

By the Way Together

The Magazine of:
St Augustine's Scottish Episcopal Church, Dumbarton
and
St Mungo's Scottish Episcopal Church, Alexandria

Issue No 30 August 2017



CONFUSION REIGNS AT BEETLE/BEATLE NIGHT!

Funds raised for Friends amid laughter and disagreement as to how to play Beetle Game...for more details read 'Wait Till I Tell You'!

IT'S BEEN A HARD DAYS NIGHT!

*Inside: photos of Bingo
Night... Accordion
Concert... Update for
Community Soup...
Poems... Clergy Letters...
Future Events*

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DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE
Saturday 2nd September
St Ninian's Cave at
Whithorn

Buses will be provided from different pick ups in the Diocese

.....
REGIONAL COUNCIL
SUMMER TRIP

Sunday 27th August
Visiting Largs Labyrinth

12.30 leave churches; 1.30 picnic lunch;
2pm talk on Labyrinth; Depart Largs 5pm
All Welcome!

If interested in either of these two trips,
please see Kenny or Liz or put your name on
the right list at the back of the churches



HEALING SERVICE

Tuesday 5th September
7pm

St Augustine's Church

**"Come all who are heavy laden
and I will give you rest"**

**To All the Clergy and Congregations who get
a copy of "By The Way Together"**

I would like to thank you very much for all the
cards, good wishes and, especially prayers I
received while I was so ill. They really kept me
going and mean a lot to me. I would have been in
a sorry state without them!

God Bless You All
Evelyn

**Calling all
would-be
adventurers!**

*seek
adventures
that
open your
mind.*

The bible study group would like to invite
YOU to join us on our expedition into the
epistle of Jude starting Wednesday
23rd August at 7.30pm. Who knows what
marvels await us as we dig about? There may
be some hard climbs and tangles to battle
through but the prize will be worth it and
the company is good! Be assured of a
friendly welcome, lots of laughs and a cuppa
to round off each session with a little home
baking.

This may be a good addition to your
strategies to identify and strengthen the
wheat in your life!

Hope to see you there.
John and Kirsten

23rd August-27th September, 7.30-9.30 pm

01389 742226: 108 Dumbuck Road

Thanks Kids!

Mat18:2 " I tell you the
truth, unless you change
and become like little
children you will never
enter the kingdom of
heaven."



Thank you, little people for coming among us
and reminding us how to be.

My son recently ruffled my grandson's hair
and said " Your head is full of nonsense, wee
man!" . The reply: "Oh no, Uncle David. My
head is full of adventures!"

God give me the grace to approach life like a
little child!

From Kenny...

You may have noticed recently, if you come to church, that we have changed the Old Testament Readings. We had been trudging through Genesis, with its wonderful history and stories, but often they were not connected with the other two readings.



Liz and I decided to go with the “thematic” alternatives for a while and see how we get on. Readers may find pronunciation a little easier!

Therefore, at the end of July, we found ourselves with the story of Solomon, The youthful Solomon had only just been chosen to succeed David as king, and felt rather inadequate. When God, in a dream, offered him anything he wanted, Solomon asked for the gift of wisdom, so that he might be a wise and discerning ruler of the people. God was pleased with his choice. After all, he could have chosen incredible wealth, or something else for himself.

It can be said that Solomon didn’t always live up to expectations, but the powerful message from the story is that wisdom is the most precious gift that anyone can have.

If you think about it, without wisdom, all other things are useless, because we won’t know how to use them properly.

However, if wisdom is to be acquired at all, it will be a gradual thing, and sometimes acquired through the result of many painful experiences, not just in our lives, but in empathising with the experiences of others. However, we don’t get dragged into or caught in the painful experiences, but we learn from them and move on, having acquired that little bit more wisdom.

Wisdom is not the same thing as knowledge. Knowledge is acquired through hard work, and we can have tons and tons of facts and knowledge in our heads. We can know as much as Google, but it doesn’t mean that we have wisdom. Wisdom is a gift from God.

It means knowing what is truly important in life. It means to be able to see life from God’s point of view, and remember that God has points **to** view,

and being able to live the way God wants us to live.

If we don’t have this, then no matter how many possessions we have, or how successful we are, we will not be happy. Strive for happiness and fulfilment. It is God’s will for you.

Kenny

St Mungo’s

There has been a lot of work carried out in St Mungo’s over the summer months especially to the electrics and the grounds. The old fuse boxes and cables we had were condemned by an electrician, and we were warned that the building could be closed down for safety reasons alone.

The porch was always something I was unhappy with. It wasn’t the most welcoming sight for anyone entering our building for the first time, and to be frank, the whole area was rather ugly. Several folk have come to the rescue. Our front door has been repainted, although it is suffering from rot and will one day need to be replaced. The floor of the porch has been beautifully painted, and makes the entry much brighter. Most importantly, the old electrical system has been ripped out and a new one put in place. The cherry on top is that there was enough money to box in all the meters and new fuse boxes. Result!

My eye is now firmly fixed on the sanctuary gable wall. Plaster is still falling as it dries out, but as yet the clergy have refrained from wearing hard hats, (liturgical), at the altar.

The building is looking, and feeling, much more tended and cared for, although we could do with organising cleaning a little better. All enquiries on this to Liz!

Likewise the grounds are looking extremely good at the moment. So much work has gone into the entrance and keeping the grass cut. Through the Leamy Foundation team, our gardens are putting other places to shame. I know you appreciate this! If you see the Team working on Mondays, pop in and say “thank you!”.





August 6th Visit Helensburgh
 August 13th Rev Jim Binnie [Communion]
 August 20th Rev David Laing
 August 27th Rev John Clark
 September 3rd Rev David Laing [Communion]
 September 10th Rev Mitchell Bunting
 September 17th Rev Jim Binnie
 September 24th Rev Mitchell Bunting

Induction Service

The induction of Rev Mitchell Bunting to the Joint Pastorate of Helensburgh and Dumbarton will be held at Helensburgh Church on **Saturday 7th**

October the time to be announced.

Although the Induction does not take place until October Rev Mitchell Bunting will commence duties in September and, as noted above, will be conducting the services at Dumbarton on 10th & 24th of September.

West Link Day

The West link of URC Churches are holding a 'Share the Good News Day' at Helensburgh on **Saturday 19th August 10.30am – 3.30pm.**

You are invited to 'bring yourselves and a packed lunch'.

Topics include: *What makes an effective website/Facebook page... Spiritual photography... A new course to help us share our faith with others.*

Helensburgh URC

Bar-B-Que

Friday 18th August

6 for 6.30pm.

Tickets £8 Children £4



Helensburgh URC - Church Day Out



Saturday 9th September
 Benmore gardens/ Dunoon
 Leaving at 10.00am.

Arrangements can be made for pick up in Dumbarton.

Cost including entry to Garden: £12

For this outing or the Bar-B-Que

contact Irene Stephenson on 01436 672325

Forgiveness – a poem

This is taken from one of the books I turn to, Celtic Daily Prayer by Jared Pingleton, an American Christian counsellor and author. It has helped my contemplations about the horrendous events of London, Manchester and Finsbury Park.

Rather than try to type it up I looked for the poem on-line and so found the post script verse on an anonymous blog.

Fran

Jesus' prayer was, 'Father, forgive them
 they know not what they do.'
 A prayer born in death, writhing with pain.
 A prayer risking faith, facing the sorrow.
 A prayer living in hope, seeing the future.

My prayer was, 'God, how can I forgive them?
 They do know what they did.'
 A prayer saying, 'It still hurts.'
 A prayer wanting vengeance.
 A prayer seeking direction.

My prayer became, 'God, help me forgive them;
 they know what they did.'
 A prayer saying, 'They were wrong.'
 A prayer wanting reconciliation.
 A prayer seeking courage.

My prayer became, 'God, forgive them;
 they know what they did.'
 A prayer that wrestled with injustice.
 A prayer that acknowledges weakness.
 A prayer that found hope in God's love.

My prayer remains, 'God, forgive them;
 they know what they did.'
 Because forgiving recreates life from death.
 Because forgiving cleanses the healing wound.
 Because forgiving builds the bridge of freedom.

This prayer it would seem, places blame on the
 offending party; and no responsibility on the offended.
 What if the offended did something? My added verse to
 this prayer is:

*'God, forgive me;
 I accept responsibility for my actions.'
 A prayer that wrestles down my own arrogance.
 A prayer that knows it takes courage to forgive self.
 A prayer that works towards the hope of becoming a
 better person.*



I am no sportswoman. Never have been. For years I have dodged exercise with great skill and happily denied myself the rush of endorphins which apparently comes after exercise and makes you feel so good. At school I vividly remember the torture which was cross country when my friends and I were the sulky teenagers at the back, dragging our feet and having to be herded back to school like errant and lost sheep by an increasingly exasperated PE teacher.

That's why it has amazed me that I now find myself running (yes, running!) 5 Kilometres three times a week!! Ok – I run slowly – the same pace I have discovered as a very aged and arthritic old grey hound – but I get there, I get to the end, exhausted and secretly quite proud of myself each time.

It all came to pass when I faced the fact that I was getting older and realised that a lifetime of inactivity was probably not going to pay good dividends especially now at post 50. My brother walks miles and my sister has also started running. And somehow, I felt a wee nudge to do something. At the same time, I saw a post on Facebook from a village friend (who freely admits that she hasn't the natural physique of a runner!) who had just completed the 'Couch to 5K' challenge. I was inspired. 'If she can do it, so can I!' I thought. And so I began. I loaded the App (with the smooth voice of Michael Johnson) onto my phone.... bought some trainers... and started with great trepidation. It got me at first running in 90 second bursts and interspersed it with 5 minutes of walking. It almost killed me.

But I persevered and now 12 weeks later I can run 5 kilometres... three times a week... surrounded by the most beautiful scenery God has given us, listening to a variety of music from Elgar to Robbie Williams, and often whilst listening to inspirational Christian speakers whose words encourage me in my faith. For me, all of this is nothing short of miraculous.

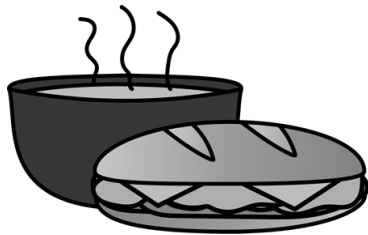


Of course, early in my running I was reminded of St Paul's words: "Let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us," and yes, the effort and application needed for the Christian life has many similarities to a runner training for a marathon (note it's not a sprint!). But there are other aspects which I wanted to share with you that have occurred to me as I've gone through this process:

- It is good to dream dreams – but they have to be dreams which are achievable. If I had started off wanting to run a marathon I would have failed immediately. If we dream of being more like Jesus we have to start slowly and with wee tasks which we can achieve. Maybe deciding to get a daily Bible reading book/App or start just 5 minutes of prayer every day may get us started.
- We have to recognise what stops us from starting and tackle that first. With running I didn't have the equipment and I was scared of failing. A shop and the App helped with that. Consider what stops you giving God a greater priority in your day? Consider the little habits you have which are not Christ like and decide to tackle them one at a time? Whatever it is –clarify what the obstacle is – and do something about it.
- Find people who inspire us and encourage us. I would not have succeeded in my running without constant encouragement from my family. Who is it who inspires you in your faith? Who can you talk to about your faith who will support you and encourage you to keep going – especially when the going gets really tough?
- Be kind to yourself and know when you need a break or rest. We are in this for the long haul. And there is no point in overdoing things and then having to ditch it all because we haven't paced ourselves.

So, good luck with your training in your Christian life - persevere and I know you'll get there in the end.

Friday Soup starts again!



Soup lunches began on a Friday over 20 years ago, in the Old Hall. The idea came from Mary Dyer and soon David Dyer, Rosemary and Donald McLeay, Peter McMartin and other "volunteers" manned the kitchen and hall.

From a simple beginning with just soup, crusty bread and a cup of tea being served, the menu gradually expanded with home made fairy cakes to accompany the tea. The menu then grew again with David's magic toasties. There was great excitement the first time the profit over £30. Nowadays we worry if our weekly profit isn't over £50! However, we've had a healthy annual income of over £3,000 for the last few years. All the money raised goes into general Church funds.

Over the years we have extended the menu to include salads, baked potatoes, large and small toasties and a variety of cakes. We try to vary the menu each week and plan this year to have a "special choice" item each week in addition to the normal menu.

This year our first Friday is 4th August. We do not intend to increase or prices this year, remaining at £2-50 for soup, etc., the special choice remaining the same as the other extras. We hope to see all our regulars and lots of new customers this year.

Come and enjoy a light lunch from 12noon till 1pm with good food and company.

Maggie and the Friday team.

It makes you think?

From an anonymous source: For every minute you are angry you lose 60 seconds of happiness.

Death is a challenge. It tells us not to waste time... It tells us to tell each other right now that we love each other. *Leo F. Buscaglia*

John 13:34 "A new command I give you: love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call to make, who would you call and what would you say? And why are you waiting?

(This came attached to a letter from someone whose 20 year old son was killed in a motor cycle crash)



**SUNDAY
27th AUGUST**

**PATRONAL FESTIVAL
ST AUGUSTINE'S DAY**

St Augustine's Church
Dumbarton

GIFT DAY

"Freely you have received, freely give" Mtt 10

9am Holy Communion
11am Sung Eucharist

WHEN *life* GETS
TOO HARD TO STAND,
Kneel

"Be
still,
and know
that I
am God."

<http://howtopraythescriptures.com>

Psalms 46:10

My child
**YOU WORRY
TOO MUCH**
i've got this, remember?
Love,
God

The spirit of Food For Thought spotted in New York too – 'City Harvest' collecting food and feeding the city's hungry



Food for Thought Update Community Soup

As you may be aware, our new initiative, Community Soup, started in May. This is being funded through the Fair Food Transformation Fund and we will be able to draw down up to 20K from the Government to fund this project and contribute towards wages.

Before we began we hoped to feed between 6 – 10 people per session with 2 sessions per week. In reality we are now providing lunch for between 30 – 40 people every Wednesday and again on a Thursday!

In the 12 weeks since we started we have the setting up and organisation down to a fine art thanks to the many volunteers who have chosen specific tasks and who continue to support us. For some the task they have chosen is to sit down with people and chat and the feedback we get from this has been a complete surprise to me. I did not realise the amount of loneliness in our community. As someone who comes from a large family and who is very seldom alone, at home or in work I cannot comprehend how I would feel if I had not spoken to someone for a whole week. On many occasions I have wished for a little isolation but on reflection have realised that this may not be the idyll I envisage and is a reality for many who long for a bit of company.

When we conceived Community Soup I thought that we would be providing a free lunch to those who could not

afford a cooked meal every day and this fell in with our ecumenical partners at St Patrick's Church, who provide a free meal on a Monday, Riverside who provide a subsidised lunch on Tuesdays and Friends of St Augustine's who do likewise on Friday's. Our initiative would we thought fill the gap in the week and allow people on low income to have a cooked meal every weekday for £5 and of course this is true but I did not foresee that so many would come for the community as well as the soup. A bi product of this is that those who come for companionship give a donation to the project for the food they receive and this is a much needed boost to our overall costs.

In a very short time I have come to understand the true meaning of our catch phrase name.
Thanks be to God *Caroline*



Loneliness and the feeling
that nobody needs
you is the
worst kind of
poverty

~ Mother Teresa ~





Trinity (Green!) Banner making for both churches!



BINGO NIGHT AT ST MUNGO'S!

What a good evening was enjoyed by all! With Sharon's witty repartee, community singing with David, Sharon, Ghislaine and Ricky, daft summer-themed prizes and the time honoured game of Bingo! What was there not to enjoy!

A good crowd came and eyes were down for the serious dobbling of the numbers! And £260 was made for St Mungo's Church Funds. Thank you to all who came and joined in with this new social initiative!





Kyiv Accordion Duo @ St Mungo's Church

With a mixed programme which included Bach, Faure, Tchaikovsky and Piazzolla, Igor and Oleksi made their two accordions sound like a full orchestra and a top of the range organ! Not only were the audience entertained but they also raised £325 for the children who are still being affected by the nuclear catastrophe which happened in the Ukraine in 1986. It was such a good evening for all. If you didn't catch them this year – then do try to see them next year. You'll be amazed by how wonderful an accordion can sound.



**“HELP! I NEED SOMEBODY.... NOT JUST ANYBODY... YOU KNOW I NEED SOMEONE...
HELP!”**

Delivering Difficulties

I did try to go a service at St Andrew's when I was in The Gambia in June - I promise. First Sunday - turned up in time, so I thought, for the Praise and Adoration (with drums) but the gates were locked. Then drove to Fr Jimmy's church, Christ Church - same thing. Where were the Anglicans? Days later I found out that they had all been celebrating Pentecost together in yet another church. What about the next Sunday? No service at St Andrew's, again. It was confirmation day and everyone had gone to St Mary' Cathedral in Banjul. Neither were the time or the place to hand over the Lent collections from St Mungo's and St Augustine's.

Thankfully Fr Jacob Cole and his wife Thelma were able to get to my place, but it was in the middle of the inevitable evening power cut. The necessary 'hand over' photograph was taken with the aid of Thelma's phone torch. Fr Jacob expressed his thanks and greetings to both congregations and will be consulting with his congregation and especially the young people about how the very welcome money will be spent.



By the way I also visited Dumbarton London Corner Nursery School a couple of times. All was calm, the children and staff were working hard so I didn't disturb them for yet another photo. The new kitchen is working well, although the walls now need to be cleaned and whitewashed. The only other necessity being the fixing part of the roof and that's in hand, to be done before the rains come.

Fran

PS Hamish is now getting used to Gambian life and is able to stand without handing on to

anything and Filly sends her regards to all her church friends.

12/7/2017

Dear Fr. Kenny,

Greetings in Jesus name!

I write on behalf of the Saint Andrew's Parish Council of Lamin to thank you and your good people for such a generous donation of £ 900 to be shared equally among the Diocesan Youth Council AYPa and St. Andrew's Parish, Lamin.

We have faithfully given the Youths the said amount of £450.00 as stated in your letter. We also want to acknowledge your previous donation of £200.00 which was used in the building project for the moulding of blocks.

Sis. Fran, your goodwill emissary, has been quite instrumental in making sure that your donation and message of goodwill and fellowship is conveyed in good faith.

Fr Kenny, please extend to your congregation and people our deep appreciation and gratitude for your continued support to the St Andrews Parish Lamin.

It will interest you to know that on the 23rd of July 2017, the Parish of St Andrew's will be celebrating African costume Sunday and this event will be punctuated by the ground breaking ceremony for the building of the new church edifice by the Bishop. I will ask that you continue to remember us in your prayers as we equally do the same.

Greet all the saints in St. Augustine's Dumbarton and St Mungo's Alexandria. The sisters and brothers who are with me at the St Andrew's sends greetings. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

*Yours in his vineyard,
Canon Jacob Okiki Cole*





Wait Till I Tell You.....'

Janette recalls some holiday happenings and reports on a Friends' night while commenting on the summer of 2017 – a definite contender for

'the summer of our discontent' with unsettled weather, horrible news, bad luck and confusing politics.

GO FOR IT WITH GOVE!

Wee Michael was getting really excited last month about the banning of the sale of diesel or petrol cars after 2040. Really! That guy loves to ban, come out of, disagree with or generally tell us all what to do in his clipped, know-it-all accent.

'Keep the heid, Michael! Wan day at a time – and a' that and a' that! Are you really alerting us about something that will not happen for twenty three years when your Tory government disnae know whether or no' tae plan for a Christmas Night Out? Think what life was like for us all twenty three years ago.

In 1993 we had no smart TVs and I had to record unmissable episodes of 'The X-Files' on my video. My mobile phone was just for talking on and didn't work on Loch Lomond side. But we were just emerging from a recession so the future looked promising. And when you consider that the march of progress accelerates with each passing year, will we really care about Michael's plans for 2040? *Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn!* I think Big Theresa's just keeping him occupied.

Well, you don't need a crystal ball to predict that the travel situation in Dumbarton will result in so many traffic jams if the status quo continues that access to any place beyond West Bridgend will require a helicopter. And the crossing of Glasgow Road will carry a Government Health Warning! Indeed, there was a rehearsal for this Armageddon scenario during the Dumbarton Fair when our Roads Department dug up half the town! They must have thought we were all in Benidorm! Surely by 2040 all vehicles, however powered, will be driven by robotic drones that will simply leave terra firma when we want to get to Castlehill with a big bag of messages. The Westcliff bus will have long been declared obsolete – not that I shall be caring in my Care of the Elderly digitally controlled wheelchair worrying about whether my anticipated telegram from the Palace will have morphed into a common e-mail or even just a

ubiquitous text message. Who knows, I may still be trying to get off the St. Auggie's Tea Rotas – that is, if I am spared! This couthy Scottish saying always makes me smile and I remember that my Granny used to talk about a pompous old Cardross lady who suffixed every invitation with *'if I'm spared.'*

In Granny's exasperation she longed to reply *'Weel, I'll no' expect you if you're deid!'*

BAFFLED BY BEETLE.

The trouble with a Beetle Drive is that everybody thinks they know how to play and therefore will apply their own rules accordingly....albeit noisily! Thus, July 23rd was not an evening for control freaks and seekers after organisation at the Friends' event 'Beetles, Beatles and More'. John, Paul, George and Ringo fought a losing battle on Margaret Hardie's genuine record player from the sixties that nostalgically played LPs that were drowned out with shouts of *'You'se huv got tae get a heid before you'se can get a feeler!'* *'Ye do so need a six before you can start!'* *'Six – I get a second shot' Naw ye don't – we don't dae it that way at the Concord!'*

Cathy Hoatson was our Beetle Boffin and her decision should have been final but, in spite of Kenny's recent sermon on listening and the increased audibility offered by our new sound system, no one was. There was another fly in the ointment. Players had to change tables when they got a winning score but it would have been easier to move the Titanic than some of our players. There were those who struggled to add up their scores, those who didn't know where to move to, those who didn't want to get up and the Magnificent Seven at the window who put the kybosh on any attempt at a seating system. So chaos, not dissimilar to Trump's White House staffing plans, was the order of this part of the evening but, of course, this was a Friends' event and certainly did not affect the laughs. The winners, or should I say the survivors, were Christine Jackson and Sheila Anderson who received traditional tins of Quality Street for their efforts. The booby prizes are always black puddings, as I am reliably informed, so Mary and Robert stepped forward for their presentation while others rummaged in their handbags for Paracetamol!

The Sixties Salad Supper had gone down well and had included Roberta's famous trifles decorated on a Beatles theme with 'All You Need is Love' heart shaped biscuits – thanks to Kirsten. Of course there was wine – sparkling and rose – so

everyone got into a celebratory mood until TBag O'Neill brought out the Sixties Quiz for another helping of stress. The quiz was not limited to knowledge of the Fab Four – some of our members were getting married, getting pregnant and *'playin' at wee hooses'* in the sizzling sixties and didn't even have a mini skirt photo for display. So we had general questions from the era and the winners were a team called 'Haven't a Clue' – a misnomer that included Barbara, Sheila Bett, Isobel and Alec. Congratulations, folks, hope you enjoyed your little bottles of Prosecco. And there was the raffle and Friends' monthly Draw to add more excitement to the evening. Oh, I know we didn't drink Prosecco in the sixties but who wants to go back to Hironnelle? Thanks to all who supported this wee nightand to all those who made it happen.

THE FRENCH BEACH? JIST LIKE HAVOC WITH A DAUD OF SUNSHINE!

When I go off on a Cruise Holiday I always try to organise a wee trip to a beach, usually on the Med., where I can have a dip in the brine – much more efficacious to the body than the swimming pools and their chlorine treated water which we are now informed is not even for bathing chickens! This year we booked for an excursion to the traditional resort of Bandol on the Cote d'Azur.

So, with the swimsuits under our frocks we disembarked and eagerly headed for the coach. On arrival the first shock was the sight of the piles of sunbeds all chained up and the locals lying flat on the sand unconcerned about the Mistral that was blowing all along Provence. Maggie's face took on a disgusted look – she was not a happy bunny! The toilets were locked, there were no changing facilities and our courier disappeared immediately to avoid the wrath of fellow excursionists. Jings, crivvens and help ma Boab! *'If I lie down on that beach, I'll never get up again'* moaned Maggie. But I could only see the enticing blue water beckoning. Yes, the swimming was delightful though I sympathised with Maggie who sat behind a wall and wiped the gathering sand from her sun cream. She will not, under any circumstances, put a toe in the water even although babies could be seen splashing about happily in their water wings. *'You could get sucked into those waves'* she warned and this year she had a cast iron excuse - *'and me wi' a bad leg, tae!'* You'll undoubtedly have heard the tale about the bloodbath in the cabin when she walked into part of the bed.

But Maggie had the last laugh when I eventually emerged from the water. *'And how do you propose to get out of that wet 'bathie? You'll be going back to the boat with a wet bum.'*

I had a quick look round, the beach was getting busier and I only had my borrowed-from-the-ship towel that would certainly be useless to cover my expanse of dripping flesh. Yes, it certainly was a predicament. I would be visible from the beach, the prom and the main street. I couldn't believe this lack of facilities in a resort not a stone's throw from St. Tropez - where Brigitte Bardot hung about in her beachwear! Maybe she let her bikini dry on her body but my Clyde built swimsuit would take overnight, at least. Then, with a flash of inspiration, I remembered the piles of unused sunbeds. Yes! I quickly crouched amongst them and stripped the soggy swimsuit off – not easy with the sand and seaweed getting in the way. And with the wind blowing erratically my underwear could easily have become lost at sea!

Soon it was 'mission accomplished', the dripping lycra stuffed in my bag, off for a big ice cream and to try out our Dumbarton Academy French on the waiters and the passing designer dogs.

Bonjour, ma petite chien!

A BEACH TOO FAR.

Ibiza was another port of call this year and wary of the island's reputation for debauchery and drinking we embarked on a far-away-from-it-all beach trip - with facilities! What we didn't book was a good day and as the coach progressed across the island the clouds appeared and the sun took a day off. When we reached our designated costa the courier offered us the choice of a beach with a bracing wind or a beach with howling gale - but there was a café, a toilet and plenty of sunbeds. We struggled down over the stony terrain and after Maggie had injured her remaining good leg (thankfully she only has two), we selected the most sheltered spot. An Englishman settling himself on a neighbouring lounge remarked *'Cor, blimey – this is colder than England!'* I immediately replied *'It's colder than Scotland!'* to which his answer was *'Well, I wouldn't go that far!'* The Brits all lay down in case they got blown away. The Americans headed straight to the café to drink from paper cups and queue for the unisex toilet. We suffered and shivered for about twenty minutes before joining them. But there was worse to come. The coach, scheduled not to collect us for another two hours, had broken down. The Americans scanned the horizon for stray donkeys

and tried to hijack passing taxis but no one could remember where the boat was parked!
Eventually we were rescued and delivered straight on board to the Martini Bar – after all we had a drinks package to use up. Complaints were the order of the day and we all got our money back. Yes, we shall remember our Ibiza adventure and next time we'll join a Hen Party – things could only be safer!

AUGUST FOR THE PEOPLE.....

.....and their favourite islands! So says the poet, W.H. Auden, but that delightful thought really only applies to the English. August is the month we send our weans back to school and start to plan how to spend our coming days now that *'the nights are ferr drawin' in'*. Next month we hope to tell you what's happening on the St. Aug's social scene in future months. So don't miss the September issue of 'By the Way Together' – you never know how we shall surprise you!

Janette

SMILE LINES

Music appreciation

The music critic enthused: "Here is Tchaikovsky at his best. Music so beautiful it has to be heard to be appreciated."

A lot of music is like that.

Drama

"Did the play have an unhappy ending?"

"Oh no – everyone was glad when it was over!"

Spelling

Teacher: Donald, how do you spell crocodile?

Donald: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L

Teacher: No, that's incorrect.

Donald: Maybe it is, but you asked me how I spell it.

Politicians

Politicians are people who, when they see the light at the end of the tunnel, order more tunnel.

Hymns for People Over 50

Precious Lord, Take My Hand, And Help Me Up
Just a Slower Walk with Thee
Go Tell It on the Mountain, But Speak Up
Nobody Knows the Trouble I Have Seeing

Church notices that didn't come out quite right...

This evening at 7 pm there will be a hymn-sing in the park across from the church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the church hall on Friday afternoon.

The Scouts are saving aluminium cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. All proceeds will be used to cripple children.

Observations on cats

Behind every cat that crosses the street, there is a dog saying, "Go ahead, you can make it."

There is no snooze button on a cat who wants breakfast.

Helpful signs

Sign on a door: Push. If that doesn't work. Pull. If that doesn't work, we're closed.

In front of a church: Don't give up. Moses was once a basket case.

In the grounds of a private school: No trespassing without permission.

A sign advertising a Company-wide skiing race: Let's see who can go downhill the fastest.

Outside a photographer's studio: Out to lunch: if not back by five, out for dinner also.

Notice in health food shop window: Closed due to illness.

On a plumber's van: We repair what your husband fixed.



"I've stopped expecting you to make leaps of faith, but it would be nice to see a hop now and then."

ROTAS FOR ST MUNGO'S

Sunday 6th August

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Sunday 13th August

Reader	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday 20th August

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Sunday 27th August

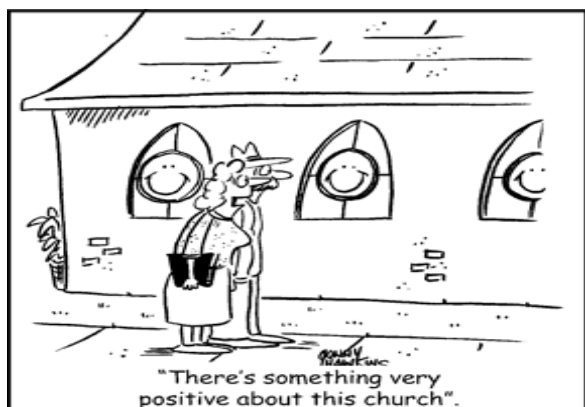
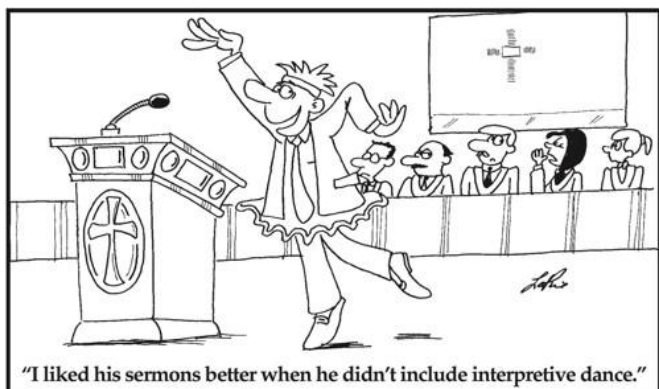
Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday 3rd September

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy/Anne
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Phil O'Ryan

CLEANING

6 th August	Finella (+ flowers)
13 th August	Iona and Mary
20 th August	Margaret (+Carol flowers)
27 th August	Lynn T



ROTAS FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

Sunday August 6th

Readers	Maggie W & Dot Russell
Intercessions	Linda Macaulay
Chalice	Janette B & Fran Walker
Sidespersons	Cathy H & David Ansell

Sunday August 13th

Readers	Ghislaine Kennedy
Intercessions	Fran Walker
Chalice	Margaret H & Maggie W
Sidespersons	Margaret S & Linda J

Sunday August 20th

Readers	David R & Barbara B
Intercessions	Dot Russell
Chalice	Sharon R & Kirsten W
Sidespersons	Barbara B & Maggie W

Sunday August 27th

Readers	Janette B & Morag O'N
Intercessions	Maggie Wallace
Chalice	Barbara B & David R
Sidespersons	Chrissie A & Roberta M

Sunday Sept 3rd

Readers	Fran W & Margaret H
Intercessions	Sharon Rowatt
Chalice	Janette B & Fran W
Sidespersons	Maggie W & David Ansell

Flowers

Aug 6 th	Maggie Wallace
Aug 13 th	Linda Macaulay
Aug 20 th	Barbara Barnes
Aug 27 th	Fran Walker
Sept 3 rd	Margaret Hardie



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Caroline Marsland; Rev Liz O'Ryan

Freewill Offering: Margaret Hardie



DUMBARTON NURSERY SCHOOL
LONDON CORNER

GRADUATION REPORT

Dumbarton nursery school sponsored by Dumbarton Gambia Education Association (D.G.E.A) held another successful annual graduation ceremony on the 19th of July 2017 in a colourful ceremony attended by a

cross-section of the community, parents, staff and pupils of Dumbarton nursery school.

The ceremony was punctuated by rhymes, poems and songs by the children of Nursery one and two and three. Nursery three is the graduating class which comprises of 29 pupils - 16 girls and 13 boys. All of them have already secure places in lower basic schools near their homes.

Certificates were awarded to all the graduating pupils.



Dumbarton Gambia Education Association provided food, drinks and snacks at no cost to the parents as well as the hiring of a public address system. Finally, on behalf of the staff, parents, pupils and on my own humble behalf I felicitate all for their contributions either in cash or in kind towards the upkeep of the school in the last academic year.

Lastly, the school is now

closed for the summer break and opens again on the 25th September 2017. We wish you all a happy summer holidays.

*Yours faithfully
Sulayman Saidy
Head master*

**‘The new
‘uniform’ for the
staff’**

(Fab material for a new clergy shirt, Liz?)

