

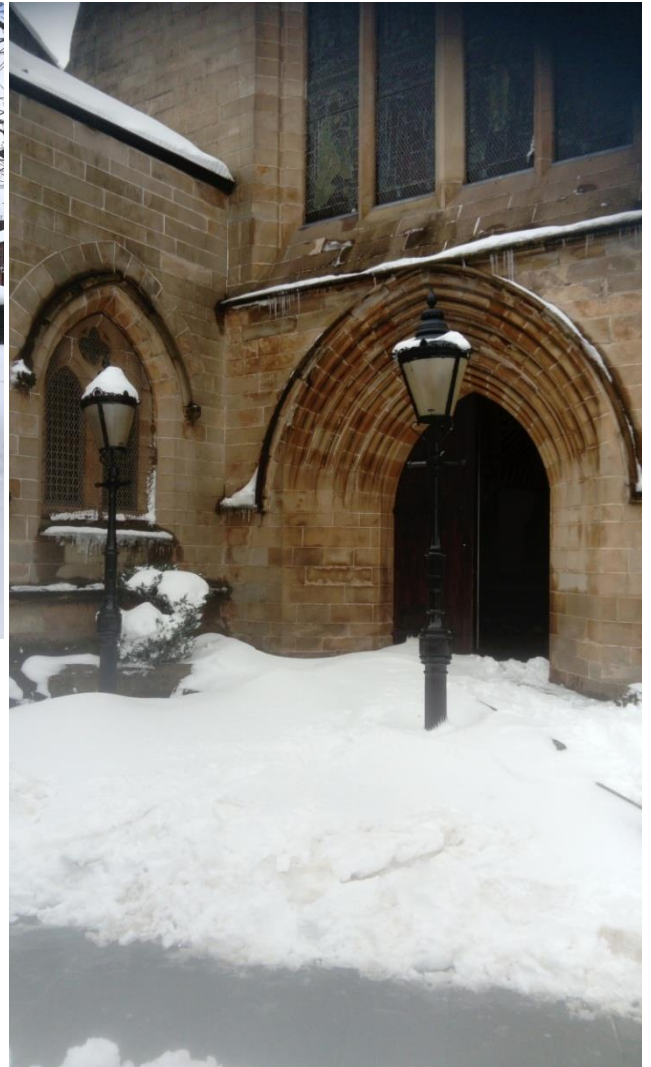
By the Way Together

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

Issue No 35 March/April 2018



Aah! Spring is here!



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HOLY WEEK AND EASTER SERVICES

ST AUGUSTINE'S

Wednesday	28 th March	10.30am	Eucharist
Thursday	29 th March	7pm	Passover Supper, Stripping the Church & Watch
Friday	30 th March	11/12pm	Walk of Witness/Service in town
Friday	30 th March	2pm	Last Hour
Saturday	31 st March	8 pm	Joint Paschal Vigil (starts in the Hall)
Sunday	1 st April	9am	Holy Communion
Sunday	1 st April	11am	Sung Eucharist

ST MUNGO'S

Wednesday	28 th March	10.30am	Eucharist
Thursday	29 th March	10.30am	Eucharist
Friday	30 th March	11am	Walk of Witness:
Friday	30 th March	2pm	Last Hour
Saturday	31 st March	8 pm	Joint Paschal Vigil (St Aug's Hall)
Sunday	1 st April	11am	Sung Eucharist



ECUMENICAL SERVICES

Monday	26 th March	7pm	West Kirk
Tuesday	27 th March	7pm	St Andrew's, Bellsmyre
Wednesday	28 th March	7pm	Dalreoch UF
Thursday	29 th March	12pm	Communion and Lunch, Riverside
Thursday	29 th March	7pm	St Aug's, Passover & Stripping the Church
Friday	30 th March	11am/12pm	Walk of Witness & service in Dumbarton Town Centre
Friday	30 th March	7pm	Riverside, Communion

THE BIG CLEAN!

Saturday, 31st March,



10 – 12pm
St Augustine's
and
St Mungo's

Come and help clean YOUR church so it is ready for the celebration of Easter! All volunteers made very welcome!!



Psychiatrist Elizabeth Kubler-Ross: The most beautiful people we have known are those who have known defeat, known suffering, known struggle, known loss and have found their way out of the depths.

Choosing hymns for the Sunday service is usually the prerogative of the clergy, but at St. Augustine's, as usual, we do things a bit differently.

As a music group, we have the privilege and the responsibility of choosing the worship songs and it is not easy.

It is an impossible task to please everyone and we do try, but that isn't our primary objective. Music is simply a vehicle to help us worship.

JW



From Kenny.....

Much happens in churches throughout the world on Holy Saturday. On Maundy Thursday the altar and all decorative items have been stripped off and taken away. On Good Friday, maybe only a cross of some description, and perhaps some pictures of the Way of the Cross may be used, but the building itself seems to be bereft.

On Holy Saturday there is nothing. Absolutely nothing. It's an empty day, and congregations use that time to prepare for the Easter Ceremonies and Easter Day itself. In the early morning the building, however, is empty and perhaps appears Godless. The Blessed Sacrament is not there and there is no candle burning.

That's Holy Saturday... but around 9 or 10 o'clock, people appear with dusters and usually it is the perfect time to clean corners that are not usually accessible, put on new and fresh linen everywhere, arrange flowers, and a hoard of other tasks. The building is transformed as we await to see if the Lord will rise from the dead, and we can celebrate Easter once again.

Then, the people leave, and go about their usual Saturday tasks. Some will come back later in the evening to light the new fire and renew their baptismal vows. Easter begins and Alleluias are lifting the rafters on Sunday morning, as they should.

What happened on Holy Saturday is forgotten. The nothingness, the darkness, the hopelessness and the powerlessness of that empty day is set aside.

Jesus didn't die one day and then jump up with a smile on his face, up with the lark the next morning. Good Friday had been painful and shocking and full of fear. There was a whole day of desolation and fear, and maybe panic too, on the Saturday! Where was Jesus? Where was God? In a tomb, dead, and for the disciples, it was the scariest day of their lives.

Holy Saturday, though, was necessary, to experience the waiting time, experience the Godless day where darkness loomed and darkness had seemed to have won.

Holy Saturday is an important day for many of us too, though. It is a day we know well. We, too, go into times of darkness, Godlessness, and times when hope just disappears. Perhaps we have lost a loved one, or someone we love dearly is or has soon to depart. Everything seems to be negative, and we see no way out of our situation, for even God seems to have deserted us.

Many great Christians will tell you of the Dark Night of the Soul, and their times of deepest prayer where God is just 'not there'.

There are those who suffer greatly from clinical depression, who will explain in great detail how that feels, if you have never experienced it yourself. This day of emptiness and Godlessness, becomes almost days of great darkness where there is only powerlessness and no hope whatsoever, however strong our faith has been.

I know that for a lot of you, there has recently been times of great darkness, insecurity, and desperation. Life has not been kind to many of us of late. The preacher tells us of hope, but we cannot begin to grasp what they mean any longer. Those who are in recovery from addiction will tell you of their Holy Saturdays. Days of emptiness and despair. A Higher Power is found and they are led from darkness to light.

As Christians though, we know deep in our hearts that Holy Saturday is not the end, and that darkness and fear, emptiness and hopelessness will never win or triumph over us.

This, too, shall pass, and in our anguish we can maybe hope that at least hope will return. It does. Often unexpectedly, maybe gradually, but Easter morning tells us and assures us that death and darkness can never win. It has been conquered and defeated. We can believe again that Christ himself was with us in the darkness, and through him can have light and life again.

That is the message of Easter morning. Jesus is alive and well and recovering from his own Good Friday and Holy Saturday. He allows us all to share in that, for darkness and death have been defeated.

If you are still 'there', can I assure you that this, too shall pass. Have a happy and joyful Easter Day!

Kenny

Billy Graham



Billy Graham, the renowned American evangelist, was remembered with great fondness by Christians the world over when news of his death was announced on Wednesday 21st February. He died peacefully in his sleep, aged 99.

Billy Graham leaves a unique legacy: he preached to more people in live audiences than anyone else in history - nearly 215 million of them, in 185 countries and territories. Hundreds of millions more were reached through television, video, film and webcasts.

Born William Franklin Graham on 7th November 1918, four days before the Armistice ended World War I, Billy Graham was reared on a dairy farm in Charlotte, N.C. He grew up during the Depression, working hard on the family farm.

In late 1934, when he was 15, Billy Graham was converted to Christianity through the ministry of Mordecai Ham, a travelling evangelist, who visited Charlotte for a series of revival meetings. He was ordained in 1939 by Peniel Baptist Church in Palatka, Fla. (a church in the Southern Baptist Convention) and studied at Florida Bible Institute (now Trinity College of Florida) and Wheaton College Illinois, before going into the ministry. He also married a fellow student, Ruth McCue Bell, daughter of a missionary surgeon to China.

Billy Graham's gift of evangelistic preaching was evident early on, but it was the 1949 Los Angeles Crusade which vaulted him into the public eye. He astonished the churches and people of Los Angeles by drawing 350,000 people over eight weeks, and leading 3,000 of them to make decisions for Christ. In the nearly 60 years of ministry that followed, Billy Graham preached the gospel in nearly every corner of the world. His last 'crusade' was at Flushing Meadow in New York in 2005.

Many Christians in the UK can trace their own faith in God back to Billy Graham's crusade to Harringay in 1954, or Earls Court in 1966 or

1967, or to Mission England, in 1984, as well as other, shorter visits. Hundreds of men went for ordination because of his preaching.

Billy Graham's son, Franklin, writes: 'My father's journey of faith on earth has ended. He has been reunited with my mother and has stepped into the eternal joy of Heaven in the presence of his Saviour, in whom he placed his hope.'

Want to be creative?

Have a cup of tea

Tea-drinkers have always known that almost anything is possible, with a cup of tea in your hand, and now it seems that the scientists are catching up with them. For there seems to be proof that a simple cup of tea can spark an instant burst of your brainpower and creativity, enhancing your mood and cognitive ability.

Yet, although tea contains both caffeine and theanine, both of which increase attentiveness and alertness, these do not usually take effect as quickly as the simple act of drinking tea seems to do. Thus, researchers suspect that simply drinking the tea works to enhance your mood.

Tests found that drinking tea helped people in both divergent thinking (the process of coming up with a number of new ideas around a central theme), and also with creativity. This must make tea the go-to drink for writers, artists and musicians, and indeed anyone looking for inspiration. So - go put the kettle on!

The study is in the journal Food Quality and Preference.

Birthday work-outs

There is a new kind of birthday party coming into fashion, where the after-effect is more likely to be sore muscles than a sore head. A growing number of millennials are forsaking the pubs and choosing gyms as venues for their birthday party. This leaves their guests very sweaty, but not sloshed.

The general idea is for each guest to pay £15 - £20 for a themed, instructor-led workout, or aerobics routines built around a party game like pass the parcel. Some smart gyms are now even offering birthday meals for after the workout.

Meanwhile, the Office for National Statistics has announced that more than a quarter of 16-to-24-year-olds are now teetotal. As one young person put it: 'I want to feel good after a party, not sick.' Fair enough!.

Food for Thought: March 2018

As you may be aware the funding for Community Soup is coming to an end 31st March. There is a small chance that we will get a 3 month extension, but we are still awaiting the decision on that. Meanwhile, I thought that I would give you a quick synopsis of the final report which I will be sending to Fair Food Transformation Fund (Scottish Government money) who initially funded us.

Last year when we applied for the money we said we hoped to feed 750 people – now a year later we can record we have fed 2517. So what does that mean?



Well, I think it means that we are building

Community. We are building community for people who, before Community Soup started, would have been at home alone... but who now have an opportunity to meet together and chat with others. It means that the older men who come now have two new dates in their weekly diary for company every week. It means that the people who previously have spent days without speaking to another person now know they will have human contact in their day.

Last week one of the bosses from HMP Greenock came in to Community Soup with a ThroughCare worker and a young man just released from jail. He went away with a St Augustine's leaflet enthusing about this church. He said that he was going back to his own church to tell them about our work and mission. We are very proud to be the face of St Augustine's that most strangers meet.

One of the most amazing things about Community

Soup and Food For Thought is the commitment of the volunteers.



During our recent deep freeze I walked to work expecting really to be the only one in. To my utter amazement four of my volunteers also turned up. They, like me, had walked in knee high snow and on nearly deserted roads even walking the wrong way on the town roundabout, which I thought was fun! However I had to remember that I get paid for this whilst they do not. They had turned up because they were concerned that with all services closed there would be people in need. In fact over the worst 2 days we did in fact give out emergency food for 10 people, including 3 children. We also fed the robins and the other wee birds. Most people stayed home, my lot came out to help others. Outstanding!!!!

So we march on to Easter. Eggs are already piling up in the Church office.

Funding, as always, is ongoing but at the moment we live to fight another day.

Thanks and congratulations go to Roddy Dyer who volunteered with us for over a year and has now gone and got himself a full time job! Well done Roddy!

Thanks also to Joanne who held a charity night for Food For Thought on Friday night and raised over £600.

As always thanks go to the members of the congregation and all in our extended community who continue to support our work.

Caroline x



Reflections - Jesus

The Man

As I hit 70 I sometimes reflect on the “good old days” when “hip hop” was fashionable and did not mean operations (hip op). When I understood a “tranny” to be a pocket radio (no offence meant), and the “daily grind” meant a work load not my joint action. When black stockings were attractive not surgical! Back then “clickety click” meant Bingo not standing up, and snow was fun!

I awoke one morning after a sleepless night to sit on the edge of my bed almost in tears. With creaky hot complaining joints at hips and knees. Head in hands I spoke to the floor, “I have had it, I have had enough!” I know you have been there - we all have. I pondered on how our Lord would have coped as gradually my strength returned to eventually wash and dress almost in time for my PJ's again!

Psalms 40 vs 1 - 3:

“I waited patiently for the Lord to help me.
He lifted me out of the pit of despair, out of the mud and mire.
He set my feet on solid ground and steadied me as I walked along.
He gave me a new song to sing, a hymn of praise to our Lord our God.
Many will see what He has done and will be astounded, they will put their trust in the Lord.”

Sunday 4th March 2018 11am Service: After much mumbling and grumbling and arrow prayers and snow hurdling I am at St Augustine's. The sermon by Liz was about how Jesus the man (one of my favourite studies) was passionate about God's business. How His anger, born of passion not of hate, gave Him the strength and conviction to clean the Temple of its profiteers and how “zeal for His Father's house will consume Him”. Passion indeed!

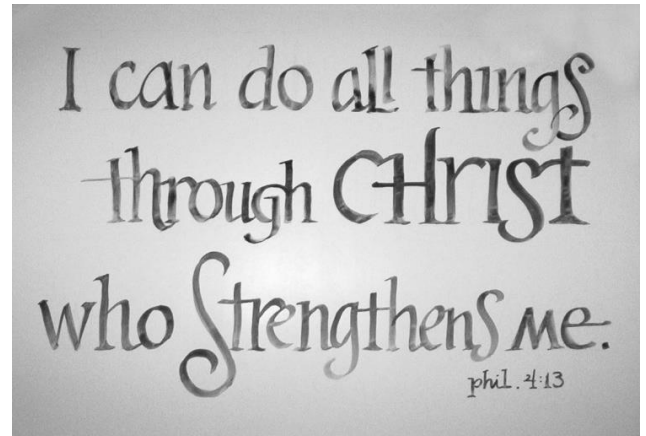
Liz continued to state how Jesus has not changed and if incarnate today, Jesus would be just as passionately rooting for the immigrant, the refugee, the impoverished and “put upon” in our society. A man I could look up to for encouragement.

Afterwards, Liz and I discussed how Jesus being a young man with a carpenter's business would be strong and would not flinch at hard work. He was

no Bee Gees look-alike singing falsetto with blue eyes flashing. Jesus was and is **not** a wimp! He struggled with the cross until compelled to accept help from Simon of Cyrene. What strength of purpose and body to pull Himself up on the nails of the cross to shout, “It is finished!”

This sermon and subsequent meditation have given me strength to carry on and encouraged me. I pray you will find it the same and be strong and blessed by our wonderful God in the flesh!

John Russell.



Good Stuff.

We read recently from Ephesians 2 that “we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.”

How marvellous... a kind of heavenly treasure hunt where we are invited to discover blessings every day to share with each other... maybe a simple word of encouragement to cheer someone up and set the tone of their day, maybe a smile to a stranger, a practical help, a meal shared, phone call made, a hospital visit. The list is as endless and varied as we are! So let's get hunting!

“Spread love everywhere you go: first of all in your own house. Give love to your children, your wife or husband, to a next door neighbour... Let no one ever come to you without leaving better and happier. Be the living expression of God's kindness: Kindness in your face, kindness in your eyes, kindness in your smile, kindness in your warm greeting.” Mother Teresa.

Kirsten Wiggins



Scottish Episcopal Church makes history as it consecrates first female Bishop

She has taken the bus, just as she does every day, sitting with other passengers, chatting away.

She could be anyone's mum off to work. But she's actually Scotland's first female bishop.

Barely two weeks into her new role as Scottish Episcopal Bishop for Aberdeen and Orkney, the former scientist reveals that becoming a priest and then making history was never part of her life plan.

In fact, when her vicar first suggested she train for the priesthood she refused.

The 61-year-old married mum-of-one – with a 'wicked' sense of humour and a love for Victoria Wood sketches – laughs: "I remember saying 'I will do pretty much anything for God but I won't do that.'"

God, it seems, had other ideas for this extraordinary woman from an ordinary background.

"I grew up in a typical family in Bradford; mum was a hospital administrator and my dad worked in accounts," she tells the Sunday Post.

"Church-going was not part of growing up, but we were a warm extended family, a Yorkshire family; straight-talkers.

"There are strong women in my family, tough women who have been through often tough times. My nana Iris was a huge influence on me. She was always massively generous with what little she had.

"She used to say prayers before she went to bed. She prayed a blessing on us all but she never really talked about faith. She didn't go to church."

The bishop was the first in her family to attend a grammar school – an all girls' school where gender bias and 'glass ceilings' were unknown. She was also the first to go to university, gaining a coveted place at Oxford's women's college St Anne's. But there were only 10 women to 100 men on her chemistry course.

She says: "I have been well supported in educational environments which said: 'So you're a

woman, so what? Let's get on with it. Let's use your abilities and use your talents'."

While at university she explored faith and attended different church groups but became passionately involved in church life after graduating in 1980 and joining Unilever as a systems analyst.

Very soon her professional life was overtaken by her commitment to God and the Church but she still didn't envisage herself in ministry.

From the early 1980s, she remembers: "The Church of England was very masculine; I never heard a woman preach or lead worship. I couldn't imagine it.

"I was sent to see the Bishop to talk about vocation and he said to me: 'You do realise if you do this no one will want to marry you. Have you thought of becoming a nun?'"

"At that point I was going out with one of his ordinands – someone who is training for the Church – but I didn't think it was the moment to tell him," she chuckles again.

In the end she decided to "give in" and follow her calling, marrying her ordinand boyfriend Roger two weeks before joining his college to train.

She was in the first group of ordained women deacons in 1987, joining the Rochester Diocese in Medway. She was also part of the movement who brought about the ordination of women to the priesthood, becoming a priest in the first tranche in 1994, along the way giving birth to her daughter Millie, now 26.

"Some women are vulnerable with their partners. When I worked in Haddington I had so many women who came to my door, suffering with domestic violence, or their partners had gone off with all the money.

"As one woman to another, if a woman is on the doorstep with her kids and they've got no food, absolutely I am going to respond, anyone would." Bishops, she says, can see "the big picture"; areas of society – such as disability and the benefits system – that are not working. And she wants to tackle them in partnership with local politicians, just as she had in Haddington before her move north.

But Anne says gender didn't really come in to it: "I didn't do this to become the first woman Bishop in Scotland. I want to serve Aberdeen and Orkney. It felt very much like the Bishops approaching me as a person and not as a woman. She smiles: "I look back and think: 'Thank goodness I said yes'."

Sally McDonald, Sunday Post





Dumbarton Gambia Education Association
Scottish Charity no: SC 036449
Administered by St. Augustine's Episcopal
Church Dumbarton.



Gambia and Dumbarton London Corner Nursery School

February 2018

Hi, to all our sponsors,

January saw us heading to The Gambia for our annual visit, when we meet the children, check on the progress of the school, see that all the things that we promised last year have been put in place, and the important and sometimes awkward issue of salary increases or rewards for the hard working and dedicated staff are debated.

Our visit was brought to a stop when the snow on the M74 saw us still sitting motionless at 7.30am where we had been for 8 hours. The flight had long departed but never daunted we travelled a week later and had a great time.



We got the opportunity to stand in the newly refurbished kitchen, which has been transformed from a soot encrusted, unhealthy environment to what, by local standards, is a modern kitchen. Tiling and a clever structure which holds the huge cooking pots with the fire underneath have made a hot, hard job much more pleasant for Haddy and Binta our cooks. This is all constructed with efficient chimneys which take all the smoke and lots of the heat out through the roof. As Liz and I watched them cooking the nutritious food for the children we were fascinated by the fire under the 'hob'. We wondered how they could turn the heat up and down as we do so easily in our own kitchens. The answer was obvious to anyone used to cooking on open fires, you just take a few pieces of the burning wood out and throw it onto the concrete floor – job done!

We had our usual after school sit down with all the staff, but, before we got to that stage, we heard that Wally Faal, the landlord had informed Headmaster Sulayman that he wanted us to leave at the end of next term rather than negotiate another 5 year lease. The meeting was unpleasant to say the least and even with Faye there to ensure that there were no language based misunderstandings, we struggled to get Wally to change his mind without first discussing it with his children (grown up now). We had already decided that with the inflation of the past 5 years, and as the current rent had not changed in the last 10 years (it had also been cut at the last negotiation to mitigate the expense that we had spent on the buildings and facilities) we would increase the annual rent.

By the time we met again with Wally a few days later, a much happier, more friendly landlord arrived at the school and the financial agreement was signed amid acknowledgement from Wally that we were very good tenants who gave him no problems, helped the community and provided a good income. Handshakes and smiles all round.

Our finances are much more secure this year. However, to ensure the long term sustainability of the school we felt that, like last year, we could not offer an increase in salaries. We offered an extra bag of rice to each employee so that they would receive one at Christmas and another at Tobaski (a Muslim festival much like our Christmas). These are relevant times as there are some Christians amongst our children and staff. This means that they would get the equivalent of an agreeable rise while leaving us without the extra financial commitment on our monthly outgoings. This was warmly welcomed. They know that 2 years ago, they had a 10% rise which keeps them well ahead of the income of equivalent schools in The Gambia and that along with the daily lunch that they enjoy and help with medical emergencies they are well paid.



The children were wonderful as usual, well behaved and happy to see us.

This year Caroline, of our Food for Thought project in our church, had given us £500 to pay for the annual outing and as a special treat she had got funding to give each child an ice cream cone, not something that they were familiar with and we had to tell them that they could eat the cone as well as the ice-cream.

We met the new teacher Landing Jassey who has taken over class 3 from Mr Williams who sadly left us to continue his career in a Lower Basic School. We were please to meet Landing and he seems to have a good rapport with his class and the children should still be leaving for Lower Basic with a good basic knowledge of English.

So Sulayman, Kemo, Betty and Landing (the teachers), Isatou the classroom assistant, Haddy and Binta, Kumba the cleaner and Elymanel and Lamin the 2 nightwatchmen send their thanks to you all for your generosity during another successful year, and the children again say a big thank you for giving them a great start in life.



New Habits?

In a previous article I admitted to having a pitiful prayer life, so instead of giving up the usual things for Lent (not that I was too hot on that either), it seemed an ideal opportunity to start to improve my prayer life. That's easier said than done, where to start? There are so many daily reading and prayer guides to choose from, but which one would work for me. It's a bit like a new diet, unless it fits with you, or you have incredible motivation, it won't last. Some effort is inevitably required, but to make it stick it has to fit in with your day.

Helpfully, I discovered the "Daily Offices" on the Scottish Episcopal Church website (scotland.anglican.org). Although it appears a



strange title, the word "office" is from a couple of Latin words that simply mean "to do work" – so prayer must be a type of work for Christians, but when work is a

pleasure it is not hard. Although I wasn't particularly used to formal prayers, preferring "off the cuff" (extemporary – to give it its fancy name) prayers that are fresh and for the moment, I did find it a helpful structure of prayers and readings that was easy to follow. Some of the prayers were repeated as were some of the scriptures, but there was something about it that made it work for me. So far, I have managed to do morning and night prayer every day and have found it helpful.

It also fits quite well with my day – I have a 90 minute commute each day with two train journeys of 30 and 15 minutes – more than enough time to complete the "offices."



Terry Waite, former envoy to the Archbishop of Canterbury who spent 1,763 days as a hostage in Lebanon, found that it was helpful to pray from the Book of Common Prayer (which by then he had committed to memory) as it made him God focussed rather than situation or self focussed. The first four years of

his captivity was spent in solitary confinement, so it needed something special to maintain his equilibrium.

The Daily Offices clearly delivered for Terry in dreadful circumstances, so they might also for me and you.

John Wiggins

Future Proof

As wise stewards, we all make provision for the future, and probably rightly so; no-one wants to be a burden on their children or society generally. So we store away in the modern equivalent of barns and sit it out, waiting for the proverbial rainy day.

My mother recently embarked on an unsuccessful attempt to "future proof" her home by making alterations to her bathroom. It didn't quite work out as planned... It makes you wonder - can we ever really be "future proof"? Things have a habit of changing unexpectedly. Sickness falls upon us or a loved one. People move away. Pension pots evaporate. Banking systems crash. Unexpected life events occur...and the true nature of our insecurities is exposed.



Think about Jesus wending His lonely path to crucifixion, heart prepared: Father not my will but yours be done. Brutalised and mistreated He turns to the women: "Daughters of Jerusalem, don't weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

To quote Micah Jazz "The only future proofing is the kind Jesus describes. We are to prepare our hearts by exploring how we can deepen our trust and confidence in Jesus. In this way we shall navigate our future, whether tomorrow brings sunshine, showers or a mighty storm."

Lord, teach us how to be wise in our present while trusting you for our future. Amen.

Kirsten Wiggins



'Wait Till I Tell You.....'

Janette looks back on a frozen February of cancellations and postponed events while cautiously looking forward to a March that forgot the old

adage about the lion and the lamb and came in like a polar bear. Bring on the April showers!

AND TALKING OF POLAR BEARS.....

Congratulations to Victoria and Arktos of Kingussie Wildlife Park on the birth of their baby bear cub just the week before Christmas. This little cub – the first of the polar variety to be born in Britain for 25 years – put a smile on everyone's face when it appeared for the cameras in March. In the snowy Highland landscape it felt right at home. Suffice to say, it would have felt similarly at home in the untreated roads of Castlehill. For the first twelve weeks of its life the beautiful little creature will be kept away from the human race. That will give Mum, Victoria, time to prepare it for a world of lying, cheating, spying, destroying, polluting, poisoning and all the other endearing qualities of its fellow sharers of the planet. I can just hear her growl *'Remember – be proud to be a beast and always act like an animal! Now, shall we pop inside or we'll miss the Jeremy Kyle Show?'*

SNOWED IN – WITH NO GIN!

'Aye, we were aw tellt that the beast frae the east wis oan its wey' but we kept calm and optimistically ignored the warnings. After all, it was nearly Easter, the eggs were in the shops and winter was over. The days were getting longer and it would soon be *'the Ferr'*. Oh yes, spring may have been in the air but on 28th February and the dangerous days of early March it was certainly not in our step when we attempted the off piste slopes that were Lennox Gardens and Glasgow Road. We were told to 'walk like a penguin' with splayed feet and hands properly positioned for balance – (try that with a dog lead or shopping trolley!). But the penguin gait seems to work – there are no records of penguins queuing on trollies at the RAH. I suspect that has more to do with the fact that they do not have as far to fall as the average pedestrian in cases of a mishap. Of course the buses and trains got themselves safely cancelled, taxis disappeared and cars were buried under deep blankets of snow. Only weans, buoyed up with the excitement of school closures,

were able to get around. But soon they got bored with peak sledging, igloo and snow man building, snow angel posing and retired to their bedrooms with their permanently attached iPads. Their Mums became really anxious to get the schools reopened and some even cleared the playgrounds to hasten their return. Well done, Gillian! Such a public-spirited action.

For the elderly and middle aged being 'snowed in' was a warm, comforting idea till the realization that things could get very difficult. The TV programmes were continually showing idyllic scenes of snowy landscapes and the only news was of council and government officials assuring us that they were mitigating the clearing of the drifts and ice on our paralysed motorways. They should have ordered more shovels! And as for those never-ending weather forecasts? Kirsty is a lovely *'wumman'* but we could see what it was like through the icicles on the windows! Oh yes, from the warmth of the sofa with pre-dinner refreshment in hand it was really enjoyabletill we started to run out of supplies! The guilty pleasure of a G&T with ice and a slice was put into jeopardy for me on the second day when the Christmas stock became dangerously low. The cherished Hendricks held only sufficient for one more treat. It was time to panic! Snowed in and no gin!

The nights were long, the theatre cancelled and bedtime far, far away.

Meanwhile, out in the community, the spirit of the Blitz took over and intrepid, well - meaning neighbours, displaying all the symptoms of cabin fever, decided to venture out with rucksacks and boots to shop for their own and their neighbours' essentials. Well, I accepted the offer of bread and milk but I didn't like to say what I really, really wanted was something to go with my tonic water. Why? Was it that old Scottish Calvinistic attitude to boozing or the fear that my benefactor might slip on the ice and spill the lot? And no one would believe that I needed that Beefeater just to clean my jewellery! So, forced sobriety was the order of my early March days but a lesson has been learned. Be prepared. One never knows what catastrophe is about to befall us.

TBag O'Neill assures us that she always has a survival plan, not for the G&Ts, but for the T&Ts. Her garden shed is fully *'stowed oot'* with TBags and Toilet Rolls!

SPIES R US!

Who would have thought that we still had some James Bond types *'hingin' about'* in Britain

today? And in the beautiful 'Escape to the Country' territory of Salisbury with its middle England aspirations and Tory voters. It all goes to show that none of us should be complacent after this latest attack on our national security and is a reminder that someone could be listening. Even on the Westcliff bus be wary of that wee man in the anorak and baseball cap who has paid his fare with a contactless payment card – a certain giveaway of the oligarch! And that 'wumman' you thought had just had her teeth out could actually be wearing a black sars mask. You never know what she might have under the toilet rolls in her shopping bag. Novichok sounds like a brand of Easter Egg! *Jings, crivvens and help ma Boab!* Washing day last Monday in the beautiful cathedral city of Salisbury saw soap powder sales reach a record high as punters on government advice washed everything in sight. The army patrolled the streets, sci-fi inspired hazard suits were high fashion in all public parks and no one dared eat a pizza. But big Theresa's fought back by handing out an ultimatum to President Putin with her friend from across the pond in full support. Of course it was treated with contempt so she sent twenty three dodgy diplomats packing as well as making the World Cup a no-no for Ministers of State and the Royal Family. Closer to home, Scotland is certainly up for the World Cup boycott and assures the Prime Minister that they will not be going! Meanwhile, guard what you say and restrict your gossip to the usual suspects in Poundland and St. Aug's!

DRAMA AT THE DOGGIE OSCARS.

The graceful whippet, Tartan Tease, had just been awarded the ultimate accolade at Crufts, Best in Show, and was enjoying its moment of fame when animal rights supporters stormed into the arena. Was it their intention to snatch the cowering canine that was snuggling into its confused owner's arms for protection? And what would have happened had the judge's chosen masterpiece in the final line up been that massive and powerful Akito – a breed that's better known in Dumbarton as '*wan o' thae big Ikea dugs*'? It might have chased the unwarranted protesters right back across the channel.

LITTLE ROCKET MAN MEETS THE DERANGED DOTARD.

This could be the title for a new film about the proposed meeting between 'the Donald' and Kim Jong Un with a scene in which they become new best friends. The world waits with tension and

hopes that there will be no tantrums and neither of the boys will be throwing his toys – the nuclear ones – out of the pram. The venue for this historic meeting has still to be decided or as 'the Donald' says '*We have to have somewhere to eat the burgers*'. The arrangements will be announced on Twitter. Perhaps the controversial statesmen will do something with their hair for this auspicious occasion since both sport hairstyles that promote the mullet to high fashion!

SPRING THINGS!

After all, we're more than halfway through Lent and 'Lent' comes from Lenct – an Anglo Saxon word for spring. How's that for '*a daud*' of useless information just when you thought you didn't know any Anglo Saxon words? In spring we may see some mad March hares and notice that this year they may appear almost sensible after listening to our Chancellor's spring statement in which he likened himself to Tigger and started to see Eeyores on the opposition benches. What else did he say about our economy? Don't know – I'd stopped listening and started looking for A.A Milne's 'House on Pooh Corner' on my over-crowded bookshelves. Another spring thing that gets old geezers signing up for dating websites is the Tennyson quote '*In Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love*'. That'll be right! According to current news reports it should be full blown lust! This deadly sin has never been so popular and prevails in all fields from politics to religion. Ask that '*sowell*' in Holyrood whose inappropriate behaviour towards the fairer sex had him moved to the parliament basement in order to keep his job! Just think what he can get up to down there! And just to keep the girls happy it was International Women's Day on 8th March – a day on which we could fly on a plane entirely piloted by a female crew. Great! Similarly, it's encouraging to see the odd '*wumman*' at the controls on the First bus routes and the publicity given to the amazing driving of the attractive blonde on the Edinburgh vehicle who prevented a horrible collision with a skidding motorist during the big freeze. Aye, we women (and big women) are on the march - right into the boardroom without having to spring clean it first!

A BIG NIGHT REMINISCENCE.

One of the historic (or even hysteric) Friends' events at St. Aug's was 'A Night with the Stars' and I was reminded of it while watching this year's Oscars which appeared dull in comparison

with our celebration. Where were all the stunning frocks? The enviable hairstyles and a 'that and a that'? Today it is more about protest, innuendo and accusation.

At St. Auggie's Oscars there was glitter, glamour and an abundance of Elvis's and Carmen Mirandas! And we were presented with real statuettes – I've still got mine! Roberta stole the show with her Dorothy from 'The Wizard of Oz' but then - she's got her own dressing up box and never misses an opportunity.

FRIENDS PLAN A MEETING – AT LAST!

In last month's 'By the Way Together' I promised news of activities for spring and summer. Sadly, the intended meeting did not materialise so a new Friends' programme will have to wait another month. But don't stop reading 'By the Way Together' – all will be revealed and hopefully worth it!

Back next month.

Janette

.....

SMILE LINES

What would Jesus do?

While waiting in line to check out at a Christian bookshop, a man in front of me asked the clerk about a display of hats with the letters WWJD on them. The clerk explained that WWJD stands for "What would Jesus do?" and that the idea is to get people to consider this question when making decisions. The man pondered a moment, then said, "I don't think He'd pay £9.99 for that hat."

Cure

A Sunday School teacher asked her pupils 'Does anyone know any of the miracles that Jesus performed?' One youngster put his hand up and said 'Yes, He cured people who had leopards.'

Sidesman

Sidesman to newcomer at church door: Good morning. How far down do you wish to sit?' Baffled newcomer: 'Well, all the way, of course.'

Family pride

It was a posh parish. Over drinks in the church hall, the church warden informed the visiting archdeacon: 'My family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror.'

'Well,' ventured the archdeacon with a smile, 'my ancestors were in the Ark with Noah.'

'Well, mine weren't,' came the quick reply. 'My people had a boat of their own.'

When you mix children and religion... You get some unexpected gems. The following are extracts from religious exam papers...

In the first book of the Bible, Guinness, God got tired of creating the world, so he took the Sabbath off.

The Jews are God's chosen people, but throughout history they've had trouble with unsympathetic Genitals.

Moses led the Jews to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread which is bread without any ingredients.

Moses died before he ever reached Canada.

Solomon, one of David's sons, had 300 wives and 700 porcupines.

The people who followed the Lord were called the twelve decibels.

Phonecall

In the days before WW 2, phonecalls cost two pence. 'Can you lend me tuppence to ring a friend?' a widely disliked MP once asked Winston Churchill. The great man scoured his pockets. 'Here's four pence,' he said. 'Ring them all.'

Some one-liners

Behind every successful man is a surprised mother-in-law.

What do you do if you see a spaceman? You park your car in it, man.

My mouth doesn't seem to have a backspace key.

'The trouble with quotes on the Internet is that you can never know if they are genuine.' - St Paul.

Tax collector: the person who has what it takes to take what you have.

What is a smile? It's when you laugh in a whisper.

ROTAS FOR ST MUNGO'S

Sunday March 18th

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Palm Sunday March 25th

Reader/Intercessions	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Easter Sunday April 1st

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday April 8th

Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Phil O'Ryan

Sunday April 15th

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday April 22nd

Reader/Intercessions	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Sunday April 29th

Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Phil O'Ryan

Sunday May 6th

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

CLEANING

18 th March/22 nd April:	Jean
25 th March/29 th April:	Finella (flowers)
8 th April/May 6 th :	Iona and Mary
15 th April/May 13 th :	Margaret



"Its from our church... we've been called up for active duty."

ROTAS FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

Sunday March 18th.

Readers	Evelyn O'Neill & Barbara Barnes
Intercessions	Fran Walker
Chalice	Janette Barnes & Kirsten Wiggins
Sidespersons	Maggie W & Lorraine McCulloch

Sunday March 25th Palm Sunday

Readers	Maggie Wallace & Ghislaine K
Passion Readings	
Chalice	Fran Walker & Barbara Barnes
Sidespersons	Margaret Swan & Linda Jenkinson

Sunday April 1st Easter Sunday

Readers	Kirsten Wiggins & Janette Barnes
Intercessions	Linda Macaulay
Chalice	Maggie Wallace & Sharon Rowatt
Sidespersons	RobertaMailley & Chrissie Ashman

Sunday April 8th.

Readers	Fran Walker & Morag O'Neill
Intercessions	Dot Russell
Chalice	Margaret Hardie & Janette Barnes
Sidespersons	Barbara Barnes & Roddy Dyer

Sunday April 15th.

Readers	David Ansell & Maggie Wallace
Intercessions	Margaret Hardie
Chalice	David Rowatt & Fran Walker
Sidespersons	David Ansell & Cathy Hoatson

Sunday April 22nd

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

Sunday April 29th

Readers	Margaret Hardie & Roddy Dyer
Intercessions	Maggie Wallace
Chalice	Barbara Barnes & Kirsten Wiggins
Sidespersons	Roberta Mailley & Chrissie Ashman

FLOWERS

April 1st	Maggie Wallace & Moira McGown
April 8th	Barbara Barnes
April 15th	Fran Walker
April 22nd	Linda Macaulay
April 29th	Margaret Hardie

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



Wednesday night... 7pm... at the Rectory... and another cheerful Lent Group begins! This year we've gone back to basics – looking at Prayer, The Bible, The Sacraments and 'Being Church'. As always the contributions have been insightful and we have learned from each other as well as learning about ourselves. Many thanks to those who came and who made it such fun!

Rev Liz

Congratulations, Kirsten!

Well done, Kirsten, who with five other people from various congregations, was awarded a certificate for completing the Diocesan Authorised Worship Leader's Course. The course was led by Bishop Gregor and Canon Gordon Fyfe over 5 evening sessions. We can now look forward to being led in worship by Kirsten and being blessed as she shares her gifts.



As churches across the Diocese fought against the extreme weather conditions on the first week in Spring St Augustine's, Food For Thought and St Mungo's continued to open their doors to help those in need and to worship as usual on Sunday. Well done to all who overcame the cold and deep snow and turned up – faithful as ever!

