

We will be blessed if we are more Theocentric than Anthropocentric in our services to God.

Hello Church,

The morning is the time fixed for my meeting the Lord. The very word morning is a cluster of rich grapes. Let us crush them and drink the sacred wine. In the morning! Then God means me to be at my best in strength and hope. I must not climb in my weakness. In the night I have buried yesterday's fatigue, and in the morning take a new lease of energy. Blessed is the day whose morning is sanctified! Successful is the day whose first victory was won in prayer! Holy is the day whose dawn finds thee on the top of the mount!

I find my prayer life alone in the early mornings (between 3am to 5am) very useful and beneficial. Not in my manse study, but behind closed doors of my churches in Merrow, Stoughton and West Horsley. (Leaving out Sheerwater, which is a little bit far from home.) These Tuesdays to Saturdays, I call "holy dawns". This is my strength; this is my hope. I love that, but I am thinking of taking some rest from these "holy dawns" since my arrival in the circuit. I care for this loving circuit and will pray for all, with my **2023/2024 Circuit Directory in hand, spread before the altar in the early mornings of my prayers.**

Impressive words of Harriet Beecher Stowe. She was an American author and abolitionist and committed Christian writer.

***"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.***

***As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness, thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er shadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there"***

My late mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room and to spend that hour reading the Scriptures in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties, and to remain unruffled by the worries and pettiness which are so often the trial of narrow neighbourhoods.

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As I think of her life and all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed; I never heard her speak one word of anger, of calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon manna in the barren wilderness. (Get it right, my mother was not perfect, but she trusted the Lord and relied on His Grace).

Give God the blossom of the day. Do not put Him off with faded leaves.

God bless our circuit and give us Grace to see good things in our churches, around us and in each one of us.

Continue to pray for all, especially those in the Lord's vineyard. We must believe the same thing and work for the same goals. The work of the church must be so challenging that they require the unity of all to succeed. (How I miss the old-time religion that much Methodism in the early 60s-70s.) Anyway Life is not static but dynamic, I will not moan in my heart. The church is God's not ours. We are just care-takers.

It is not so much "who's getting to run the church" as it is seeking to give pre-eminence to God.

One of my theological lecturers now in glory in the early 1980s would always end his Anthropology classes by whispering "God's church must be Theocentric, not Anthropocentric." (The church will strive if it is more God-centred than Human -centred). **Reflect over these words from my former Ghanaian Eminent Professor late Rev Dr. Livingstone Boamah.**

May the Lord help His Church, especially Wey Valley Methodist Church Circuit.

"My Father, I am coming. Nothing on the mean plain shall keep me away from the holy heights. At Thy bidding I come, so Thou wilt meet me. Morning on the mount! It will make me strong and glad all the rest of the day so well begun" J.P.

Amen.

Sing with me. [Prayer of devotion and commitment.](#)

God bless our circuit. Thank you.

Devotedly Yours,

George

(Pray with me and my family)

Resources/Good News

Black History Month 2023

Norman Mullings MBE is part of Harlesden Methodist Church in North London. He arrived in Britain from Jamaica in 1958, aged 18. In this prayer for the start of Black History Month, he marks the 75th anniversary of the arrival of the ship Empire Windrush to the UK.

[A Prayer for Black History Month 2023](#)