

By the Way Together

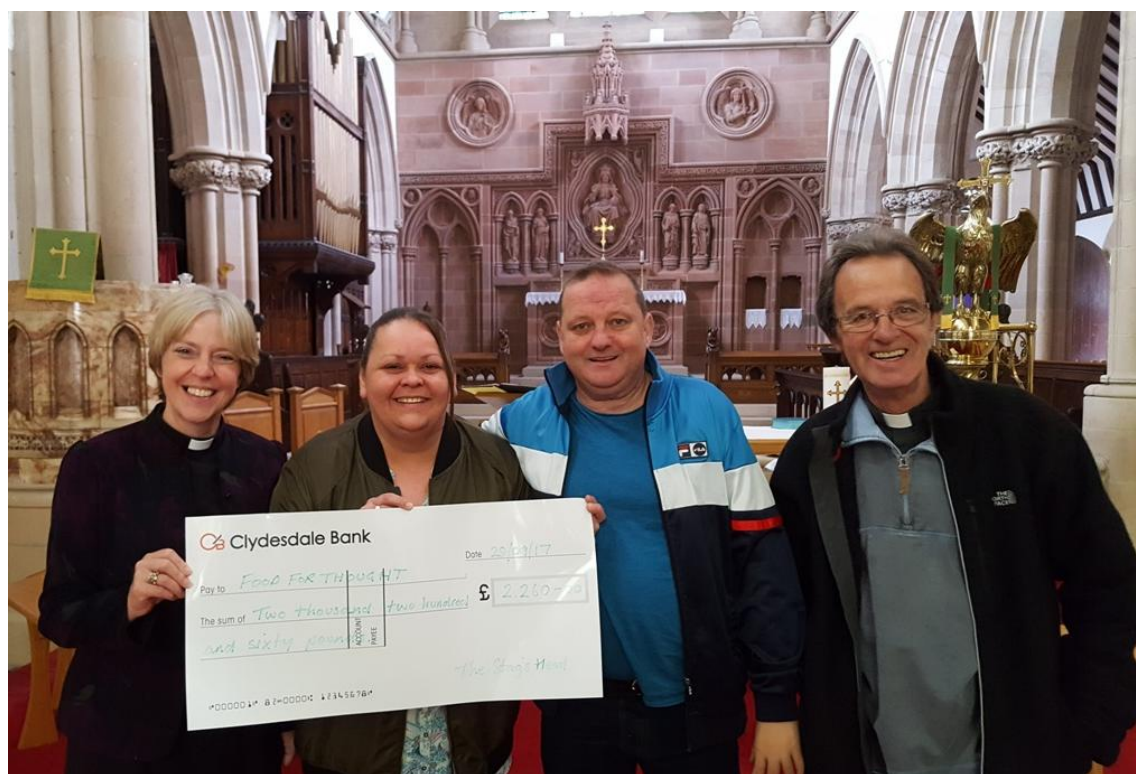
The Magazine of:
St Augustine's Scottish Episcopal Church, Dumbarton
and
St Mungo's Scottish Episcopal Church, Alexandria

Issue No 32 November 2017



COUPLE PAY TO ESCAPE CLERGY!

Thank you to everyone
from the Stag's Head who
took part in the
sponsored walk and for
their generous donation
of £2,260 to Food For
Thought!



**IN THIS
ISSUE.....**
- Read all
about Bungie!
- Upcoming
Events
- Christmas
preparations
for F4Th
- Photos of
those you
know!
- Wait Till I
Tell You!
And lots, lots
more!!

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Prepare the Way....

Ecumenical Advent

Evening

with

St Patrick's Choir, All Sorts, Riverside
Choir

Sunday 3rd December

7.30pm

St Augustine's Church

For St. Patrick's Church Building Fund

The Glasgow Wind Band

(top band in Europe)

Presents

A Christmas Concert

Riverside Parish Church

Sunday 10th December

7.30pm

Refreshments

Tickets £10 (£5 for children)



MURDER MYSTERY!

SATURDAY

11TH NOVEMBER

7 FOR 7.30PM

St Augustine's Hall

£20 per head

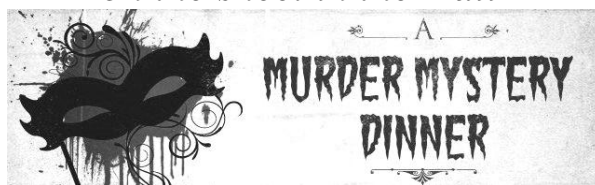
(£18 with Friends discount)

Three Course Meal included

Dress Code:

Something daft in a mask!

*If interested put your name down
on the sheet in the Hall*



ST MUNGO'S CHURCH

Sunday 5th November

11am Eucharist

All Saints and All Souls

Celebration for all

Saints,

present and past



.....
A.G.M. after 11am Sunday Eucharist

Sunday 19th November

Light lunch will be provided

ADVENT QUIET DAY

"What do we aim for in Advent?"



Saturday 2nd December

10 for 10.30 – 3pm

Holy Trinity & St Barnabas,
Paisley

Led by Bishop Gregor Duncan

Participants are asked to bring their own lunch

Everyone welcome

DEDICATION SERVICE

The service is an opportunity for parents and friends to join in remembering those who have lost their lives through addiction.

It will also be a time for prayer for those still suffering and yet to find their way into

recovery.

Wednesday 15th November

St Augustine's Church

7pm



ST AUGUSTINE'S

All Saints: Wednesday 1st Nov 10.30 am

All Souls: Thursday 2nd Nov 7pm



From Kenny..

November is the month of remembrance. From All Souls Day, when we remember those departed this life whom we loved dearly, through to Remembrance Sunday, remembering those fallen, who gave their lives for justice and freedom, then on to our Annual Service of Remembrance, in St Augustine's, for those in our community who have lost their lives to addiction, whether that be to drugs or alcohol. It feels a bit like "Remember, remember the *whole* of November!"

Along with the sort of weather that November serves up, it can be a rather gloomy time for many of us.

However, step into the secular world of shopping malls or even our High Streets, and there will be Christmas all around us. Jolly Christmas carols begin in November in Braehead, and Santa is on his way. In lots of ways, the world is teaching us our own message! It looks forward to joy, to a time when we are all going to be happy, and we can play our part by parting with a lot of cash to make someone we love dearly very happy indeed!

I wouldn't suggest for a minute that we hop on board the secular bus, but there is some wisdom in looking forwards rather than backwards, and raising up people's spirits.

In the Church we call it hope, and our Gospel is one of hope rather than despair. In November times may seem gloomy, but we proclaim our hope of eternal life, we proclaim the sort of hope which the Israelites had when they talked about the Messiah, and we reflect the hope woven through the Epistles and Gospels in our bible.

We are more than ready to slip into Advent, the season of hope, by the time November is over, and liturgically prepare ourselves for the coming of Our Lord in a lowly stable in Bethlehem. "Joy to the World, the Lord has Come". That is what we will eventually be singing, but maybe not today.

Today we may be remembering our loved ones departed, and even still, deeply grieving their absence in our daily lives. However, in that grief there is hope!

The service we have with Alternatives in St Augustine's in November is about remembering the dead, those who lost their battle with addiction, but I always come out of that particular service with great hope in my heart. The Paschal Candle is lit at the end, the ultimate sign of hope. The service has been attended by scores of younger people who have fought that fight and are recovering on a daily basis. They are testament to the fact that there is *always* hope!

My heart rejoices that, day by day in St Augustine's we see people who have overcome some really huge problems and have their lives back again. People that I thought were near to death last year, are now living a full and productive life in recovery. They, by far, outweigh, the numbers that we remember at our candlelit service.

I love the passage from Revelation, which I often read at funerals, which proclaims, "He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death' or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed." That is the Christian hope.

However, the Christian hope is not just about death and eternal life. It is a living thing which should permeate our lives and the way we live them.

All of us go through some pretty dark times in our lives. Everything seems to be going wrong, perhaps we are suffering from depression, or are taken over by worry for our own health or the health of those we love. There seems to be no hope, and no way out.

We must steer away from negativity, and hold fast to the hope which the Gospel proclaims. God is with us and certainly with us through our own Good Fridays. So, lift your heads, be positive, for God is in charge, and hold on to the fact that all things work for good.

Kenny

As if you didn't know it's nearly Christmas again. For those waiting to be in receipt of Universal Credit it may well be 12 weeks before a payment is made; for those enduring a Benefit Sanction, it may well be a similar length of time before any money comes into the house. For these and many other people it may well be a very different Christmas than last year. Their plight is now, at last, beginning to hit the headlines and the Government has begun to consider their response. You can now have a look at the newly published booklet that tells you "Everything you wanted to know about sanctions and were afraid to ask". It gives you advice as to what to do if you are feeling suicidal because of your financial situation (pg4). A great comfort, I am sure.

For us, at Food for Thought, Christmas means setting up the "Toy shop" with 1000 toys to give away to kids who would otherwise have nothing to open at all; the making of 103 "Christmas Dinners in a bag" to be given to everyone in our area who lives in supported accommodation, and of course the preparing of Christmas dinner itself. 98 people booked a seat at our table last year on Christmas Day and I expect we will welcome a similar number this year. We have always been incredibly lucky to receive the food for Christmas Lunch - much coming from local companies and individuals. But every year we still need money to supplement what we are given and buy what we need to make sure everyone has a wonderful day. Last year we received a grant of £5,170 from St Nicholas Care Fund and this covered the whole of our festivities. Alas we are not so fortunate this year.

Christmas time for us is the most important and significant time of our year. It is when our response to Jesus' call to reach out to the poor and needy is at its keenest. When our consumer society is encouraging everyone to spend excessively, the plight of those who struggle is felt even more deeply.

As a congregation you could help us by buying into the reverse advent calendar and collecting a food item every day. Once you have 23 items then bring them into us at the office. That would be truly wonderful.

Caroline xx





In recent weeks I feel like I have been turning into some sort of nocturnal animal... I have been getting up in the pitch dark.... driving to work in the very dim light with headlights full on... and driving home again, *in the dark*. Even the days have been overcast and the lights are permanently on at home and in the office. I am hoping that maybe when the clocks go back things will improve – but that just might be my optimistic nature!

It was in the context of this darkness that recently, in a rare quiet moment in the office, some of us were talking about cars and driving and St Frances of Rome got mentioned. She, apparently is the patron saint of headlights! Now I had never heard of her, but I liked the idea of there being a saint for headlights. So I turned, as always, to 'St Google' to tell me more about her.

St Frances lived in the 15th century and was forced into marriage at the age of 12 despite wanting desperately to be a nun. She is supposed to have had an archangel that only she could see as a guide, and to have spent her life looking after the sick and poor. On her feast day (March 9th) priests are encouraged to bless cars and their drivers. Of course Frances herself never drove a car, but legend says that when she went out at night her guardian angel went before her, lighting the road with a headlight-like lantern keeping her safe in her travels.



Hearing about St Frances reminded me of a time when I lived in Birmingham. Phil and I were driving home one night, in bad weather and we literally hit a wall of fog, the thickness of which I have never come across before or since. We couldn't see a single thing... not the sides of the road... or parked cars... or past the end of the bonnet. It was scary. It was like trying to drive completely blindfolded. In order to move forward at all Phil volunteered to walk in front of the car.... holding a strong flashlight... guiding me and helping me to drive in safety... making sure we didn't crash into other cars, people, cats or trees! Very, very slowly we edged our way out of the fog.

Sometimes life itself can get awfully dark around us, so dark that we don't know which way to turn. The darkness can be caused by health problems, relationship difficulties, or the need to make a tricky decision. And it is at times like these that we need light: a light cast on our troubles to make them less scary, light to show us the way to go, light to guide us so we can continue to put one foot in front of the other and to make the shadows that sometimes surround us less intimidating.



And where can we find glimmers of this light? By turning to Jesus – and through helping each other. Jesus is the Light of the World and there is not a darkness that he has not experienced or that he cannot overcome. But we, as his followers are light too. We have his light within us and if we let it, it will shine through us... lighting up not only our lives but also the dark corners in the lives of others. Just as the moon reflects the light of the sun, so we are called to reflect the light of Christ onto others. I particularly like the words in the hymn, Brother Sister, which says: "I will be the Christ-light for you in the night time of your fear; I will hold my hand out to you and speak the word of peace you long to hear."

Yes, in these darkened days, let's find the light which is burning within us, so that we can offer it to those who are struggling: And if you are of a certain age, perhaps you could also sometimes burst into a wee rendition of "This little light of mine"!

With Love, Liz



Dear friends,
As I look forward, in coming months, to getting to know you I

thought I'd begin by telling you a bit about myself. Although I am now back on the west coast I have to admit I grew up on the other side of the Clyde, in the southside of Glasgow. In childhood I had contact with a couple of churches which in time became part of the URC – a brief spell at Pollokshields (long before Paul Jupp was minister there!) and then Shawlands where I went to Sunday School. In later teenage years I became active in the Church of Scotland youth fellowship and the Scottish Christian Youth Assembly and started volunteering in church projects in Glasgow and then Iona. It was on Iona that I met my future wife, Mandy. Like many before me I headed to London to work in a URC/Baptist Church in Sydenham where I was an assistant to Tom Colvin, a former Church of Scotland missionary in Africa, then a URC minister. I had never heard of the URC until then but within a short time I had applied to train for ministry and also to join the Iona Community.

After successfully competing my training in 1985 at Mansfield College in Oxford University I was ordained as a minister at Carrs Lane in Birmingham, a church with strong Iona connections. I very quickly developed strong ecumenical links in the City that have helped inspire my subsequent ministries. Mandy & I were then called to serve overseas in Israel. She was a doctor at the Nazareth Hospital and I was Director of the Church of Scotland's Sea of Galilee Centre and minister of St Andrew's, Tiberias. While I was there the Church of Scotland entered a partnership with the Diocese of Jerusalem of the Arab Episcopal Church. Our two oldest sons were born in Nazareth. We returned to the UK after our period of service and moved to Cambridge in 1995 where I took time out to look after our young children.

Exciting things were happening in Scotland with devolution and the prospect of a Scottish Parliament and the URC was in talks with the Scottish Congregational Church. It was with delight and a new sense of adventure that we moved to Scotland where I was called as minister to Augustine United Church in Edinburgh. Augustine was already a union of the URC and

the SCC and a great place for someone ecumenically minded to serve. In the following years I helped establish an ecumenical partnership in the city centre involving the Scottish Episcopal Church, the Church of Scotland and the URC.

With New College near the Church I enjoyed returning a couple of times as a mature student, the second time completing a Masters focussing on the Ecumenical Movement in Scotland. I am currently a student linked to New College for a third time, this time undertaking a Doctor on Ministry course in partnership with Pittsburgh Theological Seminary in America.

After eleven years I moved on from Augustine to become the Ecumenical Officer for the URC Synod of Scotland. This post involved travelling all over the country and indeed the world, and forging and deepening links with colleagues of a different traditions. In 2010 I was part of the group that brought the 'EMU' (Episcopal, Methodist, URC) Partnership into being. In addition I was Interfaith Representative for the URC in Scotland and a link officer with various political organisations the Church related to including the Scottish Parliament.

In 2013 I took on an additional General Assembly role accompanying and overseeing the work of the Windermere Centre, one of the URC's Resource Centres for Learning. In Dec 2016 I was asked to become the part time Transitional Director for the Centre to allow the URC to make a decision about the centre's future. In the end it was decided to close the Centre and I oversaw that process, which ended this summer. That's where my journey with your good selves began and I look forward to the adventures of faith that await us.

Bungie (Rev Mitchell Bunting)



“OLD TIME RELIGION”

In the early church it was usual to meet for fellowship, to discuss, pray, study, share a meal or simply to enjoy each others company. Sadly, to a degree, we have lost the strength of this in our busy modern age.

GOOD NEWS.... our Wednesday night study group has tried to redress the balance. We are from all walks of life, of differing age and experience. From teachers to road sweepers and all are welcome. It is not an elite group (I mean I go!) and is open to all whatever your depth of knowledge or ability. A midweek breath of fresh air.

With Kenny's oversight John and Kirsten Wiggins have opened their home and hearts and a relaxed uplifting evening ensues. Kirsten uses her gifting and teaching skills to bring our thoughts and opinions together on spiritual matters on books such as Acts, Jonah and Jude. Good stuff folks!

We have enjoyed other activities as well (Kirsten's cooking being one of them). Recently we watched an excellent film called "Amazing Grace" about William Wilberforce (played by Welsh actor Ioan Gruffud) and his fight to abolish slavery.

We are grateful to God for the safe return of Evelyn after her serious illness and remarkable recovery. She is our resident sage!

SO..... turn up, hang up your coat, sit down and open your bible and enjoy that Old Time Religion. Oh and don't forget your specs!!

John Russell



Bible Study: Hey Jude!

Disagreeing Well.

It was with some trepidation I embarked on our recent study of Jude. A short but potentially controversial letter with snippets from the Apocrypha, you'll find it squished in at the end of the New Testament just after the letters and before Revelation. Worth a nosey. Dealing with the problem of believers wandering from the truth and the arising conflict between rhetoric and lifestyle it had the potential to "blow up" in my face. Following THAT recent controversial vote by synod, I was really worried: would this study lead to conflict and division as passionately held

opinions were aired? I needn't have worried! The regulars demonstrated a deep commitment to "put the other first" and listened respectfully to a variety of opinions- it mattered more to treat each other with love and dignity and to preserve unity than to "be right". Thank you to all who attended for demonstrating love in action!

John Wiggins recently shared a conversation he had had with a Christian colleague. The gentleman had heard an account of a team sent from a more evangelical stream to Rome to discuss with the cardinals our similarities and differences. Having challenged some "doctrine" and discovering that it wasn't in fact what the church believes, the cardinal went on to state that the difference between the High church and Low church was that when they disagreed they discussed passionately, prayed, wrestled in prayer... but remained within the church whereas the low church approach was to break away and form a new church altogether, further fragmenting the body. Worth thinking about!



Challenge

As part of our study, we looked at the Creed. This dates from the fourth and fifth centuries where (yep, even back then!) there were violent disagreements between Christians regarding the nature of Jesus. The Council of Nicaea (AD325) was debating the question "In what way was Jesus God and man?". The creed was a summary of what these leaders felt were the faith essentials. We tried to write down the creed from memory. You could be forgiven for thinking this would be an easy task as we recite it every week....not so! It is, however fascinating to see which bits of this core message have lodged in your own mind. Give it a go – see what you recall and ask yourself why you think these "bits" have stuck with you. Then next Sunday, listen very carefully as we profess our faith together!

Fellowship Film

This session we rounded off by watching "Amazing Grace", the dramatization of the challenging life of William Wilberforce who translated his calling by God into a life of politics and campaigning for social justice. The popcorn sat largely untouched till the very end as we were totally gripped by this compelling and challenging life story. If you haven't seen it before, it is well worth getting hold of.... Love it or hate it, you will never listen to Amazing Grace in quite the same way again.

Kirsten Wiggins



TRIP TO SEE 'HIGH SOCIETY'!

Off we went on a trip to Pitlochry,
To the Theatre to watch a great show.
A musical to see
Twas High Society;
And enjoy it we did, you should know.

The actors they shone, the costumes
bedazzled.

The scenery a sight to behold.
The music delighted,
The whole show excited,
It was so great, if truth be told.

Then the high tea in Perth was enjoyed
by all

It was a great day out, that's true.
Who wouldn't enjoy the trip that day?
Congrats to the girls for all they do.



Church without Walls



It's been a busy time for the All Sorts Choir! In October they raised £800 for the Royal National Life Boat Institution. Well done, Ghislaine, for organising this!

Fundraiser for St Patrick's Hall

When Ghislaine heard about the dire state of St Patrick's Hall she immediately organised a concert to help raise funds. In one night she, with the help of local choirs raised £1,000.

Saturday Morning Coffee

is still a sure way of raising money and having fun! Well done to Barbara who put on the kettle, sold the cakes and raised £315 for The Alzheimer's Association!



Well done to Lorraine and her team who raised a wonderful £550 for Macmillan Nurses. This is becoming an annual event, Lorraine!!



A BIG THANK YOU!

You helped us raise

£ 550

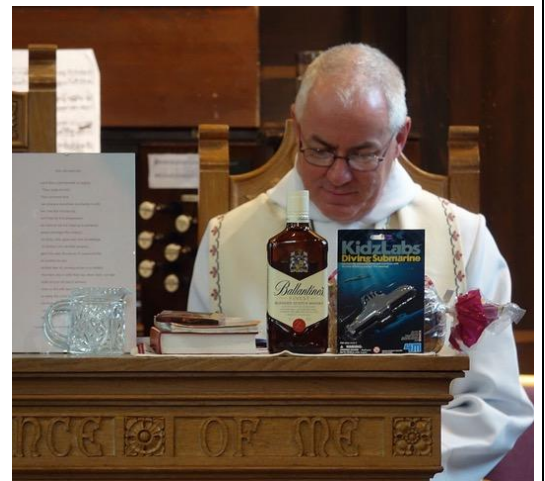
at Macmillan's World's
Biggest Coffee Morning

Together we've helped to make a huge difference to people facing cancer. So, we'd like to say thank you - we couldn't have done it without you.

**Thank you for being
the icing on the cake.**



Bungie royally welcomed into Dumbarton and Helensburgh!



Thoughts for the day...

Cheerfulness is contagious, but don't wait to catch it from others. Be a "carrier."

You can complain because rose bushes have thorns, or rejoice because thorn bushes have roses.

The difficulties of life are intended to make us better, not bitter.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we'd probably deny it.

If you look like the photo on your passport you really are not well enough to travel.

God gave us mouths that close and ears that don't - which should tell us something.

A smile is a curve that can straighten out a lot of things.

We can't all be shining examples, but we can at least twinkle a bit.

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

Nobody ever damaged their eyesight by looking on the bright side.

Anon



The Stag's Head Walkers!



And so another term of learning and play begins at London Corner!





***Our Father in
Heaven,
may your name
be Holy.
Bring all people
to know you and***

***your forgiveness, live in harmony and show
your love.***

Feed us with your gifts and grace.

***Please God let go of our sins so we can be
free, just as we free others by letting go.***

***Keep us safe from allowing ourselves to live
in a selfish manner and help us to live God-
filled lives.***

(finishing with a rap)

God oh God, He's the man

He's got the power in his hand

'Cos it's not really about you or me

We are truly blessed for eternity.

This was the Lord's Prayer re-written by 15 of the
St Aug's and St Mungo's Cursillo group when they

met to study and discuss the oh so familiar prayer
line by line.

The vote on which line was considered to be the
most important was a close run thing: Betty and
Linda's case for "Give us today our daily
bread" was the winner, based on the argument
that 'daily bread' was not just the toast for
breakfast but all the gifts, both material and
spiritual, that we need for our Christian lives.



***Make a friend,
Be a friend,
Bring a friend to Christ.***

The next opportunity to go on a Cursillo weekend
is at the beginning of March 2018. If you are
interested speak with Kenny or Liz, but in the
meantime anyone is welcome to join our monthly
meetings. **The next one is Monday November
6th, 7.30pm at St Augustine's.**

On Wrestling with God.

"Then the man said, "Let me go, for the dawn is breaking!" Genesis 32:26

We have all been there, haven't we: our world comes crashing down about our ears and we are angry with everyone, including God. We wonder how the stars dare to shine and why the moon hasn't fallen out of the sky. Or maybe a friend lets us down ... a member of the church family offends us and we are hurt. Disappointed was the word Liz used recently in a sermon. God with us, us with God. Where do we go with that emotion? How do we overcome and recover our peace/unity? It got me thinking about wrestling with God and I came across this in a daily reading program by Dr Micha Jazz.

" Wrestling with God leaves its mark. Jacob walked with a limp. For me that limp is not visible externally but I carry it within. This limp is neither debilitating like a resentment nor cautionary reminding me to steer clear of God. However, I have talked with those who have fought with God and come out of the conflict angry, distrusting and suspicious of God. In such cases the wrestling is incomplete, for Jacob battled until the day was dawning. And it was God who identified that dawn was on the horizon. SO the fight is always one with God at his own initiative for the benefit of my own self-awareness and understanding."



Dr Jazz poses the question: Has fighting with God left you
angry or hungry?

Perhaps I simply haven't finished the battle yet: dawn has
still to arrive.

May God give us the grace and strength to keep on
wrestling until we find our peace in Him.

Kirsten Wiggins



Wait Till I Tell You.....'

Janette, continuing her autumn odyssey, confronts the 'No' month with a Murder Mystery while looking back on a September and October of drama, and breaking news. Christmas? Let's think about it tomorrow!

AUTUMN WEATHER STEALS THE HEADLINES.

Changeable, frightening and dramatic were all adjectives used in our recent forecasts but as yet, there have been no real signs of falling temperatures. On the contrary, regulars at St. Augustine's have been basking in tropical heat for weeks now with displays of bare flesh, particularly on the music group rostrum, a sight to behold. Soothsayers and global warming activists are eagerly awaiting the end of civilisation in the autumn rush of hurricanes, tropical storms, earthquakes and exploding stars. When the last drop of snow disappeared from the Scottish hills in mid-September they warned that we were all doomed. To date no plagues of frogs have been detected but Margaret Hardie recently encountered a large black spider in a Community Hall mug, so they may well be on their way. The spider was humanely removed to the decking to take its chances with the smoke fumes and the trolley wheels!

But..... to quote that oft used West of Scotland adage '*aye, the nights are ferr drawin' in!*' It always reminds me of the young, rather wimpy English curate, out on his parish visits, not very far from Dumbarton. He smiled benignly at one old dear and blithely remarked '*Winter dra-rr-rws on, then?*' To which the wifie replied '*As a matter of fact I huv, Rev'd, but I don't see whit business it is of yours!*'

FLORENCE FASHION AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

The saga continues. Remember the excitement generated by the press in September when Big Theresa arrived to put Brexit on track in a city where nothing much had happened since the renaissance? She stood against a background of magnolia walls relieved by an odd cherub or two blushing in the corners. Before her lay a lonely podium more akin to a guillotine. And our PM was dressed for the occasion in trendy, cropped palazzo pants or as often referred to on the

Westcliff bus as '*troosers at hauf mast!*' Oh yes, she's always keen to make a fashion statement, it's her other utterances that often cause concern. '*We are all Europeans at heart*', she enthused '*sharing the same culture*' Has she been to the Renton recently? But the buzz word that came out of Florence was a period of transition – great! A word, not without poetic connotations, and one to bring a changeover as smooth as Boris's blarney. But, the euphoria was short lived when other, really ugly words started to appear - divorce settlement, no deal and weak leadership. Theresa must have felt '*ferr scunnered*' – even if she didn't know what it meant! *And hur wi' a bad cauld, tae!* Then the party conference season, which arrives just before the pantomime season, had to be dealt with. These events have certain similarities – enforced jollity, repetitive scripts and predictable audience reactions! Would it be downhill all the way for a Brexit deal? She needed a magic spell, a fairy godmother. Then one day, on a rare visit to her kitchen sink, a plastic bottle flew into her right hand '*Flash – aha, it works miracles!*' As a daughter of the vicarage she could not ignore this omen and charged up her broomstick to get back across the channel and get stuck into those Europeans at their summit meeting in Brussels. There she hoped she would find some sprouts! Well, something was sprouting. The atmosphere was much improved and soon, after a few *achtungs* and a *daud of entente cordiale*, the M&Ms were brought out and Merkel and Macron appeared to be trying to make friends with her. They offered to talk about the important talks that she was returning for in December and suggested that she should bring her chequebook! Tangible progress was reported at Westminster. Shoots of recovery were sprouting. Then, just when the Brexit broth was simmering along nicely someone threw in a leek – a Jean Claude Juncker leak!

FRIENDS ENJOY HIGH SOCIETY AT PITLOCHRY.

Wednesday, 11th October, was a pouring wet, dismal Dumbarton day when Friends gathered for their coach to sheer escapism. A day in the Highlands awaited – they had been paying it up for weeks. But outside the Community Hall the joint was jumping. It was Flu Jab Day at the Masonic and St. Mary's Way was the preferred car park! Linda started her day in conflict when a distressed motorist argued about the location of our coach! Whose hall is it anyway? Then it was off through the rain, the road works and the traffic

jams. The first task of the day was to select from the High Tea menu what they thought they would like to eat that night at 5.30pm. Simples! Then they were off for a cuppa at Perth as the weather started to show signs of improvement.

It is fortuitous that Pitlochry is a long drive – it took TBag O'Neill and I the remainder of the journey to consolidate the completed menu requests and balance the Fish and Chips with the Chicken and Bacon, much to the amusement of Maggie and Barbara who watched the process along with the dropping of papers and the grappling for pens that were being strewn on the floor. At last we reached the Festival Theatre and the sun was shining, showing to maximum effect the beautiful, autumnal trees that bordered the Tay and enhanced the surrounding hills. It really is a spectacular spot.

At curtain up we were immediately enveloped in a giant wedding cake scene complete with appropriately decorated pillars. This was the stage version of the famous film – a 'live' performance more suited to the wit, plot and clever Cole Porter score. We were in the fifties, amongst the richest folk in America and the champagne was flowing throughout. One couldn't wait to get to the interval and that substitute Prosecco. The cast were obviously enjoying the show and the audience loving it. Sadly, the great escape only lasted for an afternoon. Soon, it was back to the busy Highland roads, a tasty tea at the Salutation and a safe homecoming an hour later than planned. The hearing aids lost on the bus are now in the ears of the missing owner. All's well that ends well!

IT'S 'MURDER IN REHEARSAL'.

Plans are currently underway for this year's murder mystery 'Murder in Rehearsal' and this year there is a pantomime theme. Between 3 courses of a delicious up-market buffet, the audience will witness a murder and it's the dress rehearsal for the Church pantomime. But the show must go on so participants will work in teams of four to unmask the killer and win the prize. The characters will try to convince everyone of their innocence and clues will be distributed to enlighten and confuse. The menu will include fresh salmon, prawns, baked ham, chicken and pate served with wine and the usual accompaniments. There will be pudding! So, come along to the Community Hall on Saturday 11th November – we promise to tidy up the bags and boxes – and have a laugh and a great meal. The fully inclusive cost is £20 (£18 with

Friends' discount). Names should be entered on the notice in the Hall. Oh, and the dress code is 'something daft in a mask' so work on it!

IT'S A BIG DECISION AT THE VESTRY!

Yes, vestry members wrestled with an important decision at their October meeting when Maggie informed them of the excessive number of toilet rolls that were being used on a daily basis in the Community Hall. She proposed the installation of an economical wall holder which would be a permanent fixture and bring about the necessary savings. No more would anyone be able to 'handbag an Andrex' and the savings would show on next year's balance sheet. There would be no changes to the facilities in the Gents' cubicles – they don't carry handbags...yet! An alternative suggestion - to cut up sections of the Lennox Herald and secure them to the door with string and a nail was discarded.

IS THE MALE THE MORE DELUSIONAL OF THE SPECIES?

Think about it. In the news recently there have been several men showing all the signs. Take Harvey Weinstein, for instance. Did he really think that all those beautiful young girls were attracted to his aging, leering *fizzog*? Oh dear, no wonder he's in therapy!

And then there was the boss of Ryanair, who lost count of the number of pilots he was employing and left despairing passengers stranded in airports all over the world. We should have suspected his arithmetical prowess. Remember reciting that childhood playground rhyme '*one, two, three o'Leary*...when bouncing a rubber ball? Well, that was how he made up his flying rotas!

Perhaps the most deluded of all is ex Scottish football manager, Gordon Strachan, who excused his shortcomings over managing the team, by complaining that the Scots were genetically challenged by being far too wee! How come, Gordon? Wee men are nearer the ground, nearer the ba' and less likely to fall over their feet. Look at Susan McCalman, currently appearing on Strictly. She's much smaller than the rest of the field (*or even the flerr*) and height doesn't keep her back. Come to think of it, Gordon, this could be a new venture for you now that you're free of the SFA. Swap the '*fitba*' for the '*glitterba*' and the world's your oyster.

SAVE THE DATE.

The next edition of 'By the Way Together' will be the Christmas special. But when you open your

brand new 2018 diary enter the Friends' famous Scottish Night on 28th January with Scottish food, songs, poetry and AGM (Alistair, Gina and Michael).

Back next month.

Janette

SMILE LINES

Those amazing Children of Israel

In Sunday School one morning young Joseph raised his hand and proceeded to ask a question that had perplexed him for some time. 'There's something I can't figure out.

According to the Bible, the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea, right?' 'Right,' said his teacher.

'And the Children of Israel beat up the Egyptians, right?' 'Er, right.'

'And the Children of Israel built the Temple, right?'

'Again you're right.'

'And the Children of Israel fought the Philistines and then the Moabites and lots of other tribes, and the Children of Israel were always doing something important, right?' 'All that is right, too,' agreed the teacher. 'So, what's your question, Joseph?'

'Well, what were all the grown-ups doing all that time?'

Praying for a brother

A small boy badly wanted a baby brother, so his dad suggested he pray every night for one. The boy prayed earnestly, night after night, but his prayers seemingly weren't answered. After a few weeks, he didn't bother to ask anymore.

Some months later, his dad said they were going to see his mum in the hospital and he was going to get a big surprise. When they got to the room, the little boy saw his mother holding two babies. 'Well, what do you think about having twin brothers?' his dad asked.

The little boy thought for a moment and replied, 'It's a good thing I stopped praying when I did.'

Careful!

There was a very gracious lady who was mailing an old family Bible to her brother in another part of the country. 'Is there anything breakable in here?' asked the postal clerk.

The lady thought for a moment, and replied: 'Only the Ten Commandments.'

Morning

There are only two kinds of people in the world. There are those who wake up in the morning and say, 'Good morning, Lord,' and there are those who wake up in the morning and say, 'Good Lord, it's morning.'

Exam help

In the examination paper, the professor wanted us to sign a form stating that we had not received any outside assistance. Unsure of whether he should sign the form, a student stated that he had prayed for the assistance of God. The professor carefully studied the answer page and then said, 'You can sign it with a clear conscience. God certainly did not assist you.'

Hymns for people over 60...

Immortal, invisible.... I know my glasses are here somewhere.

And did those feet . . . ever manage to walk more than a mile?

I danced in the morning . . . but I couldn't do it now.

Morning has broken, ... but it wasn't me who dropped it this time.

One more step along the world I go... actually, that's probably all I can manage.

Hospital Chart Bloomers

Don't be alarmed, but these are actual notes from hospital charts....

~ The patient refused autopsy.

~ The patient has no previous history of suicides.

~ Patient has left white blood cells at another hospital.

~ Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year.

~ On the second day the knee was better and on the third day it disappeared.

~ The patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 1993.

~ Discharge status: Alive but without permission.

~ She is numb from her toes down.

~ The skin was moist and dry.

~ Occasional, constant infrequent headaches.

~ Patient was alert and unresponsive.

~ I saw your patient today, who is still under our car for physical therapy.

~ Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

ROTAS FOR ST MUNGO'S

Sunday November 5th All Saints/ All Souls

Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday November 12th

Reader	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Phil O'Ryan

Sunday November 19th & AGM

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday November 26th Christ the King

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy/Anne
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

Sunday December 3rd

Reader/Intercessions	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday December 10th

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol/Phil

CLEANING

29 th Oct/26 th Nov	Finella (+ flowers)
5 th Nov/3 rd Dec	Iona and Mary
12 th Nov	Margaret (+Carol flowers)
19 th Nov	Lynn T

No flowers during Advent



Thanks to Connie Clarkson (See Exodus 7-12)

03-26-2012

I'VE GOT YOU DOWN FOR BLOOD, FROGS,
LICE, LOCUSTS AND HAIL ... WOULD YOU
LIKE ANY FLIES WITH THAT?

ROTAS FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

Sunday November 5th

Readers	Kirsten Wiggind and Fran W
Intercessions	David Rowatt
Chalice	Margaret Hardie & Janette Barnes
Sidespersons	David Ansell & Barbara Barnes

Sunday November 12th

Readers	Ghislaine & Dot Russell
Intercessions	Margaret Hardie
Chalice	Barbara Barnes & Maggie W
Sidespersons	Linda J & Cathie Hoatson

Sunday November 19th

Readers	Maggie W & David Rowatt
Intercessions	Linda Macaulay
Chalice	Kirsten Wiggins & Sharon Rowatt
Sidespersons	Maggie W & Lorraine McCullough

Sunday November 26th Christ the King

Readers	Margaret Hardie & Linda Macaulay
Intercessions	Fran Walker
Chalice	Janette Barnes & David Rowatt
Sidespersons	Chrissie Ashman & Roberta Mailley

Sunday December 3rd

Readers	Janette Barnes & Fran Walker
Intercessions	Dot Russell
Chalice	Maggie W & Fran Walker
Sidespersons	Roddy Dyer & Margaret Swan

Flowers

Nov 12 th	Margaret Hardie
Nov 19 th	Maggie Wallace
November 26 th	Linda Macaulay

No flowers during Advent



Thanks to Jerry Moates (See Genesis 6-8)

01-29-2004

APPARENTLY I HAVE TWO OF EVERYTHING
EXCEPT SOCKS

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The Rector; Anne Dyer; Morag O'Neill; Fran Walker
Caroline Marsland; Rev Liz O'Ryan

Freewill Offering: Margaret Hardie



SORRY ... IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE MY
LAST OFFERING



Special Moments:
(far left) Caroline and Brian renewed their wedding vows in a small, intimate service in St Augustine's.

And (left) Ricky holds wee Finn, a brand new and much awaited grandson



HARVEST 2017: Food For Thought was not forgotten again this year with donations of food from Inverary Church, Old Kilpatrick and Bowling, St Mungo's and St Augustine's. As the well known phrase goes - Every little helps - and it sure does! Thanks!



(left) The Artizan Centre held a concert and gave Food For Thought £100. Thank you!



CUTE CORNER!
'Maggie's moggie', the gorgeous Korky, surveys the room from the window sill... there is no doubt who rules the household... And L'il Miss Canna (16 weeks old) has travelled from Austria to join Archie, another Lagotto Romagnolo, in the Harvey household. Lynne and Chris will have their hands full!