



**Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish Church
linked with
Muiravonside Parish Church
Winter 2013**



**From the Manse
November 2013**



Dear friends,

As Christmas fast approaches I am aware of all the new technology available and all the special offers to upgrade your phone, i-pad, kindle and lap top.

At times it can be overwhelming as no sooner have you upgraded your phone when a newer and better model becomes available on the market. We live in an age of technological advance never experienced before and although it can enhance our lives, it can also be a major stress factor both at home and in the workplace.

This coupled with the uncertainty of job security, the demand for things to be done more quickly and the need for more and more people to leave their home town to find long term work results in us desperately longing for something comfortable and familiar, something which will make us feel safe and secure in a rapidly changing world.

The presence of the church within our villages points to the constancy and faithfulness of God's love. Joining in worship on a Sunday allows us to feel a sense of safety and security amidst the turmoil of our lives, knowing that despite what we are going through - God is with us.

The presence of the church offers to our society today something lasting and eternal, strong and secure, faithful and everlasting. No wonder people feel a renewed peace when they enter its doors. And of course the church points to the wonderful message of Christmas - God coming into our world in the form of a baby and entering the human experience. Jesus entered history at a time of great change and turmoil. His people were ruled by the tyrannical Romans, Jesus himself was born to poor peasants, his family had to move around in the first few years of his life to find safety. But it was into this turmoil and uncertainty that God came, flesh and blood, to show humanity that he loved them and his presence would be always with them, both in this life and in the next.

Throughout the busyness of Advent I would encourage you to take some time on a Sunday to come to church. God will speak to you as you worship him and offer you his comfort and security. Come and sit in our churches both of which are over 100 years old, where generations have worshipped before us and brought to God all of their anxieties and uncertainties and found peace and healing.

Come to church and feel his arms around you, drawing you nearer to him. Place your hand in his, and feel the warmth and security of his grip. Share with him through familiar hymns, Scripture verses, and prayer, what's in your heart, and feel the soothing balm of his Spirit.

There is a seat waiting for you within his house. So come, amidst all the changes and demands of modern day living, and experience for yourself the constancy and faithfulness of God, so perfectly manifested in the life of Jesus. Come and join us this Advent and Christmas as together we gaze in wonder at the manger and ponder anew that God would do such an amazing and beautiful thing.

Come - there is a seat waiting for you within his house.

Your minister and friend,
Louise

The Word became flesh, and made his dwelling among us. We have seen his glory, the glory of the One and Only, who came from the Father, full of grace and truth. John Ch1, v14

*Lord, you have been our dwelling place throughout all generations. Before the mountains were born, or you brought forth the earth and the world,
From everlasting to everlasting, you are God. Psalm 90, v1 and 2*

*It is good to praise the Lord and make music to your name, O most High,
To proclaim your love in the morning,
and your faithfulness at night. Psalm 92, v1 and 2*

Funerals

*'The Lord will protect you as you come and go,
both now and forevermore.'*

Blackbraes and Shieldhill

Mrs Janet Martin
Mr Mark Pollock
Mrs Isobel Baillie
Mr Alexander Mason

Muiravonside

Mrs Mary Willis
Mr Frank Young
Mrs Liz Kelso
Mrs Margaret Anderson
Mrs Agnes Mitchell



National Stewardship Programme

Here are the latest free will offerings for Blackbraes and Shieldhill:

	2012	2013
July	£1,732	£1,207
August	£1,309	£1,523
September	£1,861	£1,827

To put these figures in perspective, we send £1,780 to Ministries and Mission in Edinburgh each month as our contribution to the wider work of the Church.

Thank you

Christine Jones



Guild



Recently, I was a passenger travelling from the hilltop village of California to the village of Shieldhill just below. At the crest of the hill, I became suddenly aware of a glorious view. I saw the silvery waters of the Forth glistening in the warm autumn sunshine. To the east of the scene, clear lined chimneys bordered both shores of the estuary. Smoke from these industrial chimneys wafted slowly upwards making dark grey patches in a blue cloudless sky. In sharp contrast, to the west, the highest hills sparkled with the first snows of winter. There was a magic about the whole image which I must have missed on the many similar journeys I had made before. How fortunate we are to live on the heights of California and Shieldhill where every season portrays its own special picture.

This scene brought to mind another pleasing image. This was not set in brilliant autumn sunshine but for me still the whole scene had a certain radiance and magic about it. It was the memory of a packed Caird Hall in Dundee when two thousand smiling excited faces captured the spirit of the day as they gathered to play their part in the national annual meeting of the Guild. They worshipped together, chatted, laughed and listened to the platform speakers. A highlight of the day was the address by Rev. Lorna Hood, Moderator of the current General Assembly. Her talk, although thought provoking was interspersed with many humorous experiences she had encountered in her ministry. Her ministry, which began in the seventies, was a time when gentlemen ministers outnumbered lady ministers and in many congregations, a gentleman was more acceptable than a lady. How times have changed! In her first charge, the Moderator had followed in the footsteps of a gentleman. On one of her first visits, she met an older member of the congregation. They chatted pleasantly but as she rose to leave the lady asked "Wis there naeboddy else?" On one of her visits to a primary school in the parish one child referred to her as "God's wife." The Moderator did not say how she replied in these situations. Replying to the many questions she is asked must be a risky business for Rev. Lorna Hood but her advice on that day was "Keep taking risks" because this is the essence of the Gospel.

Lorna Coulter



Drew's
view

The Most Important Person in the Shop

Are you one of those people who put off doing their Christmas shopping until the very last possible moment? On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, do you go on a mad scramble round the shops?

Come and shake hands with the chief! I am a founder member of that exclusive club!

It's not that I don't venture much into the shops before Christmas. On the contrary, I love the build up to the festive season. Even at the height of summer, as rain pours down ceaselessly, day after day as I sit on Millport seafront (usually during the Glasgow Fair Fortnight!) I am already looking forward to the end of October, when as if by magic, Christmas seems to arrive rather instantly and very prematurely in all the shops. It's quite magical because one day we seem to have rather boringly, business as usual. The next it's "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly" and a wonderful winter wonderland appears.

Rather spookily, the transformation seems to happen seamlessly and invisibly overnight! I then spend the intervening weeks marveling at the sheer choice of goods available to buy as presents. I also tend to gaze with childlike wonder at the dazzling display of Christmas lights in both streets and shopping malls. I watch with awe the frantic sense of urgency which unfolds during the last shopping days as people begin to panic, realizing they've missed somebody out. A desperate quest then ensues to buy that forgotten present which would rival the adventures of *Indiana Jones* as he searches for the Holy Grail.

My favourite pastime during these frenetic weeks is playing with all the different gadgets that only seem to appear in shops during this exhilarating period, such as the wee snow globes that you shake. Even better, some play a jaunty little Christmas tune with a tinkly sound! Because of this it is very difficult to persuade volunteers to accompany me on these trips to the shops, as I love to wind up all of these little musical gadgets to see what tune they'll play!

"No problem with that," you might say. But sometimes I get just a little bit carried away!

A few years ago, I happened to chance upon a shop in Cumbernauld which had not just one or two wee snow globes on display, but a whole counter full of the blessed wee things, all with really beautiful Christmassy scenes inside. Each had a small sticker on them inviting the shopper to wind them up with the promise that a Christmas tune would play. "Thank you very much," I thought.

I didn't need to be asked twice. I wound up one...then another...then another. Before I knew it, no less than five were all merrily playing different tunes in a deliciously tinny, plinkely - tinkely sound. A snatch of *Jingle Bells* would suddenly be heard as the Christmas shoppers thronged through the busy aisles. Then it would be drowned out by *Santa Claus is Coming to Town*. At the same time, *Silent Night* was competing gamely with *Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly*, as a snatch of *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas* tinkled away merrily at a fast cheery tempo!

It sounded as if The Ghost of Christmas Past, The Ghost of Christmas Present and The Ghost of Christmas Future had all assembled right here in Cumbernauld to try and outdo each other in an impromptu concert which would end in absolute chaos! In the midst of all this, a customer assistant was dashing through the crowds of shoppers and grimly heading straight towards me in a very determined manner. "Oops!" I thought and had visions of being asked very politely but firmly to leave the premises immediately to the tinkely accompaniment of *May all your Christmases be white...* I visualized in my mind pleading with this lady that I was just trying them out. I imagined her reply would be. "What???... Five???"... But when the assistant arrived she simply smiled and told me that the musical snow globes enchanted her just as much as they seemed to enchant me and would I like one gift wrapped?

On another excursion a few years ago to a well known garden centre just outside Stirling, they had amongst their Christmas displays, a selection of children's books which made actual sounds if you pressed the many buttons on the front. This included a book about *Thomas the Tank Engine*, as well as another which made all sorts of farmyard sounds. We didn't have books like this when I was a child, so my alibi is that I was very curious, purely from a technical point of view to see how they worked.



You can guess what I did next! There was no one around so I pressed all the buttons. I was surprised at how loud the noises were. As the “Chuff...Chuff...Chuff...!” from *Thomas the Tank Engine*, together with a resounding “Moo...!” from the farmyard book echoed around the garden centre, I hastily retreated outside to look at the holly wreaths. Amazingly, when I came back in about five minutes later, the sounds still seemed to be playing. On opening the door, I was welcomed in with the sound of an even louder “Chuff...Chuff... Chuff...!” followed a few seconds later by the resounding “Moo...!” which seemed to be reaching a crescendo! I thought then it might be a good idea to visit the farm shop at the other side of the building!

Last year though, things were a bit different. For the first time ever, I cancelled my annual custom of waiting until Christmas Eve to go on my buying spree. This time I wanted to buy a very special present. I have a younger cousin and during the second half of last year, she started attending services at her local church for the first time. She discovered the joys of being in God’s presence through worship, as well as the togetherness of fellowship and the new friendships that are made. She had lots of questions about faith and theology and a thirst to learn more. Whenever I saw her at family get togethers, she would single me out and the rest of the evening would be spent discussing a matter that absolutely fascinated her – God’s omniscience.

Psalm 139, verses 1-6, which illustrate God’s complete knowledge and care especially fascinated her. “Lord, you have examined me and you know me. You know everything I do; from far away you understand all my thoughts. You see me, whether I am working or resting; you know all my actions. Even before I speak, you already know what I will say. You are all around me on every side; you protect me with your power. Your knowledge of me is too deep; it is beyond my understanding.”



I could tell that she loved this piece of scripture and was fascinated by it, but she looked very sad and whispered to me, “Why would God care about me? After all, I never bothered to care about him until now. In fact I totally ignored him. After the way I treated him I don’t think I’d be too high on his list of priorities!”

I felt at that moment as if my cousin was wanting to cross one last bridge towards a faith that was beckoning her across, but did not want to cross this bridge alone without reassurance. I also sensed that what I chose to say next might mean the difference between her crossing over, or staying where she was in a state of uncertainty. What a responsibility. I silently asked God for help.

I told her first about God's unconditional love. Even though we sometimes ignore him, he never ignores us, even if we haven't spoken to him for a long time. We may forget him, but he never forgets us. I added that there is a passage in Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians that presents love as one of God's greatest gifts to his people, and in my opinion, excellently describes the qualities of God's love and how much he cares for us, "Love is patient and kind; it is not jealous or conceited or proud; love is not ill-mannered or selfish or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth. Love never gives up; and its faith, hope, and patience never fail." (1 Corinthians Chapter 13, verses 4-7)

This seemed to help her, but as Christmas was rapidly approaching I wanted to buy her a special present that she could use every day, but at the same time would remind her how much God loves and cares for her. I searched for days, almost choosing some items, rejecting others. The answer came completely by chance in a small shop that has many branches all over the country and wasn't even selling Christmas items. However they had something hanging up on their wall that immediately caught my eye. Taking pride of place was a large mirror in a very ornate gold frame, but it was the inscription written underneath in bold letters that you couldn't miss. It read: "You are now looking at the most important person in the shop."

I was absolutely touched by this. Someone had gone to a great deal of trouble to make the customer feel that they were special and the added appeal was that it applied to everyone who happened to look in the mirror. It was such a simple thing and yet so clever. Anyone who looked in the mirror would feel like a million dollars. I did a bit of research later on the store I had visited and discovered that although it is part of a large chain, the business is still run by a family. The owner is a kindly man who visits the shops personally. He takes a great deal of interest in the welfare of his staff and customers and is loved for the

kindness he shows to his employees, constantly giving them words of encouragement and praise.

I immediately guessed who was behind the idea of the mirror which had enchanted me so much. I was so grateful to him because I now had some inspiration for a present that I wanted to be absolutely special. The mirror together with its inscription amended slightly could apply to how everyone is special to God. I thought of my cousin and the present I was searching so desperately for. I knew she wouldn't perhaps want a large mirror, but she loves make up and constantly uses a small compact mirror to check everything is just right. I knew what I had to do. I went straight to the nearest jewelers and chose a square silver compact mirror with quite a wide rim. At the bottom of the mirror I got them to engrave a slightly amended message:

"You are now looking at the most important person to God."

When I gave my cousin her present during our family get together on Christmas Day she was absolutely delighted. She kept disappearing to check her makeup, but I knew what she was really doing was reading the inscription. The thing that made my Christmas was that each time she came back, I knew by the look in her face that she had crossed the bridge and arrived in a beautiful place.

Of course the wonderful thing is that everyone who looks in a mirror is looking at the most important person to God. It can be you. It can be me. It can be anybody. So the next time you look into a mirror, whether it is at Christmas, or any other time of the year, please pause for a moment and reflect on something which is absolutely joyous. A truly wonderful thing.

You are now looking at the most important person to God.

Thank you for the kind wishes, cards and gifts I received during my time of recuperation. They are very much appreciated. I look forward to joining you again soon in worship.



Reah Calder

Wee White Snow Globes

Wee white snow globes are blessed wee things,
at Christmas lots of them are all around.

Wind up the neat wee key below till it tings,
and hear Christmassy songs in a tinkely sound.

Wee white snow globes are blessed wee things,
each one of them has a pretty little scene.

Shake with vigour and music tring-a-lings,
then snow falls with gusto, all pristine and clean

Wee white snow globes are blessed wee things,
in a shop, I decided to wind 'em all up with glee!
A cacophony of tinkely sound resounds and rings
and even busy shop assistants shout "Yippee!"

Wee white snow globes are blessed wee things,
here with us all at this special Christmas time.
When we rejoice in the birth of a King of kings,
a Saviour for mankind, whose love is divine.

By Andrew Robertson



Website

Our magazines are now available on our website www.bsandm-church.org.uk. If anyone would prefer to access them this way, instead of paper format, please let your Church Elder know.

You can also find photos, news, and the **Minister's Blog** there.

The MacCreation

Yin day God wiz sittin in his hoose an' said tae himsel ahm bored ah think ahl mak massel a world.

But he couldnae see much so he thocht tae hissel ah ken whit ah'll dae ah'll switch oan a licht.

Noo he had licht he geid it a name he decided licht oan was whit he'd ca 'day he switched the licht aff an the dark he ca'd nicht.

But it wiz a' flat he says ah cannae hae this so he made a dome tae fit oan the watters. Ah'll gie this a name an' ah'll ca it the sky.

An' he thocht tae hissel ah'll get ma feet wet so ah'll pile up some land fur somwhaur tae sit. An ah think ah'll ca' the land the earth an the watter roond aboot can be the sea.

An he thocht tae hissel there's no much tae eat so ah'll plant some fruit trees an' mebbe some seeds.

Then he thocht a couple o' lichts wad be nice so he made a sun fur the day an'a moon fur the nicht.

The next thocht he had it wad be nice tae hae beasties so he created a' sorts fae midges tae monsters.

He thoct that's a' awfy nice but it isnae quite richt ah'll need some folk like me tae look efter an' care fur a' this.

So he made up some folk an' them he ca'd humans the man he ca'd adam an the wimin wiz eve an' telt them tae look efter his world an ' go an' have bairns.

It tain him six days tae accomplish a' this oan the seventh day he wiz feelin' fair puggelt an decided he'd jist hae a rest.

It goes without saying God is a Scotsman

Alastair Waddell

Who do you think you are?

Whether you come from a royal blood line or from those that have laboured in the bowels of the earth they will leave a footprint for you to discover. One thing for sure you will be humbled by the hurdles your ancestors had to overcome and how each generation throws up someone who manages to set themselves apart from those around them. My searches have taken me on many routes, one being the route back to the House of Stewart and to that of Robert the Bruce, 1 in 40 of the population of Scotland can travel that same road. Another route has passed through a period where witches were sent to trial and executed when an accusation was sufficient to send someone to their death if they could not prove their innocence.

These searches throw up many questions that leave you with an urge to find an answer. Was my 2nd cousin Lewis Hay Irvine Marshall (1846-1921) who was the grandson of Pastor Daniel Dunbar (the first pastor of Falkirk Baptist Church) named after the same Lewis Hay Irvine the Free Kirk Minister that founded Shieldhill Church?

In finding that elusive ancestor many questions are asked but not all are answered, the search is at times more exciting than the answer.

As we approach the 150th anniversary of the foundation stone being laid here in Shieldhill, we will be trying to uncover the family history of our church. Can you make a contribution to this life story? Seat rents, Communion tokens, changes that have occurred over the years, tales that your 'granny' told you, Baptism, Marriage or Sunday School Trip, Guild outings or Youth Group recollections. Characters from the past who helped form the church as we know it today. If you unlock these memories or uncover photographs of past times please forward any information to Lorna Coulter, Rena Moore or myself,

Jim Currie



Notes from a Shieldhill Garden



Daniel Chp4: vs 10 and 11

'While I was asleep, I had a vision of a huge tree in the middle of the earth. It grew bigger and bigger until it reached the sky and could be seen by everyone in the world.'

For some time I have been interested in these intrepid Victorians who travelled the world and brought back to this country plants that have become garden favourites.

During the summer this year we had a trip to Dawyck Botanic Garden near Peebles. This is one of my favourite gardens because of its setting and mixture of plants. We were standing on one of the high paths, looking over the vista of colourful plants and mixed trees, many of which were lofty conifers. The information board informed us that our view would have been quite different; there would have been few plants and certainly no conifers if we had not benefitted from work of David Douglas.

David Douglas was born in Scone, Perthshire, on 25th June 1799. He left school when he was 11 years old and worked on The Earl of Mansfield's estate of Scone Palace. After working there for 7 years, he attended Perth College where he studied the mathematical aspects of plant culture. He then worked in Fife before moving to Glasgow Botanical Gardens. While he was working there he attended Botany lectures at Glasgow University. The Botany professor, Professor Hooker, was impressed by his work and he was chosen to accompany him on a plant finding trip to The Highlands. Professor Hooker recommended him for a place with The Horticultural Society of London.

At first he was going to go on an expedition to China but this was cancelled. Instead he went to North America. The year was 1823. Between 1823 and 1825 he travelled from New Jersey to the Hudson River and The Niagara Falls. He found new apples and pears there. On a trip along The Columbia River he discovered and collected seed from a tree that named The Douglas Fir. He also found and collected, amongst other things, lupins, phlox, sunflowers and mimulus. He was the first European to climb the Rocky Mountains and he named some of them. One is Hooker Mountain, named after his

Glasgow professor.

When he returned to Britain he was hailed as a hero in London. He visited his family in Scotland. While he was there, he planted a seed from The Douglas fir at Scone Palace. This mighty tree can be seen there today.

He joined an expedition to North America and Hawaii in October 1829. He spent eighteen months in California where he saw the giant Redwoods. There is a magnificent avenue of Redwoods at Benmore Botanic Garden near Dunoon.

Douglas arrived in Hawaii in December 1833. His health was failing and he was having sight problems. This may have led to the fatal accident that he had. He fell into a pit that had been dug to trap animals and sadly died. He is buried in Hawaii at Kawaihoa Church Honolulu.

As you decorate your Christmas tree this Christmas, give a thought to David Douglas. A few of the trees that he brought to this country are Noble Fir, Colorado Blue Spruce, Fraser Fir-all of which are grown for the Christmas market.

David Douglas also introduced the Sitka Spruce and Lodgepole Pine that are widely grown for the timber industry. I think we can say that David Douglas's discoveries added favourite plants to our gardens and have impact on the landscape.



Rena Moore

THE BIG NIGHT OUT!
Michael Buble and Robbie Williams
7 Nov 2014
The Three Kings

The Crabbit Old Woman

What do you see nurses, what do you see?
What are you thinking when you look at me?
A crabbit old woman not very wise
Uncertain of habit with far away eyes
Who dribbles her food and makes no reply
When you say in a loud voice I do wish you'd try.
Who seems not to notice the things that you do
And forever is losing a stocking or shoe.
Who unresisting or not, lets you do as you will
With bathing or feeding, the lonf day to fill.
Is that what you're thinking, is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so ill
As I move at your bidding, as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother
Brothers ans sisters who love one another.
A young girl of sixteen with wings on her feet
Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet.
A bride soon at twenty my heart gives a leap
Remembering the vows that I promised to keep.
At twenty five now I have young of my own
Who need me to build a secure happy home.
A woman of thirty my young now grown fast
Bound to each other with ties that should last.
At forty my young will now soon be gone
But my man stays beside me so I should not mourn.
At fifty, once more babies play round my knee
Again we know children my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead
I look to the future, I shudder and dread.
For my young are all busy rearing young of their own
And I think of the years and the love I have known.
I'm an old woman now and nature is cruel
'Tis her jest to make old age look like a fool.
The body it crumbles, grace and vigour depart
And now there's a stone where I once had a heart.
But inside this carcase, a young girl still dwells
And now and again my battered heart swells.
I remember the joy, I remember the pain
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years, all too few, gone so fast
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.
So open your eyes nurses, open and see,
Not a crabbit old woman, look closer, see me.

***Found among the possessions of an old Irish lady
who died in a geriatric hospital.***

***This poem is entitled "Kate" and was written by Phyllis
McCormack. Submitted by Ann Henderson***

Grand Sale

The Welcome In Committee would like to say a big THANK YOU to everyone who supported the above event held on 14th September in the Welfare Hall. Lots of donations were handed in, all of which were much appreciated and thanks to a good turnout on the day, the amount raised for church funds was £895. Thanks to all who helped to make this event such a success.



Marion Zacks

How to Look After your Christmas Tree

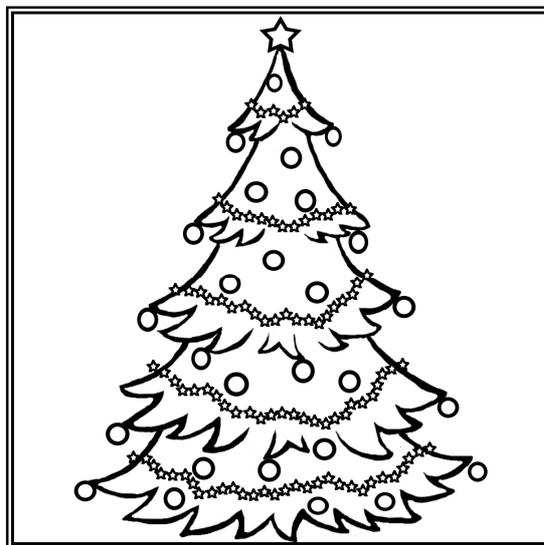
If you choose to have a real Christmas tree, here are some hints to help you to keep it looking fresh.

1. Choose a healthy tree; the size and shape that pleases you
2. Keep it in a cool place, stand it in a bucket of water if possible and put it in a safe place until you are ready to take it inside the house.
3. Saw the end off the trunk as this gives a fresh end that will drink up the water better.
4. When your tree goes into the house, cover the place that it is going to stand on so that it doesn't mark the floor or table.
5. Put it into a container that you can fill with water. Don't put your tree in soil or sand as this will block up the end and it will be difficult for the tree to absorb water. It is possible to buy tree stands for fresh trees.
6. Site your tree away from radiators and fires as the heat will dry it out. Remember too that a dry tree can be a fire hazard.
7. You will be putting lights on your tree, and so place it near a plug point so that you will not have trailing wires.

Enjoy your Christmas tree and I hope everyone has a peaceful Christmas.

Rena Moore

Colour in the
Christmas Tree



Dinna Like

As lads we ran about the braes
In wee bare feet an ragged claes;
Nae such thing as 'Dinna Like',
For then our faithers were on strike.

Yet in these times they still could sing
While haulin' hoose coal frae the bing;
Nothing then to waste or spare,
Still everyone would get their share.

They'd share their last with those in need,
There wisnae such a thing as greed,
A piece on jam was something rare,
An' no much o'that tae spare.

We'd eat it new, we'd eat it stale,
And even dip it in oor kale;
Nae such thing as 'Dinna Like',
We kent oor faithers were on strike.

**A poem in Robert Duncan's book
*The Mineworker***



Minister's Book recommendation

'Poems to help you pray' by Nick Fawcett

Ideal for both private and public devotion, these poetic prayers explore everyday emotions such as joy, sorrow, hope, fear, faith and doubt together with wider issues such as bereavement, the environment, injustice and exploitation.

A beautiful book which can be dipped into in times of need and which will help to open your heart to the reality of God in each particular situation.

Doric Poems

A Letter tae Santie

I'm writin a letter tae Santie
I ken fit I'm sickin ye see
Mam says nae tae spear for onything ower dear
"Santie's nae made of money," says she.

Bit aa that I'm needin's a rubbit
Me and ma Dad's made his hutch.
I'll gie him fine mett and strae tae keep hett,
A wee rubbit's nae sickin ower much.

Helen Harrower

The Hen's Lament

It's nae delight tae be a hen
Wi clooks an claws and caimb
Reestin wi the rottans
In a henhouse for a hame.

Nae sunner div I settle doon
My clutch o bairns tae hatch
The fairm-wife comes –a scraunin pest-
A tarry fingert vratch.

Jist lately, though, she's changed her tune-
Ma plaittie's piled wi corn
"Sup up ma bonnie quine," says she,
"We're haein broth the morn!"

Sheena Blackhall



For attractive lips speak words of kindness.
For lovely eyes, seek out the good in people.
For a slim figure, share your food with the hungry,
For beautiful hair, let a child run his or her fingers
through it once a day.
For poise, walk with the knowledge you'll never
walk alone.



Audrey Hepburn



TJ Westie
tries out our
new bench



Tea, coffee and a chat
are always available in
the hall after services.
Please stay
if you can.



Guild Diary 2014

22 January	Finding the right way
5 February	History of the Guild - Ian Scott
19 February	Julius Project - Alistair Cameron
5 March	An Armenian Journey - Emma Guthrie
19 March	ABM
25 April	Concert with Ian Walker and Jimmy Scott.

The Norfolk Pine Christmas Tree

When we were on holiday in New Zealand at the beginning of the year, we noticed an abundance of a type of "Christmas tree looking" conifer/ pine everywhere that we went. During a coach tour, we were informed by the tour guide that the tree was a Norfolk Pine and was not a native species of the islands. We later went on another tour and was informed that the species was a Norfolk Island Pine originating from the Norfolk Islands in the Pacific



Ocean; an island situated between New Zealand, Australia and New Caledonia. The tree is often used as a Christmas tree. It was first planted in New Zealand when the first Missionaries arrived on the islands because the silhouette of the tree resembled a cross at the top. The trees were planted by Missionaries wherever they worked so that wherever they looked, there was a reminder of their work for God and their love for Jesus.

By Caroline Baker

Dates for your diary	
Santa Drive Maddiston Community Centre	Thu 28 Nov 7pm
Muiravonside Christmas Fayre Whitecross Primary School	Sat 30 Nov 11am - 1pm
Rendezvous Christmas Party Blackbraes and Shieldhill	Wed 4 Dec 1.30pm
Haining Nursing Home Christmas Carol Service Muiravonside	W/b 9 Dec 2pm (date to be confirmed)
Guild Christmas Party Blackbraes and Shieldhill	Wed 11 Dec 7.30pm
Christingle Service Blackbraes and Shieldhill	Sun 15 Dec 4pm
Maddiston Community Council Carol Service Maddiston Primary School	Fri 20 Dec 6.30pm
Nativity - led by children and young people Blackbraes and Shieldhill	Sun 22 Dec 10am
Family Christmas Service Muiravonside	Sun 22 Dec 11.30am
Christingle Service Muiravonside	Tue 24 Dec 7pm
Watchnight Service Both churches	Tue 24 Dec 11.30pm
Lessons and Carols Both churches	Sun 29 Dec

FRIDAY FILM NIGHT



7PM

**BLACKBRAES AND SHIELDHILL
PARISH CHURCH**

COMING SOON:

It's a Wonderful Life the Christmas Classic	6 December
Merry Madagascar and Donkey's Christmas Shrektacular	3 January
The Thrill of it All Doris Day and James Garner	7 February
Matilda a little magic goes a long way	7 March
An Audrey Hepburn movie to be decided on the night	4 April



**REFRESHMENTS
WILL BE SERVED**

**NO ADMISSION CHARGE
DONATIONS ARE WELCOME**