

By the Way Together

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

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**When I said 'do
a stock-take' I
didn't mean it
literally!** (Details middle page)

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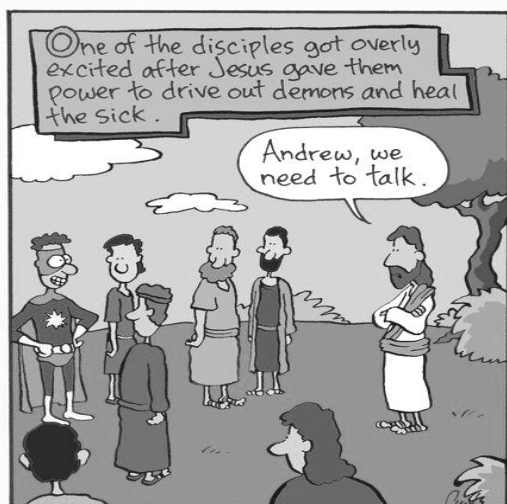
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From Kenny... It has been a pretty dreadful time, being away from you all since my accident. We are not quite there yet, as my wound is still leaking, but healing very gradually. I can now drive and get into the Health Centre to get my dressings changed. Now, I need to be able to stand for a while before I can get back behind an altar again. It has been a torturously slow process.

The waiting time does not sit well with me, although Kindle has done some good business while I've been off. I have felt totally powerless and the frustration of that, and not part of the day to day life within the parishes, has been as painful as the wound itself.

We, who are fixers, don't cope well with powerlessness. We want to be involved, we need to feel that we are at least doing something, however little, in every situation. Sitting and waiting is not a comfortable option.

However, powerlessness is a way of life and living, and is something that we would be better learning to accept, if we want some inner peace at least. The inner peace we long for.

As the Serenity Prayer puts it, "grant us the serenity to accept the things we cannot change". There are several things that we cannot change, however much we would like to. People, places and things are all grouped as situations that we can have no power over.

We cannot change other people. Much as we would like folk to behave differently, or be something other than who they are, we have no power to make that happen and we will be incredibly frustrated if we try. You cannot change other people's behaviour or how they react to things. Others may well annoy us and almost drive us up the wall with frustration, but we cannot change them. We cannot change them, however hard we try, but we can change our attitude towards them. That is, we can change ourselves.

St Augustinetide, when we celebrate St Augustine and St Monica, his poor mother, on consecutive

days, is a good example of how we may approach changing people. I'm sure Monica had moaned and chided her son for a long time before she gave up and simply started to pray for him instead. Actually, if we pray for people we don't like, or who have caused us harm, we will find our attitude towards them subtly changes as time goes on. As Jesus said, we must pray for our enemies! It is good practice. Pray for those who annoy or upset you, and for those who could do with a change of attitude. It helps to accept them as they are. Prayer is a powerful tool.

Places are other things that we have no power over. My mother spent my whole childhood convinced that our lives would be so much better if we lived somewhere other than Drumchapel. When she moved, she was surprised that all her problems had actually moved with her, and it wasn't the place that was at fault. She had to move again before she realised that. Many clergy sometimes believe, as I once did, that a move to another parish would make life so much easier. It doesn't! We have no power over places. They just are, and we have to adapt to living in them, in the present. Accept the things you cannot change.

Then we come to things. Things just happen and they are what they are. I have no power over the rate that my wound heals, except to do my best to keep it free from infection. Accidents occur and we have no power over the consequences.

Powerlessness perhaps is good for us to acknowledge, and it may help us to adapt ourselves to what is. We can change ourselves and our own attitudes, you see. We can use powerlessness to become more and more aware of God's power and how it can be useful to our lives and our own attitudes. Sometimes this is called, "handing stuff over".

I will soon be back among you, God willing, with a slow integration back into parish life. Liz has been wonderful in my absence and will deserve a break soon. How she has managed is quite incredible on supposed part-time hours. I thank her, and all who have helped in my absence.

Ultreya!

Kenny



SUNDAY 16TH SEPTEMBER 11AM :

BAPTISM OF ETHAN MURDOCH

You are all invited to join us in church for this happy occasion. Buffet lunch to follow in the Church Hall. The family would love to see you all there!

BOLLYWOOD AFTERNOON!



Saturday 22nd September

St Augustine's Church

Time TBA

**An afternoon of dance,
food and fun!**

Pay at the door

GIFT DAY!

Harvest Sunday 7th October

An opportunity to show your appreciation for your Church. Place your donation in the envelope provided in this magazine and return to your church on Harvest Sunday (or even before!)



**ALL WELCOME!
BISHOP GREGOR'S
FAREWELL
CHORAL EVENSONG**

ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL

SUNDAY 7TH OCTOBER

6.30PM

AN AUTUMN ODYSSEY

Sunday 30th September

'Departing' 6pm from the Hall

An evening of travel with table top treasure hunt and other associated wanderings!

Picnic buffet of delightful treats and refreshments.

Fully inclusive at a fiver! See details soon on the Hall Noticeboard

Bible Study : An invite to all

The bible study will be starting up again on September 12th, 7.30pm at the Wiggins' home, 108, Dumbuck Road.

We are an easy going bunch with a variety of opinions and insights which we are encouraged to share. The atmosphere is friendly and relaxed. No previous bible knowledge is required, just an interest, an open mind/heart and willingness to listen to a variety of opinions and insights.

We pray together briefly using a variety of free and set prayer to allow all to participate in a manner which they are comfortable with. Each week, we end with a cuppa and chat. Sometimes even home baking...yum!

The plan is currently to run until October 24th, missing out the 17th for school holidays, coming together for food on the 31st but this may change. You can come to as many of the sessions as you wish so please don't discount yourself if you can't commit to them all. I am considering exploring Paul's letter to the Romans.

Hope to see you there. *Love Kirsten*

Ps. I have a dog. Correction. I have a wonderfully behaved dog...and a puppy riot who blesses the socks off me...

**'A Night at The Theatre'
"Secondary Chances"**

*— a Scottish Comedy by Ally
Priestly*

Friday 5th October

**5.30pm pre-theatre
meal with wine**

**Tickets are limited -
so watch the**

**Noticeboard in the
Hall to secure a
ticket**



Are we a 21st Century Church?

Pope Francis has just visited Ireland and there was much talk of the contrast of the Catholic Church fortunes between now and the 1979 visit of John Paul 2 (200,000 vs 2.5 million attendees). There are lots of issues, including the abuse scandal, but it is possible that the decline is nothing more than that affecting most denominations. It is nothing new and probably happened first in

312 AD when Emperor Constantine accepted Christianity. People became comfortable and the church institutionalised and perhaps people lost some of their zeal for God and the church. Ireland's prosperity and Celtic tiger economy mirrors the decline of institutional Christianity as people become increasingly self-reliant rather than looking to the church for guidance and certainty.

In the Scottish Episcopal Church, we have experienced similar impacts over recent years - so has the church lost its relevance in the 21st Century? I don't think so, but clearly people are voting with their feet. We have several hundred on our "cradle roll" but only around 40 turn up for the 11am Eucharist on Sunday, so what's gone wrong? A primary school teacher I know teaches RME (religious and moral education) sometimes tackling difficult questions with children up to 11 years old. Recently she asked a class what religion they identified with, if any. Very few identified as Christian, and even fewer attended church regularly. Most appeared to want the church to be around for life events such as christenings, weddings and funerals, but were shocked with the stark reality that if they don't participate in some way, then the church as we know it will disappear. Buildings and staff don't support themselves! The good news is that there are plenty of resources, the bad news is that it is still in our pockets and bank accounts!

So what can we do? There is lots of competition for our Sunday mornings: work; children's sport clubs; shopping; lie-in ... Some of these are more avoidable than others, but the fact is, they win over the pull of a worshipping community. Society appears to have a need for spirituality, but it doesn't equate that with a weekly act of worship. We have just celebrated St Augustine of Hippo's feast on 26 August - he led a colourful life before his conversion, but after it he saw the weekly gathering of a church community as vital and did much to encourage Christians to regularly meet together for worship and to encourage one another in the faith. We can do the same - bring ourselves and bring a friend!

The bible knows nothing of solitary Christians and much of what we look on as individual spirituality is explained as belonging to the "body of Christ", something that we can only be together. What if you can't make it on a Sunday morning due to unavoidable commitments? Although a Sunday morning has been the traditional meeting time for worship, that day was actually the first day of the week when the church met together at the start of the working week so that believers would be encouraged and inspired as they went about their work, so that they may inspire others to follow Christ. Worshipping together was costly, but seen as worthwhile. Today, Sunday is seen as the tail end of the week, so perhaps a different pattern will emerge in time. We do have a mid-week Eucharist and there is a Bible study, with Lent and Advent studies too, so there are some alternatives. We can also support financially – if all the regular non-attenders set up a standing order for £10 per month, our current financial deficit would be eliminated.

What we can do in the meantime is to make our gathering as inspirational as possible, so that it attracts those who look in from time to time to keep coming back and telling others. We need to continually reinvent ourselves as what was acceptable and understood to generations of the past, can be incomprehensible to the modern world. Some of the practices that we hold so dear, may be a hindrance to the very people we seek to attract, so we need to be willing to change and adapt to remain relevant. That doesn't mean that binning all the old stuff will mean that we are suddenly inundated with new recruits. Far from it! People are looking for spirituality and they just don't associate that with the church. That can change if we are all willing to "push the envelope" a little - help people to access and interpret the traditional and embrace the modern as far as we can stretch ourselves. Revolutionary change can generate more casualties than recruits, but we can all be a little more accepting and accommodating of difference and innovation. We may well have "tried that years ago" and it didn't work, but now may be the time for it to work and to do nothing may accelerate our demise.

We all have a responsibility to keep our reason for coming each week fresh and vibrant. Gathering and worshipping together has many practical and spiritual benefits, not least that we are likely to have longer, more connected lives than may otherwise be the case (church is good for your health, physical and mental). Jesus came that we might have abundant life, not a meagre existence, so we need to look to the future and not rest on our laurels, in case they turn into thistles!

So don't groan when the MAP group come up with new ideas - embrace and adapt - they may just work! If they don't work then we will have tried and learned what not to do. Sure, Jesus may return tomorrow and everything will be renewed, but that return may be some time, as the early church found out. They didn't lose their urgency as they knew that whether Christ returned or they went to glory, the inspiration and effort was the same. The question for each of us is whether we can pull together to encourage one another to bring the giftings we have willingly and see what God can do - remember the small boy with the loaves and fish!

John Wiggins

And for the not so perfect among us...

Ever felt you have totally blown it with God?

Micha Jazz was reflecting on us "setting our sights on the realities of heaven" and contemplating the attitudes and life style that would be appropriate in Christ's presence, attitudes and behaviours we ALL often fall short of. He relates this to a time when he went rock climbing with a youth group, only to slip, fall and find himself dangling on the safety rope, looking down instead of up! He says "In the same way, God will stop us falling to our destruction when (NOT IF) we do make mistakes. Dangling on a rope, it is easy to look down instead of up. Yet looking up reminds us where we are headed."



I was challenged: do I still dare to believe that ours is a good-news gospel and the God of grace, the lover of my soul **STILL** has a hope and a future for me in Him, even when I mess up? Also, am I willing to be His hands and help my brothers and sisters back up when they have slipped and fallen? What a joy to help someone back onto solid ground. Faith, hope and love remain...the greatest of these is love.

Diary of a Momentous Year: Surviving – and singing – in the trenches: by Canon David Winter

Modern people, distraught if deprived of 'all mod cons', must be baffled how men survived year after year of living much of the time in the trenches of the Western Front. For month after month everything was ankle deep in mud. These were their living quarters, complete with primitive toilet arrangements, permanent damp, rats and trench foot – and that's before one mentions the enemy's constant shelling.

There were, of course, moments of respite at rest centres behind the lines – and there was always the coveted hope of a 'blighty', a wound that was not too serious but would mean treatment back in the UK. 'Blighty' was an Urdu word passed on by soldiers who had served in India – it means 'European', or in this case 'home'.

Some men, it's true, succumbed to what was called 'shell shock – traumatic stress syndrome. But the amazing fact is that most not only survived the trench conditions and the ever-present danger, but even looked back on it as a significant experience to be proud of. How on earth did they do it?

My answer, largely based on things I heard from my father and his war-time colleagues, centred on two experiences: songs, and camaraderie. When they marched and sang 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag' and called on each other to 'smile, boys, smile', they were celebrating being part of a strange and exhilarating brotherhood. Humour was rife in the trenches, much of it about the sheer awfulness of their situation. The 'Wiper's Times', a newspaper produced by soldiers in Ypres, can still make us laugh, as its recent revival on stage has proved.

It was the camaraderie – the sense of belonging to an exclusive 'club' – which made the humour possible and authenticated the songs. It was a profound feeling of belonging which made the impossible bearable. There was, one must add, a third element in trench survival: the chaplains and the Salvation Army. I never heard a single veteran discount their value, right there in the heart of things, offering a prayer, yes, but also tea and cakes and understanding. Of course the soldiers hated the war, the loss of comrades, the relentless months of deadly danger. But their songs and memories also told another story, which we should not forget.



THE CURSILLO WEEKEND: THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO...

Cursillo is a movement that stemmed from the Camino Pilgrimage in Spain. The pilgrims wished to capture the essence of Camino, where a joyous, loving and supportive atmosphere is fostered. This atmosphere is what I experienced in Kinnoull Monastery in Perth, and I find myself in the same predicament as the founders of Cursillo were in. I am left wishing I could spend my life on Cursillo weekend and to continue to be inspired and motivated by the expression of God's Love that was presented and by the talks, discussions and worship. Cursillo is like an allegory of the Camino walk. You might meet wonderful people after your day's walk, but the next day you must walk on, perhaps on your own. It's all about the journey. On the walk, the pilgrims greet each other with "Ultreya", which is an encouraging word, meaning "keep going" and this greeting is now used by Cursillo members worldwide.

The key message, in my opinion, is to keep going and to ask yourself what you can do to get closer to God, to make the world a little better and to make someone smile. The organisers of the weekend thought outside the box to get the Christian message across. They used acts of kindness, surprises and treats to overwhelm and shock the person into understanding the message deep down in their hearts, rather than letting it go in one ear and out the other. It gives one a deep understanding that "I am loved, I am a sister to all. We are here to support each other. We are here to laugh and be happy together".

It was a weekend of largess of spiritual food that continues to sustain me. I feel stronger and braver, in the knowledge that God is on my side and I have so many prayers from strangers and friends to achieve this. We are all Easter people living in the 4th day. We've heard the good news and thus can go forward to do God's work.

Caroline Delaney

oooOOOooo

It was with great trepidation that I finally made it to Cursillo this summer. I had been asked before, but the course I was to join was cancelled and I couldn't commit to the revised dates....then, when I was all set to go again, we had our snowy visitation from the North Pole. Mmm...was someone trying to tell me something?

And I really was afraid. I wasn't really sure what to expect, but I imagined it would include being morally and/or spiritually picked to pieces and exposed and that there would descend upon me some heavy burden or huge Honey-do list from God. Any reassurances didn't really calm my fears. The only solace was that I would be journeying to Kinnoull with John and Caroline M, so I was in good company. A very sunny and much less worried Caroline D would meet us there for whatever lay ahead.

And so began a weekend of love, kindness, reassurance and spiritual as well as natural feeding! And boy, do they feed you there! Not an unpicking in sight but lots of laughter and getting to know fellow travellers better....though Fran did speculate that my head might disappear altogether if my stress shoulders went up any higher and it was a challenge to walk into rooms with a bunch of people I didn't know yet.

It was a full on weekend, with many talks on a variety of discipleship related topics and yes, there was some self examination and reflection but always put across positively. There were meditations, there was singing and worship in a variety of forms, there was prayer. There was bucket loads of encouragement to explore how best to put faith into action.

And then there was "palanca" – bags and bags of messages of love and prayer support, encouragement from literally all over the world from those kind souls who had been praying for us and investing in our weekend. The messages came with a variety of little gifts...(and I have to say I find receiving gifts really difficult) the generosity towards us was overwhelming, both from those people we know and those whom we have never met. These have now become treasured possessions to look at and be blessed again.

The highlight of the weekend?

A couple of things stand out for me. Firstly, the letters we were asked to write to God. We could put in whatever we wanted: thanks, requests, things we were struggling with and wanted to be free from, expectations. These were placed in sealed envelopes and "posted" at the altar, to be taken out and burned later as a sort of burnt offering I suppose. Only God saw the contents. Secondly, the beauty of the services in the church and the sheer joy at seeing so many people from our own congregation at the last service. Isn't it good to be part of something bigger? Thank you to each one who made the effort to be there.

If you get asked, just say yes and go. You won't regret it!

Love from Kirsten

Beach Party Auggie'S Style!



Such fun was had as over £100 was raised for church funds!



The new Right Rev Andrew Swift! Bishop of Brechin!



A rainy day at the beach is better than a sunny day at the office.

Community, God, Love... and Navid

Update from Food For Thought

On Sunday I listened to Liz's sermon as she spoke about Community, God and Love in the context of St Augustine, our patron saint ... and as I listened, in my head, I mentally added a bit... 'and Navid'!

Whenever we meet as Community Soup on a Wednesday and Thursday lunchtime, or even as Food for Thought the concept and reality of **Community** is as equally as the food we provide. I was brought up with the mantra "share it, share it" and in my work life as a Community Worker I constantly try to put this into practice. I know that I dement some of you with mess, but if I can give someone a coat or shoes or food or sheets that someone else is throwing away I am delighted! Community means sharing and at Food for Thought we try to share.

Every now and then Kenny or Liz ask me: 'Where is **God** in this or that?' But I believe God is all over Food for Thought, ever present and involved. Last week someone needed water desperately... 10 minutes later I got a call... someone had hundreds of bottles of water spare... Did we need them? That is God. Christmas Day with 90 random people sitting together, that is God. Wee lassie needed a bed for her baby... Guess what....? That is God. And we give thanks every day for these Godly 'coincidences'.

Love. We try to let everyone that comes through this door feel that they matter. And they do. A five-minute chat. Remembering someone's name. Serving people at Community Soup. It is very important that those who come are served.

Lastly, **Navid.** Phil (who was looking after the office for me when I was away) took a call from the producer of 'Still Game' who had just finished filming and was asking if we wanted the complete contents of Navid's shop! You know me, I accept anything but blows. So, on Friday afternoon a box van drew into

the car park half filled with everything a corner store could sell! Teabags, soap powder, tissues, tin openers, pregnancy kits(!), sewing kit, nails, all the food and the contents of the whole sweet shop. The other half came on Monday. Amazing. Truly amazing. Because there was SO

much stuff we sold the stuff we couldn't use for the Food Bank and raised £300 – money which will be used to fund a few more food bags. I want to give genuine thanks to all who helped me sort it and move it.

Christmas is coming,
O Lord!

Caroline xx





ParaTrooper Ponderings

A big thank-you to Robert for sharing his musings and useful insights on life. The ministry team can't thank you enough for being bold enough to put pen to paper and bare your soul. Here are the edited highlights.

Who am I?

I have a name, physical features by which I am recognised... but dare you look deeper? Look inside. I am God's masterpiece, created in His image and for His glory and so are you. So chin up!

What is this life all about?

It is God's school, a kind of boot-camp for the soul where I grow character through times of struggle, where I learn about myself and about God. I am helped by those who have gone before me, that cloud of witnesses Paul speaks of and I in turn can point the way for other fellow travellers. The struggles seem to me like wolves which surprise us and want to rip us to pieces- struggles come, we trip up and fail but God's grace is there for us, often in the form of other like-minded souls. The best helpers, after all are those who have also struggled and found a strategy to defeat said wolf! In time, in God's grace, we will go on to be sage guides to help the generation coming behind us.

The key to well-being? The ripple effect! Love. Faith, hope and love remain...and the greatest of these is love. (1Cor13:13)

Hebrews 12:1 On that cloud of witnesses... We improve our own mental and spiritual well being whenever we show compassion and love to others, cheering them up, making them smile, passing on positivity, putting them first. Practical "love", small kindnesses make God's love visible in this world.... Just like you can't see electricity but can gauge it on a voltmeter. Love and compassion are God's volt meter so let's get the indicator swinging!

Robert Hammil

Puppy Power!

It's official: pets are good for us! Must be true...they said so on the BBC. Indeed, it has long been said that stroking a furry creature not only calms it but lowers your blood pressure as well and anyone who knows anyone who owns a dog will muse about the army of friends said dog owner has known solely as "Poppy's mum" or "Simba's dad".

Growing up, I was known as the girl with the dog. In fact, some people didn't recognise me on the rare occasion I ventured out without him! Pets, it would seem, create a whole raft of social interactions hitherto hidden from us. In fact, this was an important benefit that the BBC were extolling: pets end loneliness, get a person out, increase fitness and enhance well-being.

So with all that in mind...eh maybe not..., I got myself a puppy. An extremely cute bundle of unconditional love, joy, joi de vivre and boundless energy. Some people felt it deeply unfair on Sooty that I got another dog. I don't see it like that. Sooty is a nine year old bundle of doggy perfection: she has an attitude and "wisdom" too precious to lose: the time was right to give her an apprentice. To be fair, Sooty was not exactly delighted at the prospect but the pair have bonded now (settled when a big black lab caused said pup to squeal in terror) and Rosie the pup trots along nicely learning from Sooty. An apprentice. She has showed up where I had become lazy and slack with Sooty, letting things like sitting before crossing the road slip. I have had to up my game! Sometimes, she is admittedly a bit of the Sorcerer's apprentice -she has fallen in a pond (don't worry-pups can swim by instinct), slid down a steep banking (don't worry...I've got long legs and the only casualty was my now very muddy jeans) and is in the process of digging her way from my garden to Australia. My house feels alive with mischief and capers. The energy is exhausting and exhilarating all at the same time: the cobwebs have been blown away by a half-pint canine whirlwind. I have spoken to loads of people over her- some missing from our fellowship. She has been a source of joy bringing a smile to many a face. A tiny, furry vessel for God's love to flow through.



Kirsten



The United Reformed Church (URC) has embarked on a faith journey called Walking the Way. All of our approximately 1500 congregations from

Orkney to Cornwall are being encouraged to explore what it means to be Disciples of Jesus today.

In Scotland our Synod is encouraging congregations to hold 'days of gladness & joy' as a way of setting out. So often when we look at the challenging issues we face we get despondent; it seems too much for us and in response to yet another church initiative we cry out that we have tried that before.

But this is different. It is not a programme, there are no benchmarks, no budgets - simply the call to live the life of Jesus today and to seek God's guidance as to what that means for each of us and each of our congregations. To this end at Dumbarton URC we have set up a small group to explore these ideas with a view to developing this with the congregation.



We are being encouraged to remember what we have done well in the past - to recognise how the spirit has gifted us before; then to look at what we dream of doing. In the light of what we've done well in the past we seek to discern what we are being called to do out of the various ideas raised in our dreams. Then and only then do we deal with the practicalities (which so often fill out time & energy) but this time from a perspective of being 'called' rather than a negative perspective of trying beyond our means to 'keep things going'.

Undertaking Walking the Way is to be a positive experience but one which is realistic about the challenges and limitations we face. We need to recognise we can't do everything - but we are not alone - we are part of a wider body of Christ in the area and God is with us.

140 years on from our congregation being founded and having started with about 20 members we are back at that size. Rather than seeing this as an endgame we seek to embrace this

as being back at the time of possibility in the Spirit. We need to recognise we are not called to preserve 'the church' but are called to follow Jesus, to become a discipleship movement serving and witnessing in the world.

Bungie

Rev Mitchell Bunting

<https://urc.org.uk/our-work/walking-the-way.html>

- 2 Sep - Visit to Helensburgh
- 9 Sep - Minister
- 16 Sep - Rev Alan Paterson
- 23 Sep - Rev David Laing
- 30 Sep - Joint Service

SMILE LINES

Baby on way

999 Caller: 'Help! My wife has gone into labour and her contractions are four minutes apart!'

999 Operator: 'Is this her first child?'

999 Caller: 'Of course not, you idiot! This is her husband!'

Hear our prayer?

A five-year-old said grace at family dinner one night. 'Dear God, thank you for these pancakes...' When he concluded, his parents asked him why he thanked God for pancakes when they were eating chicken. 'I wanted to see if He was paying attention tonight.'

Old leaf?

As a curious little boy opened the big family Bible something fell out of it. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages. "Mum, look what I found!" the boy called out with astonishment in his voice. He turned the leaf over and over. "I think it's Adam's underwear."

Deliver us...

I had been teaching my three-year-old daughter the Lord's Prayer. Then one evening at bedtime she attempted it solo. I listened with pride as she carefully enunciated each word, right up to the end of the prayer. 'Lead us not into temptation,' she prayed, 'but deliver us from e-mail. Amen.'



Thanks to Richard Germain (See Daniel 6)

08-07-2006

OH WOULDN'T YOU JUST KNOW IT ... AS SOON AS WE START OUR FAST THEY THROW US THIS TASTY LOOKING GUY



Wait Till I Tell You.....

Janette looks forward to a glorious Autumn while reluctantly waving farewell to the Summer of 2018 – both record breaking and dramatic, in more ways than one!

‘THERE’S AN OLD MILL BY THE STREAM...’

And that was where Friends headed on 12th August for their summer outing on a day when the gardeners’ prayers for rainfall were being realized. Typical! The mill in question was at New Lanark Visitor Centre near the Falls of Clyde and the source of the famous river we all know and love. We started worrying during the sermon that morning when the Revd Malcolm Crook took going on a journey as his theme, highlighting Elijah and following with his own experiences on a trip from Manchester to Glasgow when he found himself in the company of some friendly ‘Bankies’. *‘Things don’t always go as planned’* he warned.

But everyone turned up, Sandra got the money right, our coach arrived on time and our driver assured us cheerily that he had never been down to Lanark before. Not a problem for our intrepid travellers who sang ‘The Song of the Clyde’ backwards until coming to the early line, *‘It borders the orchards of Lanark so fair, meanders through meadows with sheep grazing there’*. But there was not a sheep in sight as we rolled along the picturesque Clyde Valley roads looking for apple trees! We had one attempt at a coffee stop but the car park was full to capacity. Well, what else would the natives do on a pouring wet Sunday? After one more fruitless turn off we noticed the relevant road signs and our driver managed to skillfully maneuver the bus down a very steep hill and back to the 18th century. Now we were in the world of Robert Owen, a philanthropic Welsh textile manufacturer, one of the founders of Utopian socialism and the Co-operative movement. Think of Robert next time you’re in for a loaf! In the days of the industrial revolution the workers were being exploited with horrendous hours and unspeakable conditions. Robert reduced the toil to a ten and a half hour day. And *the weans* could get a job as well as long as they were ten years old, preferably twelve. Their job was to crawl under the machines and pick up all the ‘oose’ that fell to the floor. ‘Oose’

for those who are not bilingual are the wee fluffy bits of material that are discarded by the machinery. The children were given education, health care and a happy social life – not sure if today’s ten year olds would be prepared to relinquish their ipads for such work preferring to summon Alexa to ‘*pick up that oose*’ No chance! We learned all this from the ghost of Annie MacLeod, a twelve year old mill worker as we travelled in purpose built carriages in the dark around the ‘experience’.

It was great to see that two weeks after our visit, today’s champion of the workers, Jeremy Corbyn, popular Labour party leader, was also seen down at the mill whistling Jerusalem and carrying an obligatory wreath, just in case. Jeremy was looking for some socialism to inspire his Scottish MPs. Let’s hope he kept them out of the souvenir shop with the designer handbags and festival going fashion wellies!

Oh, for Friends all was going well. The sun was now out as we explored the Visitor Centre, tried out the school room and admired the spectacular surrounding views.

Soon it was time to head off to Lanark for that longed for fish tea with a soupcon of home-made ice cream. Then it was back to the bus to follow the Clyde up the road to Dumbarton. But the finger of fate had not yet finished with us—remember Malcolm’s sermon and the unexpected. Well, it happened! A trail of blood was noticed on the floor of the coach and when investigated turned out to be oozing from the leg of one of our passengers. *Jings, crivvens and help ma Boab!* We had just finished the raffle! Our very efficient driver pulled onto the hard shoulder and summoned an ambulance while Jacquie, a qualified first aider from West Kirk, used her skills to good effect. Quick as a flash the blue lights were seen in the distance, the paramedics came aboard and took her off to the Royal Infirmary. Thank goodness we were back in the 21st century. See the NHS – great stuff—the legacy of another famous Welshman! And you thought they only had Tom Jones? Meanwhile, back en route, the Friends’ draw was being reconvened and lifts home organized for the others. Later that night our lady with the wounded leg was also returned home – all sorted!

‘WUMMAN OVERBOARD’.

Having been a ‘cruiser’ for several years now, I couldn’t work out how anyone could possibly fall off one of those mega ships which have railings

everywhere. And how lucky it was that the water was warm enough for a ten hour swim after which the victim was able to share her story with the world and allow folks to speculate on whether or not it had been the result of *'wee domestic!'*

She would not, however, have been happy with the comments of the safety at sea expert who said women are more likely to survive since they have more body fat! She had a great figure and there are plenty of big fat men around! Cheeky so and so!

But the whole incident reminded me of the old joke about the man with the bad stammer who went off to sea and saw a fellow passenger falling in.

He ran up to a passing deck hand, *'A...a....man...'* but couldn't get his message across. Next he ran down to passenger services and tried again *'A ...a....man...has...a..a..'* but they, also, were too busy to deal with his communications problem. Desperate by this time, he ventured up to the bridge to get the Captain to stop the boat *'A....a ...man ...man...help.'* but words once again failed him. The Captain was a man of great experience so he told him to sing out the message. Taking a deep breath he started to sing:

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought tae mind
A man has fallen overboard
He's twenty miles behind!*

CAN OUR NEW BREXIT MAN HACK IT IN BRUSSELS?

As August drew to a close, we were introduced to our new man in Europe, Dominic Raab – or as one very witty journalist called him – Raab C Brexit! Well, if only he can produce the passion and assertiveness of the Govan original then a deal would certainly be forthcoming. So far, our real Brexit man has appeared rather bland and apologetic, hopping over to see Michel Barnier in his immaculate Brussels suit and assuring us on the telly that *'a good deal is within our sights but we must plan for every eventuality'*. Aye that'll be right!

Maybe he should try *'Ah'm tellin' you Michel-heh, see in Glesga that's a wumman's name. Well, Aah want a deal – a deal that'll see the people o' Govan awright, particularly wi' thur benefits and thur credit cairds. I don't care whit you'se pit oan the sides o' the fag packets – we'll smoke them anyway! Awright? Jist you leave it tae me, Thureeza doll, thae Europeans wull no' take a len' o' Rab C Nesbitt! Ah'll jist huv a wee swally*

wi' them and sign the deal – efter aw Ah'm well used tae signin' things.....so am ur!

OK Dominic - get that string vest under the suit and you tell them!

IT'S NEARLY THAT TIME AGAIN!

Aye, TBag O'Neill has already started dreaming about those winter Saturday nights in front of the telly watching 'Strictly' and then discussing it in every conversation during the weeks to come. What a fanatic! And the BBC is already whetting her appetite by introducing those who will compete for the 2018 Glitter Ball Trophy. They are celebrities who range from the scarcely known to the never heard of! But, thinking back over the years, it's not the winners that we remember, it's the *'eejits' who canny get their feet tae work'* but we all vote for them anyway. Remember Russell Grant? They had to fire him from a canon to get rid of him!

John Sergeant nearly had to surrender to get off the show and Anne Widdecombe spent more time flat on the floor showing off her underwear. Recently, we've had the unforgettable Ed Balls whose routines should have carried a government health warning. He's now making a career in comedy so it's Westminster no more! Come to think of it, 'Strictly' is a gift for famous, failed MPs. How long will it be before we see Boris strut his stuff? And out in South Africa big Theresa is showing the world that she has the footwork to survive a dance off if not a deal off!

FRIENDS FOLLOW HOMER.

Well, perhaps that is a slight exaggeration but the September event will be 'An Autumn Odyssey' – and will be a whole evening of travelling themes. Even the Supper will be presented in a picnic box and will contain some tasty delights and surprises. Since we shall all be bona fide travellers there will also be refreshments! And we'll have a map – not the one we sign at the Church – but one with exciting places in which to get lost. We are going on a table top Treasure Hunt so bring your specs. Magnifying glasses will also be available. The journey begins at 6pm on Sunday 30th September and is in the Community Hall. Watch out for notices very soon and sign up for an evening of competition and laughter – all for a fiver!

'THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE'.

They say that of your schooldays so how do you remember them? For the October Friends' event we are having a wee night at the Theatre – the Denny Civic for the DPT production of

'Secondary Chances' by local writer, Ally Priestley who works at the Base. It is a comedy and tells of a school reunion where former pupils and their contemporaries meet to review and gossip over how life has worked out for them. It is set in the West of Scotland and there will be a cast of about 18 so you are bound to know somebody in it. There will be a pre-theatre supper in the Community Hall – watch the Notice Board for details and cost. This event is on a Friday evening and tickets are limited so don't forget to sign up for one – 'Secondary Chances' is a World Premiere.

AUTUMN – FALLING LEAVES AND FALLING REPUTATIONS!

You can't pick up a newspaper these days without reading lurid gossip about the great and the good along with their emphatic denials. Pages of the stuff! So, leave those papers aside – with the Party Political Conference Season looming there are bound to be casualties. Instead, pick up your October copy of 'By the Way Together' and find out what is going on at St. Aug's and St. Mungo's. It's got to be better!

Janette

Have you ever THOUGHT...?

What if my dog only brings back the ball because he thinks I like throwing it?

-If poison is past its expiry date, is it more poisonous or is it no longer poisonous?

-Which letter is silent in the word "Scent", the S or the C?

-Maybe oxygen is slowly killing you and it just takes 75-100 years to fully work.

-Intentionally losing a game of rock, paper, scissors is just as hard as trying to win.

-100 years ago, everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars.

Today everyone has cars and only the rich own horses.

-Your future self is watching you right now through your memories

-If you replace "W" with "T" in "What, Where and When" you get the answer to each of them.

-At a movie theatre which arm rest is yours?

-Why do people think that swaying their arm back and forth would change the direction of a bowling ball?

-If a kid refuses to sleep during nap time, are they guilty of resisting a rest?

-Is it rude for a deaf person to sign with their mouth full of food?

-Why is the Lone Ranger called 'Lone' if he always has his friend Tonto with him?

-When does it stop being partly cloudy and start being partly sunny?

-Is there a time limit on fortune cookie predictions?

-Is the word "dictionary" in the dictionary?

-Why is it that when we "skate on thin ice", we can "get in hot water"?

-If laughter is the best medicine, who's the idiot who said they 'died laughing'?

-If money doesn't grow on trees then why do banks have branches?

-When lightning strikes the ocean why don't all the fish die?

-If parents say "Never take candy from strangers" then why do we celebrate Halloween?

-Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?

-How do you handcuff a one-armed man?

-What happens to an irresistible force when it hits an immovable object?

-If there's a speed of sound and a speed of light, is there a speed of smell?

-Do the security guards at airports have to go through airport security when they get to work?

ROTAS FOR ST MUNGO'S

Sunday September 2nd

Reader/Intercessions	Clergy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Lynne McWhinnie

Sunday September 9th

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

Sunday September 16th

Reader/Intercessions	Carol Meacham
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday September 23rd

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

Sunday September 30th

Reader/Intercessions	Lewis Kennedy
Sidesperson	Ian Marshall
Music	Andrew Baxter

Sunday October 7th

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

CLEANING

Sept 9 th	Iona and Mary
Sept 16 th	Margaret
Sept 23 rd	Jean
Sept 30 th	Finella (flowers)

HALL CLEANING

Sept 9 th	Carol Meacham
Sept 16 th	Lynne McWhinnie
Sept 23 rd	Val and Billy
Sept 30 th	Jim Biddulph
Oct 7 th	Rev Liz

ROTA FOR ST AUGUSTINE'S

Sunday September 2nd

Readers	Margaret H & Dot Russell
Intercessions	Sharon Rowatt
Chalice	Maggie W & Kirsten W
Sidespersons	Barbara B & Roddy Dyer

Sunday September 9th

Readers	Evelyn O'Neill & Ghislaine K
Intercessions	Dot Russell
Chalice	Fran Walker & Margaret H
Sidespersons	Margaret S & David Ansell

Sunday September 16th Baptism of Ethan

Reader	Morag O'Neill
Chalice	Janette Barnes & Maggie W
Sidespersons	Chrissie A & Roberta M

Sunday September 23rd

Readers	Maggie W & Roddy Dyer
Intercessions	Linda Macaulay
Chalice	Kirsten W & David Rowatt
Sidespersons	Linda J & Cathy Hoatsen

Sunday September 30th

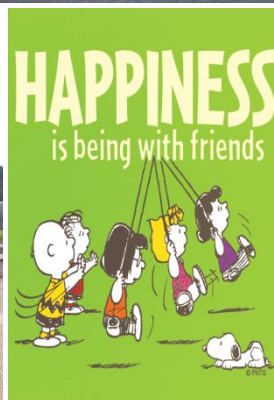
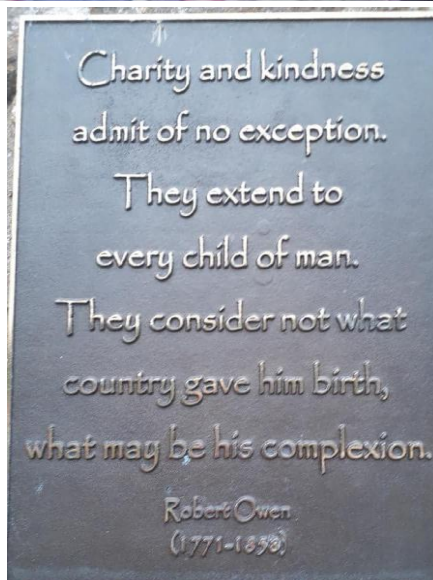
Readers	Janette B & Sharon Rowatt
Intercessions	David Rowatt
Chalice	Margaret H & Janette B
Sidespersons	Maggie W & Roddy Dyer

Flowers

Sept 9 th	Margaret Hardie
Sept 16 th	Maggie Wallace
Sept 23 rd	Moir McGown
Sept 30 th	Linda Macaulay



It all happens on a Bus Trip!



LET'S GET DAVID TO LAPLAND!

Friday 28th September 2018
Vale of Leven Golf Club - 7:30pm til Late

GUEST PERFORMANCES BY:

		
NATALIE ESTELLE JAMES	LOUISE MCFARLANE	AIDA SCULLION

BUFFET, RAFFLE AND MORE!

Tickets £10 - Available at En Pointe, Alexandria



**Institution of
the Revd
Dominic Ind to
St Michael's
and All Angels
in Helensburgh**

