

By the Way Together

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

Issue No 37 June 2018



DID WE MISS PRINCE CHARMING?

In this issue...
spot yourself in the
photos... read the clergy
letters... catch up with
WTITY... book up events
in the diary... and read
the latest tweets!

Rector **Revd Kenny Macaulay**
St Mungo's Rectory,
Queen Street,
Alexandria, G83 OAS
Email: frkenny@sky.com
Tel: 01389 513365 Mob: 07734187250

Associate Priest

Revd Liz O'Ryan
23 Paddockdyke, Skelmorlie,
PA17 5DA
Email: lizoryan@talktalk.net
Mob: 07949 667 135
Tel: 01475 529835

St Mungo's, Main Street, Alexandria G83 0BN
Tel: 01389 513365 www.stmungosalexandria.org.uk

Treasurer : Lynne McWhinnie
lynnemcwhinnie@yahoo.com 01389 600322

Vestry Secretary: Pat Brooks
pjbrooks49@sky.com 01389 759397

Lay Representative: Carol Meacham
C.g.meacham@hotmail.co.uk 07896 020460

People's Warden: Jean Brown
01389 830294

Other Vestry Members:

Jim Biddulph
j.biddulph@blueyonder.co.uk 01389 758086
Margaret Curry 01389 754916
Lewis Kennedy 0772070 6386

Vulnerable Groups Officer: Barbara Barnes
barbara78barnes@gmail.com 01389 755984

Gift Aid: Lynne Harvey

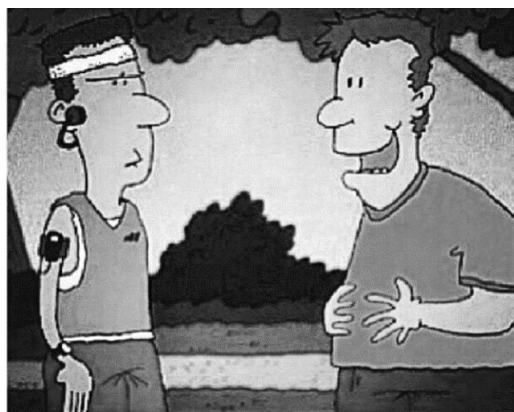
Hall Lets: Fr Kenny Macaulay 01389
513365

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**I KNOW MY BODY IS A TEMPLE ... I'M
A MEGA-CHURCH**

St Augustine's, 2a High Street, Dumbarton, G82 1LL
Tel: 01389 734514 staugustinessec@btinternet.com
www.staugustinesdumbarton.co.uk

Treasurer: David Rowatt
dsrowatt@sky.com 01389 51338

Vestry Secretary: Janette Barnes
Janette.Barnes@btinternet.com 01389 761398

Lay Representative: Morag O'Neill
morag.oneill@blueyonder.co.uk 01389 763710

Alt. Lay Representative: Margaret Hardie
Hardiemghardie@blueyonder.co.uk 01389
767983

Fabric Convener: Margaret Hardie, Fran Walker and
the Team

Project Development: Fran Walker
fran_walker@hotmail.com 01389 761403

Trustees: The Rector
Margaret Wallace
Barbara Barnes
barbara78barnes@gmail.com 01389 755984

Other Vestry Members:
Margaret Hardie 01389 767983
mghardie@blueyonder.co.uk
Roberta Mailley 01389 731863
Anne Dyer Anne@alternativeswd.org
Linda Jenkinson
lindajenkinson@blueyonder.co.uk 01389 761693
Lorraine McCullough
John Wiggins 01389 742226
Margaret Swan
margaretswan@blueyonder.co.uk 01389 764742

Regional Council Rep: Maggie Wallace
maggiwallace@blueyonder.co.uk

Child Protection Officer: Barbara Barnes
barbara78barnes@gmail.com 01389 755984

Friends of St Augustine's: Linda Macaulay
lindaymac@sky.com 01389 513365

Music Art Drama (MAD): Fran Walker

Mission Action Planning Group:
The Rector; Anne Dyer; Morag O'Neill; Fran Walker
Caroline Marsland
Freewill Offering: Margaret Hardie



From Kenny...

Life begins at 40, as the saying goes. That feels like rather a long time for life to begin! In fact, today it is being suggested that life may well “begin” when we are 50! I understand the thinking behind those rather trite sayings, but, yes, forty years is a rather long time. For many it is

more than half a lifetime.

Of course, I’m thinking all of these things as I reach an important milestone in my own life. On 24th June I will have been ordained for forty years, and celebrating these years, reflecting on the highs, and the low points too. These years have been an epic roller-coaster sort of time, and I’ve certainly not reached the terminus quite yet! They have taken me from the most joyful of weddings and family celebrations, to cold and wet gravesides, lowering tiny white coffins into barren ground. In my personal life, these years have taken me to dark places that I wouldn’t wish on my worst enemy, to enormous heights of joy and gratitude which will stay with me until the day I shake off this mortal coil. That’s life. That is ministry!

Yet, it has never really been about me, but about others working with me and walking with me through the highs and lows. It has never really been about me, but about God and me, struggling in a relationship where I have sometimes felt abandoned and yet so often felt loved and affirmed. Of course, I have never been abandoned, but it just felt that way.

On reflection, that life as a “collared human” is no different from your own life and the life of everyone I have ministered to! Certainly, I made vows on my ordination day, and I have tried to the best of my ability to keep them, but God has not dealt with me any differently than any other Christian I have come across.

I remember very vividly, during my training for ordination, being told by a Roman Catholic ordinand that my problem was that I thought I was special. He pointed out that I wasn’t! He continued to point out that everyone was special in the eyes of God. My ego was duly punctured, and his words stay with me to this day. We are all special. God has things for all of us to do.

Another striking memory for me is of a person, and a very special person at that. It was Bishop Neil, a member of the Community of the Transfiguration at Roslin, who would always wear a dalmatic, the robe of a Deacon, underneath his chasuble (the outer garment of the priest). Neil would tell my fellow students and me that he may well be a bishop, but that he was first and foremost a deacon, a mere servant. He was a servant of the servant of God, and ordination was to humble us rather than exult us.

I was fortunate enough to be ordained deacon on the feast of the Nativity of St John the Baptist, and the Baptist has a very special message for us all. Yes, he called people to repentance, but he, significantly, pointed the way to Jesus. He had the opportunity to keep a little disciple group around himself and enjoy their comfort, friendship and presence in his life, but instead pointed to Jesus and told his disciple group to go, to leave him, and follow the Lord instead. I have tried, and often failed, to use John as a pattern of ministry. Ministry is often about perceived failure, and the collar can feel heavy at times, but God does not, thankfully, depend on me to usher in God’s Kingdom!

Forty years is a long time, and it has taken me from Pollokshields to Possilpark, from Glenrothes to the Cathedral in Glasgow, from Shettleston to Kings Park and Castlemilk to Dumbarton and The Vale. It has been an incredible time, and often, unlike John the Baptist, it has been time for me to leave a disciple group rather than have them leave me. Sometimes that has been heart-breaking but the right thing to do. God calls us onward even when we are convinced we need to stay a while longer in comfort.

I wrote that I wanted to celebrate these years, and I celebrate it all, the good and the not so good, and I want to celebrate them with the people I was called to serve. I want to celebrate the tears as well as the laughter, for they all, through the grace of God, have made me who I am and what I am. I remember that I am simply a servant of the servants of God, and despite the failures, I have tried my best. And here’s the thing... that God takes even our failures and transforms them into something beautiful.

Kenny

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY!!



**Sunday
June 24th
11am
Invitation:**

Fr Kenny is celebrating the 40th Anniversary of his Ordination to the

Diaconate on Sunday 24th June. The Bishop is going to be present at the 11am Service in St Augustine's on that day, (Feast of the Nativity of St John the Baptist). There will be a buffet lunch afterwards in the Hall. You are all invited to join him on this celebratory occasion!

.....
Saturday 28th July



***"Everything's
gonna
be alright!"*
Caribbean
Afternoon**

An afternoon of food (Caribbean Jerk Chicken), dancing and much hilarity in St Augustine's Church!

Exact time TBA – but watch out for more details,
come along and feel relaxed!

**Friday 3rd August
7.30pm**



Kyiv Classic Accordion Duo

An evening of easy listening music and entertainment!

We will be welcoming to St Augustine's Church Igor and Oleks who yet again are giving up some of their summer holidays to raise money for the children and young people that are still being affected by the Chernobyl nuclear explosion.

Entry is free. Donations are welcome.

.....
**Saturday 4th August
11am**

**Institution of
Rev Canon Dominic Ind
St Michael's and All Angels,
Helensburgh**

You are all warmly invited to come and join the Bishop in welcoming Dominic and his wife to our Region. Dominic comes to us from a parish in Bridge of Allan. He previously served in the parishes of Cambuslang and also Uddingston.

THINKING OF RENEWING YOUR INSURANCE?

LIKE TO BE ABLE TO DONATE £130 TO YOUR CHURCH?

To celebrate the 130th anniversary of Ecclesiastical Insurance the company have offered to donate £130 every time someone from our church families takes out a new home insurance policy with them. Full terms and conditions and details of their award winning home insurance are available on their website at www.ecclesiastical.com/trust130 or phone 0800 783 0130



June is a wonderful month! Whether you're a gardener or not, you can't help but notice that the trees are in full leaf, the flowers are bursting with summer colour.

Nature has really and truly come alive. Without a doubt we have left winter behind and we are entering the green season... a time of growth and flourishing... the time when all that was planted and worked on in early spring now bears fruit and realises it's true potential.

And it's the same in the church. Our church year which began with the building and clergy adorned in purple in Advent now comes into its own green season: the season of the 'Sundays of Trinity'... of "Ordinary Time"... or "Kingdomtide" as it's sometimes called. And we will have to get used to it, because we will be in the 'green season' for the next 20 weeks or so! Kenny and I have already begun to wear green vestments on Sundays and over the next couple of days I will be putting up green banners on the church pillars. Because it is now Kingdomtide our weekly readings have turned away from the major events of Jesus' life in order to focus on his teaching and parables, on what Jesus spoke about, on what Jesus did. Spiritually we have descended from the mountain like peaks of Christmas, Easter, Ascension and Pentecost and over the next few months we have the opportunity to spend time in the meadows of God's Kingdom. It is time for us to put what we've heard and talked about in the past year into practice – to make sense of the mysteries we have

lived through and shared. It is time to try to not only 'talk the talk' but also to 'walk the walk' – one

day at a time. As in the cycle of nature it is time to harvest what we have learned, and use this harvest to feed and encourage ourselves and one another – to continue to grow in discipleship and fellowship and bloom where we're planted

This is Green Kingdom living... this is the Way of Christ... this is how we, as Christians, try to make the 'up there' come 'down here'... by living in the Kingdom of God. And what is the Kingdom of God? It is a place that becomes real wherever God's will is being done... wherever things are going as God would wish them to go... where God delights in what is happening. This could be in our homes... at work... in the street... on the bus... in church... at the doctors. It is wherever kindness and mercy, love and forgiveness, sharing and compassion are shown. This is the Kingdom of God. This is why we pray "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven". It's us making the 'up there' come 'down here'. Can you imagine how wonderful this world would be if we all treated each other and ourselves as God desires us to do. It would mean all the little random acts of kindness and thoughtfulness coming together to make living here on earth just (literally!) heavenly.

Is this impossible? I know it may seem a little far-fetched in our world as it is at the moment – but God doesn't ask us to take on the worries and concerns of the whole world. God knows we only have power and influence over ourselves... the only person we can change is ourselves. If we concentrate on growing and transforming our behaviour in wee tiny ways in our daily lives by watching what we say and do... by modelling ourselves on Jesus... then, then, great things can happen... the Kingdom of God will come a little closer. "Be the change you want to see in the world" said Mahatma Ghandi. Such wise words. And this green time of the year is a good time to try a little harder to do it. Enjoy the sun. Enjoy the feeling of growth. And enjoy the company of each other.

With love, Liz



WHAT DOES 'CHURCH' MEAN TO YOU?



At its June meeting the Cursillo group tried to put its mind to communicating in a way utilised by some of the most powerful in the world – Tweets! Even for the youngest and the most IT able this was a struggle. Being limited to a generous 160 characters (including spaces) was a challenge; not everyone succeeded!

Each Tweet was aimed to be a personal message of introduction to church and/or specifically St Augustine's.

twitter

140

*A safe place, a loving embrace,
face to face + my peace restored.
My church is a way of life for me
and my kids, a solid foundation
that nothing can shake ...*

twitter

140

*Church is a space where I can focus
on God without the world
intervening. To speak to Him, to
listen to Him and to make peace
with the preceding days. St Aug's
offers friendship, acceptance and
non-judgemental "love".*

twitter

140

*Church means coming closer to
God through Christ, learning about
his love and forgiveness, being
part of a community that worships
together with respect.*

twitter

140

*My church is the place I meet with
God & his family learn + praise +
pray, be encouraged + encourage,
where my faith is renewed +
strengthened, go out from to show
God's love.*

twitter

140

*The church to me is support
with problems, the friendship
of others thereby
strengthening my belief and
the social intercourse
amongst likeminded people.*

twitter

140

*Church is great – isn't it! Jesus is
a great guy! He died on the
cross for us – that's you AND
me! THEN – this – he rose again!
We are blessed in love with God*

twitter

140

*When it works church is a big
family SO BIG I say SO BIG.
Filled with love, filled with
God and love, BIG LOVE.*

**"CHURCH
IS WHO WE ARE
NOT WHERE WE GO"**

Diocesan Synod 2018

Because of other commitments, and the short notice of the meeting, your Lay Representatives were unable to attend Diocesan Synod in Kilmarnock this year. It eventually took place in May rather than March, as a result of the Beast from the East postponing our deliberations!

Perhaps the most important thing to relay was our bishop's announcement that he is to retire at the end of October. Maybe this was not unexpected news, but Bishop Gregor, and his love for the people of this Diocese will be sorely missed. In my forty years I have never served under a bishop who so deeply loved and cared for his clergy and people, and Synod wished him a long and healthy retirement.

Synod has changed somewhat since my first one in 1979. In those days, Synod was made up only of clergy, and we were all required to wear our black cassocks for endless hours of debate in the Synod Hall of the Cathedral. Canon Law was discussed at much length, and I remember it as having little to do with the day to day workings of parish life! Today, of course, the laity are heavily involved, and I have to say that discussion and debate make up only a small part of the agenda. Much of Synod is about receiving reports from various groups, like Development Teams, and individuals of note, like the Bishop, Dean and Treasurer, among others!

Representatives on General Synod were elected, both clergy and lay folk, and Revd Jane Ross from Prestwick was elected as a Canon of St Mary's Cathedral. The Provost was elected on to the Provincial Panel for Episcopal Elections, replacing me after my having served the maximum of two four-year terms. Financially, the Diocese are in an extremely healthy position, and although we budget for an annual deficit, we carry a balance of £7.6m, with

over £5.6m in unrestricted funds. I did manage to tell Synod that I was rather uncomfortable with that amount of money when so many of us are struggling in areas of much poverty within the Diocese, and my words were noted.

There was some time spent on GDPR which you may be too familiar with if you live on the internet, and organisations and companies keep your personal data. The Church has also had to comply with new laws which came into effect on May 25th. It was explained that any data the parish kept on individuals had to be kept with their permission, and indeed we need to be clear about what we do with that data. Vestries and clergy are working on that and we are complying. Generally, we are being asked to let everyone know what data we have, who has access to it, and who decides what is done with it. We need to communicate this and seek consent from individuals.

The Diocese now has a Digital Missioner, Petko Marinov, and he is available to parishes to help with IT issues. We may well take up that offer shortly.

General Synod made an appeal for parishes to report their work in the area of child poverty, and we have now done this.

The role of the Synod Clerk was discussed and that has been devolved, and a fresh job description will appear sometime in the not so distant future! Bishop Gregor's last Diocesan Synod was perhaps not his liveliest or controversial, but necessary business was done without too much comment. I left, perhaps, yearning for the days of men in black goonies continuing to argue points as they made their way up Great Western Road on bleak February afternoons, or perhaps not.

Kenny

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS

The Rev Canon Ian Paton has been elected as the new Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld & Dunblane, and The Very Rev Andrew Swift has been elected as the new Bishop of Brechin.

The Rev Canon Ian Paton (below left) has been Rector of Old St Paul's Edinburgh since 1997 and is also Associate Tutor at the Scottish Episcopal Institute. He is a supporter of the ordination of women, rights of



GBTQI people and the inclusion of people of all ages in the Church.

The Very Rev Andrew Swift (right) has been Dean of Argyll and Bute since 2016. He was born in Aberdeen and grew up in Dunblane. He previously served in the Diocese of Gloucester after a career as a ship building executive, a Civil Service research engineer and as an officer in the RAF.





**"You make me feel like dancing!"
Hughie and Shane raise £800
in musical extravaganza!**



The Countess of Dumbarton – her Boattlin' - Augs style!



Such fun and games!
The bride, bride's mother
and even the groom was
present to anticipate the
upcoming marriage! Oh,
and a few hundred pounds
was raised in the process!

Well done everyone!



FOOD FOR THOUGHT – GOD IS GOOD!

In the last few days since my return from holiday we have had several pieces of truly wonderful news:

- Fair food transformation Fund has awarded us another 20k to fund Community Soup for a further year. This means that we can continue to give free lunch to anyone who wants to attend every Wednesday and Thursday. This takes a huge burden and worry from us as so many have come to depend not only on the food we provide but also on the company these sessions give.
- West Dunbartonshire Council's Community Chest has awarded us £1500 specifically for emergency food aid. Although this is not the amount of money we requested or need, it is still nearly 1/5th of the cash we will spend on emergency food aid this coming year.
- Chicken-R-Us! Nando's have recently opened a restaurant in Clydebank and have decided to sponsor us. In practice this means that we can pick up and use very good quality cooked chicken every week at no cost to us. They also have a small amount of money and wish to buy us a new floor covering for the kitchen in the Church. This offer of money came about because when they were setting up the new restaurant and having initial training days for the staff they invited all the local shopkeepers to come and have free chicken and juice. If those who came wanted to order any other food – chips, salad etc – they had to pay for it – and consequently over the few days Nando's accumulated a wee profit which will now pay for our new flooring! Isn't it incredible how these things come about!? We are extremely grateful for this thoughtful support.
- Duncan Shaw and friends who recently completed a sponsored walk for us came in and handed in a massive £1,000! Amazing!
- McMonagles Chip Boat is still donating 30 suppers to us once a month. This is an incredibly kind gesture from a local business.
- The Rock café gives us bread and cake every day that is surplus to their requirements but very useful to us! Who doesn't enjoy a wee cake!
- The Glitter Store in the Broadmeadow Estate recently donated over 100 tubs of cookie dough protein to us. We are giving this to those adult single people who are referred to us for emergency food aid and it will greatly enhance the nutrition of our 3 day bags.



Every gesture of kindness helps us to continue to provide Food for Thought in its entirety and we are so thankful. God is Good and His freely given blessings continue to surprise us!

Caroline xx



Please do attempt this at home!

Are you a glass half full or a glass half empty type of person?

Apparently the British in general have a reputation for being the half empty types! We call it realism...and it is important to look at things honestly. Accurate reporting helps us sort out our thinking and may be an important step on the road to recovery, hence the value of a true friend who can help us to a position of honesty with ourselves.

That being said, it is a good discipline to develop an attitude of gratitude and become aware of God's goodness and continued love and care despite our circumstances. As part of our exploration into the letter of James, we in the bible study group found ourselves in the Beatitudes (Matthew 5:2-12) Blessed are the poor in spirit, those who mourn...those who are persecuted and talked badly about...read it for a list of quite peculiar blessings! Jesus certainly experienced the goodness of God in the path of suffering and encourages

us to look beyond or perhaps differently at our circumstances.

On the last night of the study group each of the folks got a "little jar of blessings" to take home. Guess what... they were empty save a set of instructions which read:

"Every day look for one small thing you can be thankful for.

Maybe the warmth of your morning cuppa, a beautiful sunrise, your health...whatever.

Jot it down on a small bit of paper and put it into your jar. Every now and again, open your jar up and read through the postings."

Go on, give it a go and create for yourself an attitude of gratitude towards God who blesses us in so many ways and even on the darkest of days.

Love from Kirsten x

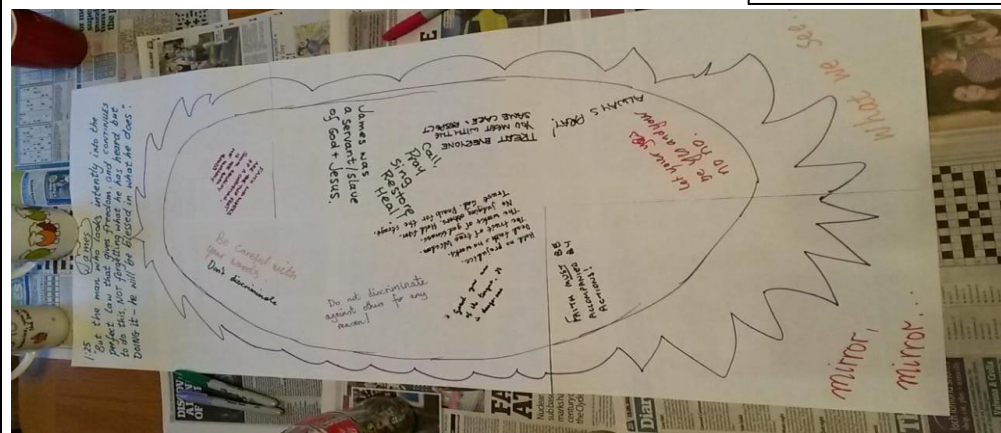




(left) 'A wee quine frae Aiberdeen' told us how she sailed round the world. It was a wonderful evening in the company of Jean Schollay, Sheila Anderson and Margaret Mclsaacs.



The faithful Bible Study attendees finish another thought provoking series this time studying the letter of James. Happy times!



(left) Two sacks of Love ready to be delivered to the Mission for Seafarers. Inside are hundreds of hats to be given to those at sea to keep them warm. Thank you all who knit!

(right) Our hard working gardener and quiet washer-upper, Margaret Murnin, outside the church. Thank you, Margaret, for all you do.





Wait Till I Tell You.....'

Janette, very happy that summer has finally arrived with record breaking temperatures and sunshine, gets ready for holiday time in

the glorious month of June but not after looking back on a May to remember.

SUDDENLY IT'S SUMMER!

This year will surely be remembered as the year that spring forgot. The daffodils had so short a blooming time that even Wordsworth would have struggled to praise the hosts before the hot summer weather reduced them to withered stalks. The Royal Wedding plus Old Firm tussle got perfect weather and the month ended on a Bank Holiday to die for.

OK, so we got a little sunburned, had nothing to wear and the roads in West Dunbartonshire descended into chaos bordered by jungle length grass, but most of us are looking a bit healthier for that initial debut on the Mediterranean beach lounge!

THE HENS' EXECUTIVE GO MAD AT MEGHAN'S 'BOATTLIN'.

This traditional Scottish hen night, unique amongst the other celebratory parties, was held by Friends on Tuesday 8th May – to allow the royal bride time to recover for her big day on the 19th. Before the activities got underway, the sound of banging soup pots could be heard echoing along the deserted High Street accompanied by shrieks of raucous laughter as the hens congregated in the Community Hall.

The flags and bunting announced to anyone who had popped down for a quick fish supper that her Majesty was in town and that her loyal subjects had been commanded to honour the occasion with a cocktail or two. Cathy Hoatsen, with crown and royal blue sash, made a great wee Queen and her accent for the night was distinctly non-Newton! Her performance has been of particular interest to her Australian family who eagerly await news of all our culture – down under they only have 'Neighbours'. Keeping her company was Maggie as Princess Anne suitably bemused at our strange tradition and concerned that the horse she had tethered to St. Auggie's railings might bolt in alarm! Sharon played Meghan, who made climbing into the balloon adorned trolley look easy, if not regally graceful. Margaret Hardie as

Meghan's actress pal from the US of A was only recognizable because she was always rushing to the kitchen to check on the food situation. The rest of the Friends' executive played the hens – spurred into action by Big Ina (me) and Senga (TBag O'Neill). Protocol was maintained by Roberta, Chrissie and Margaret Swan, suitably dressed as Hiram workers. They used memories of their own pre-nuptial shenanigans to ensure accuracy.

'Hard Up, Tin Can' was also chanted enthusiastically by our faithful audience who cheered the jumping over the chanty ritual with the candle for light and the salt for fertility. Then we moved to the 'Show of Presents' – remember them? A bedroom had to be decorated for such occasions! Participants competed by guessing what was under the wrapping paper but it was hard to imagine that Her Majesty's gift to the bride and groom was a toilet brush! But then who knows? Our script could have been just as accurate as the Daily Mail news that had been churning out for weeks! A quiz on royal facts and fiction followed and the evening ended when the cocktails ran out and the audience handed in their forecasts for what the dress would be like. All was revealed on the big day and Christine Jackson returned from her cruise to find a prize bottle of Prosecco awaiting her.

So enthused were those at the 'Boattlin' that Barbara had to organize a Royal Wedding Tombola for the Friends' Coffee Morning on the 19th when the news about the title of Earl and Countess of Dumbarton was greeted with much hilarity. This, we are reliably informed, had nothing to do with our successful royal 'boattlin' celebration. They will almost certainly be visiting later in the year, if only as participants in the DPT panto!

ALL CHANGE AGAIN FOR THE BURGH HALL.

Doesn't it look grand? Our posh new fifteen million pound County Buildings arose from the ruins of the old Burgh Hall this summer and is set to dominate the town centre for years to come. I can't wait to see the inside and I'm sure it won't be long before I find something to complain or protest about! But to all sons and daughters of the Rockit is still bound to be referred to as the Burgh Hall and many will have special memories of occasions when it was the only place in town for an important function.

My earliest memory of entering its impressive portals was way back in the forties when music hall type concerts gave the locals a wee night out

on a Saturday, so necessary when the telly was not an option. There were singers, dancers and everyone's favourite – the comedian! Having a rapport with the audience, who had numb bums from the hard Bentwood chairs of the period, was very desirable and there was always a jolly compere who was the warm up act for the not very famous stars of the evening. One particular guy used to work the audience up by asking them to bring to the stage objects that they may happen to be carrying in their handbags or pockets. The prize was a half crown coin - worth the princely sum of twelve and a half pence in today's money. Oh, we were easily pleased in these halcyon days before the credit card! Objects such as a lipstick invoked a stramash amongst the ladies, a caramel, a comb and maybe even 'a tap set' all attracted appropriate laughs.

Then one night, as the participation spot was ebbing, he asked for the ridiculous – a 'moose trap'. *Yes!!* Quick as a flash I raced up the aisle, climbed the steep steps to the stage to extricate from my Hartfield blazer pocket the desired object. He was particularly delighted that my trap still held a soupcon of mouldy cheese. I got my half crown and clutched it tightly in my hand while confessing to my Mother why I was carrying such a disgusting object on my person. Easy - I had put it there earlier in the day while visiting my Cardross dwelling Granny who kept a variety of them in her coal cellar to ward off the village rodents. I never liked the idea of Mickey being squashed to death in this way so I frequently disposed of traps – usually by throwing them in the burn. Luckily, my kind action rewarded me with the half -crown and no doubt some verminous germs as a bonus!

Dumbarton Academy used the Burgh Hall for prize-giving ceremonies on the Friday before the Fair and the main hall was packed with weans and proud Mothers all anxious to get home to get their packing done! I also got to 'tread the boards' for the first time at a school operetta in the Burgh Hall. It was the Sleeping Beauty, and that wasn't me! I had a small supporting role as a non-speaking shepherdess but I was on stage in a lovely costume and have never forgotten it! In the 1950s the Burgh Hall was the haven for the flamboyantly dressed and fashionably coiffeured males of the species queueing to get in. It was a very large hall for dancing and the late David Dyer (Roddy's Dad) frequently informed us that the best dancers in the area learned their skills at the Burgh Hall! David was a great dancer and

would have given Anton du Beke a burl for his money! He delighted in coaching the rhythmically challenged St. Auggie's members at Church functions. 'Just relax' he would say but I'm still working out how to turn corners! Getting 'oan the flerr' at the Burgh Hall would have terrified me! Now our Burgh Hall will play a brand new part in our lives and Maggie even hopes to attract some of the office workers to our Friday Soup!

THE GREAT VISA PANIC.

There were queues at the ATM cash machines early on Saturday 2nd June when the news spread that there could be a wee problem with their credit cards. There was a financial expert on the telly going on about how ridiculous it was to rely on just one credit card! *Jings, crivvens and help ma Boab!* What planet are these guys on? What income is needed to sustain such luxury? No wonder we're being told that too much plastic is killing the fish!

THE 'WEE QUINE FRAE AIBERDEEN' TAKES ON THE WORLD.

On Sunday 3rd June Friends held a very special event. Sheila Anderson came along to talk to us about her adventures sailing round the world, after we had enjoyed a delicious fish supper.

Sheila's odyssey was really amazing. She and her husband travelled in a relatively small yacht, 'the Blue Falcon' and experienced violent storms, volcanos, masts falling off, *grotty yachties*, snakes, water scarcities, the doldrums and other dodgy inconveniences. She visited a multitude of islands, met people of all races and faiths, and saw wildlife that even Richard Attenborough would have had to google!

I bet one mascara would have lasted her for the entire voyage! They eventually made it back up the Leven to Sandpoint Marina and Dumbarton. When asked her opinion of the world Sheila answered that she had seen so much kindness and friendliness – the important things in life. We were delighted when she complimented St. Auggie's folk for always extending a welcome to her. Well, she should know! Sheila was assisted by Jean Schollay and Margaret McIsaacs. There were charts, a log book, photos, maps, a globe of the world and a sexton on view to help us understand the enormity of her adventure. Thank you very much, Sheila – it was a wonderful evening! Thanks also to all who worked in the kitchen, donated raffle prizes and cleared up.

AND NOW TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!

It's June and time for the holidays although the 'golden girls' have already returned from dancing round the Med. and mingling with celebrities. I'd love to have seen Christine dancing with M.P. and Strictly Come Dancing contestant, Edwina Currie. Kenny and Linda will be off next followed by Maggie and me. But we'll all be home in time for next month's 'By the Way Together' where you can keep up with all that's going on in and around our parishes. Have a good summer!

Janette

P.S. The coach for the Friends' Clyde Valley August outing is full – sorry. TBag O'Neill is operating a waiting list and collecting money from those who are paying up their tickets.

SMILE LINES

Be with you

The vicar at a local church experienced some technical problems with the sound system one Sunday. Instead of starting the service as usual with 'The Lord be with you', he said: 'There's something wrong with this microphone.' Not hearing this, the congregation responded: 'And also with you.'

Stick

Advice to young clergy on preaching: 'Consider the postage stamp. Its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.'

Hush

Six-year-old Angie and her four-year-old brother Joel were sitting together in church. Joel giggled, sang, and talked out loud. Finally, his big sister had had enough. 'You're not supposed to talk out loud in church,' she said. 'Why? Who's going to stop me?' Joel asked. Angie pointed to the back of the church and said, 'See those two men standing by the door? They're hushers.'

First pancake

A mother was making pancakes for her sons, Kevin, 5 and Ryan 3. The boys began to argue over who would get the first pancake. Their mother saw the opportunity for a moral lesson. She said: 'If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, "Let my brother have the first pancake, I can wait."' Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, 'Ryan, you beJesus!'

Seagull

A father was at the beach with his children when the four-year-old son ran up to him, grabbed his hand, and led him to the shore where a seagull lay dead in the sand. 'Daddy, what happened to him?' the son asked. 'He died and went to Heaven,' the father replied. The boy thought a moment and then said, 'Did God throw him back down?'

Baptism

A father is in church with three of his young children, including his five year-old daughter. As was customary, he sat in the very front row so that the children could properly witness the service. During this particular service, the minister was performing the baptism of a tiny infant. The little girl was taken by this, observing that he was saying something and pouring water over the infant's head. With a quizzical look on her face, the little girl turned to her father and asked: 'Daddy, why is he brainwashing that baby??'

Fishing

A young father was taking care of his baby daughter while his wife went to town shopping. He decided to go fishing and he had to take the toddler along. 'I'll never take her along with me again!' he told his wife that evening. 'I didn't catch a thing!' 'Oh, next time I'm sure she'll be quiet and not scare the fish away,' his wife said. The father said gloomily. 'No, it wasn't that. She ate all the bait.'

Apples

This tale comes from a Catholic elementary school. . . Up at the head table in the cafeteria, one of the nuns had placed a big bowl of bright red, fresh, juicy apples. Beside the bowl, she placed a note which read, 'Take only one. Remember, God is watching.' At the other end of the table was a bowl full of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies, still warm from the oven. Beside the bowl lay a little note scrawled in a child's handwriting which read, 'Take all you want. God is watching the apples.'

Blessing

A wife invited some people to dinner. At the table, she turned to their six-year-old daughter and asked her to say the blessing. 'I don't know what to say,' the girl replied. 'Just say what you hear Mummy say,' the wife answered. The daughter bowed her head and said, 'Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?'

ROTAS FOR STMUNGO'S

Sunday June 10th

Reader/Intercessions Carol Meacham
Sidesperson Ian Marshall
Music Andrew Baxter

Sunday June 17th

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

Sunday June 24th No service

Sunday July 1st

Reader/Intercessions Anne Bardsley
Sidesperson Ian Marshall
Music Andrew Baxter

Sunday July 8th

Reader/Intercessions Pat Brooks
Sidesperson Ian Marshall
Music Carol Meacham

CHURCH CLEANING

June 3rd/July 1st Iona and Mary
June 10th/July 8th Margaret
June 17th/July 15th Jean
June 24th/July 22nd Finella (flowers)

HALL CLEANING

Week of:
June 10th Rev Liz
June 17th Carol Meacham
June 24th Val and Billy
July 1st Jim Biddulph
July 8th June Alderdice
July 15th Lynne McWhinnie



ROTA FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

Sunday June 10th

Readers Fran Walker & Dot R
Intercessions Sharon Rowatt
Chalice Barbara B & Margaret H
Sidespersons Cathy Hoatsen & David A

Sunday June 17th

Readers Ghislaine K & Roddy Dyer
Intercessions Dot Russell
Chalice Sharon R & Kirsten W
Sidespersons Barbara B & Roddy Dyer

Sunday June 24th

Readers Pat B & Carol Meacham
Intercessions Maggie Wallace
Chalice Clergy
Sidespersons Roberta M & Chrissie A

Sunday July 1st

Readers Margaret H & David A
Intercessions Linda Macaulay
Chalice Fran Walker & Janette B
Sidespersons Margaret S & Linda J

Sunday July 8th

Readers Fran Walker & Dot R
Intercessions Sharon Rowatt
Chalice Barbara B & Margaret H
Sidespersons Cathy Hoatsen & David A

Flowers

June 10th Barbara Barnes
June 17th Fran Walker
June 24th Maggie W & Linda Macaulay
July 1st Moira McGowan
July 8th Maggie Wallace



David's Shepherd Years



(Left) Cursillo in Scotland celebrated it's 30th Birthday with a gathering at St Mary's, Kinnoull... and some familiar faces!



In May a joint service was enjoyed attended by Episcopalians with the URC churches from Helensburgh and Dumbarton



(Right)The oven at St Mungo's was treated to a professional clean by 'Diamond Shine' - the results were truly remarkable! Thank you!

