

By the Way Together

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

Issue No 29 June/July 2017



COMMUNITY SOUP-ER!

Now officially open!

Community Soup welcomes all to come and enjoy a free lunch on Wednesdays in the Hall and Thursdays in St Augustine's Church.

12pm – 2pm *more details on centre page*

With Grant money from Fair Food
Transformation Fund, Scottish
Government



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KYIV ACCORDION DUO



ST MUNGO'S CHURCH FRIDAY 28TH JULY 7.30PM

An evening of easy listening: popular classics and traditional Ukrainian and Russian music played on two contemporary button accordions that can make a sound like a small squeezebox, or like a big church organ, a string quartet, or even an orchestra.

Retiring collection in aid of the children who are still being affected by the Chernobyl Nuclear Disaster.

Refreshments

REGIONAL COUNCIL SUMMER TRIP

*Sunday 27th August
12.15 – 6pm
Visiting Largs Labyrinth
All Welcome!*

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

*Buses will be provided from
different pick ups in the
Diocese*

Suffering from cancer?

Know anyone struggling with cancer?

There are people who can help....

There are four drop-in services in West Dunbartonshire Libraries and are there to help ANYONE affected by cancer including: patients, family members, carers, and friends. We provide a free and confidential service with access to high quality information and support in a relaxed, comfortable environment in their local community.

Here is a list of our current services:

Library Location Day Drop-in Service
Alexandria Library Monday 10.30am – 12.30pm

Balloch Library Tuesday 1.30pm – 3.30pm

Dumbarton Library Wednesday 11am – 1pm

Clydebank Library Thursday 12 noon – 2pm

The service is delivered by our trained volunteers, many who have been affected by cancer themselves. The volunteers can provide a listening ear, emotional support and quality information, including Macmillan booklets on all aspects of cancer.



They can also refer service users directly to the following services:

- Macmillan Benefits and Carers Service
- Cancer Support Scotland for free complementary and talking therapies
- West Dunbartonshire Carers Service
- Macmillan Support Line

Service Users will also be signposted to local services within the Health Improvement Team, West Dunbartonshire Leisure Trust and other local services if required.

Helen Shearer

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From Kenny...

Not long before Pentecost, I came across this story which I felt I had to pass on to both of our parishes. I know a lot of discussion had been going on around the Power of God and our own powerlessness, and obviously this

little story just came along at the right sort of time. Part of the power that the Spirit brings is the ability to see visions and to dream dreams. Part of the impotence of the church today may be our lack of vision.

Are we all God calls us to be? "Where there is no vision," the Bible declares, "the people perish"

Those of us who have been in the church for a long time need to be particularly on guard on this point. Sometimes people who were once visionaries can grow weary in doing wonderful things helping a parish to grow and flourish with their priest as leader. It's easy to forget how exhilarating a vision can be, especially when we are part of it.

There is a story about a primitive people, (maybe Native Americans), who lived in a beautiful valley. As time passed, however, the soil didn't yield as much. The number of wild animals thinned. Food was scarce. Life was hard.

Some of the young braves had heard that beyond the distant high mountains there lay another beautiful valley that had not been despoiled by human habitation--where the soil was still rich and the game plentiful. At much risk and with great courage, they climbed the high mountains, scaling each difficult precipice until finally they could peer to the other side. There lay the beautiful valley of promise. They went back to tell their tribe and soon all had made the pilgrimage to the new beautiful valley. There they lived in peace and plenty.

Some years passed, however. The soil in the new valley began to lose its richness. Hunting became poor. Food was scarce. Life was hard. Word began circulating among the young braves that

beyond a range of distant, high mountains there lay another beautiful valley that had not been despoiled by human habitation. They decided to climb the distant mountains to see if the reports were true.

But this time the elders of the tribe gathered and decided that sending an expedition to search for the new valley was simply too risky. They opted for caution. No expedition was sent. The ironic thing, of course, was that the council of the elders was made up of those who had once been the young braves responsible for seeking out the valley where the tribe now resided.

That can happen in a church, can't it?

We have been given this Spirit of renewal which means that the Church is always moving, dreaming dreams and having new visions as times around us change.

We must keep changing and growing. A church is often begun by a group of people who catch a vision of what their church can be. And miracles happen. The church grows. But then, with time, the church begins to slide backward. And another group want to try new things. And what invariably happens? The elders are resistant to change. So has it ever been. Where there is no vision the people perish.

A Spirit-led Church will always have three great marks. One is the Power of The Lord which is evident among the people. They have overcome their powerlessness by using God's power in everything they do. You can see very clearly that God is at work.

Number two is this vision, this dreaming dreams and enabling God to join in and make them happen.

The third one is simply "Presence". You will find this in Parishes where the Holy Spirit is working and you can feel it. It's almost tangible. That's the sort of church I want to belong to. Have a wonderful summer. Visit a local church or two on your travels and pray for both linked parishes as you go!

Kenny



Thank you to Linda for the meaningful reflections she includes in the pew sheet for us to enjoy and be strengthened by.

I was really moved by last week's description of the "brittle" soul and how we might heal and strengthen each other's souls by a simple word of encouragement, acknowledgement of work well done or appreciation expressed. I am challenged to explore how I might restore hope to the hopeless and bind up wounds left in the other by rejection or hatred. I am reminded to find the space for solitude and to encourage my own soul in prayer.

Thank you, Linda!

Kirsten Wiggins

SMILE LINES

Medical knowledge?

If you have never worried about the NHS before, perhaps it is time to begin now... here are ten actual sentences written in patient's notes

- The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed.
- Discharge status: Alive but without my permission.
- Patient has left white blood cells at another hospital.
- Patient's medical history has been remarkably insignificant with only a 40-pound weight gain in the past three days.
- Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities
- On the second day the knee was better, and on the third day it disappeared.
- I saw your patient today, who is still under our car for physical therapy.
- Skin: somewhat pale but present.
- The patient was to have a bowel resection. However, he took a job as a stockbroker instead.

Flight path

Windsor Castle, outside of London, is directly in the flight path of Heathrow International Airport. While a group of tourists was standing outside the castle admiring the elegant structure, a plane flew overhead at a relatively low altitude, making a tremendous noise. One irritated tourist demanded: "Why did they build the castle so close to the airport?"

How things have changed!

(For those born before 1940)

We were born before television, before penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses, videos, Frisbees and the Pill. We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ball point pens; before dish washers, tumble dryers, electric blankets, air fresheners, drip dry clothes.... And before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and lived together after (how quaint can you be?). We thought 'Fast Food' was what you ate in Lent, a 'Big Mac' was an oversized raincoat and 'crumpet' we had for tea. We existed before house husbands, computer dating, dual careers and when a 'meaningful relationship' meant getting along with cousins and 'sheltered accommodation' was where you waited for a bus.

We were before day care centres, group homes and disposable nappies. We had never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yoghurt and young men wearing earrings. For us 'timesharing' meant togetherness, a 'chip' was a piece of wood or a fried potato, 'hardware' meant nuts and bolts and 'software' wasn't even a word.

The term 'making out' referred to how you did in your exams, 'stud' was something that fastened a collar to a shirt and 'going all the way' meant staying on the bus to the terminus. Pizzas, McDonalds and instant coffee were unheard of. In our day a gay person was the life and soul of the party, cigarette smoking was fashionable, 'grass' was for mowing, 'coke' was kept in the coal shed, a 'joint' was a piece of meat you had on a Sunday and 'pot' was something you cooked in.

A money box was called a penny gas meter. People had the toilet outside the home and ate their meals inside the home. A disc jockey was a national hunt rider with a back injury, and a recycling unit was known as the rag and bone man. The NHS was the doctor's bill – 6d a week. Central heating was an oven plate or a firebrick wrapped in a blanket.

We who were born before the war must be a hardy bunch when you consider how the world changed and the adjustments we have had to make. No wonder we are so confused and there is a generation gap. But by the grace of God we have survived.

Found and donated by Stuart McWilliam



One of the things I love about the Episcopal Church is that it follows a yearly pattern... it has an established order... and I happen to like order! Starting off with Advent, the church travels through Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, Ascension

and Pentecost.... as we track over a six month period the important events of Jesus' life through these different celebrations. Last Sunday was Pentecost and everything turned red as we welcomed the coming of the Holy Spirit. Next Sunday, when this magazine goes out all will be white for Trinity Sunday... and after that all will be turning green for the long, long weeks of the Trinity season. And when I say 'long weeks' I really mean it... because the Sundays of Trinity - or Ordinary Time as they're often known - continue for the next *six months*... right up to Advent at the beginning of December.... which right now seems ages away!

So why do we have such a long period of Ordinary Time? Is it because the Church couldn't organise it more evenly over the year? I think not. No, the Church in all its wisdom gives us something which is vital... a period of time which we all need... time in which we can meet and enjoy the gifts which come with routine, regularity, predictability and well, just ordinariness. All we have to do is recognise this time for what it is – and live it, in all its ordinariness!

Because so many of us live busy lives... lives punctuated by high days and holidays, important events, crises and sometimes heartache and worry. We lurch from appointments to meetings to commitments and take no notice of the time in between except maybe to collapse to stare mindlessly at a TV screen late in the evening. So much for Ordinary Time – most of us would love to feel we had some!



But that's exactly what we do *have* ... what we have been given. Some 22 weeks stretching ahead of us. We have been given the gift of Ordinary time to use to settle ourselves, grow and deepen and 'green' ourselves like the plants and trees outside our windows.

But it takes effort, probably more mental effort than we dare to admit. We are so used to thinking about the next big event coming up... or worrying about the success or not of the last big event... that we find it difficult to value and stay anywhere near the present and whatever we are doing right now.

St Benedict used to encourage his monks to view everything they did – from scrubbing vegetables and washing clothes up to the greeting of visitors and caring for the sick – as prayer... as an offering to the One who Created and Sustained them. Whatever they did they were told to 'savour' it, enjoy it, be aware of it as if nothing else existed.... to think of whatever they were doing as part of a greater whole – that of the community or the world.... to blur the edges between self and others... so that through their mundane and daily jobs they became increasingly aware of the connectedness between all creation and people.... became aware of being a small but vital part of God's rich tapestry...and of making a contribution in a way that was unique.

How difficult would it be for us to do the same.... during our holidays... during the days and weekends of this summer? How difficult would it be for us to really enjoy the moment... to be present in a new way.... to 'grow' in our awareness of our place in God's creation... through the little jobs, the routine-ness of daily life?

Anne Dillard writes: "How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives." The tragedy is that we ignore so much of real life in our rushing around or in a search for excitement or for something to lift us out of life's apparent mundane-ness. Never confuse the ordinary with the static or the boring. Living an ordinary life well can be a very complicated thing to do. It takes great talent to make a great life out of a routine one.'

So let's be attentive in the routine... and I hope you all have a lovely summer!

with love, Liz



GOOD NEWS!!

Joint Pastorate Vacancy

Rev Mitchell Bunting was invited to preach at Helensburgh Church on

28th May as a candidate for the vacancy.

A vote was held after the service, with both Churches participating, and the

Result was a decision to invite Rev Bunting to be Minister of the Joint Pastorate and he has formally accepted the call.

He is currently the Synod Ecumenical Officer and will relinquish that post at the end of June and after a break, will probably be inducted in September.

URC PASTORAL LETTER

During Pentecost weekend I was away from my regular pastoral duties, performing in Manchester. This was after the tragic circumstances of May, with 22 young people killed after a bombing in a concert.

I was in a city where the pain of the last fortnight was still fresh, with banners in every shop and on street lights saying “We ‘heart’ MCR”. Leaving the first of my gigs Saturday night, my phone held the breaking news of the tragedy at London Bridge.

Although it was a Sunday off preaching, I still felt the need to go to somebody's church that morning.

My pursuit took me to St Anne's Church, where I experienced a deeply moving Sung Eucharist for Pentecost.

Outside the church is the most notable of the memorials in Manchester, in St Anne's Square. Very little talking and no laughs. Just a sobering stillness as people walk through.

A traditional Anglican liturgy, with a choir and all the trimmings, made room for discussing both the horrors their city has faced and the tragedy in the capital just hours before. The chants of “Alleluia”



and “Come Holy Spirit Come” were tempered by the proximity to terror and suffering.

After the service, I shared conversation afterwards with the Rector and staff who told of the great ministry to the community being done here in the aftermath. The extra staff, made mostly of retired priests, coming in to help offer pastoral support to passers-by. They get Muslims and Sikhs coming in, to pray. Those encounters have turned into invitations to meals and the beginnings of friendship, if not membership.

They may not get all of the thousands who have been coming to the Square in the past several weeks—and in fact a poignant Pentecost Mass in a big city centre church saw an attendance of about 90 parishioners including the choir—but there they are, offering help in the most unlikely of places and in the darkest of circumstances.

It made me think of the old advertisements of a popular American motel chain. In the 1980s the slogan was, “*We'll keep the light on for ya!*”

The implication of course was that, wherever you're coming from, whoever you are, we will always make room for you.

I like to think of that as the church's role, whether we are numerically strong or weak, our life together is about making room for those who eventually show up at our light because the world is so devoid of light. In times of terror, there are those who will still run towards genuine hope when the society has deemed life hopeless. And we can't choose the people who run towards God's light: it might just be a homeless person, it might be someone from another land or a different, despised religion.

Ariana Grande and Justin Bieber went home after the big One Love concert that night. I was actually singing in Bridgewater Hall with the Halle Orchestra, and I went home, too.

But sacred spaces like St. Ann's will still be there, serving, comforting and healing. *William Young*

Food for Thought

A Move Toward Independent Living



Caroline Marsland

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‘Turning to the parish’

Last week whilst compiling a report for one of last years funders I was reminded of stories from the war concerning my mum’s mum, Maw Brookes (see photo insert).

Around 1917 my Maw married Robert Mayes and had a daughter, my auntie Ruby. When Ruby was only little Robert was called to fight in the First World War, but as with so many men and families at that time it was not long before my maw was sent a telegram telling her that they were very sorry but Robert had been lost at sea.

This left my Maw as a widow and Ruby with one parent. My Maw having no money had no option but to ‘turn to the parish’ in order to feed herself and her daughter.

A few years later she met and married my grandad Joe Brookes and they had a further 6 wains including my mum. However when my mum was 8 Joe, her dad, died and once again my Maw was left a

widow. Times were hard, and again she had to ‘turn to the parish’ in order to feed herself and her children. It was only in later life my Maw prospered, bought a property and was able to visit Canada. But however much easier her life was then, she never forgot those hard times.

All this happened two generations ago... almost a hundred years ago.... But as I looked at the old photographs, recollected the life my Grandmother had had and the challenges and solutions she had been forced to face and find, I couldn’t help thinking that nothing, sadly, has changed. What many see as Victorian poverty and division between the rich and the poor is still very much with us. Today Food For Thought, connected to St Augustine’s, IS ‘the parish’, and the situation described above is one scenario amongst many that we see on a daily basis.

It was with these thoughts that I looked at the statistics and numbers for Food For Thought:

- During the first year of working for Food For Thought we provided a service to **1220** people.
- This last year Food for Thought provided a service to **2480** people from our “parish”. That is over double the number.
- Of those 2480 people:
 - 1271 people received emergency food aid,
 - 38 people received support
 - 900 gifts were given away to those with little money
 - 173 Christmas dinners in a bag were given to those in homeless and supported accommodation
 - 98 people booked to have Christmas dinner with us because they either couldn’t afford the festivities or they would have been alone.

In the past 100 years there have been huge changes, sadly the “parish” is still here and in as much demand as always. We continue to fight the good fight with your help and support.

Caroline x





Surprise! Surprise! Instead of a quiet family birthday meal Cathy Hoatsen was whisked away to party in our very own Hall where friends, and her daughter from Australia awaited! What could be better?



Get your paws off the Table!!



The Red Carpet Brigade!



The new Praise Band????



The new Parish Office???



“COMMUNITY SOUP”

It began with a dream of opening the Church and the Hall on a weekly basis to feed the homeless and the hungry. It has taken many many months of hard work, constant prayer and wee miracles for it to come to fruition!

On Wednesday 7th June Community Soup was officially opened by Vice Provost Karen Conaghan, Martin Docherty SNP candidate (at the time of writing), and John Woodcock who worked so hard installing the new kitchen in the church for this very purpose.

Money for this initiative has been granted for the year by the Scottish Government’s Fair Food Transformation Fund which works to help people

out of the poverty trap.



We also would like to thank Dumbarton’s Marks and Spencer’s who has named Food For Thought as their Charity of the Year 2017. They have already given a generous £500 to the charity and every week the store also donates fresh food and dry goods for use by Community Soup and Food For Thought. On our Launch Day all the staff wanted

to come and see for themselves what the charity does and, although were saddened by the stories they heard, were enthusiastic to continue to fund raise for us and perhaps volunteer to help.

Thanks go to the Scottish Government, Marks and Spencer’s, Howden’s, The Plumb Centre and The Kitchen Centre and John Woodcock – without whom this project would not have launched. Because of them we are able to look forward to welcoming many from our community over a good plate of home-made soup!



In celebration of St Columba’s Day (June 9th) five schools enjoyed their annual trip to Dumbarton Castle learning about its history and heritage. After an exhausting morning climbing the hundreds of steps and investigating the inward and outward workings of the castle a service was held attended by the Provost, Deputy Chief Education Officer, Chair of Dumbarton Churches Together and, of course, St Columba!

Bible Study Bits!



Thank you to all who attended the spring Bible study- it was good to learn with and from you all sharing the journey through Jonah – the serious bits and the laughter too!

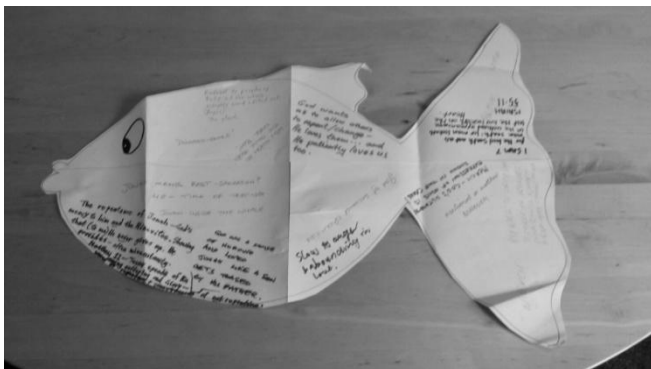
Here are some reflections and insights from the group:

Ninevites... who are the modern day equivalent?

God's mercy- for those considered beyond the pale AND for His struggling servant.

God never gives up on us.

God does things His way.



God can provide miraculous solutions.

God has a sense of humour....and will discipline us like a father.

He is the God of the Second Chance.

Jonah receives mercy: the cross is the ultimate expression of God's mercy for all mankind.

God sees the heart... only He knows what is really in it!

The highlight of the session was the Graham Kendrick song shared with us by John Russell. The lyrics speak of the essence of our walk through Jonah:

How Much Do You Think You Are Worth (Is A Rich Man Worth More Than A Poor Man)

Is a rich man worth more than a poor man?
A stranger worth less than a friend?
Is a baby worth more than an old man?
Your beginning worth more than your end?

Is a president worth more than his assassin?
Does your value decrease with your crime?
Like when Christ took the place of Barabbas
Would you say he was wasting his time?

Well, how much do you think you are worth, boy?
Will anyone stand up and say?
Would you say that a man is worth nothing
Until someone is willing to pay?

I suppose that you think you matter
Well, how much do you matter to whom?
It's much easier at night when with friends and
bright lights
Than much later alone in your room

Do you think they'll miss one in a billion
When you finish this old human race?
Does it really make much of a difference
When your friends have forgotten your face?

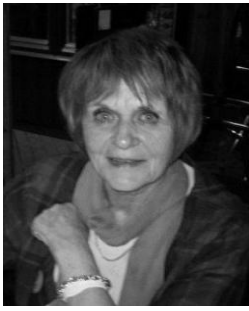
If you heard that your life had been valued
That a price had been paid on the nail
Would you ask what was traded,
How much and who paid it

Who was He and what was His name?
If you heard that His name was called Jesus
Would you say that the price was too dear?
Held to the cross not by nails but by love
It was you broke His heart, not the spear!
Would you say you are worth what it cost Him?
You say 'no', but the price stays the same.
If it don't make you cry, laugh it off, pass Him by,
But just remember the day when you throw it
away
That He paid what He thought you were worth.

How much do you think He is worth, boy?
Will anyone stand up and say?
Tell me, what are you willing to give Him
In return for the price that He paid?

Graham Kendrick
Copyright © 1974 Make Way Music,
<http://www.grahamkendrick.co.uk>

Kirsten Wiggins



Wait Till I Tell You.....'

Janette looks forward to the beautiful month of June which is said to be 'the reality of the Poetic's claims for May' though May 2017 may have

been a month many will be happy to see the back of – a month of tragedy, political turmoil and weather that couldn't make up its mind whether to inflict sunburn, a good soaking or a chilly breeze!

MAY POLLS AND MAYPOLES.

Well, May wasn't exactly a dance around the maypole for Big Theresa. More like a dip or a dive after her astonishing lead in earlier opinion polls. She was realising that a 'shoo- in' was not a certainty. Makes you wonder how she slept at night with the constant worry of remaining strong and stable when the sink at number 10 was full of dishes and the world awaited signs of trembling in those continually visible knees. *'Gaun yersel, Theresa – maybe you should have got yersel a merr credible manifesto, a happier demeanour or a longer skirt'.*

Aye, pressure's a terrible thing and there was wee Jeremy with his coalition of chaos and magic money trees humming 'The Impossible Dream'. Happily, by the time you are reading this we shall all know who is going to be running the country as well as the more vital answer to Scotland's future in the World Cup!

MAY BRINGS SHOCKS AND SURPRISES.

And these started early in the month when the local elections on the 4th brought, not only a plethora of *'hung cooncils'* but the emergence of a hitherto unknown creature – the Shettleston Tory. No, this is not a cuddly, furry, four-legged beastie but a guy in a blue rosette by the name of Thomas Kerr still trying to get over the shock of his unexpected victory!

That very same week we had a surprise announcement from Buckingham Palace in those constant 'breaking news' interruptions that the Duke of Edinburgh had just informed the nation that he was retiring in the Autumn. *'It's ridiculous, so it is! He's only 95! Dis naebody want tae work? Nae wunner we've goat tae rely oan immigrants tae get things done!'*

But the real gobsmacking surprise of the month occurred at the Rock Bowling Club on the 6th when Cathy Hoatsen happened upon an 80th Birthday Party – her own! The secret, worthy of

those cracked at Bletchley Park, was only superseded by the entrance of her daughter all the way from Australia carrying a birthday cake! So congratulations, Cathy, and who'd have thought a bunch of Dumbarton *wimmen* could keep their mouths shut for so long!

FRIENDS REVIEW ANOTHER GOOD YEAR.

On 21st May, Friends of St. Augustine's held their AGM and the financial news presented made excellent reading. This means big Church bills can be paid and a new sound system purchased from the proceeds of enjoyable events held throughout the year. Most popular, as always, was the Scottish Night in January with Alistair, Gina and Michael (AGM) proving that folks will come out on a dark wintry night providing the entertainment is good. The Irish Night and the Hungarian Afternoon were also popular – who says we're not into globalization at St. Aug's! Watch out for a new programme of Friends' events in future editions of 'By the Way Together' or hear it at the Eucharist over the brand new sound system after you've consigned those hearing aids to the bin!

STICKS AND STANES MAY BRAK YER BANES....

But names wull never hurt ye!'

How often was that old Scottish adage quoted to you when a big bullying *'wean'* verbally abused you in the playground? Now they do it digitally with insults hurtling through cyberspace at the speed of broadband. But during the lead up to our General Election the political elite surpassed themselves. The Daily Mail columnist, Quentin Letts, referred to Mrs May as a 'glumbucket' – does that mean *'she's a miserable old git?'* And that's from a Tory newspaper! Come to think of it, you never see her posing for many 'selfies' or picking up babies like our Nicola. And she doesn't do stunts like Ruth or Willie Rennie. But Theresa was no slouch when it came to landing some choice abuse on her opponents and forgot her vicarage upbringing when she publicly contemplated Jeremy 'alone and naked' in Europe. However, 'the Donald' trumped them all with the blunt name calling of the F.B.I. Director before sacking him with *'he's a nut -job!'* This presumably is the U.S. terminology for *'heidbanger!'*

IS NUMERACY A DYING ART?

The recent election campaign showed up a worrying drop off in national numeracy skills as

the would-be M.P.s struggled to convince us that they would be able to spend our money wisely and get the right change back! OK, so you can't count on your fingers when dealing in millions, but those T.V. interviews with the 'canny count club' were embarrassing and made those of a certain age feel a debt of gratitude to the indefatigable old schoolteachers who thumped the tables into our heads and pestered us with mental arithmetic when a calculator would have been a godsend. But signs of improvement are beginning to appear if the recent 'Britain's Got Talent' finals are a pointer. Think on all this year's contestants who won through with numeric wizardry when they confronted the panel with 'think of a number.' How did they do it? They certainly put 'the dancing dugs' out of the running!

IT'S ONLY FAKE BELIEVE!

Have you noticed how much is not real in our lives today? Oh, I'm not talking about the scams and the identity thefts that plague society, but the simple things that we have lived with for years. Take, for example, fake grass on the lawn or a fake hedge that will always remain at the correct height and obviate the need to climb onto wobbly ladders to keep it under control. Now that we're in the gardening season we must surely miss the smells and sounds of Mother Nature. How do the worms feel about the plastic grass and will the birds ever dare to nest in a man-made hedge? Remember the words of Dorothy Frances Gurney:

*'One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.'*

I know St. Mungo's congregation show a great interest in gardening but here at St. Augustine's, if Margaret Murnin wasn't pulling the weeds out of our mini flower beds they would be festooned with carry out wrappings and fag ends. And all those healthy dandelion shoots decorating our gravel give the place an air of neglect. So..... *if you see one sprout – pull it out!* It's just as important as following Fran's orders for successful toilet flushing!

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL.

As June speeds on to July many Scots get frantic with preparations for the great holiday month of the Scots – July, called after the famous Roman emperor Julius Caesar who liked to go down to the sea at the Dumbarton Fair. But it's not the same today when holidays are booked throughout the year to take advantage of cheaper fares even if it means 'keepin' the weans aff school. Remember

the olden days when everything shut down at the same time and it was off to sunny climes (or otherwise) for a well-deserved break. Everyone got into the spirit of freedom and in Bellsmyre the tenants were given a wee rent holiday so they could buy more ice cream!

But nothing took place until we had attended our school prize-givings on the very last Friday in June. At Hartfield, my Primary school, we wore our party frocks to receive our awards before singing our jolly school song that welcomed the joy that was to come. It started:

*We who love the sun
Let us blithely haste away
Scho-o –ol- day tasks are done
We have earned our play!*

This was a very upbeat school song that sent us off on the steam trains and paddle steamers rejoicing even while clutching our raincoats.

Dumbarton Academy was a much more formal affair - in the Burgh Hall wearing our school uniforms. Those lucky enough to be receiving a prize had to walk down the long centre aisle and climb the stairs on to a high stage before curtsying demurely, if awkwardly. The school song was sung lustily by the school choir (of which I was not a member). This gave me time to ponder and parody the words that began:

*Old school that bred us, old town that bore us
Here's a song for the world to hear.....*

There was no problem until we got to the last verse:

*And when we come to our journey's ending
And settle ourselves in the Inn of God.....(we
were only twelve)*

*May we have news that is worth the sending
Of deeds we've done and of ways we've trod!.....
(I'll be good, honestly!)*

But not just yet....it's the summer holidays!

Today's paper included an advert for next season's M&S school uniforms urging organised Mums to purchase now for 20% discount. *Whit? ...Nae wunner the weans need counselling!*

BACK IN TIME FOR THE GROUSE SHOOTING.

Hope you all have a great summer and get back in time to book the Christmas Nights Out – oh, yes bookings are being taken now. You've got to stay ahead of the game!

Janette

Summer Saints:



1st July St. Theobald - choosing God, not money

If you are thinking of turning your back on wealth and privilege, in order to do something you feel God is calling you to do, St Theobald (1017 – 1066) may be the saint for you. He was born into an aristocratic family at Provins in France. But he became a hermit with a fellow ex-soldier in the Pettingen Forest in Luxembourg. They later moved to Salanigo in Italy. Theobald's holy life attracted so many followers that he was canonised by Pope Alexander II in 1073.

14th July St. Camillus de Lellis - patron of the sick

Sometimes those who suffer are best at helping others in a similar situation. Discharged from the Venetian army with an incurable leg wound, St. Camillus (1550 – 1614) founded a religious order called the Ministers of the Sick (the Camellians). Both in their Holy Ghost Hospital in Rome, and by travelling to plague-stricken parts of the world, the Camellians dedicated their lives to caring for the sick. Camillus is the patron of the sick and of nurses.



S. Swithun v.
15 LUGLIO

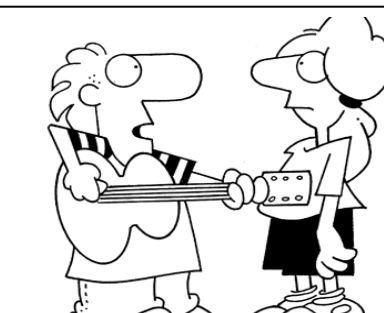
15th July St. Swithun (or Swithin) - saint for a rainy day

St. Swithun is apparently the saint you can blame for rainy summers. It is said that if it rains on his special day, 15th July, it will then rain for 40 days after that. It all began when Swithun was made Bishop of Winchester in 852 by King Ethelwulf of Wessex. It was an important posting: Winchester was the capital of Wessex, and during the 10 years Swithun was there, Wessex became the most important kingdom of England.

During his life, instead of washing out people's summer holidays, and damping down their spirits, Swithun seems to have done a lot of good. He was famous for his charitable gifts and for his energy in getting churches built. When he was dying in 862, he asked that he be buried in the cemetery of the Old Minster, just outside the west door.

If he had been left there in peace, who knows how many rainy summers the English may have been spared over the last 1000 years. But, no, it was decided to move Swithun. By now, the 960s, Winchester had become the first monastic cathedral chapter in England, and the newly installed monks wanted Swithun in the cathedral with them. So finally, on 15 July 971, his bones were dug up and Swithun was translated into the cathedral.

That same day many people claimed to have had miraculous cures. Certainly everyone got wet, for the heavens opened. The unusually heavy rain that day, and on the days following, was attributed to the power of St Swithun. Swithun was moved again in 1093, into the new Winchester cathedral. His shrine was a popular place of pilgrimage throughout the middle ages. The shrine was destroyed during the Reformation, and restored in 1962.



"Writing hymns is harder than I thought!
I can't think of anything that rhymes with
'Hallelujah' except 'glad I knew ya'
and 'we'll tattoo ya!'"



ROTAS FOR ST MUNGO'S

Sunday 11th June

Reader/Intercessions	Lynne Harvey
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Sunday 18th June

Reader/Intercessions	Anne Bardsley
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday 25th June

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Phil O'Ryan

Sunday 2nd July

Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday 9th July

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Sunday 16th July

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

Sunday 23rd July

Reader/Intercessions	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday 30th July

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Phil O'Ryan

CLEANING

4 June/2 nd July/30 th July	Lynn T
11 June/9 th July	Finella (+ flowers)
18 June/16 th July	Iona and Mary
25 June/23 rd July	Margaret (+Carol flowers)

ROTAS FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

Sunday June 11th

1 Readers	Maggie Wallace & Morag O'Neill
Intercessions	David Rowatt
Chalice	Sharon Rowatt & Margaret Hardie
Sidespersons	Cathy Hoatson & Linda Jenkinson

Sunday June 18th

Readers	Janette Barnes & Barbara Barnes
Intercessions	Sharon Rowatt
Chalice	Janette Barnes & Maggie Wallace
Sidespersons	Roberta Mailley & David Ansell

Sunday June 25th

Readers	David Rowatt & Kirsten Wiggins
Intercessions	Fran Walker
Chalice	Margaret Hardie & Kirsten Wiggins
Sidespersons	Barbara Barnes & Cathy Hoatson

Sunday July 2nd

Readers	Ghislaine Kennedy & Dot Russell
Intercessions	David Rowatt
Chalice	Barbara Barnes & Sharon Rowatt
Sidespersons	David Ansell & Caroline Matsland

Sunday July 9th

Readers	Maggie Wallace & David Ansell
Intercessions	Linda Macaulay
Chalice	David Rowatt & Janette Barnes
Sidespersons	Roberta M & Chrissie Ashman

Sunday July 16th

Readers	Janette Barnes & Linda Macaulay
Intercessions	Dot Russell
Chalice	Maggie Wallace & Margaret Hardie
Sidespersons	Margaret Swan & David Ansell

Sunday July 23rd

Readers	Fran Walker & Margaret Hardie
Intercessions	Maggie Wallace
Chalice	Sharon Rowatt & Kirsten Wiggins
Sidespersons	Maggie Wallace & Linda Jenkinson

Sunday July 30th

Readers	Kirsten Wiggins & Janette Barnes
Intercessions	Margaret Hardie
Chalice	Fran Walker & Barbara Barnes
Sidespersons	Roberta M & Chrissie Ashman

Flowers

June 11th	Barbara Barnes
June 18th	Fran Walker
June 25th	Margaret Hardie
July 2nd	Linda Macaulay
July 9th	Maggie Wallace
July 16th	Barbara Barnes
July 23rd	Fran Walker
July 30th	Margaret Hardie

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ANNUAL EXCURSION: MY FARM

DUMBARTON NURSERY SCHOOL

On the 19th of May 2017 Dumbarton Nursery School visited 'My Farm'. My Farm is an agricultural establishment geared towards training horticulturalists in modern techniques of agriculture ranging from poultry, bee keeping, soap making and animal husbandry. It also has a learning centre for children.

Our day visit was indeed very interactive, educative and interesting; children were divided into two groups and were treated to a guided tour of the gardens. They learned a great deal and had the chance to see quails – which many children and staff had never seen before!



The children

were shown a variety of vegetables that were being grown at My Farm and the visit gave them the opportunity to see how these crops are grown and taken care of before they reach the markets to be sold and eaten.

In the areas of space and environmental management the children were shown how to grow vegetables on tables using groundnut shell NPK solution, and how to grow of mint in cut out empty



gallons and old tyres.

Children also saw different type of cooking materials such solar cookers, solar ovens for baking cakes, solar fruit dryers of different types and sizes.

Furthermore, the children were introduced to the learning centre which was equipped with Lego games and I-pads with appropriate games to play teaching them about shapes, numbers, letters and puzzles.

The use of the trampoline was fascinating and full of fun as it was the first time many children

had seen one, let alone had a shot on one! Their experience can be seen in the picture.

In conclusion, on behalf of the children, parents staff and on my own humble behalf seized the opportunity to thank Caroline Marsland and her sponsors for providing the money and making the trip a successful one by providing a coach, food, snacks, and drinks at no cost to the parents.

Yours in children development,
Sulayman Saidy
Head master
Dumbarton nursery school

