

# By the Way



## Our New Priest!



On September 28th, we shared in Pat's joy as she was ordained priest.

Everyone came together to make it a day to remember for a very long time! We were blessed indeed that we had two bishops at the Ordination as +Idris joined with Bishop Gregor.

We did the "ceremonial" thing really well and the music was top class!



Next day was Pat's first Celebration of The Eucharist, as +Gregor washed her hands at the Offertory! More pics inside!

# Parish Directory

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## Pat Says.....

This summer we have had the joy of meeting two new babies in church. These are not babies who are brought for baptism and then sadly never seen again, but members of committed St Aug's families – so we welcome Sean and Olivia,

and look forward to watching them as they grow.

All too often it is said that children are “The church of the future”, but people who say that get it wrong: children are part of the church of today, and they will only be part of the church of the future if we continue to nurture them as we promise in the baptismal service.

Obviously these babies cannot bring themselves to church, so in caring for them we also need to care for their parents. This may mean sitting alongside them and being ready to lend a hand, or as they grow older pointing out the children's corner with its drawing materials and toys.

It also means being very careful about how we look or what we say when a child behaves as a child and is noisy or runs around church. After all the years I can still vividly remember my feelings when my children were restive in church – a handbag full of apples and sweets to keep their mouths full and quiet at appropriate times, and a collection of items to occupy them, helped a little, but it could be a great strain when I saw disapproving looks. When Jesus said to let the children come to him there were no extra caveats about “only if they are quiet and well behaved”.

There will be times when children are happier having something more directly tailored to their needs, and this is where Barbara and her Sunday School team play such an important role.

However, as I have said before, this involves them in a lot of work, and it would be wonderful if a few more people could volunteer to join in this ministry – even once a month, to allow others to be in church for more of the service, would be a great help.

In order to ensure that when Sean and Olivia are adults they see Church as a meaningful and friendly place to come to, we promise in the words of the Baptism liturgy:

**We welcome you. We will care for you. We will share our faith with you.**

*Pat*

## Tina's Traumas



The occasion was a family member's 60th birthday. His big surprise – organised by his two sons – was a wee family day out to Millport. Count me in, says I (never having been to Millport before). They say friends are God's way of apologising to us for our families. Now I know why.

There was a bit of a hoolie blowing off the Clyde when we left Largs but all seemed calm on our arrival at Millport. Well, it was calm until we were introduced to the mode of transport on which we were to travel round the island. It's called a conference bike. It seats seven people, one of whom has access to a steering wheel with which to guide his fellow pedallers. Now, you might think - as did we - that seven people riding a bike would be seven times easier and get us round the 10 mile circular route quicker. Let me disabuse you of that notion right now.

On reflection, if any of us had paused to think what size and weight a bike capable of carrying seven adults needs to be, we may have been a little more prepared. (Like, six months in the gym with a personal trainer.) We may indeed have not bothered going at all. This thing weighs a ton - and with heavy but small wheels, you can pedal your heart out and get about as far as a three-legged tortoise in the London Marathon.

We ranged in age from 20s up to 60 - but both youth and not so young agreed - after about half a mile - that we had made a BIG mistake. Undaunted we carried on and, two hours later, with an additional 40 minute break for a picnic during which we had to hold down the wind-buffed nibbles with one hand while swatting seagulls with the other, we rolled wearily to the door of the cycle hire shop.

There were times when we all felt like giving up, when the pain and the strain got just too much. But then someone would say '*come on, we can do it*' and there would be a noticeable speeding up of the pedals as we rallied together. And on those occasions when some of us had to ease off on the footwork, there were others prepared to carry the load. It wasn't just the shared suffering which got us through, it was the laughter and the sense of being in it together. Oh, and the prospect of walking the rest of the way on aching legs while pushing an awkward contraption more suited to an episode of Pimp My Ride.

Church is a bit like that too. We need to work and pull together, whatever our strengths, to get to where we are going. There will be times when some folk need to ease off and recharge their batteries while others take the strain. There will be times when we need to grit our teeth and remember that, despite the pain, we're all headed in the same direction. And, despite the aching bits, the ride can be a lot of fun when we are part of God's circle of fellowship.

*Tina Kemp*



# St James the Least of All

The Rectory  
St. James the Least

*My dear Nephew Darren*

In the unlikely event of ever being put in charge of designing the course for those being trained for ordination, I would make a few significant changes. Modules on doctrine, Church History and Greek would all be dropped as unnecessary. In their place, I would add courses on how to run a tight jumble sale, ways to keep your church Vestry in order – and especially close to my heart at present, how to negotiate Harvest.

The first skirmish starts in early Summer when it becomes clear that the flower arrangers' plans mean that the choir would disappear behind a huge array of chrysanthemums. The choir then retaliate by announcing that their Harvest anthem must take place just when the Sunday School intended to re-enact the parable of the Good Samaritan. They, in turn, raise the stakes by insisting that a stage will be needed for their performance, thus ensuring that I will be separated from the congregation by an impenetrable barricade.

In September, therefore, there is the traditional meeting to iron out all these little difficulties. This inevitably results with the annual act of the verger handing in his resignation, of the bell ringers threatening a mass walk-out, and those who organise coffee afterwards demanding that my sermon lasts no more than 3 minutes, so there will be plenty of time for socialising after the Service.

I greet all suggestions with a spontaneous burst of indifference, smile, agree with it all – and do nothing (this, incidentally, is a good policy for all decision-making). Inevitably, everything goes ahead exactly as it has always done for the last century.

Come the day, there will be the usual arrangement of eggs around the font, with the strategically placed card saying "Given anonymously by Elsie Jones" and the pyramid of apples temptingly near the choirboys, so designed that when someone tries to pinch one during the sermon, the whole pile disintegrates as they roll all over the chancel.

On the following Friday, all will leave after the Harvest Supper saying that the entertainment was worse than the previous year and that the absence of red cabbage had quite ruined the hot pot. Everyone therefore has an enjoyable evening.

My Harvest training course would be compulsory and a pass mark of 90% would be needed before ordination could be considered.

Beware of being invited by bishops to drop round for a chat. My first mistake was to answer the phone when he rang;

what are answerphones for, but to avoid having to talk to anyone – ever. My second mistake was not to be able to think of a meeting I had to attend – preferably on another planet – on the day he suggested.

I therefore found myself in his study, waiting for the point of the meeting while we negotiated the obligatory five minutes discussing the weather and his summer holiday in France. I made it quite clear that I had been far too busy to swan off to foreign parts – although I suspect the implication of what I said passed him by.

We then got to the point. He was toying with the thought of my retirement and linking us with the adjoining parish of St. Agatha's. I patiently explained, using simple words and speaking slowly for his benefit, that at 85 and with 40 years at St. James the Least, I was just getting into my stride and that the vicar of St. Agatha's, a stripling at 63, had nowhere near enough experience to organise the hymn list, let alone two parishes. This, too, seemed to drift somewhere above his head.

He had clearly done his homework. There were already plans for my Queen Anne rectory to be sold and the 5 acres of garden be turned into a housing estate. This news would be received by our parishioners with as much equanimity as if they were told that Buckingham Palace was to be converted into a sports centre.

The matter, I was told, was confidential – which meant that I only relayed the news to one parishioner at a time. By the end of the day everyone in the village knew and a counter attack was being planned. Inevitably, the most outraged were those who never attend church. People do so love having a church not to go to. Congregations have soared, gardeners are being brought in to tidy the rectory grounds and the church Vestry is now well attended. The latter is a mixed blessing, as I always think that the time to get worried is when people start to turn up to meetings.

It may surprise our bishop, but the threat of a merger has been the greatest impetus to mission we've had in years. Retirement indeed; I'm sure Zadok was never asked about his pension plans. Your loving uncle,

*Eustace*

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## Smile-Lines

### With the Rugby in mind

The trouble with referees is that they just don't care which side wins. T Canterbury

### What happens then?

A little boy was taken Christmas shopping by his mother. He watched the escalator going down for several minutes, and then asked with concern: "What happens when the ground floor gets full of steps?"

### Daring students

"I'm tired of this routine existence," said one university student to his friend. "Let's do something extraordinary, startling, magnificent; something that will make our brains whirl and our hearts leap."

"Okay," said his friend. And so they studied.

### Don't cross the line

There is a line on the ocean where you lose a day after crossing it. There's also a line on all busy roads, where you can lose a lot more if you cross it.

### Purring

Little George was visiting his aunt. He found the cat in a sunny window purring cheerfully. "Oh Auntie, come quick," cried George. "The cat has gone to sleep and left his engine running."

### Quiet

A Sunday School teacher asked her children: "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?" One little girl replied helpfully: "Because people are sleeping."

### Wife

A Sunday School teacher was teaching how God created everything, including human beings. One little boy seemed especially intent when she explained how Eve was created out of one of Adam's ribs. Lat-

er in the week his mother noticed him lying down as though he were ill, and asked him what was the matter. The little boy explained worriedly: "I have a pain in my side. I think I'm going to have a wife."

### Sick

A vicar explained: "I resigned because of illness and fatigue. The congregation were sick and tired of me."

### Oil

A curate took his rather old car to the garage for an oil change. After the mechanic had briefly inspected under the bonnet he turned to the young man and said: "If I were you I'd keep the oil and change the car."

### Original

He's an original preacher, our new curate. He makes a lot of mistakes, but they are different every time.

### Life and death

The vicar was preaching a powerful sermon concerning death and judgment. In the course of the sermon, he said: "Just think – all of you living in this parish will one day die." At this, a man in the front pew began to laugh quietly. After the service the vicar demanded sternly what he had found so funny about his sermon. The man replied: "I was just so happy that I don't live in this parish!"

### More real-life notes left for milkmen...

- ~ When you leave my milk, knock on my bedroom window and wake me because I want to turn my mattress and you could give me a hand.
- ~ Please knock. My TV's broken down and I missed Coronation Street last night. Maybe we could talk about what happened over a cup of tea?
- ~ My daughter says she wants a milkshake. Do you do this before you deliver, or do I have to shake it at my end?
- ~ Please send me a form for cheap milk, as I have a baby two months old and did not know about it until a neighbour told me.
- ~ Sorry not to have paid your bill before, but my wife had a baby and I've been carrying it around in my pocket for weeks.
- ~ Milk is needed for the baby. Father is unable to supply it.



## From Kenny..

I start this month with a big apology for the fact that it has been too long since our last magazine, but there has been a lot happening, and we have been busy, (too busy?) to put something in print

when situations were changing daily anyway.

First of all was the preparation for Pat's ordination, the Community Fayre and MAP 2, but there was an awful lot going on in the background which needed to be finalised before I could commit it all in print.

The main thing on the agenda over the past couple of months was the linkage of St Mungo's Alexandria with St Augustine's. We are now in a position that a Memorandum of Understanding has been formed, and a few things will be different as we wander into 2014.

First of all, let me assure you that there will still be two separate churches, with two Vestries, two MAPs, two sets of books and two slightly different styles of worship. The big difference will be in ministry and how that will be rolled out. A new Associate Priest, on half stipend, will be joining us to make up a Team Ministry, comprising of me, as Rector of both Charges, Pat, and the new person who is still to come, together with a small group of lay folk!

Between the three of us, and with the help of Pastoral Assistants, we will cover both parishes, and maintain and enlarge the missional work that's going on in both places. This model has worked well in the Diocese in other areas, and we are giving this a three year trial to see if it can work out.

We will be responsible for finding a twelfth of stipend for this new priest, and a Rectory. It's important that St Mungo's begins to grow again, and that we maintain the high standards which we set for ourselves.

One of the things we need to understand, though, is that this is a *new job* and a *new ministry* for me. You will see just as much of me as you see now, as the Team will be based in the office of the Community Hall in Dumbarton, but there will be things which become different, as we will have three priests!

I want to move our midweek service back to Wednesday, as soon as possible, and the St Mungo's folk desperately need the return of their 9am Eucharist on Sundays. These are exciting times, and we shouldn't fear them!

One big change will be the fact that Linda and I are moving to the Rectory in Alexandria, with the Associate Priest taking up residence in Dumbarton's Rectory. The Bishop, Dean and I feel that this is an important thing for several reasons. Firstly, it is a sign that a new form of ministry in the parishes is beginning, and that I'm responsible for St Mungo's just as much as I am now responsible for St Auggie's! Secondly, we do not want this new person to be seen as belonging to St Mungo's! That would almost be status quo, and we need to avoid that.

When we looked at the geographical area of the two congregations, and where everyone lived, it became clear that the Alexandria Rectory was much more central, and the Rector of the Joint Charge should therefore live there. It is a big house and will be costly to heat, but Linda and I feel it will be a good move for us. We hope you understand this, and the reasoning that lies behind that decision. If after three years the linkage isn't working, we will both be happy to come back to Dumbarton. The upkeep of that Rectory is the responsibility of Alexandria, just as you are responsible for the upkeep of the current Rectory in Dumbarton. It is less than three miles away, and a phone call will ensure a visit when needed, just as it is at the moment. We plan to use the place for wonderful parties and social nights, and everyone will be invited!

The other thing which has taken up our time has been getting the second Mission Action Plan together. There has been a lot of time spent on this, because it is our future, and the final copy is ready to be signed on Sunday 27th October at the AGM.

The MAP is a very positive document, as we fulfilled all our goals last year, but we must keep on keeping on, and work on things that could be done better. An extra clergy-person will certainly help that to happen. Copies of this year's MAP will be available to you all soon. You need to feel that you are a part of all this, and prepare yourself to help us achieve our goals through from November into 2014.

An advert for our new priest will be in relevant papers soon, and we hope to be interviewing in late November. It may take three months from then before the person is in post, but it will be worth the wait. Just keep praying that God will send us someone special who will love us and care for us all.

As you can gather, there has been a bit of stress over the last two or three months, not least with the linkage and the MAP, but we are at last beginning to see light at the end of the tunnel. It was certainly a wonderful day when Pat was ordained priest, and that should give us all a lift as the months go by! Thanks to all who made that happen in the way it did. Our praises are being sung throughout the Diocese!

*Kenny*





Firstly, the 140th Birthday Party began with Choral Evensong at St Augustine's-tide, and we were blessed with some beautiful music from some friends from Argyll Diocese. Secondly, we couldn't let the Friends' trip to Edinburgh go by without comment! Queuing up for the fresh Hog Roast at £5.50 is the usual gang! Rumours are that the others were hunting down these Licensed Sauna Clubs in Edinburgh to give them a real piece of their mind! Mr House got there before them!



# Ordination Pics







## Sunday (and Wednesday) View

This time we're going to take a break from the gospel writers and look at one of the archangels that appears twice before us - in the window and on the reredos.

This angelic warrior, who in both images is fully armed, with armour, helmet and sword, is the Archangel Michael, the enemy of Satan. He appears in Jewish, Christian and Islamic teachings. Photo on this month's front page)

In Hebrew Michael means 'who is like God' and Archangel Michael is described in the book of Daniel as the Protector of Israel and as a 'great prince who stands up for the children of your people' (12.1).

Jude, in his epistle, mentions Michael (1.9) but it is in Revelation that his efforts are really noted: during the war in heaven Michael leads an army of angels that defeats the dragon (Satan) and his army. Our stained glass image shows him with the lance he used for this. Subsequently he became the patron saint of police officers and the military (as well as paramedics, the sick the suffering).

In Roman Catholic teachings St Michael has four main roles:

- leader of the army of God and spiritual warrior
- angel of death carrying the souls of the deceased to heaven and in the hour of death descending and giving each soul the chance to redeem itself
- weighing souls on the day of judgement using his perfectly balanced scales (that can be seen in the carving on the reredos)
- special patron of the 'Chosen People' of the Old Testament.

Recently Pope Francis blessed a statue of St Michael in the Vatican Gardens and noted how St Michael defends the People of God from its enemy par excellence, the devil, as well as commenting on how the archangel is involved in the struggle to restore divine justice.

St Michael is celebrated around the world on 29th September.

You can find out how you might relate to a specific archangel by going to

[www.beliefnet.com/Inspiration/Angels/Quizzes/Which-Archangel-Are-You.aspx](http://www.beliefnet.com/Inspiration/Angels/Quizzes/Which-Archangel-Are-You.aspx)



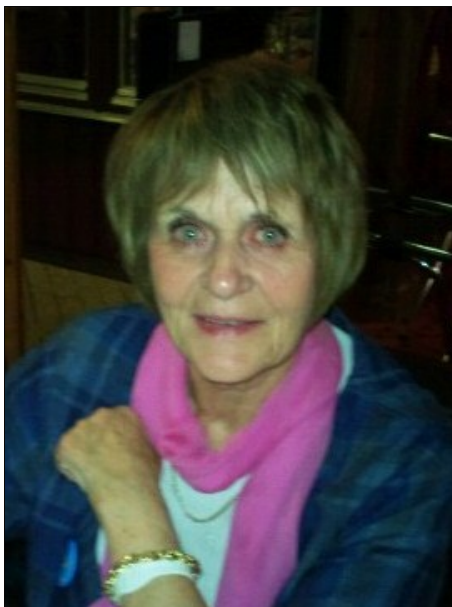
### Charles Underhill RIP

It was with great sadness that we learned of the death of Charles, following heart surgery. Charles and Margaret have been frequent visitors to St Augustine's for a number of years, all the way from Durham Diocese, and are both considered honorary members of St Aug's.

Charles was a devoted and faithful Christian, and a great admirer of the work we do here. He eagerly awaited the next edition of By the Way, and distributed it around all sorts of folk in his parish and beyond.

We will miss him greatly, especially his humour, and his quiet devotion to Our Lord which underpinned his whole life.





# Wait Till I Tell You

## The Gossip Column

*As we move quickly into autumn, Janette takes a backward glance at the end of summer - a very busy period at St. Augustine's - and looks forward to some events to brighten up winter, purely tongue-in-cheek as ever!)*

### EDINBURGH -WITH SPIRITS, SPIRITUALITY AND SHOPPING.

Friends set off for Edinburgh on 10<sup>th</sup> August to join festival goers from many parts of the world who all seemed to be crammed into the Royal Mile on the same Saturday! Oh, we knew it would be busy – but we were seekers after solitude with pre booked tickets for Mary King's Close where we would experience the Edinburgh of the 17<sup>th</sup> century - plagues and all!

Our outing was planned with military precision - leaving on time and everyone on board clutching written instructions on what to do should they get lost, be trampled to death by crowds or set upon by culture vultures. And our wonderful driver, Richard, pulled out all the stops to ensure that we were deposited a few blocks away from the Royal Mile.

Our first stop was Mary King's Close where we resisted the hog roast sandwiches and followed our actor guides down into the closes where Royal Mile residents of the past had lived their lives. Although most of our party had lived up a close – it was not a close like these! Our group was in the care of the Foul Clenger – a young man whose occupation was to remove all rubbish and dead bodies from the capital's streets and also that which fell from the tiny windows to the cry of 'gardez lieu'. Yeuch! Nowadays Edinburgh recycles its rubbish and Foul Clenglers are simply unemployment statistics.

Our progress through the dark tunnels and shoogly steps was in itself a miracle – no one fell, tripped or dropped anything. Everyone had been well warned

that our activities were not flexible enough to fit in a trip to the Royal Infirmary.

We didn't see a spirit - Maggie's shrieks at the appearance of a rat frightened the spirits as far away as the Castle! And the rat was an actor like our Foul Clenger who also gave us a history lesson about how the Scottish Covenanters sorted out the wicked Episcopals over in nearby St. Giles. He soon shut up when it was pointed out that we were the descendants of those Episcopals.

During the afternoon we spilled out into the crowded streets for optional activities. A few to the Cathedral, others to watch the fire eaters and strange people with painted bodies who were handing out invitations to hundreds of fringe (or even cringe) performances. There were those of us who wanted a wee refreshment and were welcomed into a lovely restaurant where our only purchase of a shared bowl of chips and bottle of red wine surely tempted the proprietor to remark ' *the Glasgow bus leaves from down there!*'

But the majority headed for the Edinburgh charity shops for a '*better class of auld claes!*' No one went shopping in Harvey Nichols! Only two of our party nearly got lost – Jessie and Anna. They were in the process of looking for their instruction sheet and mobile phone when they were spotted and rescued. Just as well since no one would have heard the phone ringing in a street full of noise and as much amiable confusion as a Ghislaine concert! At precisely the right moment Richard arrived with our luxury coach and transported us for a carvery meal on the west side of Edinburgh, handy for a quick exit to the M8 and Dumbarton. We arrived back at base at 7pm – mission accomplished! See Friends –see culture – piece o' cake! (Cont over)

## BACK TO WHEN IT ALL BEGAN...

Also during August, folks at St. Auggie's delved into their pasts to find interesting material for a timeline to link 1873 when the Church opened to 2013 where we are now. This was not an easy task but it all came together on the night with the help of the Girls' Group, Get Connected, - and Sticky Fixers.

While Fran was searching the archives at the library, Betty was digging out the dirt and gossip from a pile of old newspapers. 'I'm a terrible hoarder' she confessed as her material was being censored! The Lennox Herald had tried to improve our audience figures the previous week by publishing an article naming our guest preacher as Archbishop Tartaglia. Jings! Crivvens! And help ma Boab! One Direction we could have coped with but Archbishop Tartaglia? The rumour was that buses were being booked to transport our Catholic brethren from all over Dum-barton to the party!

However, all ended well when a correction was printed advising that our guest preacher at Choral Evensong on the 25<sup>th</sup> August was indeed our own Bishop - Gregor. Our audience figures were very acceptable for this almost non participatory act of worship and the singing by our other guests from Dunoon was excellent.

During the final hymn the candles – 140 of them arranged round the font – were lit and our birthday cake cut by the Bishop. The bubbly and buffet were opened and the party began. During the course of the evening there was a wee incident – there always is!

Observant Visitor : *Oh dear, the candles seem to be on fire!*

St. Aug's Regular : *Oh, so they are – get Derek!*

Concerned Visitor: *Is Derek a fireman?*

St Aug's Regular : *No....he's an undertaker!*

Thankfully, Derek, with his past military training and a little help from Liam got the blaze under control. It was all the Bishop's fault really with his sermon about never knowing what might happen on visits to St. Aug's and his talk of all consuming fire! Well, he knows now! Aye, the Presbyterians can keep their burning bush – that night we had a burning font!

## MEANWHILE BACK AT THE VESTRY....

Another celebration was being planned in parallel with the Birthday Bash and the Community Fair –

Pat's Ordination on 28<sup>th</sup> September and V.I.Ps and folk from Helensburgh have been invited. So, a

Clean Up Night has been called for the 21<sup>st</sup> to make sure that we are looking good, (the Church will be given a wee tidy up too). No time for boredom at St. Aug's and don't miss it or you'll be talked about!

## BUILD-A-FAIR WITH GAVIN'S GAZEBOS

When plans for our Community Fair on 7<sup>th</sup> September were unveiled Kenny forecast confusion, mayhem and destruction for the 'Pets Allowed' feature. Well, it wasn't quite as good as that but it came close! A gazebo was considered essential to keep the pets dry and at the September vestry meeting Anne Dyer volunteered Gavin as just the man for the job. That's what happens when you send apologies to vestry meetings!

Procuring the gazebo was not a problem but Gavin expected the arrival of one of the 'pop-up' variety. What arrived was a plastic bag containing a pile of poles, fittings and cover – but no instructions! Undeterred and at 8.30am, Gavin with his pal John Duffy, laid out the necessary parts. Within the first half hour John needed the Church First Aid Box but progress was not halted for a 'sair finger'. Gavin assured us at regular intervals that the gazebo would be erected in time for the arrival of the pets at 11.30am.

Anne Dyer watched anxiously from the church door and Margaret Hardie suggested clearing the middle room as a precaution. Never! At St. Auggie's failure is not an option. Fran photographed the entire operation for the next timeline!

When Derek arrived he was immediately sucked into the fiasco. We thought that his experience in Iraq with tents in the desert and all that would be an asset. Now we had three men shoving poles into holes and getting nowhere fast. But Gav said not to worry so we did! We worried about telling him that at 10.30am we had only received pet entry forms from Peanut, two guinea pigs and TBag's cat. Our building project was now becoming a source of amusement for the early morning tea drinkers in the hall especially when a team of female 'hauders on' was recruited - and it was still raining!

Then caution was thrown to the winds as the master builders connected all the poles together willy-nilly, covered the structure with its plastic awning and tied it to the car park fence! OK -it was a bit 'shoogly'



but when the carpeted staging was put in we had Dumbarton's answer to Crufts. Now all we needed were the competing pets and happily they arrived.

Judge Brenda Casey found this to be the most difficult job of her life – selecting the winners. A good crowd had now assembled along with the local press. Prizes and medals were awarded to a well-dressed Llaso Apso called Leo, a dear little King Charles Spaniel called Bonnie and Jack – a Jack Russell who could tail wag for Scotland! Then a glamorous guinea pig called Floyd medalled and a beautiful black spaniel called Maddie was crowned the friendliest pet in the show.

Alas, the same could not be said for TBag's cat, Beauty, who jumped out of her box hissing, spitting and baring her claws. She would have escaped into St. Mary's Way if Maggie and Linda had not grabbed her and stuffed her back into captivity. She had freaked out at the sight of so many dogs. The First Aid Box again made an appearance.

Oh, Beauty won a medal for the cutest pet – just as well since TBag had warned us that she would be defecting to Riverside if Beauty missed out on a prize! And we had to explain to Peanut that she was only a loser because she was 'the Rector's dug'! Thankfully the contest was soon over and not one competitor had eaten another. The gazebo was hastily dismantled in case we were visited by a high viz jacket from Health and Safety.

Our Fair had not only been a fund raiser for St. Aug's, several community groups also benefitted – Rockvale Rebound, St. Mungo's, the Tom Weir Statue appealers and the Richmond Groups. The Girls' Group "Got Connected" at the back of the church with tattoos, butterflies, sweet temptations and chips! They also augmented their funds and donated to the church.

The Tea Room was magnificently organised by Margaret H, Margaret S, Chrissie, Roberta, Cathie Hoatson and Jessie Reid. And Jessie still found time to perform with the Allsorts Choir for their afternoon slot before returning in time for the cream teas.

Aye, Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> Sept was a fair busy day for everyone involved and the humour and hard work was greatly appreciated. Special thanks to John Duffy for the gazebo and to Brenda Casey for judging 'Pets Allowed'.

(cont)

## **MUGGED IN MANILA**

My phone rang all day as anxious friends called to ascertain that I was still in Dumbarton and not a mugging victim in Manila. My e-mail account had been hacked and scam messages were being sent to all my contacts, supposedly from me, with tears in my eyes pleading for money!

They were being asked to send £2000 (sounds like the going rate for two camels), but my friends were not taken in. If it had been that Welsh footballer with a value of £85million things might have been different! Angela Rippon reported on the telly that the same thing had happened to her. Wonder what she was valued at? Manila? Must be a busy place!

## **WINTER ACTIVITIES FOR THE ELDERLY**

Flu Jag Day in the Masonic Hall is a social occasion for Dumbarton pensioners. The traffic jam in St. Mary's Way heralds the availability of the facility to which seniors from all over the town answer the call!

This is an annual reunion for some old school friends who catch up with their past years ailments and lament the passing of those who are no longer above ground. And, of course, there is the mandatory cup of tea and the free fruit to keep us healthy during the coming winter. And this year there is news of another vaccination opportunity, this time for shingles, so don't miss the excitement. At this rate we'll go on living forever! No wonder there's a problem with pension pots!

But 'the never oots' will not be happy at this interruption to their winter hibernation plans. But the seniors at St. Augs (the never ins) who are busy making soup, organising events, singing with Allsorts and cleaning the church will have a job fitting the vaccination in!

## **SAVING POSTIES PARK**

The latest battle for quality of life in dilapidated Dumbarton. A big secondary school to block out views of the Castle and our two rivers could be coming to a park near you! Have your say and sign the petition now. The only good thing about it will be a reduction of litter in Castlehill as the pupils' al fresco dining habits are moved to another venue.

## **A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE**

Friends organised a night at the Denny Civic Theatre on 2<sup>nd</sup> October to see 'I Remember Mama' by John

Van Druten – the story of a family living in San Francisco at the beginning of the last century. There was humour, sadness, weans and a cat in this heart-warming tale. A few familiar faces were spotted for fleeting moments. Off we went after a good Tea in the Community Hall, and everyone had a good wee night.

### THE BIG EVENT – THE PANTODINE.

The Pantodine was invented by St. Aug's and this year will see its return on Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> October. It simply means we dine in style (3 courses with wine) in the Church and watch a short panto specially written for our own unknown actors. This year's theme will be 'Princesses' so look out your jewels and tiaras and join in the fun. You will see a world premiere of 'Snow White and the Seven Aug's' and hopefully enjoy a good laugh. Watch this space and the notice-board for further information about menus and times. The cost for this pre-winter tonic will be £20.00 (£18.00 with Friends' Discount). *(The Rector has been chosen as The Mirror - so beware!-Ed)*

### AS WINTER APPROACHES..

Who remembers :

*Winter's came – the snow has fell  
Wee Josie's nose is froze as well  
Wee Josie's nose is froze and skintit  
Winter's diabolic intit!*

But it's not diabolic down at St. Aug's where Friends' events are worth risking a 'skintit nose' for.

And there's the added bonus of cheaper gas bills if you turn the heating off and get down to the Community Hall.

Back next month.

*Janette*

### Co-op Taxis

West Dunbartonshire Taxi Drivers Co-operative

76 Main St, Alexandria

These drivers support St Augustine's and we need to use them

**01389 753376**

## Foodshare

Our Food Bank is becoming seriously busy at the moment, and referrals are most often from Social Work, Benefits Offices, other statutory bodies and CAB. The church is open for business between 1pm and 3pm on Tuesdays and Fridays. Ricky, Ghislaine and their team are kept busy! If you can help, even for the occasional afternoon, please speak to Ghislaine.

She just given me a list of the sort of food that would really be appreciated for Food Share:

Tinned meat, eg corned beef, mince, stew, tinned tuna, breakfast cereals, UHT milk, pasta, pasta sauce, packets of biscuits, toilet rolls and soap. Donations of a small amount of cash are always welcome!

This was a ministry that the Rector was a little reticent in taking on, but the need is definitely there, and I think we should be proud to be the church in the town centre that provides in this way.

For most people, it is extremely embarrassing to come asking for food, and the stories they tell often bring tears to your eyes. Sure, there are a few "chancers" around, but we are weeding them out gradually, and the vast majority of our stuff goes to very needy people.

### GALT TRANSPORT

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## Country Trip

The next one will be on Saturday November 9th. Meet at Mugdock Country Park for 2 pm for a stroll and tea-room followed by a visit to Baldernock Church yard. More details from Tim or Rosemary

## Dumbarton Churches Together

Prayer and Praise: 7.30 Monday October 28th at Dumbarton Baptist Church, followed by refreshments.

## Christian Aid Coffee Morning

Saturday November 9th -10 am to 12 pm at Riverside Church halls. See Tim if you can help or provide baking.

## Christian Aid Week

The total from Dumbarton was £ 2,365.44  
St Augustine's contribution was £ 87

## A Tempestuous Country Trip

The last Country Trip took us back to the Lake of Menteith. Although the weather was fine, the wind was very strong and when we arrived at the pier, we were the only people waiting for the ferry.

Tim signalled the boat and when it appeared, the boatwoman produced a wind measuring device and said that it was too strong to take us. However five minutes later she changed her mind and took the eight of us plus one man over to Inchmahome. All was well until the boat turned near the landing point when a wave of water came into the boat and hit the only passenger who was not from St Augustine's !

He was a German American and took it in good part. Apart from the Historic Scotland custodian, there were only three other people on the island so it was even more peaceful than usual. We explored the ruins of the old abbey, saw the ancient chestnut trees, visited Queen Mary's bower and walked round the shore of the beautiful island, before sailing back to Port of Menteith.

Then we went to the Ben View tea-room on the Aberfoyle road, which has a glorious view of the Trossachs. Having sampled a selection of delicious cakes and scones, we returned to Dumbarton after an enjoyable and exciting trip. We hope to go to Mugdock on the next Country Trip so if you would like to come please put your name down on the list on the noticeboard in the hall. **Tim Rhead**

## November - a Month of Remembrance

From November 1st, there just seems to be things to remember or people to remember!

Remember, remember the Fifth of November - aye, but by then we will have celebrated All Saints Day on the 1st, and All Souls Day on the 2nd. We will have remembered many folk, some good, some great, many faithful and even the ones that were miserable throughout their lives.

All Souls Day is on November 2nd, a Saturday this year, and we always come together to name some of the great cloud of witnesses that have gone before us in St Aug's. There will be the usual Eucharist at 10.30am on that day, celebrated from the High Altar, and you will all have the opportunity to write the names of those departed that you would like to be remembered at that service. A sheet will be at the back of the church on October 27th.

We then have Remembrance Sunday on November 10th, and as always we will begin at 10.55 to include the two-minute silence at 11am. The Roll of Honour is read, and a fresh poppy wreath will be laid at the War Memorial.

Then there is another "remembrance", as the community congregate in St Augustine's to remember those who have died as a result of addiction. The numbers grow every year, and I will sadly remember Joe McKenzie this time around.

Alternatives have a big input to this service, and the mums have been working hard with Fran to produce something special this year. Come and see what they have done!

The Service is on Wednesday 13th November at 7.30pm and everyone is invited to be in church.

In this community we lose too many people as a result of the abuse of alcohol or other drugs, and there is not one family in Dumbarton who has been untouched by the death of a loved one, father, son, mother, daughter or friend.

The atmosphere is always deeply moving, but we go out with hope in our hearts, not only that those who have died are now with God, but that there is also the hope of recovery for those still in the depths of despair!

# Community Fayre 2013



We promise not to show the more embarrassing moments in the “Gazebo Affair”, but it did eventually come together. Men, with or without instruction books are pretty useless! The Pet Contest deserves some pics, although Peanut is not at all chuffed at winning nothing at all. Archie was not invited as he would have scoffed all the home baking from Maggie’s stall!









**The Allsorts give their all at the Community Fayre!**

## **Dumbarton Gambia Education Association AGM**

This takes place in the Community Hall on Thursday 7th November at 7pm. All contributors are welcome. Kenny will produce a quick powerpoint presentation of the last 12 years and the progress which has been made.

## **Vestry Meeting**

The next meeting of the Vestry is on Tuesday 12th Nov at 7pm in the Community Hall.

## **Church AGM**

Well the accounts are done and we are still here! However, we need a quorum of 25 members on Sunday October 27th at 12.15pm. This is also the day we sign our Mission Action Plan, so this is a wee beg that as many as possible attend that Sunday! No sermon!

## **Retreating and Rest**

By the orders of the great Diocesan Po-bah, Kenny will be on holiday from 18th-22nd October. However, there are orders to attend two mini-retreats before the end of the year. One is from 28th-31st October on "Self Esteem", and the other, focussing on "Transitions" runs from 25th - 28th November, both at Kinnoull, Perth.

Pat will be available through these times in case of emergency.

## **Baptisms**

David and Linda's little boy, Sean, (with other Nigerian names) will be baptised on October 27th at the 9am service.

Barry Alexander's new daughter, Olivia, will be baptised on 1st December at the 11am service.

As Pat reminds us: **We welcome you. We will care for you. We will share our faith with you.**

# Sunday Rotas

**Sunday October 20th**  
**11am Eucharist**

Readers Janette Barnes & Maggie Wallace  
Intercessions Evelyn O'Neill  
Chalice Barbara Barnes  
Sidespersons Margaret Swan & Liam McLarnon

**Sunday October 27th**  
**11am Eucharist**

Readers Barbara Barnes & David Rowatt  
Intercessions Margot Rhead  
Chalice Janette Barnes  
Sidespersons Maggie Wallace & Gavin Elder

**Sunday November 3rd**  
**11am Eucharist**

Readers Margaret Hardie & Ghislaine Kennedy  
Intercessions Margot Rhead  
Chalice Fran Walker  
Sidespersons Ronnie Blaney & Linda Jenkinson

**Sunday November 10th**  
**11am Eucharist**

Readers Morag O'Neill & Gavin Elder  
Intercessions Linda Macaulay  
Chalice Margaret Hardie  
Sidespersons C Ashman & Roberta Mailley

**Sunday November 17th**  
**11am Eucharist**

Readers Tim Rhead & Peter Cairns  
Intercessions Fran Walker  
Chalice Sharon Rowatt  
Sidespersons M Swan & Liam McLearnon

**Sunday November 24th**  
**11am Eucharist**

Readers Margot Rhead & Liam McLearnon  
Intercessions David Rowatt  
Chalice Peter Cairns  
Sidespersons Tim Rhead & David Ansell

## FLOWER ROTA

Wk ending 2nd Nov Linda Macaulay  
" " 9th " M Hardie & Moira McGown  
" " 16th " Barbara Barnes & F Walker  
" " 24th " Maggie W & Mgt. H.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Christmas Prize Draw

Yes, it's getting near that time already when Barbara does her magic, and produces lots of raffle tickets that need to be sold. It's up to all of us to take as many books as we can, to sell to friends, family and workmates!

The two big prizes this year are a Bumper Christmas Hamper, and £250 cash, but there will be other prizes!

As always, Barbara is looking for donations towards the £250 prize, and will be looking for other good items to put into the raffle itself.

Time for us all to get busy! Let's make this year's Draw the most successful ever!!

## Gowns & Crowns

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**Perfect for Mother-of-the-Bride and Mother-of-the-Groom Outfits.**

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# 140 Years Remembered

The photo to the right shows St Augustine's circa 1903, after the addition of the Rood Screen. The people in the old Rectory in Dixon Drive found it hidden away in the house after they had bought it, and decided to donate it to us as we celebrated 140 years.

It now hangs on the wall, not far from the Music Group, so we can remember the good old days.... Or were they so good????



## URGENT APPEAL FROM St Augustine's Episcopal Church, Dumbarton.

THIS Church was built in 1872-73 to seat 550 persons, at an estimated cost of £4,500, most of which was provided for before building, and largely by the liberality of a member of the Congregation.

Unfortunately, the chief contractor became insolvent at an early stage of the building, and his failure obliged the Congregation to continue and complete the work, during a period of exceptionally high prices, at an additional cost of £2,000 of borrowed money.

This debt of £2,000 has continuously crippled the Congregation, and now threatens seriously to impair the usefulness of the Church, and the Vestry are constrained, in behalf of the Congregation, to appeal earnestly to their fellow-churchmen in other parts, to help them in reducing somewhat this over-heavy burden of debt.

The Congregation is a steadily increasing one, the Communicants at Easter being 212, nearly 100 more than last year. They have as a body given largely of their means to the Church, but as nine-tenths of them are working men, and some of them the very poorest, it is impossible that this effort can succeed without the generous help of fellow churchmen in other parts.

Subscriptions gladly received by—

D. FRED. STOW, Esq., *Treasurer to Vestry.*

And REV. W. STEPHEN, *Incumbent.*

MAY, 1881.

.....for the second picture is taken from Minute Books and ledgers which we borrowed back from Dumbarton Library for our timeline.

It's dated 1881, and indeed the parish was in much peril. The building of the church had meant an incredible burden of debt, mostly due to the builders going into liquidation at the time of the build. It was a debt they carried on, and £2,000 was an incredible sum in 1881!

Even in 1881 we were appealing for money from other parishes to bail us out, and although numbers look rather healthy at the time, nine tenths of the congregation were working men with bairns to feed, and some were classified as the very poorest.

The Episcopal Church in these days had an incredible ministry to the poor, especially in the East End of Glasgow, and it's hard to understand why such incredibly beautiful churches were built amidst the depth of poverty at that time.

Perhaps the philosophy was that bleak lives needed to step into this wonderful sign of God's glory and God's promise to them. Obviously by 1900 things had got better and the Rood Screen was installed - which blocked off the sight of the beautiful sanctuary and reredos!