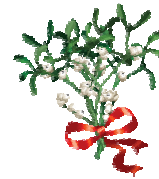


Blackbraes and Shieldhill
Parish Church
linked with
Muiravonside Parish Church
Winter 2014



www.bsandm-church.org.uk
Tel 01324 717757
louise.mcclements@virgin.net

November 2014



My dear friends,

Today as I sit here at my desk I cannot quite believe that I am at this point ... that all of the years of training are complete, that a congregation has affirmed the call that I have felt for all of these years and has called me as their Minister and that in just a few short days I will say Good bye to all of you!

The past 15 months have gone so quickly but, I have thanked God every day that He has called me to spend them with you in Blackbraes and Shieldhill linked with Muiravonside.

In these months as I have shared this stage of my ministry with you many of you have become friends and I have been blessed by your encouraging words and your prayers. You have welcomed me into your homes with open arms, you have been patient with me and gracious when I've made mistakes, and celebrated with me when things have gone well and you have encouraged me and helped to shape my ministry ... and I really do want to say thank you!

You have shared some of your most difficult times with me and it has really humbled me that you have been so open and honest with me and I have also had the real joy of sharing some of your happiest moments of celebration, I've helped marry some of you, or I've taken part in your baby's baptism ... and it really has been such a privilege to have served as your Probationer Assistant Minister!

This time next week I will be embarking on the next stage of my journey when I join the Ministry Team at Camelon Parish Church and then just a few short days later on Thursday the 4th of December I will be ordained as a Minister but I will always fondly remember my time with you here, it has been very special and you will always have a place in my heart ... keep in touch!

And so all that is left is for me is to say Thank you, and to wish you a peaceful Christmas and a blessed New Year.

And to share the words of this Gaelic blessing with you ...

*May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face;
The rains fall soft upon your fields
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand. Amen.*



Your friend, Amanda

What's on at Muiravonside

Muiravonside Women's Group

Meets in the Salvation Army Hall, Main Street, Maddiston every second Wednesday at 7:30pm.

Muiravonside Choral Society

Meets in Muiravonside Church on Tuesdays at 2:30pm. If you are interested in joining the choir then please speak to the minister or the choir secretary - Mrs June D'eangelis. Our Christmas concert this year is on Sunday the 14th of December at 4pm.

Santa Drive

This year the Santa Drive takes place in the community centre in Maddiston on the 11th December at 7:00pm. This is a fun night for children and adults alike so please come along.

A father was at the beach with his children when his four year old son ran up to him, grabbed him by the hand and led him to the shore where a seagull lay dead in the sand.

"Daddy what happened to him?" the wee boy asked.

Dad replied, "He died and went to heaven"

The boy looked puzzled, and thought for a moment, "Dad did God throw him back down?"



Baptisms

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

Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish

Callan Alexander Wilson
infant son of
Gayle and Steven Wilson

Funerals

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

Blackbraes and Shieldhill Parish

Mrs Elizabeth Frickleton
Mrs Helen McKinnon
Mr Derek Strang

Muiravonside Parish

Mrs Janet Marshall
Mr Alexander Marshall
Ms Elsie Sneddon
Mrs Margaret McClintock
Mr William Stoddart
Mr James Wilson
Mr George Patterson
Mrs Eleanor Roberts

My mum and I would like to thank everyone for their prayers, flowers, cards and visits following the sudden death of my dad Billy on the 4th of September. Special thanks to Amanda who was a wonderful support and to Philip the hospital chaplain.

Louise and Carolyn

My family and I would like to thank all church members and friends for the lovely cards and support shown to us at the sad loss of my dear wife Helen. It was a great comfort to the family to know that Helen was so well thought of.

I would like to say a special thank you to all the Sunday School children for the two lovely cards they made for me. It really touched me when I read them.

Thank you all so much for your kindness and support.

Bill McKinnon and family.

Whitefoord House Garden Party

Through a donation made by Muiravonside Church to Scottish Veterans Residences, I received an invitation to a garden party. So with the minister's blessing I accepted - taking along as my guest Rita Braes. The Garden Party was to celebrate the opening of a further 6 en-suite bedrooms, a new gymnasium and a weights room.

On arrival at Whitefoord House, Canongate, Edinburgh, we were welcomed by Major General Mark Strudwick who is the chairman of Scottish Veterans Residences and a member at Muiravonside. In the background Cpl Hugh Scott as playing some well known Scottish pipe tunes on his bagpipes. After a welcoming speech in which Mark gave a brief history of how the Veterans Residences was founded, we had a walk around the beautiful well kept gardens and enjoyed chatting to other guests. We were then invited to go into lunch which was served buffet style with a marvellous selection of hot and cold dishes accompanied by a glass of wine.

With lunch finished we then took a tour of the six new en-suite rooms, created from attic space at Whitefoord House. The bedrooms were well proportioned and furnished to a very high standard. The well equipped gymnasium and weights room is there to enable residents regain strength and prepare them for the future. Support workers are also on hand to give guidance and help with the way forward in what has been a very traumatic time for the veterans.

A short re-dedication service of two war memorials was carried out by the Reverend Neil Gardener, and tea and coffee was served prior to us leaving.

As a farewell to a lovely afternoon we were entertained by pipers from RAF Leuchars who again played some well known Scottish tunes. Both Rita and I had a most enjoyable day.

Moira Sharp



November – A Time for Remembering

November since 1919 has been the month of Remembrance. This year 2014 marks the centenary of the beginning of the Great War or World War 1. Over the past few months it has been highlighted in the media. Millions of men and women on both sides gave their lives in search of peace but conflict has continued to this day. Even after World War 2, service men and women have been involved in campaigns worldwide and our soldiers have just recently returned from Afghanistan where 453 British men and women gave their lives in search of peace for those living there.

The War Memorial stands tall in the Main Street in Shieldhill. Hewn from roughly dressed Aberdeen granite, it bears the names of 20 men from east and west Shieldhill and Summerhouse, killed in the first World War and 9 men from the area killed in the second World War. The land for the memorial was gifted by John McIsaac from Greenmount Farm and was unveiled on Sunday 1 June 1924 by Captain Thomas Harvey from Weedingshall Polmont. On that day, former schoolmaster Henry Hogg paid tribute to the fallen.

For many years I stood on Remembrance Sunday with a group from the village or walked past the memorial without giving the names a second glance. Thanks to Jim Currie who researched each name, the fallen have meaning. Behind each name there is a story. Each name involves a family. The families must have felt bereft when opening a telegram they read the details of the deaths of these young men. Particularly poignant is the story of two young brothers, Malcolm and William McIsaac. Both served in the 149 siege gun battery and both were killed on the same day by the same shell. I wonder if the parents found comfort in that their sons were buried in adjoining graves.

Lorna Coulter

Webb Ivory

Thanks to all who subscribed to the Webb Ivory catalogue. Margaret Gow and Liz MacGowan raised £320 for church funds. Their work is much appreciated.

Names

Names characters cut, carved in timeless stone-
Mark that moment, instant, last-gasp breath
When time stopped and eternity dawned
For the named.

Names once ranked, numbered, ordered, filed,
Fell in conflict's chaotic carnage ,
Shrouded by the fog of war. Deep within time's spectral mist
Lie the named

Names, called into service, summoned to action
In gunmetal skies, desert sand, foaming sea, silent depths;
Charged by duty, wreathed with honour
Stand the named.

Names purposely chosen by parental process,
Identity tags, labels to faces, shortcuts to characters
Some mother's son; a father's little girl
Are the named.

One name offered for all – Jesus given so none need die.
His name - Heaven's unencrypted password, where those forgiven
Find in God's generous, gracious hand that
They are named.



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.

As well as saving paper, and trees, you would receive the magazine in colour. It could also be enlarged if you need to see it in large print.

You can also find photos, news and the Minister's Blog on our website.



The Gift of a Smile



On a sunny June day, I made my way to Edinburgh to attend the annual National Executive Guild overnight conference. I was excited as I was looking forward to meeting the many friends I had made at previous Guild meetings.

After leaving the train at Waverley Station, I walked round to the Bridges and boarded a number 22 bus which would take me to Pollock Halls, the venue for the conference. It was a lovely journey. Edinburgh sparkled in the June sunshine. People hurried by on the pavements and at every bus stop some, reaching their destination got off the bus while others queuing patiently waited their turn to get on. I looked out of the window often, just to make sure that I would get off at the correct stop. A lady sitting beside me assured me that she would make certain I would arrive safely at the Pollock Halls stop.

It was a short walk from the bus stop to the entrance of the venue and I walked confidently trailing my overnight case behind me. Just as I turned a corner, I found myself falling. I put out my left hand to save myself when suddenly I became aware of a hand stretched out preventing me from reaching the ground. She helped me up and brushed down my jacket. "I fell there yesterday" she said "In that very same spot.". The pavement broken in parts had possibly been the cause of both our accidents. I thanked the lady and we both went on our way. My left hand was stiff but I knew it was not broken and after I had checked in I had time to soak it for 10 minutes in cold water before going for coffee in the conference hall.

The conference went well. The discussions were informative, thoughtful and often serious. The Guild knows well that just like the church it faces many challenges. After dinner which was served in the dining room of the old house, it was back to the business on hand. The evening ended with fun. We exchanged stories, tried to answer the quiz which covered many subjects and ended having supper and chatting before retiring to our comfortable rooms.

Next morning we had breakfast in the bustling student dining room. We joined queues at the self service and the drinks machines. I was


carefully carrying my tray to a table when I was surprised to hear the question “How are you after your fall yesterday?” I looked round and noticed a lady dressed in white kitchen apparel, her hair covered completely by a cap. Her question was followed by a beautiful smile revealing lovely white teeth. Rather surprised I answered “Thankyou, but I didn’t recognise you.”

“Oh, I didn’t know your face but I remembered the blue cameo brooch you were wearing on the collar of your jacket.” We laughed as we said goodbye and she hurried to resume her duties. I never learned her name but I will remember her kindness and her lovely smile. She made my day. It all happens in the Guild!

Lorna Coulter

All are
welcome!

Guild Diary 2015



21 January	Sophie McClements Youth Assembly
4 February	History of Optics Ann Marie Macklin
18 February	The Gideons Peter Brown
4 March	Crossreach Jane Allan
18 March	Falkirk Foodbank
25 March	ABM Guild Topic How to Share
24 April	Folk Night Chapter Four

Meetings are held on Wednesday evenings 7. 30pm in the church hall.

Presbyterial Council meetings

12 March	ABM and Get Together
4 June	Summer rally - Condorrat Parish Church



Drew's
view

*Hi Everybody,
I decided to do something a bit different this
time and have written another story with
fictional characters. However, the events
described could actually happen when God's*

*love and fellowship is involved! Have a nice Christmas.
Blessings from Drew.*

The Mountains come to Mrs Montgomery

Mrs Montgomery opened the ornate panelled door which was adorned with a large Christmas holly wreath. A smile lit up her face.

“Ah, it's you my dear, come in. You're just in time for tea.”

She was always glad when her niece Marjory came to visit. Her presence seemed to immediately brighten up what was a dark and gloomy afternoon. The best part about it all was that Marjory would tell her the latest news about last Saturday's hill walking expedition. She tried to hide her hands which were red and swollen and grimaced a little as she stepped back to let Marjory in.

“You're not looking so well, Aunt Gladys. Is your arthritis really bad today? Marjory asked, concerned.

“Och I have good days and bad days, my dear. This isn't one of my best, but I've had much worse.”

She added, “Don't worry about it. Here, give me your coat. Sit down over there by the fire. I've got some tea ready and I'm just dying to hear how you both got on last Saturday. It was Ben Ledi you were climbing, wasn't it?”

“Yes that's right Aunt Gladys,” Marjory replied still concerned. “Your directions and drawings were out of this world. How do you manage to put so much detail on such a small sheet of paper?”

Mrs Montgomery smiled, genuinely touched by her niece's praise. Years ago, she had compiled lots of neat concise files on each hill,

with lots of notes, drawings and useful information. Gingerly, she walked over to her armchair, trying not to grimace as the pain shot up her left leg. It was such a struggle these days to walk even a short distance.

It hadn't always been like this. Not so long ago, Mrs Montgomery had been the president of the Central Scotland Hill Walkers Association. She had been regarded as a legendary figure among the hill walking fraternity. At one time, she had frequently toured Scotland, visiting hill walking clubs and Guilds, organising get - togethers and rallying up support for the hobby. Her encyclopaedic knowledge of the hills and mountains of Scotland, together with her limitless enthusiasm were infectious. Many a person took up the hobby after spending an evening at one of her talks, listening to her adventures in the hills. But this didn't just extend to total strangers. Mrs Montgomery attended a small church in the village and every year she would take a party from the church on a very special walk in the hills above Largs.

At first they had travelled to other locations, but there was something so special about this place, with its gentle splendour and excellent views, that the requests just kept coming in time after time to go back there. In the end, the annual outing became a treasure in the church calendar which was eagerly awaited. It was a wonderful chance for fellowship on the trip and when the summit was reached there was a chance for quiet reflection, enjoying the wonderful views and marvelling at the world God has created. Mrs Montgomery had seen some of the best views in Scotland and had stood on the summits of its highest mountains, but this was the walk she loved most, as her dearest friends were with her to share her joy.

So it was all the more devastating for her, when the arthritis that before, had only given her an occasional twinge, had steadily become worse over the last two years. Her health had deteriorated to such an extent, that a hill walking expedition was now only a golden memory of halcyon days, which she relived over and over in her mind. Nobody really knew just how much she missed her wonderful hobby, with the exception of her niece Marjory and Dennis, her husband. They were very close to their aunt. They both wanted so much to do something to help her experience the freedom and sense of achievement in reaching the summit of a mountain again.

Alas, both of them were absolutely stumped. They felt so helpless watching this brave lady trying to deal with her sense of loss. Marjory and her husband had taken over running the annual church hill walking expedition. The only consolation was that both of them sensed that Mrs Montgomery seemed to have new sense of purpose, giving them advice and hints, as well as helping with the preparations. They both knew however that it just wasn't the same. The sparkle that Mrs Montgomery brought to it all with her wealth of experience, unlimited patience and entertaining stories which had the party in stitches, just wasn't there.

As they finished their tea and biscuits, Mrs Montgomery went over to the large teak bookcase and brought out a small blue folder neatly labelled "Douglas Park, Largs."

Just last week, she had asked Marjory and Dennis if they could go back there, just to tell her what it was like in winter and to see if anything had changed. With a smile, she carefully gave Marjory the folder.

Later, back home, Marjory marvelled at how her aunt had managed to put so much detail on the small sheets of paper. There it all was - the park, the paths, the summit. Everything was all sketched out in loving and meticulous detail, with accompanying notes that were so easy to understand, a child could follow them. Her eyes misted with tears as she read her aunt's cheery and anecdotal notations. As usual, she felt totally useless, wishing more than anything in the world she could do something. An armada of rain clouds had arrived and the battering rain with its twisting rivulets tracing wistful patterns on the windows only added to her depression.

She was still poring over the neatly handwritten pages, when Dennis arrived home from work and it was the sound of his footsteps that brought her back from a world of mountains, glens and lochs.

"Huh? Is it that time already?" she asked dreamily.

"It certainly is!" he replied. "I know. . .Dinner is in the oven!"

He then spotted the folder.

“Great! You’ve got next Saturday’s route!” Dennis shouted, enthusiastically lifting and laying the folder and papers, which Marjory had at first laid out meticulously and were now spread-eagled all over the place.

“Careful! These were all in the right order! Don’t move them about all over the place! Honestly, I sometimes wonder why I married you!” she teased, knowing that as much as she loved her husband, she could never get used to his infuriating habit of bringing chaos where there was order, especially where any kind of paperwork was concerned. He also never fixed anything in the house for ages. Those were his only faults.

“I’m sorry Marj. You’ve been worrying about your aunt again, haven’t you?” Dennis asked, deeply ashamed that he had let his enthusiasm for their hobby get the better of him and hadn’t noticed his wife was now close to tears.

“I just wish we could do something to help her. It’s so unfair.”

With a sigh, Marjory looked over at the many photographs on the sideboard, as her husband hugged her.

“She was so happy. You just have to look at the photographs. She must have went through hundreds of spools of film.....”

“Film!!!... That’s it!”

“Dennis, I’m not with you. What do you mean?”

“Don’t you see...! Oh my goodness! Why didn’t I think of this before!” he exclaimed in awe, “It’s so simple...and yet...I think it just might work!”

He grasped his wife’s hand, “Come with me, my dear! Mrs Montgomery may not be able to go to the mountains, but I’ll show you how we can bring the mountains to Mrs Montgomery!”

Dennis led her to his study halfway down the hall. The door opened with a creak that would rival any haunted residence in the country.

Boris Karloff would have approved. Marjory only groaned, knowing that her husband would one day get round to oiling the hinges, maybe still during this decade. A wiser part of her knew though she would probably end up carrying out the task herself. But then she saw what her husband was looking at and became excited herself. Following her husband's gaze upwards towards the top shelf, she immediately saw the small blue box and began to get an inkling of what Dennis had in mind.

All of his life, Dennis had been a film buff. As a teenager, he had owned a 35 millimeter film projector and had watched almost every old movie that had ever been made. When the new camcorders came out...well...Dennis thought he had died and gone to heaven! As a result, he had bought each new model when they had come out and now had the latest high definition, state of the art equipment, which was practically up to professional standard. Not even satisfied with this, the spare room was converted into a home cinema, boasting a 60 inch 3D tv which made you feel as if you were actually in the film.

Reaching up to the top shelf, being careful not to dislodge the mountain of videos, dvds, reels of film and other equipment which had been stored rather haphazardly for safe keeping, Dennis carefully brought down the box.

"Here's what we're going to do. Next Saturday we'll drive down to Largs and once we get to Douglas Park, I'll film the walk up the hill and we'll make a special dvd for your aunt. We'll show it to her when we bring her over on Christmas Day"

Marjory was not so convinced, "But are you sure this'll work? Won't the camera shake badly while you're walking. It would be pointless if it does that."

"No it won't Marj," her husband replied. Showing her the camera he explained "This is actually what's called an action camcorder. It's the very latest one out in the market and is designed for sports. It's got a gadget on it that'll help to stabilise the image and dampen a lot of the movement. That's the beauty of it!"

As the rest of the week slowly passed by, Marjory and Dennis agonised about the Christmas surprise that they had in mind for their aunt.

“Oh Dennis, do you think we’re doing the right thing?” Marjory asked for what must be the tenth time. “Won’t it just make her feel worse?”

“No I’m convinced this is going to work,” Dennis replied, “It’ll be very realistic. Trust me, she’ll feel like she’s actually there.”

Marjory looked a little more convinced, however, both of them knew they were taking a gamble, however well meaning it was.

Saturday morning dawned rather hazily, but the winter sun was soon peeping through, clearing the mist and an excellent day was promised. The journey was pleasant and uneventful, with the traffic being so light. Soon the urban sprawl of Glasgow and Paisley gave way to the countryside and in no time they were in Ayrshire and starting to descend the Haylie Brae, with the town of Largs far below them and the River Clyde stretching out cornflower blue in the winter sun. The water looked so calm you would have felt you could walk right across its glassy surface to the Isle of Cumbrae.

Dennis parked the car just along the road from Douglas Park. Immediately, the cold crisp winter air greeted them as they walked unhurriedly towards the park, beckoning them to the climb they were so looking forward to.

“I’m so glad we came here today. Isn’t it just lovely?” Marjory said softly, squeezing her husband’s hand. With an answering squeeze Dennis replied, “Yes we really landed lucky. Isn’t this weather just great. We’ll get some really good views from the top.”

Then, holding out his hand again he said excitedly, “Come on Marj, let’s go. It’ll only take a few moments to set up the camera.”

The ascent of the hill beyond Douglas Park is quite steep right from the very beginning, but in these conditions it posed no problem to either Marjory or Dennis. They easily climbed the grassy slopes which were dotted here and there with steps which were fashioned out of old railway sleepers. A wooden bench had been thoughtfully placed about half way up the slope on a piece of relatively flat land, for the more

weary climber to rest. Marjory gazed dreamily towards the Isle of Cumbrae which was already visible from this viewpoint, half way up the hill. But she knew from past experience that Douglas Park saves the best for last. Already, she was looking forward once more, to seeing the view from the summit which would be ten times better than this one.

Up they went, with Dennis leading, the camcorder's motor whirring almost silently as they ascended the steep wooden steps which marked the last part of the climb, now beginning to feel the affect of the steep slope on their experienced limbs. Then with one last push up the grassy and uneven hillside, they were finally there at the summit. It was breathtaking.

Far below them, the town of Largs stretched out, crystal clear in the winter sunlight and beyond that, the cornflower blue of the Firth of Clyde with its islands scattered like jewels as far as the eye could see. Beyond that, your imagination could convince you that it would actually be possible to see the Atlantic on a day like this, but it would be wishful thinking, as the hills of Bute and Kintyre would obscure it. To the south, in the far distance, Ailsa Craig rose majestically up out of the waters, almost halfway to the coast of Ireland.

And Dennis filmed it all.

Back home, late that evening, Dennis was still editing the pieces of film he had shot. Every detail had come out and sitting on the comfortable little settee in his cosy home cinema, they marvelled at the view which was only slightly diminished on the enormous t.v. He looked at the small calendar which was on the wall - December 18th - still time to add a special extra ingredient to the film. When he told Marjory what he had in mind she hugged him.

"Dennis, you're a genius! She's going to love this!"

On Christmas Day, everything was set up. After a fantastic meal, Mrs Montgomery was just finishing her cup of strong tea. As expected, she asked the usual question.

"Well then, how did the walk go last week, my dears?"

Gently taking her hand, Marjory replied enigmatically, "Let's go into the next room Aunty and find out."

As Mrs Montgomery watched the dvd on the huge television there were tears streaming down her face. Marjory's heart sank. At first she thought her aunt was upset, but then she saw the look on her aunt's face and realised they were tears of joy.

For the next forty five minutes, Mrs. Montgomery sat enthralled. "There's Cumbrae Island," she gasped. "Oh look, there's Ailsa Craig - and - how close it seems," she marvelled with tears still streaming down her face. "It's so real, I feel as if I'm actually there!"

But there was another surprise still to come. In the week running up to Christmas, Marjory and Dennis had somehow managed to visit six of Mrs Montgomery's dearest friends who had always accompanied her on the church trip to Largs. As the camera panned around taking in the marvellous view, a small square would appear at the top left hand corner of the huge screen and each friend would appear with a special message.

One lady had joined the church a few years ago after moving into the area. The first outing she had participated in was the trip to Largs. She told Mrs Montgomery that she had been made to feel so welcome by the rest of the group and now considered every one of them as her dearest friends. Another related how she had been going through a difficult time at home. Then she found herself in this peaceful place with close friends that she loved. All of a sudden, a solution to a problem which seemed insoluble at home, seemed to come effortlessly to her as she sat in silent reflection with the rest of the group at the summit and enjoyed the wonderful views.

Each person had a moving testimony of how they enjoyed the fellowship so much with this group of friends and it was all due to her. It was last person who had the most touching thing to say.

"Gladys, you may not be able to come with us anymore, but in our hearts you are always there, guiding and encouraging us with your gentle humour and love for life. Dennis is going to film the outing every year so you'll always be with us. Once the dvd's ready, we'll all come round to watch the video and share this walk with you. We're so looking forward to this."

When the dvd was finally over, Mrs Montgomery sat stunned. "I've just walked up Douglas Park Hill and been reunited with all my friends....and I never left this chair!" "What a wonderful Christmas! Please, let's watch it again!"

She already looked ten years younger and what's more, Marjory was delighted to see the sparkle, which had died when she finished hill walking, was back in her Aunt's eyes. She had thought that she would never see this again.

"No problem Aunt Gladys and this is only the beginning. Dennis will film every walk we go on from now on, so you'll always be with us, no matter where we go and you'll never miss another walk again.

Mrs Montgomery hugged them both. Then as she enjoyed a piece of very rich, moist Christmas cake, washed down with Earl Grey tea whilst the dvd was being put on again, she added with the old excitement and exhilaration that had come back into her voice for the first time in two years,

"I can't wait till my next 'walk' in the hills."

National Stewardship Programme

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

	2013	2014
Jul	£1207	£1283
Aug	£1523	£1913
Sep	£1822	£1767

Ministries and Mission for 2014 is £1694.50 per month.

The cost of our wet rot repair was £2976.

Christine Jones



Guardian Angels

God has sent us all a special angel.

Under whose loving care we remain.

All of our lifetime on this earth.

Remaining close by our side.

Devoted to each and every soul.

Invoking God's protective strength.

And watching that we stay safe.

Never tiring nor wearying of us.

An angel who loves us unconditionally.

Never angry if we make mistakes.

Gently helping us to find the right way.

Encouraging the greatest good.

Leading us away from harm.

Sent by God as a messenger of his love.

By Drew Robertson



Muiravonside Finance Report

Income to 31/10/2014 - Totals

Weekly Freewill Offerings	£5261.11
Includes Gift Aid Small Donations Scheme for the period 07/04/2013-31/12/2013	£766.45
Gift Aid	£19074.19
Includes Gift Aid Tax Reduction for the period 01/07/2013 - 31/12/2013 and	£2539.55
for the period 01/01/2014 - 30/06/2014.	£2269.16

The retiring offering at the Remembrance Day service on 9th November was £130.00. A cheque for this amount has now been sent to Poppy Scotland.

***Moira Sharp, Treasurer
Muiravonside Parish Church***



Blythswood Trust Shoe Box Appeal

On behalf of Muiravonside Parish Church Moira and Rita forwarded 27 brightly covered shoe boxes - 8 Ladies, 4 Men, 9 Girls, 5 Boys and 1 with some items of baby woollens and toiletries.

We would very much like to thank all those from both congregations who filled their own boxes, the many people who donated goods, and those who gave generous monetary donations. The boxes have now been delivered to Blythswood Care.



***Thank you once again,
Moira and Rita***

Tales From a Shieldhill Garden



I am putting you in charge of the fish, the birds and all the wild animals. I have provided all kinds of grain and all kinds of fruit for you to eat; but for all the wild animals and for all kinds of birds I have provided grass and leafy plants for food. Genesis 1:29 and 30

This household and the garden have been blessed by the addition of four thumping paws. She has the grand name of 'Switzerland Gone To Town' but will answer to her household name - Sally - and is a Basset Hound.

Basset Hounds are an ancient breed of hunting dog. Their ancestors were probably St Huberts dogs that were bred by then monks of a monastery that was established in A.D 652-727 in Ardennes by Hubert, son of the Duc de Guienne. George Tuberville in his book 'Art of Venerie' (1576) states that the 'St Huberts are hounds, mighty of body, legs low and short, not swift, but very good on scent. The St Huberts were not one type but the strain was established. They were well known throughout France as hunting dogs.

The name Basset first appeared in Jaques du Fouilloux's book, 'Vénerie de Jaques du Fouilloux' that was published in 1585. He says that there were two types of bassets: crooked front Bassets and straight front Bassets. The crooked front hounds generally had short coats and raise small game whereas the straight fronted hounds had rough coats, ran larger game and did terrier work.

Bassets were sporting dogs in every sense of the word. By 1682 the crooked front Bassets proved to a useful companion for a gentleman with a gun because of their diminutive size, they could push through dense undergrowth and flush out game. As they are quite slow dogs, the game was easier for the huntsmen to take aim, particularly in those days when it took a little time to load and fire a gun.

In the years before The French Revolution, the *chasse à tir*, hunting with a pack of hounds, was very popular with the French nobility and this led to scientific breeding of hounds and this picked out the short legged, very strong hound. Hunting was part of the pageant of pomp, dress and etiquette that was part of Medieval France and the forest

rang with the sound of 'Hallalis' – French hunting horns. Needless to say it was only the rich, royalty, landowners and aristocracy who had the time and wealth to hunt and hunting with these little hounds was a welcome relaxation from the *grand chasse à courre*, the chase for big game on horseback.

The French Revolution saw the end of the French aristocracy and the kennels of hunting hounds. Some Basset breeds didn't survive. When Louis XVIII came to the throne, the aristocracy gradually regained their wealth and built up their hunting kennels. The three remaining types of Basset, that remained, was Basset d'Artois, Basset de Normandie and Basset Griffon Vendéen, the first two types were interbred and became Basset Artésien-Normand.

The Basset hound grew in popularity throughout the 1800s and The Basset Hound Club of England was founded in 1884 with hunting interests being maintained by the Masters of Basset Hounds Association being formed 1911. The club was disbanded in 1921 but was reformed in 1954. Up until, I think 2006 The Basset Hound Club supported The Albany Bassets, which was the only maintained pack of Basset Hounds. Today, this pack funds itself and pet owners can join them and take part in the hunt. There are no such packs in Scotland.

The Basset hound Club of Scotland was founded in 1965 and we will be celebrating our Golden Anniversary next year. We stage two dog shows each year, an open show and a championship show. In September each year we have a fun day in Polmont Old Church Hall. This is open to pet owners as well as those who show their dogs. There are fun classes such as dogs in fancy dress, sausage catching, glamorous oldies - the dogs - and beautiful puppies. A very good afternoon tea is also provided. We have a friend who lives in The Mearns, near Aberdeen, who organizes a Basset walk each year. Helen's Basset walks can be found on the internet and they are very joyful affairs.

Sally is dog number 8 in our household. The first was Tasha in 1973. She loved camping, was always sick in the car,



loved food particularly oranges and carrots, didn't like bananas or pickled onions. She was followed by Hoover and Casper. These are the first dogs that we had in Shieldhill and were the two that we showed. Both qualified to enter Crufts and Casper did well there. In the summer months we often entered The Hound Show in Stafford. The Hound Show was special in that it was the only place where one could see all sorts of hounds. The Albany Basset Pack was usually in attendance. There was the time when a pack of Fox Hounds broke into and destroyed the tea tent.

In those days the show Bassets looked quite different from the pack Bassets. The pack Bassets had legs that were little bit longer, were lighter and their ears were a little bit shorter. Show Bassets had become very wrinkled, had heavy shoulders and very long ears. The Kennel Club have changed the breed standards for Bassets and they now require Bassets to have fewer wrinkles, slightly shorter ears and slightly longer legs, in short, look more like the working hounds. Basset puppies will be in short supply for a time until these changes can be accommodated. Sally's mum is a Dutch hound that her breeder imported to bring changes into his bloodline. The two boys were followed by a succession of re-homed Bassets.

There are six types of Bassets and all make good pets. There is The Petit Basset Griffon Vendéen. This is a rough haired Basset and there was a kennel of PBGVs in Maddiston until a few years ago. They often could be seen on an evening stroll to the big roundabout. That family also had a Basset Fauve de Bretagne. This is a beautiful little hound. It is smaller than the others, has a short, rough coat and is a red colour. There is also a Grande Basset Griffon Vendéen and a Basset Bleu de Gascogne. These bassets have long legs and can jump over gates, fences and can be good at escaping from gardens.

Basset puppies are quite hard to find and the other types of Basset are rare. When buying a puppy it is advisable to buy one from a reputable breeder and The Kennel Club, along with the various breed clubs, will be able to put you in touch with any breeders who have puppies available.

I like dogs but love my Bassets.

Rena Moore



Shieldhill Butterfly Project Grow Flourish Fly

Welcome to the Shieldhill Butterfly Project; the Brownies and the community working together to provide a safe, clean and environmentally friendly garden space for all to enjoy.

The Brownies celebrated their 100th birthday in 2013/1014 and wanted to do something special to celebrate, something that would be in the community for the next 100 years.

They have been busy fundraising with coffee mornings, sponsored walks, quiz sheets, bag packing and guess the bear's birthday (Me To You Centenary Bear of course!!). With the support of the community and local businesses we have raised over £4,000 for the project to date, with more fundraising planned for 2015.

The first phase of the project was possible with a grant from Young Grow Wild Scotland. A new, traditional mixed hedgerow was planted in June 2014. Our first Peacock Butterflies and Cader Bees arrived in August 2014, amongst huge excitement.

The next phase of the project is now well underway with a professional landscape design company appointed to design our community garden and ensure it meets all our needs. Once the design has been finalised, the next phase will be to put the work out to tender and a professional landscape company will be appointed.

This is all possible with the support of Falkirk Environmental Trust, local businesses and the Shieldhill community. Look out for all the updates on our web site ~

www.bsandm-church.org.uk/Brownies_fundraising_butterfly.htm
or send us an e-mail ~ sbutterflyproject@gmail.com

Come and join the celebrations at our very own "garden party" in summer 2015.



Fundraising Events

The **Cabaret Evening** at The Three Kings on 7th November was a great success. We had had a similar charity evening 4 years ago at The Three Kings and had always hoped to repeat it. When discussing our church's 150th anniversary this year, we decided this would be the ideal time to hold the event. The meal was excellent and the entertainment and dancing enjoyed by all. The Three Kings' staff were also very helpful and accommodating and the money raised for our chosen charities was boosted by The Three Kings donating 6 tickets to be auctioned for a cabaret evening at Christmas time at The Three Kings venue. Thanks are due to everyone who supported the event.

We were delighted to raise the total of £1535.65 and cheques were handed over at the church service on Sunday, 23rd as follows -

£769.65 to Christine Jones, Treasurer, Blackbraes & Shieldhill Church
£383 to Tayavalla staff and residents
£383 to David Coats on behalf of The Seagull Trust

The **Christmas Fayre & Brunch** held on Saturday 22 November was also very successful. Many people supported this event by coming along and participating on the day. Donations for the stalls were much appreciated and thanks are due to all who made the soup and handed in baking. Also, thanks to Tom in the shop for donating the rolls. We were delighted with the total of £649 which was raised.

Marion Zacks
on behalf of the Welcome In Committee



More photographs can be viewed on our website.

Our Little Drummer Girl

It all started in 2012, when my dad bought me my first pair of tenor stick from a stall in Glasgow. I went along to some lessons at the Denny and Dunipace Pipe Band (my dad's band) and then actually joined the band .

My first competition was this May, on a Saturday, and I came in 3rd place! After the season had finished, I still went to the practices and at the end of the year they have a dinner dance. I went to it for the first time this year, and won the award for Most Improved Drummer in 2014.

Donelsa McNeil



Humour from the Press

My brother was a milkman for the Co-op for 51 years - in fact, he started his horse and cart round at the age of 15.

Our house was on his route, and every day he called in for a drink - and every day his horse would deposit a pile manure on the road. This was the signal for neighbours to nip out with a bucket and shovel to scoop up the steaming heap.

One such occurrence has stuck in my mind for decades. As soon as the horse had done it's business, two women were out in a flash, trying to get first claim, and an argument ensued that culminated with one woman shouting "You've got a cheek! You're not even a Co-op member!"

Happy days indeed.

Submitted by A McDermott, Muiravonside

National Youth Assembly

Victoria and I attended the National Youth Assembly which took place at Gartmore House, Aberfoyle between the 15th and 18th of August. This was our first time attending and we thoroughly enjoyed our weekend!

The weekend was attended by over 100 young people between the ages of 17-25 years old from around Scotland. We discussed an array of topics including intergenerational ministry, how we can support Christians in the middle east, new ways of worshiping and church finance. All of these topics produced some interesting responses, all of which will be published in the blue book for the General Assembly.

Here are a few responses from the discussions;

Worship

- How we can use a variety of styles in our churches and encourage both traditional and modern types of worship in a service.
- Symbolism.
- Music.
- Traditional practices.
- Personal, unique to each individual, should be fun and uplifting.

Intergenerational ministry

- Guild funded very first youth assembly and a representative from the Guild attends the assembly each year.
- Encouraging young people to go into ministry and leadership roles within the church.
- Music (choirs, bands)
- Film nights and social events (BBQ's, coffee mornings, party nights, ceilidhs)
- Identify the missing generation
- Taking church groups to Spring Harvest or other Christian weekends.
- Pairing up the more experienced (old people) with the youth (us) to encourage fellowship between generations.

Middle East

- Prayer is essential.
- Moderator's Peace doves.



- Raising our voices.
- Lobbying Governments.
- Work on interfaith worldwide.
- Educating ourselves and others around us about religion.

Money

- We spoke about what our churches have to spend their money on.
- Money cuts.
- We decided what the church should be spending most of its money on and where it should be focusing on.

On the Sunday evening after all the discussion, the youth assembly had a Masquerade Ball to which everyone got all dressed up and just had a magnificent evening. The Masquerade Ball took the form of a Barbecue and Ceilidh. We dined with the Moderator of the General Assembly, Right Rev John Chalmers and his wife, Liz. We were also joined by Kay Keith who was representing the Guild. She was there throughout the whole weekend and participated in the discussions!

Every year 18 youth representatives from the National Youth Assembly assist the Moderator and Clerk in writing the blue book report for the General Assembly. This year is a big year for Falkirk Presbytery as we have, including the Clerk, 4 Representatives out of 20 from across Scotland. The 3 youth representatives are Hazel Smith (Kirk of the Holyrood), Shahan Gohar (Abbotsgrange), Victoria McClements and myself. We also have John Haston (Abbotsgrange) taking on the role of Clerk this year!

Further to the blue book report, the youth representatives are tasked with creating a supplementary report, creating resources to be utilised by the wider church such as Cosy Voices and the Cosy Guide to Ethical Living, and also 10 are selected to attend the General Assembly. This year, the youth representatives are working towards creating a Guide to the Church of Scotland as the last guide was written 29 years ago in 1985 and we believe the church has changed since that particular publication was produced. We are also working on a document entitled Cosy Voices on Worship which will be designed for congregations to use to hear a collection of young person's views on worship and possibly use that information to "reform" how they may worship in their own congregations.

Victoria and I would encourage any young person between the ages of 17-25 to come along to NYA 2015! It is a good way to get involved and enables you to have a voice within The Church of Scotland. If you are interested or know someone who may be interested then please speak to myself or Victoria.

Sophie McClements



How to keep eating at Christmas

Burning up an extra 100 calories (kcal) a day at Christmas means you can keep a healthy weight and still eat that extra mince pie. So make some of these exercises part of your every day routine - and then you can keep eating!

Activity	Time to burn 100 calories
Leisurely walk	34 mins
Slow dance	31 mins
Play frisbee	31 mins
Hoover, dust, polish	29 mins
Push supermarket trolley	25 mins
Relaxed cycle	24 mins
Wash and wax the car	21 mins
Swim slow lengths	16 mins
Rearrange the furniture	14 mins
Climb stairs	12 mins
Speedy cycle	10 mins
Skip	9 mins



Chocolate Crispie Tray Bake

Ingredients

4 Mars Bars
100g margarine
Rice Crispies (You will have more than enough in a small packet)



Method

Put the Mars Bars and margarine in a pan and melt. Mix this well as the fudge bit of the Mars Bar needs to be blended into the melted stuff.

Add Rice Crispies and mix. All the crispies should be covered in the chocolate mixture.

Spread in a sandwich tray and leave until cool.

When cool, melt chocolate and spread over the top.

How to melt chocolate

Boil a small pan of water. Break up the bar of chocolate and place in a bowl. Sit the bowl over the pan of water and the chocolate will melt.

Chocolate can also be melted in the microwave. Give it short burst and keep checking. The chocolate can hold its shape but be melted and so give it a stir each time you check. It is easy to over cook it.

Rendezvous

The next Rendezvous will be the Christmas Party to be held on **Wednesday 17th December** at the usual time of 1.30 p.m. in the church hall. All welcome.



Jan 2015

No Rendezvous

11 Feb 2015

Shieldhill Primary pupils

11 Mar 2015

John and George

15 Apr 2015

Peter McQuade



FILM NIGHT

7PM

**BLACKBRAES AND SHIELDHILL
PARISH CHURCH**

COMING SOON:



Miracle on 34th Street

13 December

the Christmas Classic with Maureen O'Hara - and mulled fruit juice

Hairspray

16 January

John Travolta, Michelle Pfeiffer, Zac Efron - singing and dancing

An Audrey Hepburn Movie

13 February

to be confirmed

Frozen

20 March

award winning Disney interpretation of The Snow Queen

REFRESHMENTS

WILL BE SERVED



NO ADMITTANCE CHARGE

DONATIONS ARE WELCOME