

**Blackbraes and Shieldhill
Parish Church**



Summer 2010

From the Manse
7th June 2010

'People of Israel, I have always loved you, so I continue to show you my constant love.'
(Jeremiah Ch31, v3)



Dear friends,

Yesterday at our church we enjoyed a Songs of Praise service. Members nominated their favourite hymn and wrote down the reason why it means so much to them and we enjoyed a really good sing! We had so many hymn requests that Ailsa our organist and I were unable to fit them all in so we plan to include the rest in Sunday worship over the summer.

Yesterday we also had the privilege of dedicating the new Yamaha keyboard and pew Bibles to God's glory and service and in memory of the late Rev John Paterson, whose kind and generous legacy has allowed us to purchase these items.

We also learned that many of the hymns which mean so much to us, were written during times of great hardship and adversity. One example being that beautiful hymn- 'O love that wilt not let me go.' This was written by George Matheson, a Church of Scotland minister in 1882. He says in an account which he left that this hymn was the fruit of much mental suffering.

'My hymn was composed in the manse of Innellan on the evening of the 6th June 1882, when I was 40 years of age. Something happened to me, which was known only to myself, and which caused me the most severe mental suffering. The hymn was the fruit of that suffering. It was the quickest bit of work I ever did in my life. I had the impression of having it dictated to me by some inward voice rather than of working it out myself. I am quite sure that the whole work was completed in five minutes, and equally sure that it never received at my hands any retouching or correction. I have no natural gift of rhythm. All these other verses I have ever written are manufactured articles; this came like a dayspring from on high.'

(1)

Many believe that Matheson wrote this hymn following the great disappointment of being let down by his college fiancée who when told of his medical condition which would eventually result in him losing his sight is said to have informed him, 'I do not wish to be the wife of a blind preacher.' Matheson was heartbroken and it was believed that the

lingering memory of this rejection from his college sweetheart prompted him to write this beautiful expression of an eternal love that will never be broken- God's love....

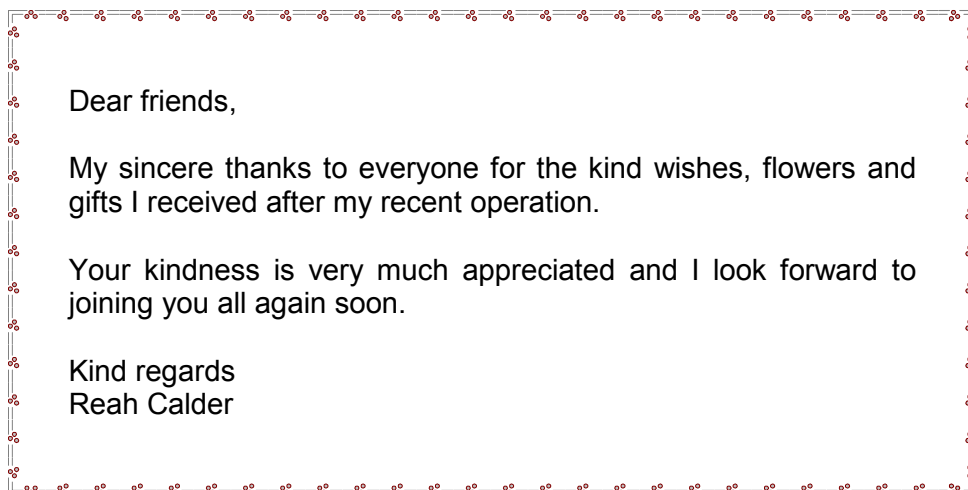
People may let us down, but our faith reassures us that God is always by our side. God is our forever friend, the one who shares with us in every moment of the day, the one who loves us unconditionally, the one who when we stray from his side, will never give up searching for us, will never give up loving us, will never give up yearning for us.

Worship is our response to this love. God adores our worship and we find blessing as we worship God.

So let us enjoy worshipping God over the summer months and let us experience that love which will not let us go. The love which George Matheson discovered in his time of mental anguish, the love which countless Christians have discovered over the centuries, the love which promises us life in all its fullness, both now and into eternity.

Every blessing,
Your minister and friend,
Louise

- (1) Osbeck Kenneth W., **Amazing Grace** - Inspiring stories about favourite hymns, 1990, Kregel Publications, p40.



Dear friends,

My sincere thanks to everyone for the kind wishes, flowers and gifts I received after my recent operation.

Your kindness is very much appreciated and I look forward to joining you all again soon.

Kind regards
Reah Calder

Baptisms

'Whoever welcomes a little child like this in my name welcomes me.'
Matt 18:5

Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish

Nathan Alexander McIntosh - infant son of Carrie and Stuart McIntosh

Muiravonside Parish

Lucy Grace Bryson - infant daughter of Katie and George Bryson
Brodie Hew Stevenson - infant son of Sara and Ian Stevenson
Tia Jane Hylton - infant daughter of Jacqueline and Garfield Hylton

Deaths

*'The Lord will protect you as you come and go,
Both now and forevermore.'* Psalm 121

Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish

Mrs Agnes Cooper
Mrs Bertha Anderson

Muiravonside Parish

Mrs Jeannie Brown
Miss Christine McRae
Mr Robert Cochrane
Miss Margaret Robertson
Mr John Allison
Mr Peter Wilson
Mrs Martha Paterson



Thank you

By the time you read this I will have tendered my resignation as Session Clerk. It is with mixed feelings that I have taken this decision at this time but I find that I am no longer able to carry out my duties to the standard I would wish. My health has restricted my activities and I feel that it is now the time to finish my service to the church as session clerk. I was appointed to this position by the Rev John M Patterson on the 2nd September 1985 and it would be fitting that the date of transfer to the new incumbent would fall on Sunday the 5th September 2010 making 25 years continued service as session clerk.

It has been a long winding road that I have travelled, not alone, the journey and the load has been shared with most and for that I will always be grateful. It brings back many happy memories and most of these have been when the road got steeper, it was comforting to be surrounded by so many 'of the good folk up the Braes.' This phrase has been used many times by visiting preachers and it is well earned.

May I take this opportunity to thank you for the support you have given me over the years and I am sure you will continue to give that support to the new session clerk whoever he or she might be.

Best wishes
Jim Currie

PLUM FOOL

Ingredients.

1 tin plums Half pint carton of double cream.
Serve with sponge fingers, amaretto biscuits or shortbread.

Method

Drain tin of plums and take out stones. Juice can be used to pour over ice cream or in trifle. Put into liquidiser and liquidise until pureed. Slowly add cream to liquidiser until well mixed and getting thick then quickly pour into wine glasses or small bowls. Serve on teaplates with any of above biscuits.



10 April 2010



Dear Friends,

We shared with you in the last letter how we had spent some of the money sent by you via South Africa Link. Since then we have used some more of it: we were able on your behalf to help finance a workshop for the congregation at St Andrews where Graham has been working as a colleague minister. One of the issues to emerge from the workshop was a commitment of the congregation to always worship together at communion.

At present the Afrikaans section have most of their communions on their own which seems to be a denial of the unity Christ creates in the sacrament. This has a historic aspect as separate communion became the norm in the churches of the Dutch Reformed tradition from the 1850s 'due to the weakness of some' (white people). This is therefore an important milestone in the development of one congregation though there is some resistance to the decision.

We were also able to assist a minister's widow who had a stroke and her family were worried because she did not have proper nightwear and toiletries for use in the hospital! We also assisted a young Zimbabwean refugee who is staying with us; he has through great patience and persistence managed to register to do graphic design at collage here in Pretoria. He really needs a computer with a graphic programme on it for this course and we wondered if there was anyone who might have a laptop that they no longer use? This young man has such potential despite poor circumstances and it would be wonderful if he could be helped to realise his dreams! We were also able to assist another young person with some finance towards driving lessons which will help in getting a job because a driving licence is a very big asset in job hunting here in South Africa.

Needless to say the money is just about finished; we have kept a little aside for any emergency as we constantly come across serious emergencies and it is so good to be able to respond in kind as well as prayer. We cannot thank all of you enough who have contributed to the fund sent to us from SA Link as you can read we have used it well (we hope you agree?) and many people have benefitted from being fed to being assisted in relating across the barriers that separate many people

in SA. We see so many people suffering every day in some way or another and it is thanks to the generosity of many of you in Scotland we can at least ease the suffering a little for some in a very practical way.

With much love from
Sandra and Graham



CHARITY NIGHT

Friday 22 Oct 2010
7pm for 7.30pm

The Three Kings
Wester Shieldhill

*To support Christian Aid's
work in Kenya by buying a
well for a local village*

2 Course Dinner
Elvis Cabaret
Disco
Tickets £15





Notes From a Shieldhill Garden

Spring has come at last chasing the snow away. The daffodils that hid under the white blanket burst forth with an exuberance and danced under a warming sunshine. The primroses and primulas and early members of the geranium family give splashes of purple, blue, pink and red among the yellows of the daffodils.

This is where the skill of our Lords hand is seen at work creating the different types and shades.

The first butterflies bravely dance among the blooms. Small whites, small tortoiseshell and an orange tip have all been in this garden. The orange tip butterfly was more usually seen in the southern end of our island but their numbers are rising and they have moved north. Could this be a sign that the earth is warming?

Bumblebees buzz among the flowers and blossom. The very first large bees are the queens and they are looking for a hole in which to build a nest. Bees are needed to enable flowers and blossom to make seed; some of this seed is our food.

God gave everything a job to do to enable his plan for life to work.

May is the month of the dawn chorus. The first bird to sing is the blackbird. The blackbird is followed by the robin and then the others join in. Some of you may be lucky enough to have a nest in your garden. We have some young starlings that have joined the throng at the feeding station. Fresh water is also important especially when we have days of sunshine.

My compost heaps are heating up. I am hoping to be able to have some ready to dig into the garden quite soon. It is good to fill the planters with a free mix.

God made a wonderful world and the variety of plants and animals illustrate this.

Rena Moore

Composting

God made Heaven and Earth then The Lord God took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to work it and take care of it :Genesis Ch2 V15.

A growing problem for all of us is the amount of waste we produce, and the amount being sent to landfill. Organic waste rots down in landfills to form methane which is a powerful climate change gas, the effects of which are twenty three times more potent than carbon dioxide. Luckily you can play your part in reducing waste in your own back garden.

WRAP (the Waste & Resources Action Programme) Scotland and the Scottish Government are in partnership to provide a range of subsidised home compost bins to every household in Scotland. Composting at home diverts waste and produces a wonderful, healthy and free material that you can use all round your garden. You can feed your bin uncooked vegetable and fruit scraps including potato, carrot and sprout peelings, orange peel, banana skins, tea bags and even the contents of your vacuum cleaner. Garden weeds, grass clippings and paper items such as egg boxes, toilet roll tubes and shredded letters go in too. This will soon turn into rich, healthy compost you can use all round your garden as a mulch and soil improver.

WRAP Scotland in partnership with the Scottish Government offers compost bins for as little as £8, and this includes delivery, full instructions on how to compost and a free kitchen caddy. For more details, and to order your bin visit www.wasteawarescotland.org.uk or ring the order line on 0845 076 0223.



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

My Testimony

I was born in Ballymena in Northern Ireland on the 12 June 1932. I was the third son in a family of three boys and three girls. It was my father's second marriage so I had two half brothers that we treated as uncles. I was privileged to be born in Ballymena which at that time was referred to as the bible belt of Northern Ireland. At the age of four I was taken to Sunday school along with my older brother. The superintendent just lived along the road from us so she picked us up as she made her way to church. I must have loved the Sunday school and bible class as I have a bible that was presented to me for twelve years unbroken attendance.



At the age of nine I joined the Life Boys and spent three years there until I was the age for joining the Boys Brigade. This was to be one of the greatest decisions I was to make as the BB was to play a big part in my life for the next twenty years. I loved all the various activities especially the Bible class and the physical education side. I was good at PE and after a few years I came to the attention of the Ballymena Battalion who enlisted me to train the N C O's at their week- end training camps. One particular NCO was William James Mc Bride who was later to captain the British Lions team that defeated Australia in the test series. In the Bible class I was often challenged as to my need to give my life to Christ. I was very competitive and never liked being beaten, be it in the Bible Class exam, the Drill Down, or the cup for the best all round boy. To my satisfaction I won the Cup several times. I rose through the ranks to become an Officer.

As a teenager I had a very full Sunday. It consisted of Bible Class, Morning Church, BB Bible Class, Evening Church and the after Church Rally. Once a year there was a social evening. When I was 14 I went to the social evening with my chum and we sat in the front seat nearest the door where the food would appear. We wanted to get first pick of all the goodies. During the tea the speaker came off the platform and sat down beside us. During the conversation he asked us if we were Christians. We both said we were not. Before he returned to the platform he asked if he could write to us and I said this would be fine. After the service I gave him my address and so started a correspondence that was to have a big influence in my life. His name was Joe Golligher and it was through Joe that I became a Christian. He sent me little booklets along with the

letters. One particular booklet was called Great Facts. It asked why I should be a Christian also how to become a Christian and what is the Christian standard of life.

After reading the Booklet I could not put off making a decision any longer. By my own bedside I knelt down on my knees and asked Christ into my life. This was on the 17 June 1947. Once I became a Christian many of the elders in the church took me under their wing and sought to nurture me in the Christian faith. Many of them took afternoon or evening meetings at the many mission halls in Ballymena and they took me with them to give my testimony and sing solos. One of the elders was a Sunday School Superintendent in an afternoon Sunday school and I became a teacher there. I had a mixed class of teenagers two of whom became great men of God. One was the Rev Thomas Shaw who up to recently was the President of the Faith Mission .The other was Billy Campbell who is a Missionary in Hong-Kong.

When I was seventeen a new Bank Manager was appointed at the Ulster Bank He started a Male voice and a mixed choir and I became a member of both choirs. I am still involved in male voice choirs some sixty years later. I was encouraged to attend many of the Conferences held in N Ireland. One special conference was the one in Bangor at Easter. In 1962 a group of young people from Fort William hall attended the Conference in Bangor. In the group was a beautiful red head called Janet Rodgers and she took my fancy right away .I set about getting to know her and when she was returning home she gave me her phone number and address and we started to correspond and I visited her whenever I could. After a year I proposed to her beside the Caledonian canal at Neptune's Staircase. She said yes and so plans were set in place to get married in about a year's time.

A Minister who is chaplain to 1st Duneane BB heard that I was getting married and came to me with a proposal. He needed a captain and I needed a house to bring my new bride to so could we have a deal. If I agreed to be captain of his Company he would provide me with a new house in a new housing estate. Much as I loved 2nd Ballymena BB this was too good an offer to turn down so I accepted. On the 12th September 1964 we were married in Fort William Free Presbyterian Church. After two weeks travelling in the North of Scotland Janet and I set up home in our new house in the village of Randlestown. Two days before our first anniversary we were blessed with the arrival of a daughter Lorraine Elizabeth. Janet could not settle in N Ireland as it was too flat and she

missed the mountains and hills. This was understandable as she previously lived in Corpach- a village at the foot of Ben Nevis. We moved to Lenzie as I had secured a job in Stewart and Lloyds Steelworks in Tollcross as an Instructor training technician apprentices to work in the company. In December 1967 we were blessed with the birth of a boy Robert Nathaniel

When my wife was diagnosed with cancer in Dec 2000 I was supported by my Minister , our elder, the Guild and members of the church. Janet was admitted to hospital with pneumonia in the middle of May 2001. On the 31st May Janet was seriously ill and the family was sent for. The Minister came to the hospital and prayed with the family that morning and committed Janet into the care and keeping of the Lord that she loved and sought to serve for over 50 years. At 3-45 pm Janet was called home. The Faith Mission took part in the service of celebration of Janet's life which was very fitting as Janet loved the Faith Mission and was a soloist at their Special Meetings in Fort William and district over many years.

I missed Janet very much as we had been together for over 37 years. I joined the Christian Friendship Group in Glasgow and through this organization I met Lorna. The friendship blossomed and we got married in Blackbraes and Shieldhill Church on the 5th August 2004.

I joined the Church and after a short time, I was asked to join the eldership which I readily accepted. Due to the illness of the secretary to the board I was asked to undertake the job and I accepted. When Rev Jim Drysdale retired Lorna and I became members of the nominating committee. I took over the clerk's job due to the illness of Jim Currie. After some time Louise wrote to me expressing an interest in the vacancy This was great news as we had heard great things about Louise. Louise became our Minister and the rest is history.

It is lovely to be part of the Bible Study Group and the Prayer Group. I am so pleased to be an Office Bearer and to support Louise in any way I can. We look forward to great things continuing to happen in the Church. As I continue my Christian journey I am constantly striving to be at my best for my Master whose I am and whom I seek to serve.

Robert S Thompson.

An Inner Light

People have a beautiful inner light.
shining in the goodness of their souls.

To most the light is largely unseen,
hidden behind the curtain of their being.
But some people can sense in others,
this light which can burn so bright.

It lights up when there is hope,
contained deep within our hearts.

It lights up when there is joy,
residing deep within our souls.

It lights up when compassion,
is our friend and main companion.

This light comes down from God,
it is a gift and blessing so special.
It is within every man and woman,
and it always shines so bright.

When love, compassion and joy,
reside within the fabric of the soul.

We all have this beautiful inner light,
Which is so deep within our hearts

This light can shine in us forever,
bringing peace, and blessed hope.

The greatest joy and love of all,
if we would only let the light shine.

by Andrew Robertson

The Walk of Faith.



Drew's
view

I'm not too good with heights. It's not that I've got a full blown phobia with them or anything like that. It's just that I'm a little bit uncomfortable with them. This can be a bit frustrating sometimes because the irony of all this is that I actually love looking at photos of views and vistas taken from high buildings and aeroplanes. I seem to have no problem with this if it is just a photograph.

I used to visit Blackpool quite a lot and there is one landmark that I always loved looking at, but at the same time with a certain sense of trepidation. That was, of course, Blackpool Tower. On certain days, if I felt brave enough, I would snatch a quick glance upwards to the observation deck at the top and marvel at how high it was. I would then just as hastily look back down! I would think on how fantastic the view must be. I had heard that on certain days, when the visibility is very good that it is even possible to see the Isle of Man, sixty miles away.

One occasion last Spring when I spent a few days there, the weather was just perfect, with crystal clear sunny days that were not hot enough to allow a haze to shimmer on the horizon, but still pleasant enough to enjoy the gentle warmth that a Spring day like this can offer. I stole a quick look up at the tower which was looking down at me this time very benevolently in the bright morning sunshine and said to myself,

“This is it! I'm going for it!”

What spurred me on as well was that I had just bought a brand new digital camera which had some fantastic features on it. It was ideal for taking panorama type photos - the ones that you can join together to create an almost three dimensional, 365 degree view. It also had a really good zoom as well, so the temptation to use all of these features was irresistible! I also thought I had nothing to lose because the Tower building has so many other entertainments at ground level, and as a result, my admission fee wouldn't be wasted if I chickened out at the last moment! I had also heard that recently, a brand new express lift had been fitted that would whisk me to the top in a matter of minutes,

so I imagined the lift would be one of these totally closed in lifts that are standard in office blocks and high flats. What could be easier?

Without further hesitation, I headed straight up to the lifts which were situated on the top floor, bypassing all the many features and attractions that the Tower has to offer – I could see them later! The lift was there, the doors were open and they were taking on passengers, so no time to think! I stepped hastily on board and thought, this isn't so bad. It's a normal lift. This will be a piece of cake! The doors closed and up we went. I looked around to one side, saw movement and looked just in time to see us shooting up through the roof of the building very rapidly.

Yes...you've guessed it. One side of the lift was transparent glass!

Yikes!

So I shut my eyes, gritted my teeth and waited until they said we were at the top. When I felt the lift slowing down to a stop and the long awaited whoosh of the doors opening, I opened my eyes and found a really solid and safe observation deck which was totally enclosed as I knew it would be.

The observation deck was very nice with souvenirs for sale and lots of novelty items, but I must admit, after stealing a few quick glances out of the windows, I still didn't like the height much. However, I found that working the camera took my mind of it a bit and I just concentrated, taking photos from every side and looking through the viewfinder, which made the view look small and manageable rather than looking out the windows. Anyway I knew I would have lots of great photos to look at later down in the safety of good old *terra firma*, where I could look at the stunning view from every angle. Once I'd taken photos from every conceivable angle, I was right back down as fast as the lift would take me and beat a retreat to the cafeteria for a strong coffee, feeling rather pleased with myself.

During my brief stay at the top, there was an ingenious little feature I saw that totally fascinated me, although I didn't linger to look at it or contemplate it for too long while I was up there. I saw a square of glass on the floor. It was easy to locate, due to the loud gasps of people as they encountered this little modification to the Tower's architecture. There were three types of gasp. One type was absolute pleasure and a sense of a thrilling discovery. The other type was a gasp of horror which

sounded a bit strangled. The third type was a combination of the first two.

Apparently they call this little enhancement "The Walk of Faith." And I can understand why. It is about five feet wide and visitors are invited to walk across it. If you happen to look down (and people who are scared of heights might be best to skip the next few sentences,) you can observe little matchstick figures walking along the street, four hundred feet below. The buses and cars look like little toys. The glass gives a perfect illusion that you are suspended in mid air 400 feet above them. A few brave souls take this "walk of faith" and even the tower authorities seem to think that this is really something, as they issue a commemorative certificate to anyone who walks across the glass. On the day I visited, there were lots of certificates still available, so I don't think many had been issued on that day!

I once read somewhere that the glass is so thick that you could quite safely park a car on it. I'm not sure if this is true or just another of these urban myths that you hear. I would need to check with the Tower people on that one, but for some reasons, probably quite wrongly, I always have visions of a rather flattened looking Morris Minor at the bottom of the tower with the "Walk of Faith" sign caught in a hole in the roof, still sitting on a large although now rather cracked piece of glass!

The Walk of Faith touched me and left a lasting impression in a way that the Tower management had probably not intended. It made me think that so often in life, we have to put our trust in other people. To have faith in them. To know in our hearts that they won't let us down. We do this each and every day. We also have faith in objects as well, like the piece of glass, so skilfully fitted in the floor of Blackpool Tower to thrill the visitors there. We know that it has been designed by top engineers and fitted by expert craftsmen. It is probably the safest piece of glass in the world. But because the glass appears invisible to us, we have to take that walk of faith and walk across it to get to the other side.

It is so often like that in our relationship with the Lord as well. He is invisible and to reach out to him requires a walk of faith. However once a person has the courage to take their first faltering steps across the glass, his presence is strongly felt. The fear that was once so tangible and crippling vanishes as this person realises they are not alone as they walk across. They never will be. The glass is being supported under their feet and is totally unbreakable.

Even one of Jesus' disciples who was closest to him had to take this walk of faith. In Matthew chapter 14, verses 25-32 from their boat, the disciples see Jesus walking across the water to them. Initially they think it is a ghost and when Jesus reassures them it is him, Peter cries out,

“Lord if it is you, command me to come to you on the water,”

And of course Jesus tells Peter to walk towards him.

It is easy to imagine how Peter must have felt as he took his first tentative steps across the rough water. This was the ultimate walk of faith. He must have felt fear at first. Trepidation. But after this initial doubt, an overriding faith that Jesus, whom he loved and trusted implicitly, wouldn't allow him to drown. It was only when he became frightened and his faith faltered that he began to sink. He cried out for Jesus to save him. And of course, Jesus reached out his arms and caught him.

John Ortberg wrote a wonderful book about this walk of faith that Peter had made called “If You Want to Walk on Water, You Have to get out of the Boat.” In it he describes what must have been going through Peter's mind as he took his walk of faith:

“When I let go of the side it was the hardest thing I'd ever done. I was afraid I'd die. Yet now I actually find myself doing what Jesus is doing. I don't know how it's working. I'm not doing anything differently Yet something – Someone – is holding me up. *I think I'm beginning to understand now. It is true. He really is the One*”

Sometimes we have to be a bit daring like Peter. We often need a lot of courage to embark on our walk across the narrow and fragile path of glass that makes up our lives. But it is such a comfort to know that we are not walking alone if we have faith to seek out the Lord and ask for his guidance. Our fear and vulnerability vanishes when we reach our hands out to him for his support. We can feel his presence without any shadow of a doubt.

He is walking across the glass with us. He always has and always will.

He will never let us fall.

Unsung Heroes

In May of this year I received a letter from the Volunteer Centre, Falkirk, telling me that I had been nominated for my voluntary work with MND Scotland (Motor Neurone Disease) and would I like to attend an award ceremony on 7 June. I soon discovered that the other ladies who also fundraise for MND Scotland had received letters, so those who could duly attended. It was being held at the Inchyra Hotel and we did have a very short red carpet to walk on but no champagne and caviar for us – tea and cake only.



I have to admit I did not know the Volunteer Centre existed and was astonished to discover that this was the 11th Annual Award Ceremony. Their offices are in Callendar Business Park and there is a volunteer centre shop in East Bridge Street, Falkirk, and their aim is to support, develop and represent the volunteers in the Falkirk area. They are there to give or find help for voluntary groups who are short on helpers, advertise any fundraising events and send new volunteers in the right direction when they are looking for somewhere to be useful and helpful. They also help any new charity group through the technical and legal pitfalls when they are getting themselves organised, and make office equipment available if needed and give any training which might be useful.

Many of the charities mentioned during the evening are well known – WRVS, Braveheart, Seagull Trust, Mental Health, Chest Heart and Stroke, Rape Crisis, Age Concern and my own MND Scotland, and we've supported them all at some time or another when we can, but it's the individual volunteers who are the Unsung Heroes.

The young girl who works in the WRVS hospital shop for two hours after school, the school janitor who gives his time at Stenhousemuir Primary School Football Team, the ladies giving their time at the Dolphin Club helping special needs children and adults recovering from heart and stroke illnesses exercise in water, the gentleman who has been involved with the 3rd Bo'ness Scouts for the last 30 years and the Mahratta Bingo Ladies who for the last 30 years have raised between £300 and £600 every week for various charities. There is also the Befriending Groups, Community Centres, Drop in Centres, Addiction and Counselling Centres, Advice Bureaus, sports groups and many other groups catering for both old and young, keeping them occupied and entertained and

making them feel needed and loved. There was also a group called LinkLiving Smart Living who are teenagers who at some time or another have been homeless and now have a purpose and are helping others in the same position as they were. They are the Unsung Heroes, the people who quietly, lovingly, patiently and consistently help others.

At the end of the evening I felt I was there under false pretences and did very little compared to some of these people, and if you ask them they would say that they did not consider themselves special and got as much love back as they gave. Volunteers do not ask for thanks, they just want to help make life better for those who need help. They are the Unsung Heroes.

Norma Jack

**www.cvsfalkirk.org.uk
tel 01324 692000**



The Sunday School are holding a fundraising event to support Christian Aid's work in Kenya. The children hope to raise enough money to buy a well for a Kenyan village.

Without clean water, villagers become ill with diseases like typhoid and cholera, and have to buy expensive medicines to get better. So they get stuck in a cycle of sickness and poverty that they can't get out of. Clean water revolutionises lives, and helps end poverty.

The event is on Friday 22 October, 2010, at The Three Kings, Wester Shieldhill. Tickets cost £15, and include a two course meal, an Elvis tribute cabaret, and a disco. This promises to be a great night, so please bring along your family and friends to support this worthwhile cause.

Tickets are available from The Sunday School and also from the minister (tel 717757)





CHRISTIAN AID WEEK

The sum of £1726 was raised in the door-to-door collection thanks to the generosity of the people of Shieldhill and California and the efforts of the volunteers during Christian Aid Week 2010.

Also, the small change collected in the Christian Aid money boxes by some members and friends of the congregation amounted to £113.

The lunch held at the start of Christian Aid Week raised a further £76 in donations.

The breakdown of this year's Christian Aid Week total for Shieldhill and California is, therefore, as follows:

Door-to-door collection	£1726.00
Money boxes	£ 113.00
Lunch	£ <u>76.00</u>
Total:	£<u>1915.00</u>

Thanks are due to all who contributed towards this amount for the ongoing work of Christian Aid. Thanks are also due to the volunteers who helped to collect, count and bank the money.



Marion Zacks

Christian Aid Organiser

www.christianaid.org.uk