

Blackbraes and Shieldhill
Parish Church
linked with
Muiravonside Parish Church
Winter 2016



www.bsandm-church.org.uk
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Registered Charity
Blackbraes and Shieldhill SC 002512
Muiravonside SC 007571



Christmas Services



Sunday 4 December - Second Sunday in Advent
Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated
at 10am in Blackbraes and Shieldhill and at
11.30am at Muiravonside



Sunday 11 December - Third Sunday in Advent
Theme: "Mary's Song" 10am at Blackbraes and
Shieldhill and 11.30am at Muiravonside



Sunday 11 December - 3.30pm Muiravonside
Choral Society Christmas Concert
At Muiravonside Church - all welcome.



Sunday 18 December - Fourth Sunday in Advent
Service of Lessons and Carols at 10am at
Blackbraes and Shieldhill and 11.30am at
Muiravonside



Christmas Eve - 3pm Christingle service at
Muiravonside
11.15pm Watchnight Service at Blackbraes and
Shieldhill (Hot chocolate in the church hall from
10.45pm)



Christmas Day - Family Service at both churches
10am at Blackbraes and Shieldhill and 11.30am at
Muiravonside



Sunday 1 January - Service for the New Year
10am at Blackbraes and Shieldhill and 11.30am at
Muiravonside.



Locum Minister's letter
Jesus is the reason for the season!



God said, 'I will send my messenger ahead of you to clear the way for you.' Someone is shouting in the desert. Get the road ready for the Lord; make a straight path for him to travel... Mark 1 verses 1-3

Dear Friends

It is unfortunate when the season of Advent is swallowed up by pre-Christmas events, though entirely understandable that schools for instance, should want a Christmas celebration before term ends; but I fear the need to start the Christmas build-up so early is a sign that, as a society, we are not good at waiting. The world has become a very impatient place. We move from one supermarket checkout queue to another in an attempt to get served more quickly, only to discover that the first queue was moving more quickly after all! Try sticking to a rigid 30 miles an hour in a speed limit area, and you'll soon become aware of people desperate to overtake, so that they can reach the next red traffic light three seconds before you do, especially in the Braes!

Of course, the revolution in information technology encourages us to expect a very rapid response in all our communications. So, we become less used to having to wait.

At times, I wonder if we are in danger of losing the importance of the present moment; of being alert as to what is going on around us; of stopping to listen to other people and being sensitive to them, of enjoying the here and now rather than rushing on towards the next thing. If this is how we sometimes live, what chance has God of being allowed in to our hearts or 'getting a word in edgeways'? Christmas demands a time of preparation if we are to take seriously the need to be challenged by Jesus Christ's coming among us. We all know the uneasy feeling, perhaps even panic, when a guest turns up too early for a meal or meeting and we wish we had given ourselves more preparation time. A visit can be truly spoiled in that way. Maybe

we need to make time to be ready for the coming of Jesus at Christmas, by asking whether we are prepared for his demands, for what he expects from us, and being sensitive to the present moment when he might challenge us and expect a response from us in life's many ordinary situations. After all, Jesus is the reason for the season!

I am enjoying being your Locum and journeying with you all during this period of vacancy and I am so grateful to you for your support and encouragement. Thank you!

I take this opportunity to wish you all in Blackbraes and Shieldhill linked with Muiravonside a very happy and blessed Christmas season and all good wishes for 2017!

Love from Philip

Archie and Irene Orr thank all the friends who sent get well cards and wishes to Archie while recuperating in hospital after his accident.

Also, they both wish to thank all their friends who sent them congratulation cards and flowers on the occasion of their diamond wedding.

Thank you

Archie



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



Funerals

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

Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish

Mrs Yvonne Spratt

Mrs Julia Brown

Mr James Cooper

Mr Robert Morton

Mr James McCormack

Mrs Linda Leishman

Mr John Beattie

Mrs Janet Clason

Mrs Margaret Gray

Muiravonside Parish

Ms. Kathryn Proctor

Mr Gilbert McColl

Mr Thomas Brown

Mrs Ena Harrower

Mrs Mary Gardiner

Baptisms

'Whoever welcomes a little child like this in my name, welcomes me.'

Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish

Molly Jennifer Bell

infant daughter of Martin and Karen Bell

on 18 September 2016

Jorja Bethany Russell

infant daughter of

Robert and Emma Russell

on 6 November 2016

Weddings

'Meanwhile these three remain - faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.'

Juliet Robson and Gary Smith

at Houston House Hotel on 30 September

The Rev Louise McClements officiated





Drew's view

*Hi Everyone,
Have decided this time, to write another
story with fictitious characters. However,
the events described could actually happen
when God's love and compassion are involved. Have a nice Christmas
when it comes. Blessings from Drew*

Gentle Joe

The pale winter morning sun was streaming through the open doors, lighting up the rows of hymn books behind her and bathing her face in an almost angelic glow, but at the same time offering a modicum of warmth. Outside this cosy entrance, the sea looked uncharacteristically calm for this time of year, with just a few days to go before Christmas.

It was door duty time again, but Amy loved every moment as she welcomed everyone who walked up the neat path towards the small church. She gave them a hymn book, then gazed out to the calm cornflower blue sea as she waited for more folks to come along. She savoured this time, because during the course of the year and a half she had lived in the beautiful and picturesque village of Aberkeith on the east coast, these people had become her friends.

Each person was greeted with tremendous warmth. Everyone was special and any visitors were given exactly the same welcome. Until the middle of last year, for more years than she wanted to remember, Amy had sold very high end properties for a company in London. She had tremendous charm and a natural way with people which put them at ease and this was a great asset to have in her job. She had sold literally hundreds of properties in the course of her career, many of them worth in excess of several million pounds.

Never in her entire career had she pressurised the prospective buyers to get a sale. Instead, she cared about the clients, many of whom had travelled great distances from different countries to look at the London properties. She saw them as people who had joys and sorrows in their lives - highs and lows - just like she had. They were treated to the same warmth as the congregation which she now loved so much. This was the secret of her success. Often she would proudly be shown photos of grandchildren, wives or husbands as she showed her clients around the beautiful townhouses and flats.

Her husband had passed away four and a half years ago and she had continued to live in the large London townhouse that had been their home. As time passed, she increasingly began to feel that she needed a change. As much as she loved the house and the memories it held, more and more, she felt an urge to return to Scotland. She had always wanted to live by the sea and in the summer of 2015, found herself driving through this very village while touring the east coast. She spotted the little church and absolutely enchanted, stopped the car to have a closer look. Just along the street, with the same sea view, there was a row of very nice little cottages. One was for sale.

There are moments when you have a sudden insight or a flash of inspiration which will change your life. Amy thought about the three storey townhouse she owned in London, now worth just over one million pounds. Then with increasing excitement, her racing mind showed her the vast difference in house prices outside London. Although she was still in her early fifties, she realised that if she didn't do anything drastic, she could quite easily live here in a place she regarded as paradise for the rest of her life on the profit from the London house and her savings!

About a month later, the little cottage was hers and after selling her house in London (which sold in just one day!) and some emotional goodbyes to her colleagues, that was how she came to be in Aberkeith.

It was almost time for the service to start and the last few people were now arriving. The little curtain which sheltered the entrance into the main part of the church swished open a little and Anne, another Elder, peeked through.

"Is there any sign of Joe?" she asked.

"No, not yet," Amy replied, after stepping forward and quickly looking both ways along the street.

Joe was another relative newcomer to the village, having bought a small house there six months ago. Although about the same age as Amy, he was the complete opposite – a very quiet and retiring person. She often thought of him as "Gentle Joe" because despite being a giant of a man, his eyes displayed such warmth. He also happened to be one of the kindest people she had ever met. He seemed to have tremendous technical knowledge and had been such a help to them at church, repairing lots of things that had broken down. He had also

retired early just like Amy, but never discussed what his job was. He often walked with a stoop, as if his back was giving him pain. Somebody once said they thought he was in the Army. He had never missed a service – until those last three weeks during December.

After the service, Anne approached Amy, concern still etched on her face and said,
“I know he’s allocated to me on the visitors’ list, but could you possibly pay him a quick visit, just to see he’s OK?”
“Certainly,” Amy replied.

Anne knew that she had done the right thing. If anything was wrong, Amy would find out and resolve things better than her or anyone else. She had witnessed Amy’s charm at first hand! A few months before, the Treasurer had just retired. There was within the congregation, another member who happened to be an accountant.

“I’m sorry, I just don’t have time to do this!” he had said rather testily when Amy approached him at a Session meeting to ask if he would consider taking on the role.

The people within earshot all looked at each other and smiled knowingly. There is the old saying going round that some people can charm the hind legs of a donkey! In Amy’s case not only would it lose its hind legs - the poor unfortunate creature would be minus its front ones as well! Half an hour later, Aberkeith Church had a new Treasurer. Later, the man in question said he couldn’t recall much of what had happened! He did remember her saying something two or three times about him being a wizard with figures. He recalled too that at one point, he had shown her a photo of his grandchildren and had left the building feeling like a million dollars!

That was why Anne had such faith in Amy. She would gently try to find out if something was wrong, or if anything had been said that had somehow offended Joe. If he was ill, she would sit with him for a moment or two, providing words of comfort. Maybe he was simply on holiday. But it was funny he had never mentioned anything about it.

That afternoon, just after three, Amy walked up the neat little driveway and knocked on Joe’s door. The house had an empty look, but to her surprise the door opened almost straightaway. Joe was surprised but delighted to see her. He still walked with a stoop as if he had a sore back. He also looked as if he hadn’t slept for a few days. Amy was

welcomed in and sitting on the large settee, after pleasantries and some small talk were exchanged, she told Joe as an opening gambit how much they missed him at the church, just to see what he would say.

He immediately looked sad, nodded and hesitated a moment. He looked directly at her and said: "December is a bad time for me. About ten years ago, just before Christmas, I lost two friends in a helicopter crash."

His voice was controlled and precise as if he was an outsider relating this. There was no sign of grief, but Amy realised he was exerting tremendous self control. Where had he learned that? The Army, perhaps?

He continued, "I don't go out much, especially at this time of year. I like to just sit quietly and think about my two friends."

His eyes had a distant look as if he was back in another place, far away from here.

"I can do so much...and yet...I couldn't save them," he said very softly, talking more to himself than anyone else. "The worst part is the anger. I get so angry sometimes..." He left the sentence unfinished.

Amy was silent for a moment then simply said, "I'm so sorry," but she knew that this wouldn't relate to a crumb of comfort. There was a silence for a moment then Amy thought about what he had said about the anger and finally realised there was maybe something she could do to help.

"Joe," she said softly, "Words, of course, cannot begin to bring any comfort for what you've been through, but if I may, I'd like to tell you about something that happened to me and it really helped."

Joe looked up out of politeness, she sensed, and she thought that he was probably indulging her more than anything else. But he hadn't said "No," which was an encouraging start. She went on to tell him that although she had later enjoyed a successful career in sales, when she was in her teens she wanted more than anything else in the world to become a lawyer.

“I saw a tv programme called “Sutherland’s Law,” which was actually about a Procurator Fiscal. I was totally hooked. From that moment on, I read all I could about every aspect of the law and how it’s practised. My friends wanted to be air hostesses and beauticians. I wanted to be a Procurator Fiscal!”

For the first time, she suspected, in weeks, a glimmer of a smile appeared on Joe’s face. For a moment he had forgotten about his grief, as he became immersed in her story and what she might say next.

“I made it to University with good grades and what I thought would be a wonderful life ahead of me doing a job I loved. But disaster struck. I was away from home for the first time and had just received my grant which seemed like a fortune to me at the time. I also made lots of new friends. For three months we all lived like millionaires, going out every night to Italian restaurants and buying lots of new clothes. Then the all night parties started, but they continued night after night! I ended up sleeping all day through the lectures and at the end of the year, I didn’t just fail my exams, but failed them in style!”

Joe groaned, but despite his problems, his kind face showed such compassion and Amy loved him for that.

“I didn’t think about it too much until I was in my twenties and saw that all my friends had done so well. I was so angry with myself. I would storm about my small flat for days in a total rage. How could I be so stupid? Then the anger turned into depression and I made my first wise decision in years. I saw my doctor.”

Amy noticed that Joe was now eagerly waiting to see what she would say next.

“The doctor sent me to an anger management course in Glasgow for two days. At first I was very sceptical. I thought, what a waste of time! What could they possibly do for me? It will be the same old predictable stuff, interacting with a group of people I don’t know and telling them why I’m so angry, as if that is supposed to give me a miracle cure!”

Joe laughed out loud and said “I know what you mean.” Maybe he had been to something like that as well.

Amy went on to tell him that on the afternoon of the second day, something happened. One of the counsellors was talking to the whole

group, but he looked directly at her and said: "You cannot change the past. As much as you would like to, it cannot be done. It has gone forever. However...you can change the present and make it beautiful."

"All that afternoon, I cried and cried. My counsellor had said these words with such compassion and feeling, as if he had been through something like this himself. It was as if I was released from a prison. What he said was so obvious and simply common sense and yet I needed someone to tell me that. I know now that I must also tell you and I pray with all my heart that it gives you even a little bit of hope to go on."

Did he look a little better? Amy hoped against hope. She was just about to leave when Joe asked if she could go into the second drawer down in his sideboard and bring over his Bible, as he wanted to look at the readings they had read that day. His back was so sore today that any movement just now was agony. Amy soon found the Bible. Underneath, was a glass presentation case with a royal crest on it. For a second she was stunned. Amy knew what it contained. She resolved from that second on to find out what had happened ten years before and help this incredible man in any way that she could.

After giving Joe the Bible, she also gave him an invitation to the Watchnight service, just in case he would feel up to coming along. She told him as well that everyone was invited to bring something with them that meant a lot to them regarding Christmas and if they wanted, they could say a few words about it. She then hugged him and they said their goodbyes. As she walked home, she thought of how someone had once said, "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." Maybe Joe had just taken it. She prayed with all her heart that he had.

Six days later, on Saturday December 24th 2016 at 11:30pm, Joe Hamilton attended a Watchnight Service for the first time in more than ten years. "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." He had just walked a mile. He received such a nice welcome. But what made Amy's Christmas was that when it came to the part of the service where you could say a few things about the item that means so much to you



regarding Christmas, Joe stood and held up a beautiful angel figurine. He simply said:

“I brought an angel with me, because last Sunday afternoon, I was visited by one.”

Epilogue

Six months later, Amy found out what had happened to Joe ten years before. Many more steps had been taken in the journey of a thousand miles. Their friendship had blossomed and he was her “Gentle Joe” now. It is quite easy to find out things nowadays, with Internet aids such as “Google” and if you’re determined enough.

The following excerpt is from the “Journal of Today” newspaper dated 16/11/2007.

Hero of Helmand honoured at Buckingham Palace

“Corporal Joseph Hamilton was presented with the Victoria Cross yesterday by Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, during an investiture at Buckingham Palace for his actions in Afghanistan in December 2006.

The transport helicopter he was travelling in was shot down in Helmand Province just before landing, on December 21st 2006. Under intense enemy fire, and despite suffering multiple injuries, with no thought for his safety, Corporal Hamilton repeatedly returned to the helicopter and dragged out six of his injured colleagues to the safety of nearby cover. The helicopter exploded, killing two of his other colleagues just as he was going back again to rescue them. Later a fellow soldier said, ‘He just kept going back. When the helicopter exploded, we had to hold him back. He would have given his life for them.’ Corporal Hamilton’s only comment was extreme regret that he wasn’t able to rescue the other two.”

When she had first seen the Victoria Cross in the second drawer down, Amy had known what it was. Her grandfather had collected medals and she had been fascinated by them as a child. One day, when the journey of a thousand miles has almost been completed, Joe will tell her about that morning in a land so far away and so different from Aberkeith. She will listen and will bring him home to the present where he belongs now – to a quiet Scottish village by the sea and a little church where he is loved so much.

Christmas Angels

Christmas angels are so special.
Heavenly beings who love us.
Remaining with us at all times.
Instantly knowing if we are sad.
Standing by to give us comfort.
Touching our hearts with love.
Making us feel so much better.
Always protecting when asked.
Sending us the greatest of good.

Angels love Christmas time.
Next to us all as we rejoice.
God is well pleased with them.
Every angel is his messenger.
Looking after every one of us.
Sent to us by God with his love.

By Drew Robertson



Right Royal

A gold edged card enclosed in a Lord Chamberlain stamped envelope popped through the letter box in March 2012. It read;

“The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by Her Majesty to invite Lorna Coulter and Robert Thompson to a Garden Party at the Palace of Holyrood on Tuesday 3 July 2012 from 4pm to 6pm.”

Although I had received a phone call about a month previously suggesting that our names would be put forward for this event but that security checks would need to be made as I picked up the invitation from the floor, I still felt a flush of excitement. I put the envelope away carefully in a safe place. Also in the envelope were two leaflets detailing dress code, programme and protocol to be followed at a Royal garden party. July seemed to be such a long way off but as the time passed, we considered our dress and how we would travel to Edinburgh on that day. We decided that definitely we would not go to any extra expense. We had outfits in our wardrobe that would be suitable and we would travel by train since there would be no parking problems. I was delighted when I was able to purchase in a charity shop a hat, the exact shade to match my dress.

The day dawned bright although a little cloudy. We were pleased to meet at the local station a few others who were attending the Garden Party. On the train, there were many others chatting excitedly who were obviously going to the Palace. Some were resplendent in uniforms, national dress and highlight outfits. Designer dresses were numerous. We arrived at Waverley Station and after sharing a taxi, we eventually arrived at the Palace gates. Feeling despondent and surprised, we joined a long queue. We became more cheerful as we listened and chatted to those around us, many having journeyed quite a distance to attend the party. It was a relief at last when we entered the gate into a well cared for garden. We felt a proud sense of history as we strolled past the ancient Abbey of Holyrood and found a place

behind a roped off area where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh would receive the guests.

The bandmen arrayed in red and gold entertained the crowd while we waited expectantly for the royal couple to appear. Punctually on the stroke of four o'clock, a door opened at the top of what seemed a very steep stair and there at the top stood the Queen and the Duke straight and tall while the band played the national anthem. The queen looked all serene in a powder blue matching coat hat and dress accompanied by the Duke attired in grey top hat, black jacket and striped trousers. They progressed elegantly to the roped off areas. The Duke proceeded to walk in one area and the Queen in the other moving down the centre space talking to people who had been selected previously from the crowd.

We had been standing quite a while before we were eventually able to visit the tea tent. The delicacies were invitingly displayed and distributed efficiently. We sat down and enjoyed a first cup of tea. Robert wanted a second cup of tea and as I returned to the seated area holding the cup in my hand, I stopped suddenly open mouthed. I saw him slide gently and slowly from the chair as he fell unconscious and landed in a heap on the grass.

I gasped in horror as I put the cup on the ground. In a flash, uniformed gentlemen appeared from all sides. Paramedics approached and quickly placed him on a stretcher. I was escorted and guided sensitively to a first aid station quite nearby. After what seemed a long time, a well dressed handsome looking gentleman sporting a yellow rose in his jacket buttonhole came to give me an update. They had settled Robert, him given oxygen but now he would be transferred to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and an ambulance had already been called. I was now able to see him and could accompany him in the ambulance. A paramedic informed me that this was none other than the Queen's physician himself who was always on call when Her Majesty was present. Just before we were whisked away in the ambulance, another doctor in a classic turquoise and brown outfit with matching hat attended him.

Treatment at the Royal itself was first class. Eventually after having tests and scans and refreshments, he was discharged just after 9pm. We were glad to make our way by taxi to Waverley Station heading home very tired and weary ready to tumble into bed. We had gone to Edinburgh by royal invitation, viewed royalty, enjoyed the services of the royal physician and experienced royal treatment at the Royal Infirmary.

Had this not been a right royal day!

Lorna Coulter



Guild Diary



Guild theme: Go in joy

Guild Topic: Let's talk about working towards fulfilment

2017

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 25 Jan | Let's Stick Together Guild Project |
| 15 Feb | Malawi Fruits Jordan McKellar |
| 1 March | World Mission Council |
| 15 March | ABM Supper |
| 29 Mar | The Columban Singers Fund raising event |

Guild meets on alternate Wednesdays in the church hall from 7.30pm to 9pm.

Fellowship, friends and a cuppa are always on hand.

All welcome. Please join us

Tales from a Shieldhill Garden



Psalm 50:V 11 All the wild birds are mine and all living things in the fields.

For this magazine, the tales will not be coming from the soil but from the skies above my garden. I am going to talk a bit about God's wonderful designing to help geese get through the cold winter months.

Many people will have noticed and heard the skeins of geese passing over head as the Autumn migration gets into full swing and the geese that spend the winter in Falkirk District, move from roosting places to grazing places. We, of course, have some geese that stay here all year round. Some lochs have greylag geese and others have canada geese. We have a small flock of canada geese that spend their time on the loch that has formed on the peat workings, just past The Three Kings. They are handsome, black and white geese, with a white chin strap, and, if you walk along that road at the right time of year, you may see goslings.

When the geese return to the Slamannan Plateau, some of them spend the night on Loch Ellrig before moving elsewhere as the winter progresses. They can be heard when they leave in the morning to go to their daytime grazing fields.. As winter tightens, hundreds of thousands of geese leave their breeding grounds in Northern Europe and The Arctic to fly to the milder and food rich sanctuary of the UK. They form great spectacles as they rise into the air and form a 'v' in the sky. Loch Leven plays host to several thousand pink-footed geese and if you are lucky enough to be there in the early morning or in the evening you will see them flying out or flying back. It is a spectacular sight.

Should you stumble upon a field of geese, try to blend into the background as these wild geese are very easily spooked. The visiting geese are not used to people like the resident greylag or canada geese.

Some geese are Scottish specialities. Barnacle geese, one of our smallest species, come from its breeding grounds of Greenland and Svalbard. It spends the winter at The Solway Firth, both the Scottish side and English side. They also winter on Islay. Folklore told the story that they grew from the barnacles, this idea changing as knowledge of the geese increased.

Flocks of greylag geese join the residents. Should you see a flock of greylag geese, look out for a goose that has a white blaze at the foot of its bill. This often shines in the sunshine. That will be a white fronted goose from America and they will often join flocks of greylag geese in Iceland.

Brent geese are strictly sea geese. They can be found on seaweed- strewn beaches and even on playing fields if they are near to the shore. Sometimes these geese can be seen at Blackness and there are flags on the electrical wires so that the geese don't fly into them.

In 1986, just after we moved to Shieldhill, I had collected Lesley, our daughter, from a club that she attended at Palacerigg Country Park when in a field, just past Palacerigg Country Park, I spotted about 25 brown geese in a field. We watched them for a few minutes and , when we checked them in a bird book we decided that they were bean geese. That was in 1987. About twenty years later, there were just over 2000 of these geese visiting the Slamannan Plateau, they even had their own website. These taiga bean geese come from Scandinavia and today the numbers have dropped a little and they no longer have a website. I have seen them a few times over the years and they are often with pink-footed geese or greylag geese.

It can be quite tricky to name some of the geese because some of them look similar. A good bird book will help and the British Trust of Ornithology has little videos of similar birds on their website. I know that they have grey geese. This is an on going project and they are continually adding new pairs of similar birds.

Geese always travel in a 'v' formation. This is an aerodynamic formation and the leader constantly changes. There has been much scientific research on birds finding their way when they migrate. After years of work, it has been decided that the mechanism in the bird's eye provides the map and magnetic receptors in the beak provide the compass. The compass may detect the direction of the magnetic field the map detects the strength of the magnetic field. With these aspects working together, bird's can cross featureless oceans and land masses.
RSPB 'Homes For Wildlife" winter 2016-10-13
Bird Sense by Tim Birkhead; Bloomsbury publishing.

To end, I have a little poem by the American poet Rachel Field.

Something told the wild geese.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the field lay golden
Something whispered, "Snow."
Leaves were green and stirring.
Berries, lustre-glossed.
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned "Frost."
All the sagging orchards
Streamed with amber spice.
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly-
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

Rena



Butterflies

I think that a few of you take part in The Big Butterfly Count that takes place at the end of July. Sir David Attenborough publically supports this and it is usually well advertised. So, here are the results for Scotland.

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. Green-veined white | 2. Ringlet | 3. Small white |
| 4. Meadow brown | 5. Speckled wood | |
| 6. Small tortoiseshell | 7. Six-spot burnet | 8. Large white |
| 9. Common blue | 10. Red admiral | |

Rena

