

## ARE WE BUILDERS OR WRECKERS?

I watched them tearing a building down,  
A gang of men in a busy town.  
With a ho, heave, ho and a lusty yell,  
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.  
I said to the foreman, are these men skilled,  
The kind of men you would have here to build?  
He gave a laugh, ha-ha-ha, and said, no indeed,  
Just common labor is all I need.  
Why, I can wreck in a day or two,  
What it takes builders one whole year to do.  
I thought to myself as I went on my way,  
Which of these roles have I tried to play?  
Am I a builder who works with care,  
Patiently measuring life by rule and by square?  
Have I shaped my thoughts to a well made plan,  
Patiently doing the very best I can?  
Or am I a wrecker who walks the town,  
Content with the labor of tearing down?

This man pulled into town one day and saw a gang of men tearing down a tremendous building and he stood there and was amazed as to the ease in which this crew could level this building with the help of cranes, ropes, etc. So this gentleman stood by and watched the operation and couldn't believe what his eyes were seeing and relaying to his mind; so he constructed the wreckers' poem.