

St Augustine's Dumbarton



The New Look

Issue 47 September 2010

£1.00

Super Gran at 70!

With the best will in the world, this has to be the stunt that tops them all!

Barbara Barnes JP, tireless worker for so many causes, former Citizen of the Year, Sunday School teacher, Child Protection Officer, former teacher, and Trustee of St Augustine's decides to go Wing Walking as a "treat" to herself to mark her 70th Birthday.

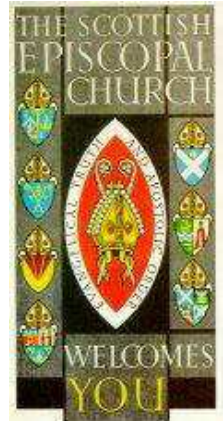
As the years go by we all thought we had got used to Barbara and the daft things she did for charity, usually the Alzheimer cause, but this one was a shock to most of us!

She has abseiled off tall structures, parachuted, and even done a spot of sky-diving at one point, but that was "only" to raise large wads of cash!

This one she did for herself, as it is forbidden to seek sponsorship for this particular feat. (Maybe something to do with dafties putting their life in danger? - Ed)

However, Barbara, we know you enjoyed your experience, but it's lovely to have you back in one piece!

And have a happy 70th when it comes!



Contents

From Kenny
Page 2

Rotas
Page 3

Flash Fiction!
Page 4

St James the Less
Page 6

Photos
Pages 8 & 9

Smilelines
Page 10

Wait Till I Tell You
Page 12 - 14

Friends
Page 15

Parish Directory
Page 16



From Kenny....

How good are we at reading the signs of the times? Can you read the signs? Because the experts aren't very good at it! There have been some pretty poor predictions in the past by so-called experts or folk who should have read the signs a wee bit better!



"This 'telephone' has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication. The device is inherently of no value to us." Thus read a Western Union internal memo, 1876. "We don't like their sound, and guitar music is on the way out." Decca Recording Co. rejecting the Beatles, 1962. "The bomb will never go off. I speak as an expert in explosives." Admiral William Leahy, US Atomic Bomb Project.

There are countless other examples!

Jesus said to the multitudes, "When you see a cloud rising in the west, straightway you say, 'There comes a shower,' and it comes to pass. When you see a south wind blowing, you say, 'There will be a scorching heat' and it comes to pass. You hypocrites," he continued, "You know how to interpret the weather; why can't you interpret the times in which you live?"

How do **we** interpret the times we live in? How do we read the signs of **OUR** times?

Did you know there are consultants who are paid millions of pounds by large companies to read the times? In big business it is important to know where society is headed. If you can spot a trend and ride that trend, there are fortunes to be made.

Let's think about this interpreting the times in which we live? We won't earn millions doing it, but at least we will be following the leading of our Lord.

Trend Number One is easy. **WE ARE MATERIALLY RICH.** We are a prosperous people. People have their houses filled with toys of every kind. Despite the so-called recession, new millionaires are created every day. We personally may not feel very rich, but as a people, in the UK, we are. We are so rich that it has become a spiritual problem. Money has begun to obscure some of our more important values.

That is the first thing we can say about our times. We are materially rich.

THE SECOND THING WE CAN SAY IS THAT WE ARE SPIRITUALLY POOR. Wouldn't you agree with that? We as a nation, though materially rich are becoming spiritually bankrupt. In a sense, we are replacing **being** good with **feeling** good. We all want to feel good, but as a society we are not so good at "being good"!

Being good requires too much of us. Feeling good requires nothing at all. And that brings us to the final trend: First, we are materially rich; second, we are spiritually poor. **THIRD, WE ARE AFRAID.**

I'm convinced that this is a growing trend, and something the Church needs to address.

In spite of our prosperity, in spite of advances in science, medicine, agriculture, communications and nearly every other field imaginable, we are apprehensive. We view the future with concern and even alarm. In spite of all our advances we are anxious.

In spite of our vast prosperity, in spite of our attractive homes filled with toys, we have a free floating fear about the future. This fear goes beyond concerns about terrorism, the environment and social security. Could it be that we are afraid because of our spiritual poverty? We are afraid because of an emptiness within a longing a God-shaped void that has never been adequately filled.

Jimmy Stewart was one of Hollywood's most loved and most respected actors. According to all accounts, Stewart's character and integrity were by-products of being raised by loving and honourable parents. He himself once wrote of his father's wise and loving advice to him before Jimmy went off to fight in World War II. In a letter, Alex Stewart wrote, "My dear Jim boy, Soon after you read this letter, you will be on your way to the worst sort of danger . . . I am banking on the enclosed copy of the 91st Psalm. The thing that takes the place of fear and worry is the promise of these words . . . I can say no more . . . I love you more than I can tell you. Dad." Part of the 91st Psalm reads, "For he shall give his angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways."

This is the proper antidote to the anxiety and stress that many of us feel in this turbulent world in which we live. God is with us regardless of what the future may bring.

What we need to do is to regain our connection with God.

We need to focus less our financial resources for security and more on the Rock of ages. Read the signs of the times. They will tell you we need God more than ever before.

Kenny

Rotas For September 2010

Sunday September 5th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Fran Walker & Evelyn O'Neill.

Intercessions: Margaret Hardie.

Chalice: Tim Rhead & Maggie Wallace.

Sidespersons: Jean Carr & Roberta Mailley.

Sunday September 12th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Janette Barnes & Margot Rhead.

Intercessions. Evelyn O'Neill.

Chalice: Fran Walker & Barbara Barnes.

Sidespersons: Tim Rhead & Ronnie Blaney

Sunday September 19th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Maggie Wallace & Ghislaine Kennedy..

Intercessions: Linda Macaulay.

Chalice: : Janette Barnes & Margaret Hardie

Sidespersons: Margaret Swan & David Ansell.

Sunday September 26th (Baptism)

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Linda Macaulay & Margaret Hardie..

Chalice: David Rowatt & Maggie Wallace.

Sidespersons: Linda Jenkinson & Jean Carr.

Flower Rota:

Week ending Sept:

4th. Maggie Wallace.

11th. Rosemary McLeay & Linda Macaulay.

18th Barbara Barnes & Betty Gordon.

25th Moira McGown & Maggie Wallace.

ROTAS

At the moment, we are rather thin on the ground for Sidespersons. This is an important duty. Very often the Sidesperson is the first welcomer a visitor meets. I'm sure most of us could do this. Any volunteers welcome. Please speak to Maggie or Kenny.

SUNDAY ROTAS READERS, INTERCESSORS SIDESPERSONS

There is always room for more volunteers for Rotas. If you would like to read lessons, lead intercessions or be a sidesperson on a Sunday, please speak to Kenny, Tim or Maggie. There isn't a test or an audition. Just be able to speak clearly, be yourself and smile!

Armed Forces Veterans Association

We are in receipt of a letter from AFVA to the congregation, thanking us for our valued support when Derek Barnes and his pal completed the Great Trek from 11th-22nd July. We also have a certificate for our wall! Over £3000 was raised for soldiers coming home from active service in need of help and support in so many different ways. Derek passes on his personal gratitude!



Postcard from the Past

Derek Barnes has been busy! He managed to acquire an old postcard written to a Manchester address with a photo of St Augustine's. The words on the front say, "This is the church I attend in Scotland", and was written to a Miss E Bradbury.

I can't date it properly, but the postage stamp bears the head of a King who is not our Queen, if you know what I mean! It's rather old!

It's in the Parish Office if you would like a look!

CARS

(A Flash Fiction story)

The police were checking each and every car at the road block. Hasan swore under his breath in Punjabi.

"Sod it!" he said, "We're stuffed, Mohammed!"

"Breathe slowly," Mohammed replied, "Our only chance is to seem helpful."

He looked ahead. There was an *us-against-them* air about the police.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, folks," he heard the sergeant say to the family in the car in front.

"They seem easy enough," Hasan said.

At that moment, the officers turned round and focused on Hasan and Mohammed, then stiffened. One spoke urgently into his radio.

"We're next," Mohammed said through his teeth. He muttered a prayer, then wound down the driver's window and smiled. There was no friendly response.

"Open your boot, son."

Mohammed obliged, glancing sideways at Hasan. They met each others' eyes.

"Right, out the car, both of you!"

More police appeared, shouting instructions at Hasan and Mohammed. The tone was cold. They frisked them; took their mobile phones, then moved on to the boot. The big box sat there, open, its contents glinting in the sun.

"Inshallah!" whispered Mohammed.

"Do you mind explaining this, son?" barked the sergeant.

"They're clothes," replied Mohammed.

"Whose clothes?"

A lie would have been so much easier.

"Ours."

The sergeant methodically took each item out and held it up. All eyes were riveted. Two sparkling Elvis jumpsuits, two wigs, two pairs of high-heeled boots.

"What for?"

Mohammed swallowed.

"We're going to a Graceland fancy dress party, officer," he said. "Tonight. It's Halloween. Remember?"

Margot Rhead



St Augustine's Day 2010

It was wonderful to have Revd Fred Tomlinson, (pictured), with us this year to celebrate the Feast of St Augustine at the end of August. Fred, of course, is an old St Augustine's boy, and the 11am congregation were treated to a wee walk down memory lane, as well as a powerful message in his sermon!

The Praise Band praised, we all joined in, celebrated a slightly different Liturgy for the occasion, and everyone went home feeling that this is what church should be about all the time!

It was a shame that Anne, his wife and the Diocesan MDO couldn't be present, but she was in Gothenberg on Diocesan business!

GOD AND A PAINTBRUSH

"Are you getting paid for this?" asked an elderly Episcopalian (who no longer makes it to church). "No," I retorted waspishly, "I'm doing it for God."

I was well into the second day of varnishing the church doors and notice board and my reply made me think about other people in the past who have wielded a paintbrush for God. Especially the icon painters. Somewhere I read that those creating these exquisite religious panels, did so only after a great deal of prayer. And being small the icons could be carried around and were often used as a focus for an individual's devotions.

I have to say that my 2 inch varnish brush, 2 very large doors and a notice board could not put me in the same league as the iconists. Yet I was outside, in the wonderful sunshine and able to see God's people on the High Street for a couple of days.

First thing in the morning was quiet, a few older folk with their newspapers, then the smartly dressed people going to the court house. A surprising number of young people and mums with pushchairs; some of the little children stopped to look in. A few asked for information: "Where's the Procuratorial Fiscal's office?" or "How do I get to Bridge Street to deliver this car?" And as I was finally washing my brushes, the two day experience finished with mopping up the blood from a guy who just had come from the court, where he was fined £150 for nicking garden ornaments at 9 in the morning. He couldn't remember doing it; neither could he remember nicking the wallet off his friend who had subsequently bashed his nose in!

Not sure if anyone will use the church doors as a focus for their devotions, except maybe the skateboarders when they fall off the ramp.

Fran

Cursillo

On August 24, several of the Cursillo group accepted an invitation to visit St. Serf's church in Shettleston where we spent a couple of very pleasant hours. Fran gave the company an interesting and informative talk about our nursery

school in the Gambia, while Kenny relived an earlier period in his ministry and told us what all had been done to renovate the buildings when he was in charge. I now know who to consult if I ever want to give my house a make-over.

On Monday, September 13 we have a meeting in the church here at 7.30 p.m., when Gavin will be our speaker. This is followed by tea or coffee in the hall.

On Friday 17 we are due to visit St. James the Less in Bishopbriggs. Anyone wishing to join us at either meeting will be made very welcome.

The next Cursillo weekend will be in Dunblane at the Scottish Churches House in March 2011.

People wishing to attend, either as part of the team or as participants, are asked to fill in and return the necessary forms by mid-November, 2010.

Evelyn

ORDINATION OF NICK COX TO THE DIACONATE

HOLY TRINITY, AYR

SUNDAY 12TH SEPTEMBER AT 5.30PM.

Please pray for Nick as he prepares to be ordained Deacon and for Karen, his wife, and for their new life together in the South Ayrshire Team.

Nick was a member of our Regional Council until last year, and a working member of the St Silas' Team.

GALT TRANSPORT

Bankend Road,

Dumbarton

Tel: 01389 730460

www.galttransport.co.uk

Email: traffic@galttransport.co.uk

Please support our 'supporters' with
your custom

St James the Least of All..

(We continue to publish our series of letters from Eustace, a wise old Rector to his nephew Darren, Curate in a much more modern, evangelical setting!)



The Rectory St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren,

I think your idea for both our Confirmation groups getting together for a weekend away was excellent and our meeting last week drew most of the plans together. We didn't take any minutes, so let me record the decisions I believe we made.

Since all of us will have to share one dormitory, I know my snoring will inconvenience you all, so I am prepared to spend the nights at a local hotel. By chance, I have found that there is a four star one only a few miles away, so I have booked myself in.

As the dining area in the youth centre is very cramped, I am also willing to have dinner each evening at the hotel, thereby creating more space for the rest of you. This will, admittedly, mean that I will not be available for the rota for preparing meals, but that is a small loss for giving you all so much more freedom of movement. An additional sadness is that, since breakfast at the hotel is not served until 8am, I will not be able to join you either for your pre-breakfast dip in the nearby stream. It would be grossly unfair to expect you to pack lunch for me, so I will arrange for the hotel to provide me with a picnic hamper for one which I can have while you all enjoy your fish paste sandwiches.

I think it will be an excellent learning experience if you prepare all the teaching sessions yourself, but be assured that I will always be on hand to give the advice of experience. That large armchair near the fire in the common room seems to be the best place for me to sit, so I can keep an eye on proceedings, while I take on the responsibilities for stoking the fire. This reminds me; do make sure that the young people are encouraged to saw enough logs each morning for me to fulfil my obligations.

Naturally, my arthritis will prevent me being able to accompany you on your afternoon hikes, but I will cheerfully park my car wherever you leave the minibus, to provide a second vehicle in case of emergencies. I do not mind in the least waiting all those long hours until you get back; I have already chosen the cassettes and books to help me get through them. Perhaps you could modify your proposed route in the mountains to something round the lake, since I notice there is a rather attractive tea shop in the village that I may also be able to visit while waiting for your return.

I am fully aware that not sleeping or dining at the centre, not being responsible for preparing the teaching, nor being involved on the walks will mean that my contributions will be ever so slightly limited, but these are sacrifices I gladly make in order to give you further experience in your ministerial career.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace

Parish Walk

The next walk is on Saturday September 18th at 1.30 pm in the Queen Elizabeth Forest Forest Park beyond Drymen.

More details from Rosemary or Tim. Below, Tim relaxes on the last "stroll"!



Requiem for the Rev Canon John Farrant

There will be a Requiem Mass at St Bride's Episcopal Church, 69, Hyndland Road, Glasgow, G12 9UX for the Rev Canon John Frederick Ames Farrant (1930 - 2009) on Saturday 30th October, 2010 at Midday. Refreshments will be served after the service. All Welcome.

During a ministry spanning 56 years Fr. John served as Assistant Curate at St Mary Magdalene's, Dundee (1953-1958), Rector of St Columba's, Clydebank (1958-1965); Rector of Holy Trinity, Motherwell (1961-1965); Rector of St Bride's, Glasgow (1974-1981); and Rector of St James the Less, Penicuik with St Mungo's West Linton (1985-1996). He also served congregations in Papua New Guinea, Madeira and London and was a Canon of St Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow.

An interesting conversation after church yesterday with a bloke who usually worships at a small, dying 'Piskie church.

Mission is not a Numbers Game

An interesting conversation after church yesterday with a bloke who usually worships at a small, dying 'Piskie church.

And we went through the usual perceptions. Firstly, that it is natural for churches to be in decline. It is what we should expect. Except I know it isn't. I was part of a team which turned round decline in a small church. I was there, it happened.

Secondly that 'mission' means 'getting bums on seats'. Well, it does not. It means being there for others. It means service. Jesus spent all of his years in his active ministry telling his disciples that following him meant service, that the first jolly well ought to be last, and that anybody who thought they were a lord and master ought to find the waiter's apron and put it on, and ask humbly what the others wanted for dinner – just how likely is it that he would ever,

ever, think his church ought to be looking for people to join it in order to help pay the bills? Or for the sake of the institution in any way, shape or form?

Yet so ingrained in this way of thinking that conversations about mission keep on and on coming back to this point. 'If we do this or that good bit of service, then we will get people to join us.'

And quite likely, yes, we will. Because generally speaking doing the right thing has a way of being attractive at least to some people. But the point of doing the right thing is what it has always been – that we should do the right thing. That we serve others because they need us.

And the point of encouraging others to be part of church? Because it is empowering. Because it keeps one headed in the right direction, the most fulfilling direction. I go to church on a Sunday because I want to, need to. Sometimes I am asked if it is because I feel guilty if I don't. No, not at all. But I feel empty, or emptier. I feel unfulfilled. And there is absolutely no point in encouraging others to join you in church unless you think that they will feel fuller for going.

So spread the word. Mission has nothing to do with making the church grow (except in the sense that the new people may well help the church grow in insight and spirituality), and everything to do with helping people grow.

And maybe if we all say it loud and clear, in the end somebody will hear.

(From Rosemary Hannah)
<http://rosemaryhannah.wordpress.com>

Macleans
the Jewellers
106 High Street Dumbarton
Quality jewellery -
In the heart of Dumbarton
Tel: 01389 733331
Please Support this Business!

Community Fair Pics



It was a wonderful day and the sun shone! We all met our new MP, Gemma Doyle, David oversaw a wonderful tombola, Sharon acquired a baby, and the baking went like, er, hotcakes!

However, the most important thing is that we did this in partnership with people who now use our hall and have become a part of the St Augustine's community.

Next year, we'll need mair tables!



Smile-Lines

Say again?

Three elderly church ministers, all hard of hearing, were playing golf one sunny spring morning. The Methodist minister observed, "Windy, isn't it?" "No," the Baptist pastor said, "it's Thursday." The Anglican vicar agreed: "So am I! Let's go get a pint."

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?"

Apples

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. A nun had posted a note on the apply tray, "Take only ONE. God is watching."

At the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cakes, next to which, in a child's handwriting, was a sign, "Take all you want. God is watching the apples."

Of mice and men

A minister went into his local pet shop to ask for some help. "I need at least 50 mice, 2,000 ants and as many of those little silverfish that you can get."

The pet shop owner was startled. "We can probably do that, but it might take some time."

Mind if I ask why you are placing such an unusual order?"

The minister shrugged. "It's simple. I've accepted a call to another church, and the church council told me to leave the parsonage the way I found it."

Whose fault is it, anyway?

In a small town a businessman put in planning permission to build a nightclub complete with dancing girls.

The local church started a vigorous campaign to block it from opening. The church launched a peti-

tion and held prayers in public. Work progressed, however, right up until the week before opening. Then one night a bolt of lightning strike hit the nightclub and it burned to the ground.

The church members were rather smug after that, until the nightclub owner sued them all -on the grounds that they were responsible for the fire.

Loudly protesting their total non-involvement and innocence, the church members were all taken to court.

As the case began, the judge looked over the paperwork and observed: "I don't know how I'm going to decide this. It appears that we have a nightclub owner who believes in the power of prayer, and an entire church congregation that doesn't!"

If only

Computer message I'd like to see: 'Smash forehead on keyboard to continue'.

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."

Oh dear

Confidence is that feeling you have just before you fully understand the situation.

No problem

"As easy as
3.141592653589793238462643383279502884197
16."

Gowns and Crowns
Dressmaking and Alterations service

86 - 88 High Street

Dumbarton

(above Kitchens, Bathrooms,
Doors and Floors)

07793051682



‘Big Society’ must not be an excuse to cover up Bad Society !

The Rt Rev Dr Bob Gillies, Bishop of Aberdeen & Orkney has recently received widespread media coverage following his comments in the platform column of The Scotsman. In this column he said:

“Powerful words have been voiced recently on ‘the Big Society’. As I reflect on what is being said, my mind re-connects with a statement that former prime minister Margaret Thatcher once made: “There is no such thing as society, there are individual men and women, and there are families.”

“What are we to make of this? One Prime Minister debunks society. Another commends it.

“All this is part of a wider political agenda begun by Harold Macmillan, I suggest, who rightly, as we can see with hindsight, told us over fifty years ago that we had “never had it so good”. On balance he was pretty accurate and for a while to come many in society will still be able to draw upon a largely benevolent welfare state. But things are to change. And the current Prime Minister’s ‘Big Society’ speech signals that. In years to come it will be an historic speech, for at a secular level it marks the watershed when we pass from a society where there was enough wealth to pass around to enable most in Britain to benefit sufficiently from a welfare state, to one where we will increasingly have to support and care for one another more than we realise.

“At one level I hope the ‘Big Society’ speech signals the end of individualism. I hope too it ends the secularising and marginalising of faith into a ‘private’ thing you do in your own time and only providing it does not impact on wider society. I hope too it ends the trend whereby legislation refuses to allow conscience clauses to, for example, adoption agencies and those whom they consider as suitable adoptive parents. And, to express a personal gripe, I hope it signals the end of celebrity culture!

“There is a huge risk that emphasis on the ‘Big Society’ creates a camouflage for other things

that go on beneath the surface. I’m especially thinking of the current movement towards getting people back to work. In many ways this is a good thing as it reverses the 1980’s policy of moving people away from unemployment into invalidity benefit. For many this may have been a more appropriate reflection of their circumstances but for others it has proved an escape route away from the responsibility to work. The 1980’s trend is now being reversed and recent political decisions ensure escape routes will be closed off.

“But for some, not least those suffering from various forms of mental illness, this will prove disastrous. Discreet or covert assessment tests are required to be carried out on people who may not know they are even being tested. The tests are carried out without any recognition of a person’s long-term clinical circumstances. The tests are rudimentary assessments of the capacity to carry out simple operations. Do they assess a person’s capacity to assume responsibility, sustain a full, or part-time day’s work? I fear not. Do they take into account any variation of a person’s emotions and how these might be affected in any given workplace? I fear not. Do they look at how a drugs regime might be maintained in such places? It is unlikely.

“These changes are happening now. Politicians I have spoken to could offer no remedy as to how these changes and the issues that arise from them might be addressed. But they bore out my fear that ‘the Big Society’ not only fails to address real-time concerns raised by these questions, but also my greater fear that emphasis on ‘the Big Society’ actually camouflages them from view.”

Richmond Architects

**Architects for the Restoration
and the New Hall**

**Supporting
The Friends of St. Augustine’s**

**Castle Terrace,
Dumbarton**

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

Janette looks back on a hectic August Community Fair and looks forward to the autumnal events coming to St. Auggie's.

FAIR WEATHER FAIR

Friends' summer activities are not generally renowned for good weather - remember Largs? And who will ever forget Rothesay? So, the August Community Fair, scheduled for 7th August, was approached with a great deal of hope and trepidation. Weather forecasts were scanned meticulously and on the Friday evening preceding the great day, we examined the skies in detail and agreed that the tables would definitely be outside, the barbeque would be lit and the decking festooned with balloons and bunting.

Inside was a miracle of organisation. Items for sale were grouped together in their assigned corners ready to be put in place early on the Saturday morning. Tables were being attractively set and good china selected for the tearoom - after all, our new MP was coming. And just when we thought our arrangements were going without a hitch the small room door mysteriously jammed, locking up essential items for Saturday as well as Barbara's coat! Nothing would move the offending lock so TBag O'Neill and Jessie Reid ventured out into the High Street in search of a man. This was one of the few occasions in life when a man is essential. They returned quickly with someone from the pub across the road. He had just the right qualifications and with '*wan shu'der tae the door*' he opened it. We rewarded our hero with a cup cake and retired for the night - to pray for a sunny Saturday.

Early on Saturday morning we assembled to erect and position the tables - we suspected that there might just be a shortage as they rapidly filled with home baking, jewellery, crafts and unwanted treasures. Oh, we had a plan but when our hall users started to arrive and some obviously had requirements for extra tables, it was simply a case of fitting everyone in. After several arguments, we did! Meanwhile, inside the tearoom chaos was building up and the kitchen staff worried about whether or not we would have enough food to carry out the feeding plan! Meanwhile, Ricky was wiring up everywhere for sound and Ghislaine was practicing her singing.

Outside, the bargain hunters were gathering and

queuing for an amazing plethora of home baking. Our MP, Gemma Doyle, arrived right on cue and from a prime position on the decking, declared the Community Fair open. Kenny, in smart white jacket, welcomed everyone to the event while Rachel and Jackie presented the flowers.

The cameras were clicking and miraculously the sun was still shining. The first tea and pancake was served to our MP who admired our new hall before going out to the stalls to meet her constituents. So immersed were we in our duties that we failed to recognise one of our faithful long term Friends from Helensburgh. Jennifer turned up at the baking stall with a brand new hair colour and showing the results of a diet that had worked. She was recognised only by Maggie - proving that bifocals are the answer! '*We did you a favour, Jennifer, if we had known it was you we would have dragged you into the kitchen*' It was going like a fair! Aye, it was not a place for those of a nervous disposition but the intrepid May Thomson, at eighty five, survived it and managed to keep on serving for the entire day.

The dancers arrived and entertained beautifully in the tearoom alternating with Ghislaine and Ricky while massages and reiki were in full swing in the back room. Sheila and Isobel not only sold the jewellery but advised the buyers what suited them best. These two were definitely born to sell - why were they wasted in education? Then the barbeque got underway with David, Gavin and Jean all rapidly running out of burgers. Margaret H went off on an emergency mission to ASDA to replenish stocks.

And people must have been hungry - they even scoffed all the salads! However, Margaret's ASDA interlude revitalised her for the afternoon session of strawberry cream teas. How time flies! But, the problems didn't diminish any in the kitchen - the cream, although being beaten to death, refused to thicken. Help! And some people were making a day of it - morning coffee, burgers for lunch then cream teas. Well, what else is there to do in Dumbarton High Street? The afternoon developed into a happy sing song round the tables with Esther in fine voice - no, there was no drink - just sheer high spirits and relief that everything was going well. The kitchen staff started smiling since they knew their ordeal

would soon be over.

And it was. The sun had shone all day, the Church had raised well over £1000 and the other groups had also increased their funds. It was with great satisfaction that we went off home to a well earned rest - apart from Margaret H who was off to a Hen Night in Glasgow and the Golden Girls who were having a barbecue - no wonder they were all at the Health Centre the following week!

CLOTHES LINES.

At our Pakistan Fundraising Coffee Morning Margot managed to acquire a pair of brand new black lycra pants and subsequently tried to find a home for them. The packet read size 22! Then our Rector got in on the act and tactfully informed his table companions that there were plenty of women in our Parish that they would fit! What a cheek! How does he know? Surely his mind is on higher things on a Sunday morning!

Anyway, the lycra pants are still on offer and will be handed discreetly to anyone with the right sized posterior.

The world title 'Most Iconic Dress on the Catwalk' is currently held by Liz Hurley for her little Versace number from the 1994 premiere of 'Four Weddings and a Funeral'. Remember it? It was black, very sexy and decorated with safety pins. On 20th August this year Liz's title was challenged by Gillian Hardie in the dress she wore at her brother's wedding in Rhu. Her choice was a strapless maxi number also adorned with an attractive collection of pins - both safety and plain- borrowed from the corsages of other guests and from the purses of those ladies who never leave home without a safety pin! Yes, there are still some amongst us who live in fear of that knicker elastic disaster! Oh, and the entire ensemble was secured by the contents of one of the Rosslea Hotel's guest sewing kits. Gillian danced the night away in her metallic creation, posing carefully for the cameras and on the following Monday morning returned the burst garment to the designer shop from where it had been purchased. The manager could hardly believe that the dress had completely fallen apart but she got a big apology for the embarrassment and her money refunded. Liz still holds the title!

STILL OUT OF ORDER.

The toilet at the back of the Church has been giving

us problems and numerous solutions have been tried. Margaret H, our Fabric Team Leader, has suggested that it may be tidal! Tidal? She must be joking!

Does this mean we have to note the state of the Leven before spending a penny?

*Oh dear, what a calamity
Water is flooding our pan in the Lavat'ry
Flushing is banned from Sunday till Saturday!
No one dare sit on the throne!
Our plumbing and drains - they are not very clever
And Dyno-Rod's charges were making us shiver.
We blamed Scottish Water and they said 'no, never!'
But thanked us for calling to moan.*

*One night a wee wifie from Churches Together
Who'se known in the town as a terrible blether
Did not see our notice and vanished forever
Still chatting away on her phone!
So what will become of St. Auggie's Church
lavat'ry?
Pray for a plumber - avert a catastrophe!
If at the sermon you feel that you have to pee
Just cross your legs till you're home!*

AND THE LOST SHALL BE FOUND-ONLY IF THEY ASK!

Research from that singing insurance firm, Sheila's Wheels reveals that men will clock up 276 miles a year aimlessly driving around before they will ask for directions. Women drivers have a better record with 256 miles before stopping to ask. What I want to ask is how do they know? Nobody's asked me. And do the figures relate to those with or without SatNav?

SHOPJACKETS-R -US.

Off I went on the 26th to the Seminar for High Street Businesses to represent St. Aug's and to discuss the fate of our beloved, much maligned High Street. And there was a presentation by a man from Shop-jackets who showed lovely slides of a transformed Whitley Bay using his product to enhance the empty shops. He said there could even be a jacket for the Burgh Hall and got us all excited. He asked us what shops we would like on our High Street. 'A nice new Baker's' 'A high quality Butcher's' were the eager responses. Things were going well so I threw in 'a proper bookshop' to which he replied 'oh, no! Nobody buys books any more!' Wait a minute, who's

talking about buying? We're only imagining shops. This is a pantoland High Street! I know very well I'll have to go to Braehead to buy my Broons' Annual at Christmas!

WHAT'S IN A DOG'S NAME?

Thirty years ago dogs were called Lassie, Lady, Patch and Spot. Now we are being accused of saddling our pets with middle-class names like Alfie, Poppy, Archie and Oscar. My Nina, name inspired by Chekhov's heroine in 'The Seagull', walks in the park every morning with 2 Benjis, Cassie, Jake, Sammy, Robbie, Skye, Simba, Keira, Penny, Sadie, Bridie, Murphy, Seamus and, wait for it, a collie called Einstein! Aye Levensgrove is a very upmarket place for a dug!

AS THE NIGHTS DRAW IN...

Don't forget to sign up for our Friends' Events - there's something for everyone. From a wee Bingo Night with fish suppers to a Theatre Visit for the erudite and a November spectacular called 'St. Augz - the Musical' when we'll all become a Dorothys, Munchkins, a Tin Wumman or a Scarecrow.

See next month's New Look for details.

Janette

DCT SAYS GOODBYE TO FATHER GEORGE

On 18th October in St. Augustine's there will be a Dumbarton Churches Together Prayer and Praise Evening. This will be followed by a Buffet Supper at the back of the Church when DCT members will say goodbye to Father George Bradburn, formerly of St. Michael's who was one of the founders, with Kenny, of the organisation and a keen supporter of all its activities. Everyone is welcome to attend and full details will be available in the October New Look.

Whither the Kirk?

(From The Provost of St Mary's)

I watched with interest the BBC documentary recently about the Church of Scotland. (A Church in Crisis on BBC 1 Scotland) I guess that those who

were hoping for a celebration of 450 years since the Scottish Reformation were a little disappointed. The programme was something of a lament and really rather sad.

They kept coming back to the question, "What would Scotland miss if the Church of Scotland did not exist?". That's not a great starting place, but there was no great attempt to answer it either and that's more the fault of those making the documentary I think rather than those contributing. It would have been good to get some more voices into the mix. Surely there are some Scottish politicians ready to speak up for the C of S? Or ecumenical chums?

The overall feeling of the whole piece was a loss of morale. That's interesting to compare with the Scottish Episcopal Church. We've suffered much the same numerical decline, I think and starting from a low base too. (If the C of S had our numbers, it would be presumed to have virtually disappeared already). However, there is no loss of morale. We're talking about expansion in this diocese. When we bicker, we are likely to be bickering about how to bring that expansion about. Though bickering is not generally much fun, there are sparks of life within those arguments. We talk about turning things around and growing again. That might be a belligerent denial of reality of course, but the hope still burns strong.

I'm puzzled as to why the C of S folk went on national television and said the things they did and coloured in the picture which the BBC had already begun to paint of apparently inevitable, terminable decline. I guess lament is part of the psyche in Scotland. There was something of a sense of the maudlin songs one sometimes gets at a particular point of a good ceilidh. You know, the point where folk have been drinking but are not drunk and someone starts to sing dreary songs that everyone knows but can't remember being taught. Sometimes in these parts we like to wallow in it. Was that what we were seeing last night on the telly?

Of course, there's no good watching something about the 450th anniversary of the Scottish Reformation and presuming that one is merely an observer. My own church has roots in that movement just as much as the Church of Scotland does. Its where we come from and part of who we are. Notwithstanding that, quite a lot of Episcopalians, myself included, would be keen to say that the Scottish Reformation was not entirely a Jolly Good Thing.

And that opinion was missing from the BBC's programme too.



Scottish Charity
No: SC040459

Friends in September

FRIENDS GO TO THE THEATRE

On Thursday 7th October Friends are organising a visit to the theatre to see DPT's production of 'A View from the Bridge' - the modern classic by Arthur Miller.

The story takes place near the Brooklyn Bridge on the waterfront of New York in 1955. We meet Eddie Carbone, a longshoreman or dock worker whose family had come to the USA from Italy in a previous generation. Along with Beatrice, his wife, Eddie looks after their attractive teenage niece, Catherine.

The lives of the family are thrown into turmoil by the arrival of Bea's cousins from Italy - illegal immigrants searching for a better life. They are invited to share Eddie's home. Soon things start to fall apart for the family and the play moves towards a dramatic ending. TBag O'Neill appears in the final scene!

To find out what happens sign up for this Friends' event which will also include a buffet tea in the hall.

There will be a short talk about the play and questions will be welcomed.

Don't miss it - full details in next month's New Look.

Nearer to this is the Fish Supper Bingo! A culinary excitement mixed with the buzz of lifting enormously extravagant prizes. Not to be missed! September 10th at 7pm!

Diocesan Mission Strategy

Bishop Gregor pledged during the episcopal election to promote a strategy of growth for this Diocese, a strategy that would encompass the

many different facets of church life needing to change and grow.

Upon his election, he tasked the Dean and the Ministry Development Officer to begin work on a process which would lead ultimately to the launch of a Diocesan Growth Strategy next spring.

Over the summer, Vestries, clergy and congregations across the Diocese have been working on their responses to a questionnaire which asked them to describe the life, worship and mission of their charge.

Over 75% of those questionnaires have now been returned and the Dean and the MDO are engaged in collating the responses, building up a picture of life in each Region.

Those summaries will be being brought to specially convened meetings in each Region. At these gatherings the particular missional needs of each area will be discerned and also 7 representatives, one from each Region, who will then form a Working Party with others from the Diocese to progress the work towards its ultimate launch in spring 2011.

We meet on September 8th in Bearsden! Ask Kenny for a lift!

It is hoped that many others apart from those who normally attend Regional Council meetings will come along on the relevant evening; these are meetings held in and for the Region rather than 'Regional Council meetings'. We need as many people as possible to be involved in this vital work.

FIRST APPLIANCE CARE

Service and Repair to all makes of
Washing machines, Tumble Dryers,
Dishwashers, Refrigeration, Cookers,
Vacuums (Dyson specialists)

New appliances supplied & installed
Quick call out - fully trained engineers
Call Alan Mailley 07710 327999



Authorised Agents

St Augustine's Scottish Episcopal Church

High Street, Dumbarton G82 1LL

01389 734514

www.staugustinesdumbarton.co.uk

Email: staugustinessec@btinternet.com

Rector:- Revd Kenneth Macaulay

54 Helenslee Cres

Dumbarton G82 4HS (frkenny@btinternet.com)

Tel: 01389 602261 Mobile: 07734 187250

Treasurer: David Rowatt (dsrowatt@blueyonder.co.uk)

Tel :- 01389 732341

Secretary to the Vestry: Janette Barnes (01389 761398)

Lay Representative: Tim Rhead (trhead@hotmail.com) (01389 761676)

Alternate Lay Representative: Maggie Wallace (maggiwallace@blueyonder.co.uk)

Fabric Convener: Margaret Hardie and her Team

Project Development: Fran Walker (fran_walker@hotmail.com) Tel:- 01389 761403

Trustees: The Rector, Margaret Wallace (01389 757200), Barbara Barnes

Other Vestry Members: Barbara Barnes (barbarabarnes78@yahoo.co.uk) (01389 755984), Margaret Hardie (mghardie@blueyonder.co.uk) (01389 767983), Janette Barnes (01389 761398), (Janette.Barnes@btinternet.com), , Roberta Mailley (01389 731863), Anne Dyer, Linda Jenkinson (01389 761693), Gavin Elder, Margaret Swan, Rosemary McLeay, Shadrach Shame.

Regional Council Representative: Roberta Mailley (01389 731863)

Glen 10

This year, Caitlin and Erin Dyer joined over 60 other young folk at Glenalmond for the Provincial Youth Week. Glenalmond has been growing through the years, and because of its popularity, has now split into two separate weeks, catering for over 120 young people in the Episcopal Church.

Here we see our "Dynamic Duo" teaming up with a suspicious looking rabbit, which all fitted in nicely to the Alice in Wonderland theme of the week.

Our youth looked at our Liturgies and their structures over the six days they were there, but there was plenty of fun in an action-packed programme.

Your Rector visited for a day, got dragged on a hike, played what could only be described as "Murder Rounders", and came home exhausted!

Can't wait until next year!

