



Wesley's Blog

'When Just The Tide Went Out'

Last night as I lay sleeping, when dreams came fast to me
I dreamt I saw JERUSALEM beside a tideless sea
And one dream I'll remember as the stars began to fall
Was Banksy painting Alun Wyn on my neighbour's garage wall
And dreams like that sustain me 'til these darkest times have past
And chase away the shadows no caring night should cast
But times like this can shine a light as hardship often can
To see the best in people and the good there is in man
And I remember Swansea with nobody about
The shops were closed like Sunday and just the tide went out
And I remember Mumbles with the harbour in its keep
And the fishing boats at anchor that trawl the waters deep
And I heard the seabirds calling as the gulls all wheeled about
But all the town was sleeping now and just the tide went out
And when these days are over and memories remain
When children painted Rainbows and the sun shone through the rain
And the doctors and the nurses who stretchered all the pain
And I hope the carers never see a time like this again
And I prayed last week for Boris, who knocked on Heavens door
And I thought of voting Tory, which I've never done before
And though the sun is shining I've no immediate plans
So I'll write a book on 'Staying In' and 'Ways To Wash Your Hands'
And when all this is over, and our fragile world survives
And I hope that God is caring now for the ones who gave their lives
And I pray we'll find an answer, for my faith is cast in doubt
And God draws back the heavens and all the stars come out
And I'll remember mornings with nobody about
When the shops were closed like Sunday, and just the tide went out

God's Promises

God has not promised
sun without rain,
joy without sorrow,
peace without pain

But God has promised,
strength for the day,
rest for the labour,
light for the way,
grace for the trials,
help from above,
unfailing sympathy,
undying love



The above poem was written by Max Boyce. Hopefully he will not mind me sharing it with you.



I like it quiet when I pray, it can be anywhere,
No-one else but me, and Jesus over there.
I tell Him of the state we're in and how we need His care
The world is very sick with trouble everywhere.
I ask him for His guidance in the future
hours and days
When we start to make things better....
When **EVERYBODY PRAYS**.
Sent by Joan Jeavons



Child - "How old are you, Grandpa?"

Grandpa - "I'm 81, dear."

Child - "So does that mean you were alive during the Coronavirus?"

Grandpa - "Yes, I was."

Child - "Wow. That must have been horrible, Grandpa. We were learning about that at school this week."

They told us about how all the schools had closed. And moms and dads couldn't go to work so didn't have as much money to do nice things.

They said that you weren't allowed to go and visit your friends and family and couldn't go out anywhere.

They told us that the shops and stores ran out of lots of things so you didn't have much bread, and flour, and toilet rolls.

They said that summer holidays were cancelled. And they told us about all those thousands of people that got very sick and who died.

They explained how hard all the doctors and nurses and all essential workers worked, and that lots of them died, too.

That must have been so horrible, grandpa!"

Grandpa - "Well, that is all correct.

And I know that because I read about it when I was older.

But to tell you the truth I remember it differently...

I remember playing in the garden for hours with mom and dad and having picnics outside and lots of bbqs.

I remember making things and fishing with my Dad and baking with my Mom.

I remember making forts and learning how to do hand stands and back flips. I remember having quality time with my family.

I remember Mom's favorite words becoming 'Hey, I've got an idea...'

Rather than 'Maybe later or tomorrow I'm a bit busy'.

I remember making our own bread and pastry. I remember having movie night three or four times a week instead of just one.

It was a horrible time for lots of people you are right.

But I remember it differently."

Remember how our children will remember these times.

Be in control of the memories they are creating right now, so that through all the awful headlines and emotional stories for so many that they will come to read in future years, they can remember the happy times."

- Author unknown

For each valley there's a hilltop;

For each raindrop and rainbow there is sun;

For each twilight there's a dawning when hours of darkness are done.

For each thistle there's a flower;

For each tear there is a smile.

Our lockdown will give way to freedom

In just a little while.

Keep busy, keep smiling.

Traffic is gone, long queues are gone

Petrol is affordable, bills extended

Kids are at home with their families, parents are home taking care of their children

Fast foods replaced by home cooked meals, hectic schedules replaced by naps.

The air is cleaner, the world quieter

People are conscious about hygiene and health again

Money doesn't seem to make the world go round anymore

And we now have time, finally to stop and smell the roses.

It seems like this COVID-19 is a reset button for humanity

In all honesty I really hope we all come out of this a better version of ourselves.

The weather couldn't have been worse for the old folk's outing, but for all that, the Pensioners enjoyed their drive. One reason was that their Minister had a gift for turning a dreary day into a sunny one and that Saturday was no exception. He announced there was to be a special competition with a prize. What was the competition? To guess the Minister's weight! This tickled the old ladies as they had a good look at the Minister, sizing him up as carefully as a pound of mince at the butchers. There was another surprise when the prize was handed over, for the ten pound note was inside a balloon and the winner had to blow up the balloon and burst it to get the money! No wonder the Pensioners all came home smiling, vowing it had been one of their happiest days.

There are always two ways of looking at things. Jenny had two children, Susan, who was eight and Moira who was five. Usually the sister were best friends but one day Jenny overheard an argument. It seemed to have ended in Susan's favour when she told her little sister severely, 'Remember, I'm three years older than you!' There was silence for a moment, then up piped Moira, 'Well', she said, 'You remember I'm three years newer than you!'. There are always two ways of looking at things.