

Love Changes – Almost Everything!



Here I am again. It's waiting for Mum Sunday. I expect she's finished in the kitchen and now they're all in there talking about everybody else. They've been an extra long time today. I suppose that's because there were so many more people here for the Baptism today and a lot extra stayed for coffee. There would have been a lot more cups to wash.

Sophie, from my class at school, was with the baptism family. She said she was the baby's auntie. Seems odd being an auntie when you're only ten. I think she was surprised to see me. It's a pity she couldn't sit with me. We only had a few minutes to talk before her Mum whisked her away because they had to collect the christening cake from somewhere.

I went into the kitchen to see how they were getting on but Mum told me not to get under her feet, which made me bump into Lindsay. She stepped back and dribbled the teapot on the floor. Mrs. Kaye looked daggers at me. I got out quickly and didn't even bother to ask if I could help. I should have known better than to try. Dad says to keep right out of the kitchen. He told Mum he thought most of the wars in the world probably started in church kitchens. That was when Mum was going on about the kitchen ladies. You'd think there was always something wrong. Mrs Kaye uses too much washing up liquid: Julie Webster doesn't clean the sink round: Poor old Lindsay clatters the saucers. I expect she got an earful after I made her dribble. Oh and then Miss Waters is always in trouble for breaking the biscuits. I don't know what Mum does wrong. She never tells us that.

I was thinking about all that because of what the minister said this morning. He didn't go on so long today because of the baptism. It was a good thing too, because not many of their family looked very interested. When one of the babies began to cry, his Mum undid her dress and started feeding him – in the middle of the sermon. Mr Davies in the choir stared at her, then pretended not to be looking at her. He picked up his hymnbook and stared into it, though he did sneak a look a few times.

He was talking about Jesus – the minister, not Mr. Davies - and how he said we had to love each other. He said how hard that is and it made me feel much better, especially when he went on to say that we can love people even when we don't really like some things about them. It's different to being **in** love with them. Joseph Barnes says he's in love with me, but I don't like him much .. at least not close up. I don't think he showers very often. But I could love him in the Jesus way. That's like not wanting anything bad to happen to him.

There's a new man and woman who've come for the last few weeks. You can tell they're in love. They hold hands right through the service. I don't think he lets go of her hand at all, except to get his collection out. Not like Mr. And Mrs Rushton. They sit either end of the pew as though they've had an enormous row before they came to church. Mum says Mr. Rushton sits at the end of the pew because he has a bad leg and has to stretch it out. Now I never thought about that before. He sits on the right side end of the pew and it's his right leg he puts out. Perhaps Mrs. Rushton has a bad **left** leg and has to sit the other end to stretch it out!

I really did listen to the minister this morning. He told us a great story. It was about a church where the women in the church fell out about something to do with the flowers. I don't think he said exactly what it was that caused the trouble. Some of the husbands of the women took sides and they started quarrelling over it too. There was an old lady in the church who became very sad about all the bad feeling. She was so upset about it she said she was going to pray for each of them every day at twelve o'clock and she asked them all to pray for each other every day at the same time. When they saw her upset and crying they felt so shamed they had to agree to what she asked. Soon after that the old lady got very ill and all the men and women who prayed, started helping her because they cared about her and helping her together they became real friends. Best of all they went on to looking for other people they could pray for an help all over the town and after a while the church got fuller and fuller because they all cared for one another.

Mr. Gerald – the minister said Jesus would love to know that had happened. He said the whole world could be happy if everyone was like that. He said the way to love one another is when everyone loves Jesus first so that his love can fill us inside, and then we can't help loving one another. I think I've got that right.

Oh good! They're coming out now. Oh dear. Mrs. Ewart's face is like thunder and Lindsay looks as though she's about to cry. I don't think they were listening as well as I was this morning. Mrs. Ewart hasn't said good-bye to Mum. She's stalking off up the street, walking all stiff and proud like. We'll hear all about it at dinner time. Perhaps Jesus wasn't in the Church kitchen this morning!