



### Candlemas

The 2nd of February is the date set for this Christian feast, better known in the Catholic and Orthodox tradition. Through the centuries various customs with candles have marked Candlemas Day. At one time in England, families would light an extra large candle and sit feasting round it till it had burnt away. Tolstoy told a story of a ploughman who took a lighted candle from church and placed it on his plough to remind himself that 'To work is to pray'. We may not be able, nor may we want, to take a lighted candle to work, but what a difference it could make to our ordinary, everyday life if there was a glow of faith, hope and love at every work bench, every kitchen sink, every office desk, every shop counter. Work could be transformed for us.

### Holy Week Services

Monday - Meditation at Farsley led by the Vicar, 7.p.m.  
 Tuesday - Meditation at Rodley led by the Vicar. 7.p.m.  
 Maundy Thursday  
 Meal and Communion at St. Andrew's, Pudsey, 6.30.p.m.  
 Tea and cake (provided) 6.45pm for worship, at Cookridge at 7.15pm  
 Good Friday,  
 Adel at 10am  
 Communion at St. Andrew's, Pudsey, 10.30.a.m., followed by a walk of witness. 12 noon.  
 Good Friday meditation at Farsley - St. John's. 7.30.p.m.  
 For others see the weekly resources

### Thankfulness

Count your blessings, instead of your crosses.  
 Count your gains, instead of your losses.  
 Count your joys, instead of your woes.  
 Count your friends, instead of your foes.  
 Count your courage, instead of your fears.  
 Count your health, instead of your wealth.  
 And count on God, instead of yourself.

You can give without loving but you can't  
 love without giving!

Speak kind words and you will hear kind  
 echoes

One kind word can warm three winter  
 months.

February is snowdrop time. The legend says that when Adam and Eve had been sent from the Garden of Eden, they entered the world of winter. Adam tried in vain to re-enter the Garden, to bring out something of beauty to comfort Eve, but the entrance was guarded by an angel. At last the angel, seeing Eve's distress, took pity. Putting out his hand, he caught a snowflake and breathed gently on it. The snowflake blossomed into a flower. So every snowdrop is a promise that in spring and summer, flowers will come again to beautify our world,

### WAYSIDE PULPIT

'To get Joy, you must give it; to keep it you must scatter it'  
 'One believing heart sets another on fire'  
 'It's the storm that proves the strength of a ship'  
 'We see things not as they are, but as we are.'  
 'The church is not a club for saints; it is a hospital for sinners.'

God had not promised skies ever blue.  
 Flower strewn pathways all our lives  
 through.

God had 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 from the lands, help from above,  
 Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

God provides you with the pencil, but he alone has the  
 eraser.

Have you booked your first aid course yet? There are 2 course booked, Thursday 17 and Saturday 19 March at Wesley Road.. Booking details available from the circuit office. Those people who did the course 3 years ago now need to renew it.

A little boy was saying his prayers one night in a very low voice. 'I can't hear your dear', his Mother whispered. 'I wasn't talking to you', he replied and went on with his prayer.

Wesley was excited to learn that we have a probationer Minister, Rev Mo Onyett, joining the circuit in September. He is looking forward to meeting her and her family. Although we have unfortunately not been matched with the second minister we were hoping for, he knows that the circuit leadership team is working in a plan and that everyone in the circuit will be looked after. More details later.

The Sunday school teacher in a little country church was carefully explaining the story of Elijah the Prophet and the false prophets of Baal. She explained how Elijah built the altar, put wood upon it, cut the steer in pieces, and laid it upon the altar. And then, Elijah commanded the people of God to fill four barrels of water and pour it over the altar. He had them do this four times "Now, said the teacher, "can anyone in the class tell me why the Lord would have Elijah pour water over the steer on the altar?" A little girl in the back of the room started waving her hand, I know! I know!" she said, "To make the gravy!"

A young woman who'd just had an operation was chatting to her neighbour in the next bed. 'By the way', said the older woman, 'you've got a wonderful minister. While you were still asleep after your op, he came and sat by your bed and held your hand. He even kissed you before he left. I'm sure my minister wouldn't do that.' The young woman smiled. 'Yes', she said. 'My minister is wonderful.' then after a pause she added, with a twinkle in her eye, 'What's more, he also happens to be my husband!'

A piece of writing doesn't necessary depend on its length as seen by the following comparison:-  
The Lords prayer was only 66 words  
The 23rd Psalm only has 118 words  
The Ten Commandments only has 297 words  
Government order on cabbage prices has 26,911 words.

There are quite a few variations on the 23rd Psalm and the following is a version the Japanese call The Psalm for Busy People:  
The Lord is my pacesetter, I shall not rush.  
He makes me to pause and rest for quiet intervals.  
He provides me with images of stillness which restore my serenity.  
He leads me in ways of efficiency through calmness of spirit, and His guidance is peace.  
Even though I have a great many things to do each day, I will not fret,  
For His presence is here, His timelessness, His all importance to keep me balanced.  
He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of my activity by anointing my mind with His oils of tranquility.  
My cup of joyous energy overflows.  
Surely, harmony and usefulness shall be the fruits of my hours,  
For I shall walk at the pace of my lord,  
And dwell in His house for ever.

Spotted on a church notice board  
Next Sunday's preacher can be found hanging on the notice board.

#### LOT'S WIFE

The Sunday School teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, when little Jason interrupted, "My Mummy looked back once, while she was driving," he announced triumphantly, "and she turned into a telephone pole!"

Thora Hird was a much loved personality, not only for her considerable talent as an actress, but also for her Christian approach to life, her humour and down to earth wisdom. Although the demands of her career meant she had to leave her native Lancashire, she managed to find happiness wherever she lived. 'Neighbours', she once wrote, 'are just the funny mixed bag of people with whom you happen to share a street, a block of flats, a mews, or a village. You get to know one another and become friends because you know, for better or worse, you're all on the same boat and life will be better for everyone if you all pull together, and if that means you having to put up with their funny ways, remember, they're also putting up with yours.' Now that's the kind of neighbour we'd all like next door.

There is a story written by an unknown author, of a sick man who asked his doctor what lies on the other side. His doctor said he didn't know. The man replied, 'You are a Christian, yet you do not know what is on the other side?' The doctor stood by the door of the sitting room; from the hall came the sounds of scratching and whining. When he opened the door a dog leaped into the room, barking joyfully and wagging its tail. Turning to his patient he said, 'My dog didn't know what to expect in this room, only that his master was here and when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. I know little of what is on the other side, but I do know one thing. I know my master is there and that is enough.'  
'In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'

John ch14 v2

An elderly woman walked into the local country church. The friendly usher greeted her at the door and helped her up the steps. 'Where would you like to sit?' he asked politely. 'On the front row', she replied. 'You don't want to do that', he answered. 'The pastor is really boring' 'Do you know who I am?' she inquired. 'No' he said. 'I'm the pastor's mother', she replied indignantly. 'Do you know who I am?' he asked. 'No' she said. 'Good' he replied.