

Rev George Quarm

Dear Circuit Family,

Several years ago, an archaeologist found in an African mine the most magnificent diamond in the world's history. It was presented to the King of England to blaze his crown. The King sent it to Amsterdam to be cut by an expert lapidary, and what do you think he did to it?

He cut a notch in the priceless value. He then struck a hard blow with his instrument, and lo!, the superb jewel lay his hand cleft in twain. What recklessness, wastefulness and criminal carelessness!

For days, and weeks that blow was studied and planned. Drawings and models were made of the gem. Its quality, defects, and lines of cleavage were studied. The man to whom it was committed was one of the most skilful lapidaries in the world.

Will you say that blow was a mistake? Nay. It was the climax of the lapidary's skills. When he struck that blow, he brought that gem to its most perfect shapeliness, radiance, and jewelled splendour. That blow which seemed to have ruined the precious stone was, in fact, its perfect redemption. From those two halves were wrought the two magnificent gems which the skilled eye of the lapidary saw hidden in the rough, uncut stone from the mine.

Many times, God lets a stinging blow fall upon our life. The blood spurts, the nerves wince and the soul cries out in agony. The blow may seem an appalling mistake, but it is not. For you are the most priceless jewel in the world to God, and He is the most skilled lapidary.

In some days you are to blaze in the diadem of the King. As you lie in His hand now, He knows how to deal with you. Not a blow will be permitted to fall upon your shrinking soul. The love of God permits it, and works out from its depths, blessing and spiritual enrichment.

In one of George MacDonald's books occurs this fragmented conversation: "I wonder why God made me," said Mrs. Faber bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know what the use was of making me!"

"Perhaps not much yet," said Dorothy, "but then He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you are quarrelling with the process."

If humans would understand that we are in the process of creation and consent to be made, the Maker will handle us as the potter of the clay, yielding themselves in resplendent motion and submissive action with the turning of His wheel. We would long find ourselves able to welcome every pressure, even when it was felt in pain, and to recognise the divine end in view, bringing his people unto glory. God bless our circuit.

Good News

I had the privilege to be given two laptops by West Horsley for two Ghanaian Methodist churches. One to be given to JRO Memorial Methodist Church, Accra Ghana, and another for The Wesleyan

Circuit Letter 14.06.23

Methodist Church, Saltpond, my hometown in the Central Region. The churches were delighted and grateful to West Horsley Methodist Church and the anonymous donor also from West Horsley church. Ama and I are eternally grateful to this community of the faithful. Please, kindly find the link of the donation to the churches. God bless the Circuit, her stewards, presbyters, all groups and organisations that use our premises.

Wishing you all the best of the season.

God bless our circuit.

Yours Devotedly,

George.

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