

I am your Father and I love you even as I love my Son Jesus, for in Jesus my love for you is revealed; He is the exact representation of my being. He came to demonstrate that I am for you and not against you, and to tell you that I am not counting your sins. Jesus died so that you and I could be reconciled; his death was the ultimate expression of my love for you; I gave up everything I love that I might gain your love.

If you receive the gift of my Son Jesus you will receive me, and nothing will ever separate you from my love again.

Come home and I will throw the biggest party heaven has ever seen, I have always been Father, and will always be Father.
My question is... Will you be my child?
I am waiting for you.
Love,
Your Dad
Almighty God

Notice outside a church office in Windhoek, Namibia.

Quoted by the Archbishop of York and reproduced in 'The Reader', the magazine for Readers in the Church of England.
Contributed by Mary Calvert

Dear Sir, Please explain:
When I'm born, I'm black.
When I grow up, I'm black
When I'm cold, I'm black.
When I'm embarrassed, I'm black.
When I'm ill, I'm black.
When I'm dead, I'm black
But you
When you are born, you are pink.
When you grow up, you are white.
When you have a suntan, you are brown.
When you are cold, you are blue.
When you are embarrassed, you are red.
When you are ill, you are off colour.
When you are dead, you are grey.
And how dare you call me coloured?
Your obedient Shamba boy, Sam.

Harvest Song Anon

The boughs do shake and the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in,
Our harvest in, our harvest in,
So merrily comes our harvest in.

We have ploughed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!

A Prayer

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, prompt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarrys in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot,
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

Edwin Markham

The Whole Earth Shall Cry Glory George MacLeod 1895 – 1991;

founder of the Iona Community

Almighty God, Creator:
The morning is yours, rising into fullness.
The summer is yours, dipping into autumn.
Eternity is yours, dipping into time.
The vibrant grasses, the scent of flowers, the
lichen on the rocks, the tang of sea-weed,
All are yours.
Gladly we live in this garden of your creating.