

## The Church Brew Works on the Hill

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The faithful come each week  
standing in line for a bit of

bread and a taste of wine.  
They come in their business suits

and their flannel shirts, their jeans  
and their designer shoes.

They come alone to find refuge from  
the day's storms. They come in pairs

or groups to share a common meal.  
There are no ushers or priests,

no service or offering this night  
at the old Saint John The Baptist

Church, just hostesses and waiters  
who seat them and take their orders.

They sip a brew from foam topped cups  
and commune with fellow travelers

on this hill in the Steel City.  
I think The Baptist would approve.