

# By the Way Together

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

Issue No 40 October 2018



## Happy Retirement and thank you, Bishop Gregor!

The Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway will have the opportunity to wish Bishop Gregor well in his retirement in a special Evensong at St Mary's Cathedral on Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> October at 6.30pm. During what is sure to be a wonderful service we will have the opportunity to give thanks for Gregor's 34 years of ministry including the eight years of his episcopate. Gregor will continue to be involved in the Episcopal Church, attached to St Bride's Hyndland. He retires with every blessing from us all.

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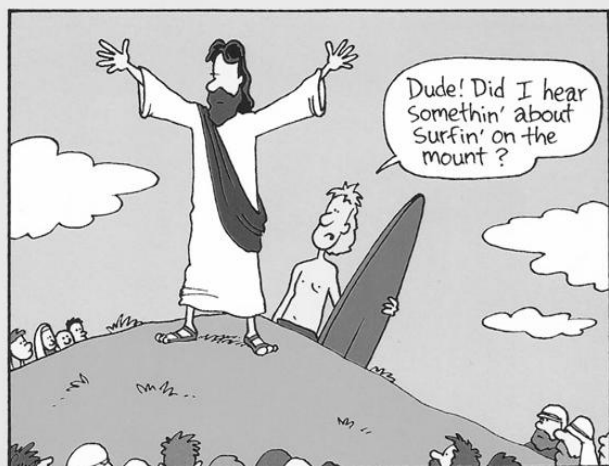
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## From Kenny.....

I vividly remember a Curate at the Cathedral in Glasgow, during my student days, preaching passionately about the poor attendance at Evensong, and encouraging the flock to come, as it was a rich tradition and an important vehicle for our spiritual growth.

It was a fine sermon lasting all of 30 minutes, but I think I resented being told off when I had travelled from Drumchapel to be there anyway. It was the folk who were currently at home watching All Creatures Great and Small who should be hearing what he had to say.

It is a pitfall for the preacher to have a rant at those who are already committed, and we must be careful not to vent our frustrations to a group of faithful people who undoubtedly share our frustration! Perhaps the parish magazine is a better vehicle for reaching a wider number of people, although to do that the preacher can be accused of presenting a rather dull and depressing message to the wider world.

It is with misgivings, therefore, that I feel a word or two needs to be said this month about coming to church. Numbers are down, especially in St Augustine's at the moment, and although I'm not ready to go into panic mode just yet, we need to look at why that is and see whether we can reverse that trend, and begin to grow again.

I mentioned numbers to the Bishop and Dean some months ago, and the response was that numbers are falling everywhere, and I shouldn't worry too much. On reflection, I don't know that this is true but it certainly gave me comfort at the time.

If we were to look at Scotland as a whole, then certainly church attendance has gone down quite dramatically over the last twenty years. The last few years have witnessed quite a dramatic drop in some communities.

Speaking with one or two folk, I think there is agreement that there are several reasons why churchgoing has dropped on Sundays, not least the various activities that vie for our commitment on Sunday mornings.

Just at the moment there seems to be other reasons. Our society is living in a time of

uncertainty, and there seems to be a prevailing feeling of fear and depression among so many people. Doctors are prescribing antidepressants in increasingly large quantities, but a society crippled by forecasts of doom and gloom will be less able to get out of bed or off their chair on Sundays. Social media amplifies everything too. That is a big problem, because it is exactly in times of uncertainty and depression that the Church offers people a message of hope and certainty in the midst of worry and uncertainty. God is always there for us, strengthening us and guiding us, feeding us and surrounding us. Are we a community of joy or a community of depression?

So many people tell me that they get a great feeling of comfort when they come back to churchgoing after a lapse, although often they forget that by the next Sunday morning! Coming to church is an easy habit to get into. Unfortunately, failing to come to church at all is an easy habit to get into too.

We don't come for the priest or minister, he or she is as unworthy as you are, we don't come primarily for the social intercourse, but we come with needy open hands which we ask to be filled, and they usually are. Receiving Jesus at the Eucharist is probably the biggest blessing you will obtain this week as you continue on your journey. Many of our housebound would give a limb to be able to come for that reason alone on a Sunday.

There is no such thing as a lone Christian. We are baptised into Jesus, and we then belong to the Community of Faith. We are part of that community and we are missed when we are not there. One of the reasons we come together is to be there for other people as well as ourselves. Your presence is important to other people who may be needing a smile or a kind word, and your empty seat is noticed and causes sadness.

So, you come for yourself, and for other people, and if the music is bad, or the sermon is rotten, you still receive Jesus at Holy Communion, which strengthens you, fills you, and gives you all you need... until next time! Why would you want to willingly exclude yourself from that when it is offered freely?

Kenny



## *Dates for your Diary!*

### **AGM**

**St Augustine's Church**  
Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> October after  
the service (12.15)  
Come and have a voice!

### **SERVICE to remember the Faithful Departed**

**Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> November All Souls Day**  
10.30am St Mungo's Church  
7pm St Augustine's Church  
All welcome

### **AGM**

**St Mungo's Church**  
Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> November  
after the service (12.15)  
with a light lunch

### **AN EVENING WITH HUGHIE AND SHANE**

In aid of the Lifeboats  
ST AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH  
**FRIDAY 19<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER**  
**7.30PM**

Happy moments	Praise God
Difficult moments	Seek God
Quiet moments	Worship God
Painful moments	Trust God
Every moment	Thank God

 Bible Verses



Stalls ,  
Tombola,  
Home  
Baking  
Fun for all!

### **MINI CHURCH FAIR!**

**Saturday 27<sup>th</sup>  
October**  
**St Augustine's  
Community Hall**  
**10 - 1pm**

### **Concert**

**for the people of Rwanda**  
**Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup> October**  
**With the All Sorts Choir**  
**7.30pm**  
**St Augustine's Church**

THE SERVICE IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INDIVIDUALS , PARENTS AND FRIENDS  
TO JOIN TOGETHER IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES  
THROUGH ADDICTION.

*Dedication service ,*  
**WEDNESDAY**  
**14TH NOVEMBER -**  
*St Augustines*  
*church , High street*  
**DUMBARTON 7PM**



### **AGM**

**Food For Thought**  
Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> November  
after the service 12.15pm  
St Augustine's Church



Minds are such busy places! From the moment we wake up to the last moment of the day, our minds are whirring ten to the dozen spinning a gossamer web of stories, thoughts and ideas. Even

when we're asleep our minds create a fantasy world of dreams where all things are possible and the weird and fantastic are interwoven with our daily hopes and worries.

Apparently every day we have between 12,000 and 60,000 thoughts... many of which are the same or similar as those we had yesterday. This shouldn't be surprising because every thought makes a physical pathway in the brain so the more we think something the easier it is to have that thought again... and again. This has serious consequences when we discover that as humans the vast majority of our thinking is naturally negative – probably wired that way to ensure our safety back in ancient times – but the consequences to that are that unbelievably 80%, yes, 80%, of our thoughts during the day are negative!

It was with all of this knowledge and awareness that Phil and I embarked upon a Mindfulness Course five weeks ago. It is being run by a friend of ours in the village and at the time of writing we are just over half way through. It has been very good – but also has had its amusing moments like when Ruth first walked into the lounge whilst Phil and I were doing one of the exercises – both of us lying in silence on the couches covered in blankets, to all intents and purposes looking as if we were either dead or sleeping! The sight took her quite by surprise!! Or when we tried together to empty the dishwasher 'mindfully' and ended up in a fit of the giggles! But despite these lapses, it has been a fascinating course as we have been made much more aware of our patterns of thinking and the power of our minds within daily life.

Mindfulness has its origins in Eastern traditions and it is the practice of being aware of the 'present moment' – in other words being aware of what is going on inside and outside ourselves, moment by moment. Now you might think this is ridiculous – that of course we know what's going on – but research shows that our mind spends the vast majority of its energy and time on thinking about either the future or the past. Our minds are constantly on the case of planning and projecting what's going to happen tomorrow, next week,

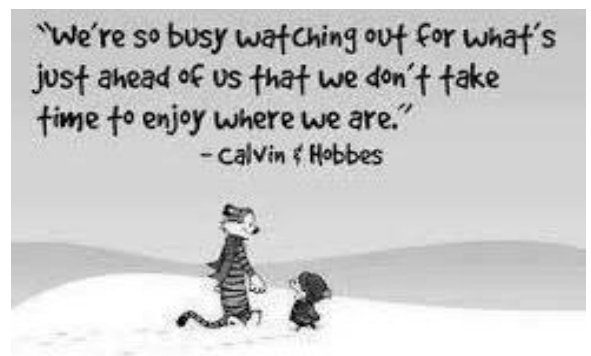
next year.... or going over what happened this morning, yesterday, last week, last month. Very little time is spent on what is happening the 'now'! Do you recognise what I'm talking about? (Or is it just me!!!?)

So the practice of mindfulness helps to re-train our minds so that we can become more fully present, aware of where we are, and what we're doing and thinking. It helps us to be not overly reactive or overwhelmed by what's going on around us – a state which so often creates anxiety and stress in us particularly in this world of constant stimuli and busy-ness. It also helps us to interrupt the constant narrative which our minds play out – calming and grounding us in what is here – rather than what we *think* may be here!

I have enjoyed the course. I have found it helpful and it sits easily with my daily practice of meditation and prayer. Mindfulness helps me be aware of God in the present moment... aware of God's creation about me... aware of the many blessings I have and receive. Mindfulness sits compatibly beside the Psalmist plea of "Be still and know that I am God"... and has encouraged me to continue to prioritise the time to stop 'doing' and simply 'be'. It has taught me (or continues to teach me!) to focus on the little things... whether that be the sensation of the movement of air whilst I breathe, noticing the wagginess of a dog's tail on the beach, or enjoying the feeling of thankfulness of a good time had. And most importantly it continues to teach me how to be kind to myself... to follow our Lord's command to 'love our neighbour *as yourself*.'

We are never too old to learn. And whilst I have been enjoying the course I recognise that I have been challenged by what I have been taught. But learning is good – and I have always found that learning about myself always deepens my knowledge of God. And with that awareness, I think I will finish the course!

*With love, Liz*





## Notes of a novice Piscy

As a relative newcomer to St. Augustine's and to Episcopalianism, I have found the transition positive but perplexing at times, so I thought that it may be interesting for indigenous members to know how newcomers can view the familiar.

**Liturgy:** When we first came along, the Pew Sheet and Service Sheet and the interaction of the two was a bit of a mystery. It took several weeks and some degree of embarrassment and frustration to realise that the Pew Sheet is only required for the readings and the notices and that everything else is in the Service Sheet. That said, if there are any songs that are not in the Hymnbook, they are also in the Pew Sheet as are the numbers of songs in the hymn book - simples! Some kindly and experienced members of the congregation would help us to get on track after a hymn or more significantly, "The Peace"! This made a huge difference to our comfort and sense of inclusion.

Initially, these sheets were a barrier rather than a help, and it would be easy to just crumple them up and leave. Fortunately a few kind words and nudges were all that was needed to make us "experts" at least until the season changed and we had a new colour of book with an impossible to sing Gloria, when the angst returned. After three years, we have been through all the permutations, (I think), so as they say, If it doesn't kill you, it will build character - a bit like Daniel and the Lions or fiery furnace, but with slightly less drama. What can you take from my experience? To the newbie, persevere - it will make sense in the end and many have passed through the flames before you and most survive. To the "dyed in the wool" Piscy - look out for those looking lost and perplexed - gentle direction will allay fears of the newcomer.

A final word of caution - just as I thought I had become an "expert" I had the occasion to attend the "Nine O'Clock" where everything is entirely different and the "certainty" of the service sheet is replaced by a wee red and, initially, incomprehensible prayer book of a much earlier vintage. This returned me to the earlier panic, which fortunately was mitigated by a

kindly, experienced "Nine O'Clocker," who set me on the right path (I think). I am extremely thankful for the help, but I suspect that the red book will take several months or, perhaps, years of persistence to conquer, but the help offered by observant and considerate members makes it much less daunting. Perhaps this "barrier" to the newbie could be an opportunity to engage in conversation to explain these strange Episcopalian practices?

*John Wiggins*

### *Hanging on the telephone...*

We live in an age when it appears that everyone has a phone glued to their ear or at least their finger tips 90% of the time. This can be a source of angst and conflict when we find our young adults are secretly texting under the dinner table (I'm just jealous cause I couldn't do it without looking to find where the letters are!) or are mid text when we are trying to correct the error of their ways. Yeah, I'm listening...click click, click click. Phones have to be handed in at school to prevent distraction and a worrying trend in cyber bullying and we even have to politely remind each other to switch off our phones at church so we can more fully engage with proceedings. And yes, I have been caught out when my phone has gone off mid-service and I have to battle with it to make it shush, getting redder by the moment! Indeed, the security services have warned that terrorist groups can radicalise an individual if they have access to their mobile phone in just three short weeks.

I recently heard a certain Cardinal Vincent Nichols (not name dropping here...I have no idea who he is other than a cardinal!) on radio four referring to this statistic. He was urging young Christians to use their phones for the good...just think, he implied if you share the good news you have discovered about the graces and love of God, the benefits you experience from being part of a faith community with an unchurched friend for three short weeks....could you just maybe turn their life on to God?

Also, if mobiles can be used to pull people down (cyber bullying) surely we can use them to build people up? There is so much bad news and negativity around....could you take just a minute and use one of those free texts most of us have to send a message of encouragement to somebody on your contact list? Who knows, you might even save a life.

*Kirsten xx*



## Doors Open Day\* 2018

*What IS the Scottish Episcopal Church?*  
No it's not exactly Catholic nor Protestant... it's somewhere in the

middle. Handout given.

*Why did Charles Rennie Mackintosh get married here?* Explanation and handout given – it was all to do with Margaret Macdonald living at Dunglass Castle.

*Does the organ work?* Ah, no. Too expensive to repair.

Just a few of the questions asked by some of the 76 visitors that came through St Augustine's big front doors on the first day of September. So many folk that we ran out of guide booklets and probably because this year we were part of a cluster of buildings of interest that included the new Council Offices and Riverside Church. Saturday morning coffees and teas were served in the church, thanks to Roberta and David Ansell (shame that the strawberries were mushy!), and Barbara came along to help show people around. The response from visitors was great, and many reflected this comment written in one of the feed-back forms:

*My favourite visit was to St Augustine's Church. Despite having lived in Dumbarton for a number of years I was unaware of the beauty inside this "treasure".*

If you want more information about the building many of us worship in, please let me know – there are pamphlets and handout galore.

*Fran*

\*Doors Open Day in West Dunbartonshire is held bi-annually through the efforts of the Lennox Heritage Society. It is part of a country-wide programme that aims to ensure that Scotland's built heritage, new and old, is made accessible to people living and visiting the country on weekends in September and is also part of European Heritage Days.

## Sunday 9am Eucharist

I have been taking part in this service for many years now, and look forward to Sunday mornings and my special time in our beautiful church.

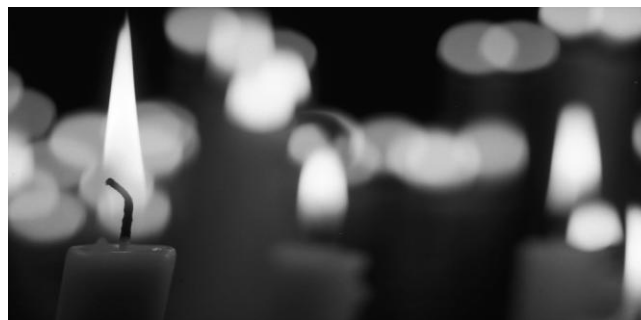
I listen to God's words and believe that He hears what I say to Him – asking for forgiveness, and His blessing and giving thanks for my life

The short talk that either Kenny or Liz have for the congregation is always helpful and thought provoking.

Unfortunately our numbers of attendees have dropped considerably recently due to ill health and Anno Domini.

So it would be so refreshing if a few more of the general congregation joined us occasionally to enjoy the quiet and calm worship time at 9am on Sunday.

*Rosemary McLeay*



**All free!** The nursery teacher decided to tell her class about democracy. 'We live in a great country,' she began. 'One of the things we should be happy is that, in this country, we are all free.'

One little boy stood up and looked indignant. 'I'm not free,' he protested. 'I'm four.'

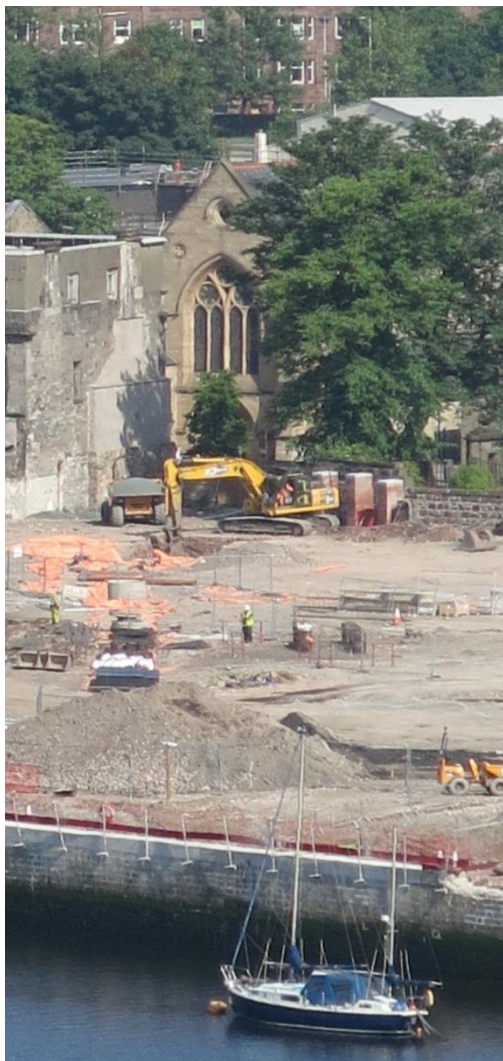
**Way to go!** My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 62. My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he ventured: 'Did you start at 1?'

**Bow wow!** 'Doctor, I can hear all kinds of animals talk in my head.'  
'Well, don't worry,' said the doctor. 'You're just having Disney spells.'





**Welcome to the church family, Ethan James Murdoch**



**There's great joy in a baby! Violet Margaret, great grand daughter of Margaret MacNair, and daughter of proud parents Sarah and Scott**

**Being a family means you are a part of something very wonderful. It means you will love and be loved for the rest of your life.**



**Enjoying a fish lunch at Community Soup on Thursday!**



**Soon never to be seen again – a view of St Augustine's from the Castle!**





**Thanks to Sally's Mustang Golf Club in Fuerteventura who donated 1,000 Euros (£891) to Food For Thought!**

## Charity begins at home!

### A Food for Thought Update

From Fuerteventura: £891, to Balloch: £100 - these are just some of the places that we have had donations from recently as well as the local shop in 'Craiglang'.

As a chap from Balloch recently said to me after hearing a Food For Thought presentation, "I can't believe that this amount of poverty exists here and I didn't know about it." He was genuinely astounded! He had listened carefully and had asked the right questions at the end and I was not surprised that he could live in his street and town without realising the plight of so many neighbours who struggle in quite desperate ways day after day. I get this reaction quite frequently and this man is

not alone in his genuine ignorance. Despite news headlines and programmes the very real poverty which is endemic in our society is still quite hidden. So many think that, if it exists at all, poverty occurs in far away places, in other streets, other houses... not here on our own doorstep. As always I was humbled by the fact that he moved by the examples I gave and the stories I told. People, if they know, DO care.

And where people care, they give. And their generosity never fails to move and surprise me, often because the biggest givers are the ones who have very little themselves.

There seems to be a definite rise in the levels of poverty here and we can see that this situation is going to be compounded very soon by the introduction of the roll out of Universal Credits to families in West

Dunbartonshire in November. God help us then, especially if payments are delayed and folks don't get paid for the suspected 12 weeks. It may well be a thoroughly miserable Christmas for some with these people not getting payments until January. The timing couldn't be worse.

We can only pray for a great "Harvest" and hope that the kindness and compassion extends to the end of year and beyond.

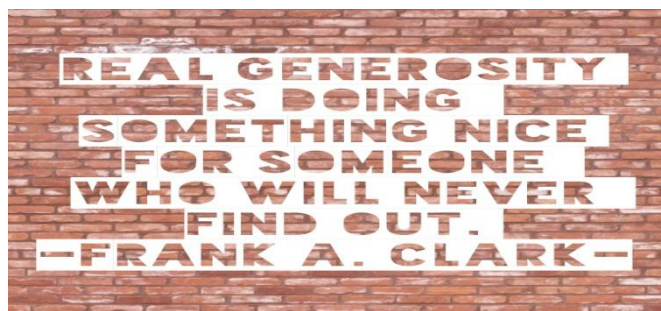
Please pray with us for enough:

Enough food to feed all who come to us between now and the 12 Mondays which exist between now and Christmas.

Caroline x

### SWEETIES GALORE!

*Navid's shop kept on giving! We were 'blessed' by being given 30 big sweetie jars – all full with our childhood favourites! What could we do with them – how could we turn them into profit for Food For Thought? Gary then had the great idea of telling the Council workers, who of course are just opposite us, about the sweets! When we opened our wee sweetie shop the following Wednesday they came in their droves and the queue was VERY long!! Council workers obviously have sweet teeth! Not only did they enjoy going down memory lane with their taste buds – but they also raised a few hundred pounds for Food For Thought! Thank you to everyone – we hope you enjoyed the sweets!!*





## Taught by Twitching

Walking in the High Street recently, I spotted some pigeons. They reminded me of Noah sending forth the raven then the dove. Of course, the dove with its built-in homing compass returns. Some think these symbolise the two natures of man: one lost and under judgement, the other returning and rejoicing in the new creation.

Walking a bit further and I spot some ravens which remind me of Elijah being fed by these intelligent, trainable birds which can indeed be taught to speak and which are known to show compassion to injured friend! If only we would learn from them... Of course, Jesus uses birds in His teaching: "Behold the fowls of the air..." Mat 6:26. Could these be the sparrows I now see, which eat a bushel of corn in 12 months and don't plan, plot or panic? What can I learn about trust from them?

Soon I have wandered up the crags and I see buzzards soaring on the thermals. My mind turns to eagles and that marvellous passage in Isaiah "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up on wings like eagles. They shall run and not grow weary." Turning for home, walking down through Overton Estate, I spot an owl... if we use the patience of Job, we live in a twitcher's paradise and my mind is filled with Isaiah's description of these doleful creatures.



A day of delights and lessons...I've thought about God's grace, His protection and provision, I've even remembered the Spirit descending like a dove but as I kick off my boots, it's Job 39 which is filling my head: "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom and stretch out her wings toward the South? Doth the



eagle mount up at thy command and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock and the strong place..." Quite appropriate for our town. Maybe next time you see a humble bird they will turn your thinking back to God and His marvellous provision for us.

The Secret Wildlife Twitcher

### How many dogs does it take to change a light bulb?

**Golden Retriever:** The sun is shining. The day is young. We've got our whole lives ahead of us. Why worry about a stupid burned out bulb?

**Dachshund:** You know I can't reach that stupid lamp!

**Rottweiler:** Make me.

**Boxer:** Who cares? I can still play with my squeaky toys in the dark.

**Labrador:** Oh, me, me!!!! Pleeeeeease let me change the light bulb! Can I? Can I? Huh? Huh? Can I? Pleeeeeease!

**Pointer:** I see it, there it is, there it is, right there....  
**Greyhound:** It isn't moving. Who cares?

**Jack Russell Terrier:** I'll just pop it in while I'm bouncing off the walls and furniture.

**German Shepherd:** I'll change it as soon as I've led these people from the dark, check to make sure I haven't missed any, and make just one more perimeter patrol to see no one has tried to take advantage of the situation.

**The Cat's Answer:** Dogs do not change light bulbs. People change bulbs. So the real question is: How long will it be before I can expect some light, some dinner and a massage?



I just love this time of year... the colour and energy, the fruitfulness and promise of sustenance through the winter: dark evenings cosy with candlelight and fire! Fields of grain gathered in, trees laden with apples to share, hedgerows bursting with tasty brambles. Mmmm. It reminds me of teaching I once received on Celtic spirituality and the ancients' understanding of seasons. They mirrored their lives on what they saw in the natural world so presumably Autumn was a busy time of preparation and gathering in before the bareness of winter when they would spend much less time out and about and more time in prayer, rest and reading of scripture.

I recently heard someone speak about seasons of faith that we all go through...times when ideas are sown and attitudes grow rapidly within us. Lots comes our way. Our lives are busy, vibrant and full. Times of fruitfulness when others are sustained by the fruit of our labour and we feel satisfied and useful. And bleak winter seasons when we appear to be barren or even dead but when lots is happening deep within and the good of those other seasons sustains us.

In a society that rates what we do above who we are, this can be difficult: we like to be busy and feel we are not contributing. We feel as naked as the winter trees and wonder what the point of our being is. The advice I heard was not to fight it but, as the Celts, did hunker down in the knowledge that this too will pass and God remains in control. Who knows what He is developing deep within the core of your being? Who knows what the impact of your quiet, faithful prayer might be, or what strength of character is being formed within you? Pine trees, I believe don't do well unless they have been through a hard winter. As someone once said, "Oh God, if winter calls can spring be far behind?"

For now, enjoy the colour and frenetic activity of Autumn preparations. Here are a couple of wee recipes you might like to try to use up some of the season's bounty and share with good friends.

*love Kirsten*

### **Autumn Crumble**

A few apples, stewed and sweetened if necessary

3oz plain flour, sifted

2oz ground almonds

2oz sugar

2oz butter, cut into small bits

A sprinkle of cinnamon(if liked) and flaked almonds to decorate



### **Method:**

Place apples in an oven proof dish.

Sift flour. Mix in almonds.

Rub in butter until like coarse breadcrumbs. (Crumble works better if it is not too finely rubbed!)

Stir in sugar and shake dry ingredients over your apples. Top with cinnamon and/or flaked almonds. Bake in a moderate oven (gas4, 180C) for about half an hour but check...you want it lightly browned!

Serve with custard, cream or ice cream to taste and enjoy with friends.

### **Hedgerow Jam**

2lb brambles

3/4lb cooking apples

3lb sugar

½ pint water

Squirt of lemon juice

You need a big pot, a saucer cooling in the fridge and clean jars warming gently in the oven.



### **Method**

Gently wash berries.

Simmer in ¼ pint of your water until soft (This can take ages!)

Add chopped apples and remaining water and cook again until soft.

Add sugar and stir constantly until dissolved. Add lemon juice.

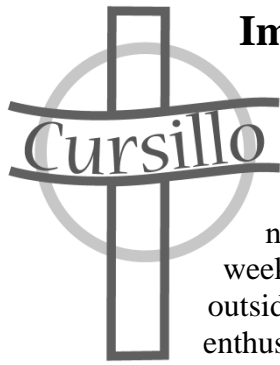
Put up heat and boil rapidly for 10 minutes, or until setting point is reached.

Remove from heat. Test for set by dropping a little hot jam onto a chilled saucer. Put in fridge for 1 minute. If it wrinkles when you draw a finger across the surface, it is ready.

Pour into preheated jars and seal.

If setting point was not reached, bring back to the boil for 2 min and try again! (This is affected by ripeness of berries and sourness of apples!)





## **Impressions of Cursillo**

With some degree of trepidation, I attended Cursillo #66 in July. Not a natural “retreatant” or church weekend attender, I was entirely outside my comfort zone. The enthusiasm of earlier cursillistas only added to the angst – I didn’t want to disappoint by coming back with other than a glowing report. Thankfully the weekend was a success. The warmth and acceptance was tangible and no-one had to participate if they didn’t want to. There was challenge, but plenty of encouragement, with nothing to fear. If anything, the ordinariness of the people was most reassuring.

There were probably two moments which really touched me. The first was the bag of letters, cards and gifts (called *palanca*). It was very moving that someone had taken the time to write a note or card of encouragement for me, most of whom I didn’t know. For me, it was the messages from those whom I did know that were the most touching. I spoke to several people at my workplaces in the following weeks, saying how this made me feel and how everyone should get that sort of experience at least once in their life. It was like a tangible example of grace that overwhelmed the senses and that you just had to share with someone.

The second was the Saturday Evening worship. It was both a sensory and spiritual experience. I even spoke for my group, which is not a task I naturally aspire to. The sense of togetherness and acceptance on a pilgrimage was tangible. The worship was a delight and the whole experience uplifting, but never intrusive – you could take it as far as you were comfortable.

Our group session on the Saturday came up with the idea of “pushing the envelope” and to me that summed up what Cursillo was trying to do. To encourage us to stretch our “envelope”, just a little (as much as we are comfortable with and can sustain), to encourage ourselves and those around us to use our giftings for the benefit of the church and the community. To be the face of Christ where we are placed. At different points in life, our world can appear to shrink as we have to adapt to changing circumstances – that can make us cling on to what we have rather than what could

be. Cursillo is an opportunity to take time out to be affirmed in our faith and I would encourage anyone to give it a go and maybe give their “envelope” a bit more elasticity.

*John Wiggins*

## **What happens at a “Cursillo Meeting”?**

**About once a month you may hear that there is to be a Cursillo meeting in St Augustine’s. Sometimes you are able to read more about what has happened at the previous meeting.**

So, who goes to these meetings? Mostly people from St Augustine’s and St Mungo’s who have attended a Cursillo weekend (but anyone is welcome). It’s a Group Reunion: an opportunity to share our Christian journey and gain from each other’s experiences and study, to pray together and sing and laugh together.

We take it in turns to lead the proceedings so we have plenty of variety and each of us gains confidence in a group environment. In the past year or so Evelyn has introduced us to labyrinths, Linda has talked about and led discussion on forgiveness, Carol gave us the opportunity to think about evangelism and together we deconstructed the Lord’s Prayer and voted on which bit we thought the most important. We’ve also looked at our church life, discussing what baptism is about and developing children’s worksheets. You may have seen the Twitter messages “What church means to me”, the culmination of thinking about today’s equivalents of the Epistles (letters) of Paul and others. And there was one evening when we sat in a semicircle to look at the high altar and explore the symbolism in St Augustine’s *reredos*.

Most recently we have viewed a video produced by the British Anglican Cursillo Council and shared what our Cursillo experience has meant to us. You too can watch it by going to [www.anglicancursillo.co.uk](http://www.anglicancursillo.co.uk) and clicking on the link on the home page.

Once a year (often at the beginning of Advent) a service is held during which we recall part of our Cursillo weekend, renew our baptismal vows and prepare for the coming year. If you want to find out more about Cursillo then ask Kenny or Liz, Maggie, Morag, Fran or anyone who has attended a weekend – there are quite a number of us.

*Fran Walker*



## ***Wait Till I Tell you.....'***

*Janette, now that Keats' 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' has finally arrived, tries to enjoy its splendour by ignoring the*

*early Christmas advertising and the exaggerated utopian promises of the party political conference season.*

### **CAN SCOTLAND WIN THE WORLD CUP?**

Oh yes we can! The only good news to hit the press recently was that Scotland had qualified for the final stages of the competition in France in June. Yes!!! And neither Alex McLeish nor the Tartan Army had anything to do with it. Of course, we're talking about our female Football Team that put the truth into *'if you want something done, ask a wumman!'* Besides the men have till 2022 to get an act together for Qatar and keep Alex in a job. How often have we heard *'he's playin' like a big lassie'* – now that will be a compliment!

### **UPSTAGED -BY A WHALE.**

Not just any whale – a white Beluga whale! On 26<sup>th</sup> September at the Labour Party Conference in Liverpool Jeremy thought he had the nation enthralled by his rapturously greeted oration punctuated by *'Oh, Jeremy Corbyn'* and a multiplicity of scarf waving. But, what he didn't know was that the majority of TV viewers were constantly switching channels to keep tabs on the progress of Benny the whale that had lost its pod and Arctic wilderness to land in the very different waters of the River Thames. Unlike Jeremy, the creature seemed to have no sense of direction but was putting on a show for the cameras. Jeremy, also putting on a show for the cameras and knew exactly where he was going - demanding the keys to number 10 and wallowing in the wow factor for the many. Yes, Santa Claus had arrived early but this poor threatened mammal's actions were stealing the show! As we go to press, Benny is still in London holding the attention of the humans and Jeremy is still waiting for the keys!

### **WELCOME TO 'GLUMBARTON'.**

The local press alerted us all recently to a planned review of the Council's Leisure Trust premises with a view to making budget savings. In Dumbarton focus was on the Concord and the Denny Civic Theatre – the latter having been

saved by DPT members ten years ago in a fight involving letters to anyone who could read and a special performance at a meeting in the main offices at Garshake. Now here we are again. Leisure is essential to the wellbeing of a community and we're so lucky to have the theatre, a gift from the famous Denny family. It's also been stated that Dumbarton is having trouble finding a town with which to twin so we're considering just being 'friends' with a few chosen places. No wonder – if ever a town needed cheering up – it's Dumbarton and a loss of more leisure facilities would be catastrophic. So, let's hope they think again particularly now that Meghan, Countess of Dumbarton and a retired American thespian, is in post. One simply can't be a Countess in a town with no theatre! It may come to pass that the whole company of DPT along with Jessie Reid and her Concord comrades will be in the front line. As Mel Gibson said in Braveheart *'they can take our lives but they will never take our theatre'*.

### **SING-A-LONG WITH THERESA.**

With her Chequers agreement tucked safely in her handbag, Big Theresa set off nonchalantly to the birthplace of Mozart to secure a Brexit deal. But we all know the whole trip was an unmitigated disaster and suspicions that a deal may not now happen are rife. It all seemed to come as a big shock to our Prime Minister as she reflected musically on her return.

*No' ..... a cheer, a Euro cheer!  
Rai .....sed for Chequers, no not one!  
Mi .....chel left me by myself  
Far .....a long long way from home!  
So .....I'm taking to my bed  
La .....st word –Chequers - or a 'no'  
T .....I'll have with gin instead  
That will bring me back to ..... No! Rai  
Mi ....*

*Funny, I never liked 'The Sound of Music' – must grow out this Julie Andrew's haircut!*

### **WHAT LIES BENEATH.**

The inimitable Boris, having recently survived revelations in his personal life, is now seeking to rival David Beckham and Daniel Craig in the desirable underwear stakes. He has been seen in recent photo shoots modelling what can only be described as big baggy flowery pants. And the floral design is not doing much for his credibility as he aspires to be taken seriously as a future

leader. Boris - sometimes what lies beneath should stay beneath! Andy Stewart sang it all:

*Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
In flowery pants for a run I'll go!  
Aw the lassies say 'Oh, no!'  
Boris – wear your tro'osers!*

*You can see me pose in a field of rye  
Wi' ma long blond hair I'm a real cool guy.  
The lassies jeer when I pass by  
Boris – wear your tro'osers!*

Boris did conform in a packed conference last Tuesday and urged **us** to be more conservative!

### IS 'STAYING IN' THE NEW 'GOING OUT'.

Never have I heard so many utterances justifying long winter nights on the sofa. 'Naw, I don't go oot at night', 'Och, 'Strictly's oan and I don't want tae miss the results show' or 'I don't like leavin' the dug in itself'.

*Jings, crivvens and help ma Boab* – we're turning into a nation of recluses! Hibernating till spring and only communicating with Friends on Facebook or alerting Alexa if we need to exercise our vocal chords. Human beings are sociable creatures and need personal contact to keep loneliness and dementia at bay. Looking round the congregation these Sunday mornings the 'staying in' syndrome is alive and well!

And it's affecting other avenues of life. We are all familiar with the problems faced by the retail world. 'Wan disnae need a wardrobe full o' claes if wan only chills oot on the sofa every night wearin' loosely fittin' joggy bottoms and big slippers' Carry outs are doing well – we really are becoming lazy slobes. The Friends of St. Augustine's were affected recently by this rise in inactivity and had to cancel an event – a Treasure Hunt to stimulate the brain, a wee rehearsed reading of Thornton Wilder's famous play 'The Happy Journey' and a tasty buffet with wine to munch on the way. Maybe it was the thought of all that movement that freaked out our members but only two, apart from the hard working exec., were prepared to come along on the 30<sup>th</sup> September. Disappointing? I'll say it was! Our next event is a visit to the Civic Theatre and a pre-Theatre meal in the hall to see a world premiere of a new Scottish play written by a man who works at the Base. A hardy group of members are going but if this lethargy persists

will anyone come out for Rabbie Burns in January? That is the question.

### WINNING OVER THE WAITRESSES.

One of the leaks prior to the PM's big speech on Wednesday was that she had declared all -out war on the nation's greedy restaurateurs who were pocketing the tips meant for their hard working staff. This seemed to be a surprise package for this group of workers, one that will be universally welcomed and one that Jeremy hasn't thought of yet! Maybe there's a underlying reason. Theresa would make a great waitress, nippy on her pins and big long arms to balance a row of plates. If things don't work out right Brexit wise, she could be looking for a career change. Move over Mrs Overall!

### THE OLD JOKES ARE THE BEST JOKES!

Having been involved with Pantomime scripts since 1974, I'm always amazed at the reception given to a funny comment, particularly a local one, if used year after year. Sadly, this year one has reached its demise and will have to be written out.

*A character appears on stage eating a pie.*

*Heh, is that an Auld's pie?*

*Dame: Aye, three weeks auld!*

Boom! Boom! The famous Drumtartan bakers haven't sued us yet – now we'll miss them.

### HALLOWE'EN AT THE RETAIL PARK.

What's really scary is the cost of the super hero suit, the princess frock, the plastic pre cut pumpkin and the trick or treat bag with sequins! Changed days from the 'auld claes', the 'tumshie lanterns' and the burnt cork, blackened up the 'lum'!

Whatever your outfit, have a hauntingly wicked night – next morning all the treats will be half price to make room for the Christmas Cards.

### AND NEXT MONTH ...

The serious spending will begin. Make sure you find time to read 'By the Way Together' and keep up with all the action at St. Aug's and St. Mungo's. It'll also be time to order your Christmas greetings .....remember postage is costly these days!

Till next month.

*Janette*



## ROTAS FOR ST MUNGO'S

### Sunday October 7<sup>th</sup> HARVEST

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

### Sunday October 14<sup>th</sup>

Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

### Sunday October 21<sup>st</sup>

Reader/Intercessions	Anne Bardsley
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

### Sunday October 28<sup>th</sup>

Reader/Intercessions	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

### Sunday November 4<sup>th</sup>

Reader/Intercessions	Pat Brooks
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

### Sunday November 11<sup>th</sup>

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Carol Meacham

## CLEANING

Oct 7 <sup>th</sup>	Iona and Mary
Oct 14 <sup>th</sup>	Margaret
Oct 21 <sup>st</sup>	Jean
Oct 28 <sup>th</sup>	Finella (flowers)

## HALL CLEANING

Oct 7 <sup>th</sup>	Rev Liz
Oct 14 <sup>th</sup>	Carol Meacham
Oct 21 <sup>st</sup>	Lynne McWhinnie
Oct 28 <sup>th</sup>	Val and Billy
Nov 4 <sup>th</sup>	Jim Biddulph



## ROTA FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

### Sunday October 7<sup>th</sup> HARVEST

Readers	Linda Mac & Morag O'N
Intercessions	Maggie Wallace
Chalice	Sharon Rowatt & Janette B
Sidespersons	David A & Margaret S

### Sunday October 14<sup>th</sup>

Readers	Barbara B & David A
Intercessions	Margaret H
Chalice	Barbara B & Maggie W
Sidespersons	Chrissie A & Roberta M

### Sunday October 21<sup>st</sup>

Reader	Margaret H & Swaran R
Intercessions	Fran Walker
Chalice	Janette B & Kirsten W
Sidespersons	Cathy H & Maggie W

### Sunday October 28<sup>th</sup> with AGM afterwards

Readers	Roddy D & Ghislaine K
Intercessions	Evelyn O'N
Chalice	Margaret H & David R
Sidespersons	Margaret S & David A

## Flowers

Oct 7 <sup>th</sup>	Maggie W
Oct 14 <sup>th</sup>	Margaret H
Oct 21 <sup>st</sup>	Fran W
Oct 28 <sup>th</sup>	Linda Macaulay



...and the theme of this morning's service is... 'Preaching a Gospel of Simplicity'...



## YOU have made this possible!

Dumbarton Gambia Education Association ( D.G.E.A ) has sponsored our nursery school since its establishment 17 years ago. Over that time **one thousand five hundred and thirty** students have been granted three years of free uninterrupted nursery education! All the children who have attended have been from needy and low income families and who would otherwise not gone to school at all. They have received a daily free meal (sometimes the only meal they would receive that day), free stationery supplies and free teaching and learning materials. They have

been given access and time to play on recreational facilities such as swings, see-saws and bicycles in a place where there are no communal parks or playgrounds. The high quality staff have also been paid.

All our students move on to Lower Basic schools, junior secondary schools, and senior secondary schools within the greater Banjul area and our children have had an excellent track record. Over a thousand have graduated from the school system over the years and currently five hundred and ten students are still in education.

Every year D.G.E.A. have funded educational field visits to various institutions and places of interest at no cost to the parents.

Without your timely and genuine intervention most of these innocent young children would be without a proper foundation as far as early childhood education is concerned, because they cannot afford to foot the high tuition fees in other nursery schools.

Thumbs-up to Dumbarton Gambia Education Association ( D.G.E.A ) and their partners for being true friends of the Gambia! Thanks most especially to the families of the children and the staff at the school.

Your support either in cash or kind has a direct impact on the lives and livelihoods of these future leaders. We are truly grateful.

*Sulayman Saidy, Headmaster*

**Introducing the new intakes of Nursery One 2018 to the school**

