing just fine, until one day she found herself raising her family alone:

Meg: (Writing in Journal) April 11. Saturday. Grandpa Jack took the kids to the park again today, and I? I had a nap. It was heaven. Trying to be both parents is so much harder than I ever imagined it would be. Thank goodness for mom and dad, and Rose and Mike, and ... oh, I'm just thankful for all of them. Letting people help me hasn't been easy, but I'm learning to accept and be grateful. The kids are growing so fast... they don't need me to hold their hands on the first day of school anymore... I suppose before I know it they'll be pumping their own gas. I worry about them so much! I can't be with them to protect them everywhere they go, and my arms aren't strong enough to shield them from everything life will throw at them. But I know God's arms are strong enough, and I pray--oh how I pray!--that he will keep them safe.

Safe in Thy Loving Arms--Meg

Scene 9:

Narrator: Well, sure enough, it *wasn't* long before those kids were, in fact, pumping their own gas and working summer jobs. Meg's oldest, Brian, was the first of the grandkids to receive a mission call. Let's listen in on what he had to say in church shortly before he left:

Brian: There are a lot of people I need to thank, but most of all I want to thank my mom. I don't think there's a better mom in the world. While I was growing up I know she felt bad when she couldn't give me all the things my friends had. But I always had the most important things. I knew how much she loved the Lord, and I knew how much she loved me. She sacrificed so much for us, and I just want to thank her for everything she's done.

An Angel to Watch Over Me--Brian

Scene 10:

Narrator: About the time their first grandsons went off on missions, so did Grandpa Jack and Grandma

Mary. Everybody was happy for them, everybody saw them off at the airport, and then everybody cried because the cookie jar would be empty for two long years. Grandma Mary was wistful over all the first steps and first words and school concerts and Christmases she'd be missing, but more than that, she was anxious that her grandchildren should know of her testimony of Heavenly Father's plan and of her love for the Savior.

Mary: (Writing) I'm too far away to tell you this in person, so I'm putting it in a letter, and I hope I can say it well enough so you'll know how much it means to me. There'll be hard times in your life--there are hard times for everybody--and maybe this will help you through them. Whatever life has in store for you, remember that Heavenly Father loves you and he'll be right there beside you, no matter what you have to face. He loved you so much that he sent his Son to earth... do you remember the story?

When Hope Was Born--Mary

(Verses 1&2 and bridge)

Teenager: (Writing) Dear Grandma, I got your letter last week. I don't know how you knew I needed it just then, but I did. I think I've read it a hundred times already, and I just wanted you to know how much it means to me, and to say thanks. You're the best.

(Verse 3)

Scene 11:

Narrator: Now, two years is a long time, but eventually Grandpa and Grandma came home to their dream house and there were cookies on top of the fridge again. There were mission stories to tell and slides to show and children to measure against old marks on the wall. There were two great-grandbabies to meet and fuss over. Mary bought a bumper sticker that said, "Happiness is being a great-grandmother," and Jack finally bought a video camera. Now Grandpa Jack had discovered that, like Grandma Mary, he too had something in particular he wanted to tell his grandkids. So one priceless evening when everyone was home from college and missions and, well, life in general, after the hugs and the measuring and exclaiming, he gathered his family around him:

Jack: (Reading aloud from scriptures to family) "Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Now kids, there's something I want you to know. If you don't remember anything else about Grandpa Jack, you remember this: even though I wasn't there with Thomas and the others, and even though I didn't see what they saw, I know Jesus is real, and that all these things really happened. I know it because the Holy Ghost tells me so in my heart, just like the Holy Ghost told the people who knew Jesus while he lived on earth.

I Have Not Seen, Yet I Believe--Jack

Scene 12:

Narrator: The family remembered that evening for the rest of their lives. Everyone thought that maybe now Grandma and Grandpa would finally build their dream home. But they didn't. There were so many

memories lingering in their old, comfortable, solid little house, they just couldn't bear to leave it behind. A few years later, Grandma Mary died, and not too long after, Grandpa Jack followed her. Their kids cried a bit, of course, but they also laughed through their tears as they exchanged old memories. And they tried to help the grandkids and the great grandkids understand that like birth, death is a part of Heavenly Father's plan.

Rose: I know how much you miss them... I miss them too. But now they're together again.

Child 3: And they'll be together forever?

Rose: Yes, they will. And we'll always be a family. Grandma and Grandpa are so happy, and they're just waiting for that day when we'll see them again.

Child 3: And now they have their dream home?

Rose: Not just a dream home. A mansion.

Build This House With Me (reprise)--Rose

Scene 13:

Narrator: So the grandkids were comforted and their parents were glad. And life went on. Jack and Mary's five kids, 19 grandkids and 22 great-grand-kids all worked and built and added to their own dream homes, patterned after Jack and Mary's snug little home on its rock-solid foundation. And you know, as the years pass, as one by one they join Grandpa Jack and Grandma Mary and visit them in that heavenly mansion, no one would be surprised to find the same pictures on the walls, and the same cookie jar on top of the fridge. In fact, nobody would be surprised to find it was the very same house, with maybe a wing or two added on. It was solid enough to last forever. It was built on a Rock.

Built Upon the Rock--Cast

The graphic title at the beginning of the script may be used in printed programs. The song lyrics may also be used in printed programs. They are included below for your convenience.

Build This House With Me

Let's build a house where we can dream together
Let's build a house with sturdy walls of prayer
Let's build a house where riches can be measured
By memories that linger everywhere
Let's build a house where faith is our foundation
And furnish every room with heaven's peace
With the Master Builder's plan
To guide our willing hands
Won't you come and build this house with me?
 Let's build a house that rings with children's laughter
 Where every hall re-echoes with delight
 Let's build a house where love can live forever
 To light our days and keep us warm at night
 Let's build a house where heaven's voice can teach us
 And fill our hearts with hope in times of need
 With the Master Builder's plan
 To guide our willing hands
 Won't you come and build this house with me?
Let's build a house where hearts are turned to heaven
To God on whom our hopes and dreams depend
He will be our help in all our labors
And make this house a mansion in the end
And we'll leave a priceless heritage behind us
To bless our children's children yet to be
With the Master Builder's plan
To guide our willing hands
Won't you come and build this house with me?

Built Upon the Rock

Here within these walls
Our refuge from the world
We shelter from the rain
And seek for warmth against the cold
Humble earthly homes
Where heaven is our light
Are fortresses of faith
Upheld by heaven's might

For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Secure amid the tempests of our time
 Though the winds may blow
 Though the floods may rise
 Though the storms may rage abroad
 This refuge will abide

For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Built upon the cornerstone of Christ

Here his Spirit speaks
His children walk in truth
Guided by his word
We are disciples from our youth
Here we learn of love
Here we feel his peace
Here we gather strength
To stand in time of need

For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Secure amid the tempests of our time
Though the winds may blow
Though the floods may rise
Though the storms may rage abroad
This refuge will abide
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Built upon the cornerstone of Christ

Created in His Image

He has given me these hands, formed in the image of his own
He has given me these eyes to see the path of truth that leads me home
And he has given me this voice, and hears each quiet prayer I speak
He has given me this heart to feel the unspoken answers that I seek

Created in his image, nurtured in his care
Sent to earth to learn the noble heritage I bear
Created in his image, his light will be my guide
A heavenly inheritance because I am his child

Hands like his to freely give; hands to make some burden light
Eyes like his to know another's need, as I learn to see with heaven's sight
My voice, like his, may offer hope or bid some tempest, "Peace, be still."
And my heart, like his, can share his perfect love, as my life reflects my Father's will
(Repeat chorus)

A Heaven on Earth

When we kneel in prayer with humble hearts
to invite His spirit in
When we live each day by the light of faith
and put our trust in him
When our souls delight in truth and right
and things of eternal worth
Then the Savior will come and abide in our home
And make it a heaven on earth

When our hearts are turned to loved ones here
and to those who've gone before
When we freely share one another's joys
and mourn with those who mourn
When we offer him our willing hands

And serve him with all our strength
Then the Savior will come and abide in our home
And make it a heaven on earth

When we offer up our grateful praise
for each perfect gift of God
When we find our safety in his commands
and make his word our law
When we set aside our worldly cares
to seek after heaven first
Then the Savior will come and abide in our home
And make it a heaven on earth

Our Home is Just Like Heaven (Except for When It's Not)

My mother says our home should be a place of perfect harmony
That children should be thankful for the things that we've been given.
She tells me I must say my prayers
Choose the right and always share
And if we do, she says our home will be like heaven
We're mommy's little angels and we do our very best
To do the things she tells us but there's so much on the list
We remember the majority of things that we've been taught
And our home is just like heaven
Except for when it's not

My father says our home should be peaceful, neat and orderly
That children should be courteous, helpful, thrifty, clean and reverent
He tells me I must not be mean
Treat my mother like a queen
And if we do, he says our home will be like heaven
We're daddy's little angels but we're not quite perfect yet
There's lots that we don't understand and lots that we forget
But we almost always choose to do the things we know we ought
And our home is just like heaven
Except for when it's not

Even though we make mistakes, we give it all we've got
And our home is just like heaven
Except for when it's not

The Riches of My Soul

Bedtime stories; whispered prayers;
Goodnight kisses; dreams to share
Hands to hold; hearts to mold; faces full of wonder
Innocence and eager eyes;
Gentle laughter; lullabies;
Warmth and peace and memories; these will be my treasures

These are the riches of my soul
This is my bright celestial gold
Precious things my heart will always hold
Dearer than the wealth of all the world

Hymns that ring with joyful praise;
Words of truth that light our days;
Parables; miracles: messages from heaven
Hearts that bear the Savior's name
Kindled by the Spirit's flame
All aglow with faith that grows and love that lasts forever

(Repeat chorus)

Twilight walks and quiet talk of childhood hopes and fears
Extra miles and "thank you" smiles I'll cherish through the years
Temple walls and mission calls and silent, grateful tears
These are all the world to me
Treasures I can keep

(Repeat chorus)

A Heaven on Earth (Reprise)

When we kneel in prayer with humble hearts to invite His spirit in
When we live each day by the light of faith and put our trust in him
When our souls delight in truth and right and things of eternal worth
Then the Savior will come and abide in our home
And make it a heaven on earth

Safe in Thy Loving Arms

Dear Father, abide with thy children
Entrusted to my care
Watch over the days of their childhood
Protect them and keep them pure
Thy presence defend them from evil
Preserve them from all harm
By night and by day
Uphold them, I pray,
Keep them safe in thy loving arms

Dear Father, abide with thy children
Confirm in them thy word
As the years lead them forth from my threshold
They face an uncertain world
Strengthen their fervent conviction
Speak peace into their hearts
As they leave my embrace
Enfold them in faith
Keep them safe in thy loving arms

Father, abide with thy children
Fill thou their souls with light
Thy wisdom direct every footstep
And lead them to endless life
And when they must walk through the darkness
Be thou their guiding star
Their pathway prepare

And carry them there
Keep them safe in thy loving arms.

An Angel to Watch Over Me

She watched by my cradle through long, sleepless nights
She taught me to pray as she knelt by my side
She guarded my childhood, and all through the years
She echoed my laughter, she counted my tears
In the arms of my mother, I came to believe
That God sent an angel to watch over me

She taught me the meaning of courage and faith
She taught me to live with the Lord as my strength
She taught me to follow the pathway he marked
She guided my steps when the journey grew dark
And I know there were dangers that I could not see
But God sent an angel to watch over me

She taught me to serve with a spirit that sings
She taught me to seek after heavenly things
And because of her love and her kindness and care
Because of the place that I hold in her prayers
And because of her goodness, I still believe
That God sent an angel to watch over me

When Hope Was Born

Little one, do you recall
The King who was born in a cattle stall?
Who left his royal throne on high
That still and starry Christmas night?
He came from Heaven to Bethlehem
And hope was born within the hearts of men

Little one, he learned like you
Increasing in wisdom and grace and truth
He taught the world the way to peace
He bore our weakness, pain and grief
He came with healing in his hands
And hope was born within the hearts of men

Little one, when your world grows dark
When hope is dim in your weary heart
Turn to him who fills us with the perfect light of faith

Little one, he lived for us
Then offered his all on Calvary's cross
So we could live with God again
And safely we trust our all to him
Who came from Heaven to Bethlehem
When hope was born within the hearts of men

I Have Not Seen, Yet I Believe

They heard his voice; they saw his face
The promised Savior come to earth in days long past
They saw him heal the sick and cause the lame to stand
They watched as wind and waves were stilled at his command
And though I did not see him calm the raging seas
His hand has calmed my troubled heart
And I believe

They heard his voice; they saw his face
They heard his teachings of forgiveness, love and faith
He blessed their little ones; he taught them how to pray;
He fed the multitudes who hungered by the way
And though I did not taste the bread he bade them eat
His word is manna to my soul
And I believe

They saw him scourged and mocked to scorn
They heard the angry crowd, they saw him crowned with thorns
They watched him bend beneath our burden in the streets
They saw the bitter nails that pierced his hands and feet
And though I was not there to watch with them at Calvary
My spirit weeps
I have not seen
Yet I believe

They heard his voice; they saw his face
The risen Jesus, crowned with vict'ry o'er the grave
And though I did not see his triumph over death
Though I did not see him draw immortal breath
I know he lived and died and lived again for me
My faith is sure
I have not seen
Yet I believe

Build This House With Me (Reprise)

They built a house where hearts are turned to heaven
To God on whom all hopes and dreams depend
He has been their help in all their labors
And made their house a mansion in the end
And they left a priceless heritage behind them
A light to generations yet to be
With the Master Builder's plan
To guide their willing hands
They built a house of faith for you and me

Built Upon the Rock (Finale)

Here within these walls
Our refuge from the world
We shelter from the rain
And seek for warmth against the cold
Humble earthly homes
Where heaven is our light

Are fortresses of faith
Upheld by heaven's might
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Secure amid the tempests of our time
 Though the winds may blow
 Though the floods may rise
 Though the storms may rage abroad
 This refuge will abide
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Built upon the cornerstone of Christ
Here his Spirit speaks
His children walk in truth
Guided by his word
We are disciples from our youth
Here we learn of love
Here we feel his peace
Here we gather strength
To stand in time of need
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Secure amid the tempests of our time
 Though the winds may blow
 Though the floods may rise
 Though the storms may rage abroad
 This refuge will abide
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Built upon the cornerstone of Christ
Here we learn of sacrifice
And joy amid our strife
Here we seek his perfect grace
And everlasting life
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Secure amid the tempests of our time
 Though the winds may blow
 Though the floods may rise
 Though the storms may rage abroad
 This refuge will abide
For we are built upon the Rock of our Redeemer
Built upon the cornerstone of Christ