

Read Mark 1.21-28

This scene is on the Sabbath – the day of rest – and Jesus is in his home synagogue teaching the congregation. Jesus orders ‘an unclean spirit’ to be silent and come out of a man, and it leaves him with one last cry of defeat. Everyone is amazed at the authority of Jesus, whose words are realised in actions.

Make an Impression

Notice the impressions you form of different people you meet this week. Think about what it is that makes a particular impression on you, i.e. is it how somebody looks? What they wear? How they speak? Certain movements they make? Consider the impression you may have on others. Think about how you come across and what opinions people may form of you. Reflect about whether there are any changes you want to make about what you do or say, in order to make a good impression.

EVENING REFLECTION

Look back over your day and think of any times you have had power or authority over someone else. How did you exercise that authority? Now think of any times someone else had authority over you. How did they exercise that authority? How did it make you feel? You might like to write down some thoughts each night.



Wesley Methodist Church

Minister: Revd. Josephine Soon 01384 821854

Link for on line worship

<https://www.valeofstour.org.uk/virtual-church/live/vosworship>

Newsletter: Sunday 31st January 2021

Weekly Hymn - A hymn after Evening Reflection.

Glory to thee, my God, this night
for all the blessings of the light;
keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
the ills that I this day have done,
that with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be

When in the night I sleepless lie,
my mind with heavenly thoughts supply;
let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
no powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

Church Contact: Margaret Kite 01384 392310

As always, Stay safe God Bless

In memory of our dear friend Ann Homer and read at her funeral

To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say.

But first of all, to let you know, that I arrived okay.

I'm writing this from heaven.

Here I dwell with God above.

Here, there's no more tears of sadness;

Here is just eternal love.

Please do not be unhappy just because I am out of sight.

Remember that I am with you every morning, noon and night.

That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through.

God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you.

It's good to have you back again,

You were missed while you were gone.

As for your dearest family,

They'll be here later on.

I need you here so badly, you are part of my plan.

There is so much that we can do, to help our mortal man".

God gave me a list of things, that he wished for me to do.

And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you.

And when you lie in bed at night the days chores put to flight.

God and I are closest to you...in the middle of the night.

When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years.

Because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears.

But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain.

Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain.

I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned.

But if I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand.

But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is over.

I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before.

There are rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb;

But together we can do it by taking one day at a time.

It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too;

That as you give unto the world, the world will give to you.

If you can help somebody who is in sorrow and pain;

Then you can say to God at night....My day was not in vain.

And now I am contented... that my life was worthwhile.

Knowing as I passed along the way I made somebody smile.

So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low;

Just lend a hand to pick them up, as on your way you go.

When you're walking down the street and you've got me on your mind;

I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind.

And when it's time for you to go...from that body to be free.

Remember you're not going...you're coming here to me.

Author: Ruth Ann Mahaffey

So grateful for modern technology that helped some of us not able to go to Ann's funeral able to watch and hopefully her family and friends knew that many were supporting them that day.

This version of the poem I found on the internet as I had not heard it before, and I hope the words are as near to the ones read.

Margaret