



Wesley's Blog

Do I love you when I burn my carbon?

Do I proclaim
The earth is the Lord's and everything in it,
And then just bin it.
Not recycling, or up cycling, or even gone-out cycling,
But landfill it,
Kill it,
Oil-spill it.

Do I love you when I burn my carbon?
Every time I turn my car on,
And pour more petrol into the tank,
Blanking out the plankton I'm killing,
Ozone layer I'm filling with toxic fumes,
The plumes of smoke.
Doom looms and yet,
The lupins in the garden still bloom,
So I don't seem to worry.
What's the hurry?

'All things come into being through him', I say,
Then every single day, betray the truth in that verse.
My ignorance for the planet is perverse,
A reverse of what I believe about God's love for the whole of creation.
My recreation is an undoing of God's own creation,
A misdirection of the conception of God in Christ Jesus - God with us.

Do I love you when I burn my carbon?
And my actions add to the inequality,
Affecting the quality of life,
Adding to the strife
Of the husband and wife I met
In Zimbabwe.
How can I say the things I say
About the way we must live,
And still burn my carbon?
Father, forgive.

Show me how to change,
In the face of climate change.
The pace of change accelerating, the exasperating realisation
That creation might not be here to stay...

Show me another way.
To show real love.
Not just feel-love,
But real-love.
Earthy love.
Gritty love.
For the whole earth.
And real grit.

Show me how to love, O God,
And not just burn my carbon.



This poem was written by Tim Baker (All We Can) and used at the opening of synod as part of the thinking about climate change and green hearts. There is more information about the green hearts and how Leeds Methodist Mission is supporting this in the March edition of the blog. If you would like to be involved and can't find the blog, please contact Wesley who will send you the information.

On a cloudy day a boy was flying his kite which had disappeared out of sight. A passer-by stopped to watch him and jokingly asked, 'How do you know your kite is still in the air? I can't see it.' 'Neither can I', agreed the boy, and then triumphantly, 'But I know it's there. I can feel it pull.' How often we too may have felt the pull of the unseen when days are dark and we have almost lost hope.

Women are Angels.
And when someone breaks
our wings,
we simply continue to
fly.....on a broomstick.
We are flexible like that



Mailing reminder

Just a reminder that if you no longer need the weekly mailing sent through the post because your church has reopened and you have returned, please get in touch with the circuit office, 0113 2779 4816 or admin@lswmethodists.org.uk to take your name off the list.



Remember...a layer of dust protects the Wood beneath it.

A house becomes a home when you can write 'I love you' on the furniture. I used to spend at least 8 hours every weekend making sure things were just perfect - 'in case someone came over' Finally I realized one day that no-one came over; they were all out living life and having fun! Now, when people visit, I don't have to explain the 'condition' of my home. They are more interested in hearing about the things I've been doing while I was away living life and having fun. If you haven't figured this out yet, please heed this advice. Life is short. Enjoy it!

Dust if you must but wouldn't it be better to paint a picture or write a letter, bake bikkies or a cake and lick the spoon or plant a seed, ponder the difference between want and need?

Dust if you must, but there's not much time with hot chocolate to drink, rivers to swim and mountains to climb, music to hear and books to read, friends to cherish and life to lead.

Dust if you must, but the world's out there with the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair, a flutter of snow, and a shower of rain. This day will not come around again.

It's not what you gather; but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived.

Near the end of the church service, it was time to take up the collection. There wasn't a sound except the muted chink of coins as they fell into the plate. Suddenly a small but piecing voice from somewhere near the front cried ungently, ' Don't pay for me Daddy. I'm under five!'

TOOLS TO ACCOMPLISH THE TASK

- G Go to God in prayer daily (John 15 v7)
- R Read God's word daily (Acts 17 v11)
- O Obey God, moment by moment (John 14 v21)
- W Witness for Christ by your life and words (Matthew 4 v19)
- T Trust God for every detail of your life (1 Peter 5 v7)
- H Holy Spirit - allow God's Holy Spirit to control and empower your daily life.

The Weakling says 'I'm beaten', but the Fighter says 'not I'
The Shirker says 'It can't be done', the Worker says 'I'll try'
The Laggard says he's weary and must give up the race
The Plodder says 'Keep going at a good and steady pace.'
The Pessimist, when clouds appear, predicts a rainy day
The Optimist declares he sees gold streaks in the grey.
The Grumbler says he's sick of life, of work and dull routine
The Poet says 'The stars still shine, birds sing, the grass is green,
The Cynic says 'This crazy world is rushing to its doom.'
The Dreamer cries 'I see the peaks of glory shining through the gloom'
The Doubter asks 'Where now is God, what sign do we perceive?'
And someone at a cross is kneeling, saying, 'I believe.'

A Methodist minister was stopped in the High Street one Saturday morning by a Salvation Army lassie who asked: 'Are you saved?' He replied with a smile, 'My dear, I'm a Methodist minister.' 'Don't let that make any difference,' she replied.

David, tall, dark and handsome, 23 and a Bachelor of Science, was moved by his firm to Sheffield. On his first Sunday in that Yorkshire city, he attended Morning Service, finding himself in a pew in which a little girl was sitting, Andrea aged 6. Time and again Andrea looked up at the tall stranger. She nearly plucked up courage to say something to show she was friendly, but was too timid. But, she did want to. Her chance came as the minister announced the third hymn, number 879. 'Excuse me', whispered Andrea, leaning forward. 'I'll find the hymn for you. These big numbers are rather difficult aren't they?' Confidentially David bent his head and murmured, 'Thank you very much. I can manage the numbers up to ninety nine.' Then they rose to sing - the mathematician and the adoring little girl who just had to find a way of breaking the ice.

There's nothing wrong with wishing
And keeping fingers crossed,
Because if there's no answer
'Nothing will be lost.
There's nothing wrong with hoping,
And hope is good for you,
But it takes hard work and courage
To make your dreams come true.



'You've got the wrong house!'

Dear God,
In school we read that Thomas Edison made light, but in Sunday School they said you did it first. Did he steal your ideas?