



Wesley's Blog

A non-Christian recently asked why the Lord's Prayer was said so regularly in Christian church services. The first, and most obvious reply given was because it was taught to us by Jesus Christ himself. Quite true, but surely there is more to it than that. Why has it lived, word for word, for centuries? Was it just blind obedience? Was it superstition, as the questioner had hinted? Read or recite it slowly and see if you can spot the answer. Isn't it simple when you reflect? Nowhere in the prayer do the words 'I', 'my' or 'me' occur. Throughout every plea in the prayer, we are led to think of others. That is the power of this amazing, enduring prayer.

There are many different words of advice about how to do our work well. Probably the best and simplest message is contained on this passage which Martin Luther King Jr gives in his book 'Facing the challenge of a new age in philosophy'. 'If it falls to your lot to be a road sweeper, make sure you sweep the streets like Michelangelo painted memorable pictures, like Shakespeare wrote fine poetry, like Beethoven composed great music. Sweep your streets so well that all will have to pause and say, 'Here lived a great sweeper, one who swept this piece of world so well!'

As children twins Sarah and Steven were very different in temperament. Although both were clever, Sarah would frequently fret about her school work, worrying if her marks were not quite as good as those of her friends. Steven on the other hand took a far more casual approach and would often break the news of any indifferent results by telling his parents that at least I have done better than William or James. On day their Mother taught them a rhyme
Don't stare at other people, if the truth you would be shown
Don't examine their performance to compare it with your own
We each have a potential which is our and ours alone
So measure by your own rule - then you'll know if you have grown!
Hopefully this rhyme helped Sarah and Steven - and could probably help a great many of us!

Not knowing if my granddaughter had learned her colours yet, I decided to test her. I pointed out something and ask what colour it was. She told me, and she was always correct. But it was fun for me so I continued. At last, she headed for the door, saying sadly, 'Grandma, I think you should try to figure out some of these yourself!'

Dear God, Put me to the test..... but don't let me know the score

Andy was head of a well known charity organisation. Once he had to find someone to fill an important post dealing with vulnerable people. He invited four applicants to lunch in a restaurant and after the meal he announced who was to get the job. 'Why did you choose me?' the person asked, clearly puzzled. 'It was easy', came the reply. 'You were the only one who said 'Thank you', every time to the waiter.'

Memorable words from Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

'Be kind and merciful. Let no one ever come to you without coming away better and happier. Be the living expression of God's kindness: kindness in your face; kindness in your eyes; kindness in your warm greeting. To everybody give always a happy smile. Give them not only your smile but your heart.'

Good friends never say goodbye, they simply say 'See you soon'. A lovely thought don't you agree?

These words were sung and spoken by Violeta Parra, the much loved folksinger from Chile who died in 1967.

Please don't cry when the sun had gone because if you do, the tears won't let you see the stars.'

There is, don't you think, something quite beautiful as well as inspiring, in that thought.

If you don't start out the day with a smile, it's not too late to start practising for tomorrow

A smile is the light in the window of your face that tells people you're at home.

There are things we cannot do
No matter how we try
There are things we ought to do
But time just passes by.
And there are things we start to do
Then we give up and quit
But since every hour is precious
We should make the most of it.

As we are getting out and about more, Wesley would like to share this contribution from his Welsh friends.

THE WALKERS' PRAYER

Lord,
Bless all walkers that they may live long and healthy lives. Especially bless our leaders for they are all powerful and lead us through the wilderness. Yea, though they lead us down the valleys and over the hills, we shall feel no pain for our hearts, minds and muscles are numb. Let them know their North from their South, and the East from the West and, Lord, let the sun shine so that they may have a faint idea in which direction they are heading.

Grant, O Lord, that they curb their tongues and not tell us that we have walked seven miles, when we know that we have walked ten. Also, let them know the difference between a gentle slope and a steep cliff.

Give them the ability to count, so that they know the number of walkers, and none shall go astray. Make them prevent the leaders from starting the walk the minute everyone has caught up. Curse those walkers who overtake the leader, let their stick break, their laces come undone, and their flasks leak. Curse also those who disappear into the woods without telling the back marker.

Grant, O Lord, sunshine at all times, but not too hot, cooling breezes, but not strong winds, shade when needed, and incomparable views when we are resting. Spare us from brambles, nettles and other obstructions. Lead us not down the wrong paths.

Finally, lord, let us arrive back to our cars safe and sound, for we are children of the wilderness, the blind being led by the blind and we are shattered.

Give us strength to turn up for the next walk, for we are of the tribe stupid and know no better. We ask all this with tongue in cheek, ever conscious that many a true word is spoken in jest.

Amen

There were three sweet little girls as beautiful as if they had just walked out of a fairy tale. They loved their grandparents very much and liked nothing more than going to their house to visit. One day they were bitterly disappointed because there seemed no time whatever during that week when their beloved grandparents had a free day. 'Can we come tomorrow?' the first asked with big eyes. 'I'm afraid not', was the answer. 'Could we come today?' the next pleaded. There was a sad shaking of the head to this suggestion too. Finally the third had an idea. 'Could we come yesterday then?'

Judy, aged five, had lost her library book. Search as she might, she just couldn't find it anywhere and eventually she took the problem to her Grandma. 'Well', said Grandma, 'Have you tried a little prayer?' It seems Judy hadn't, so off she went to her room and got down to business. Five minutes later she was back. 'Have you asked God to help you?' asked Grandma. Judy nodded. 'Yes', she said firmly, 'and I've told Him he's only got until the nineteenth.'

A group of small children were sitting in rows on chairs in the kitchen. 'We're playing at churches,' one of them explained when Mum came in. 'In that case', Mum remarked, 'The children in the second row have no business to be whispering and giggling.' 'Oh', was the reply. 'That's okay, Mum. They're the choir.'

A small boy was in hospital when it was visited by a special deputation from the hospital board. The sister of each ward conducted the visitors round and in the group was a duchess. It was she who greeted the small boy cheerily, 'Hello, sonny.' 'Hello missis', he said. Sister was embarrassed. 'You shouldn't say that', she protested. 'You should say, 'Your Grace!' At once the small boy piped up, 'For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful

A Sunday School teacher asked her class to write a list of eleven great men. As they were busy writing she walked between the tables and noticed one little lad chewing the end of his pen. 'Have you finished?' she asked. 'Not quite, Miss,' came the reply, 'I'm trying to decide on the goalkeeper.'

Methodist ministers sometimes take it into their heads to dress up as John Wesley. One such minister dressed himself suitably and rode through the streets of his town, stopping at the market place where he delivered a short homily seated on his horse. One young man was heard to say to his girlfriend, 'Now I know what is meant by the Sermon on the Mount.'

An elderly steward in Yorkshire welcomed the woman lay preacher with the words, 'Well, come on lass, lets have you in the pulpit. Sooner you're in, sooner you're out, and sooner we get home to the Yorkshire pudding.'