

The Man Who Hated Cats

By Maureen Potter

The Man lived in a two bedroom house all alone! He hadn't always been all alone. At one time there had been his wife and two sons who shared the house with him but now the two sons were married and lived in neighbouring towns and his wife had died.

At times he felt very sad when he thought of the happy days when his family were all with him. When he felt sad he went out and worked in his garden!

He loved his garden. It was the neatest, tidiest garden in the street. In the summer the grass was smooth and green like a bowling green with lovely beds of flowers and a row of flowering pots right in front of the house. In the corner of the back garden was his pride and joy – a greenhouse where he grew tomatoes and brought on his plants from seed. Close to the greenhouse was a small vegetable patch where he grew lettuce to go with the tomatoes, some cabbages, beetroot, carrots and other vegetables.

He hated cats! They came into his garden, dug up his vegetable patch, scratched the trees around this garden and sometimes left a horrible smell! When he saw a cat, he shouted at it, threw stones at it until it ran away. Cats are very intelligent animals and so they weren't long in taking the hint although sometimes at night when he was in bed, they crept back into his tidy, neat garden just to annoy him.

One day a new cat came to stay. She was called Bonnie and was mostly white with a black heart marking on her back and a grey stripey tale. Bonnie loved everyone. She soon got to know all the people around and when she saw them, she ran up to them with a wee squeaky voice as if to say "Hello". She didn't know about the Man!

As she got more used to her surroundings, Bonnie began to explore further and further away from her house. She crossed the road and went into the Man's garden. She liked his garden as it was so neat and tidy and had lots of lovely flowers and plants. Bonnie loved flowers and plants. She walked up to one of the pots in front of the living room window. It had some of the most beautiful flowers she had ever seen. She sat for a wee while in front of it, admiring the lovely flowers and then she stood on her hind legs to have a closer look at the pretty petals and smell the lovely scent.

Suddenly she heard a loud noise. She sat down and looked around. The Man was shouting at her. Bonnie was puzzled. Nobody had ever shouted at her before. She sat and looked at the Man with a puzzled look on her face. He picked up a stone and threw it at her and luckily it missed her. She got up and went over to smell the stone thinking the Man had thrown her a toy. She was disappointed when she discovered the stone was not much use for playing so she turned to look at the Man and squeaked at him as if to say, "I don't think that is a very nice toy!"

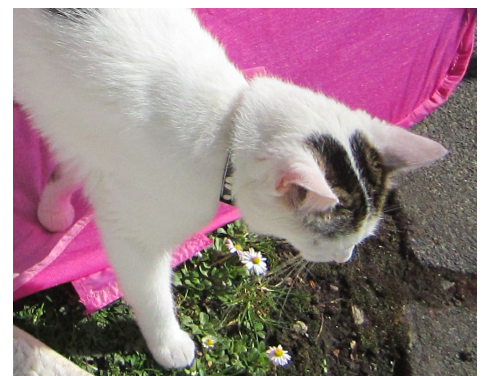
The Man shouted again so she walked over to him and stood looking up at him with her puzzled face. By this time the Man was really angry. He couldn't believe this wee cat wouldn't run away like all the others. He bent down and shouted in her face. She looked at him in surprise! Nobody had ever shouted at her like that before. Then she turned and crossed the road, climbed onto the grass in front of her house and sat watching the Man as if to say that is not a good way to behave. The Man suddenly felt very ashamed of his behaviour. He hoped none of the neighbours had seen him!

Over the next few weeks, Bonnie continued to visit the Man and his garden. She felt sorry for him because she realised he was very lonely and unhappy and that was his reason for sometimes being nasty. She decided she would make him her friend.

One very hot sunny day she walked round to his back garden and he was sitting on a chair. She thought he looked very sad. She didn't know that his son was supposed to visit that day but had cancelled at the last minute. The Man sat in his lovely garden and he felt tears of sadness in his eyes because he was so tired of being lonely. As he sat there with his eyes closed in the sunshine, he started to drift off to sleep. As he felt himself drift off, he became aware that there was a soothing sound close by which was calming him down. He opened his eyes to find the source of the sound and realised it was Bonnie. She was sitting on the chair next to him with a kind expression on her face. As he opened his eyes to look at her, she stood up and stretched a front paw over towards him and very gently patted his hand. He felt tears spring to his eyes as he felt the kindness coming from this lovely little animal. He didn't know what to do. No cat had ever been kind to him before. He was the Man who hated CATS!

While he was turning all this over in his mind, Bonnie jumped onto him, and kissed him on the nose! He was so surprised that he nearly fell off the chair!

Suddenly he felt happier than he had been for many a long time. This wee cat had shown him that she loved him even though he had shouted at her and been unkind to her. He realised that now he could no longer be the Man who hated Cats!



Garden Friends

Lisanne Ferrell

On the 30th of January I sat by my window with a pencil, paper and a pair of binoculars ready to count the birds once again for the RSPB Big Garden Birdwatch. I wonder how many of you did the same.

Put out a selection of tasty treats – seeds, raisins, peanuts and fat balls and you’ll be amazed by the variety of feathered friends that will soon come flocking. Watch from your window each day and you’ll soon learn to recognise them by their size and colour, by how they fly and by how they behave. You’ll soon get to know your regulars and what their favourite food is. Remember to put out water. Birds get thirsty too! Just like us, birds have their own character and personality. There are noisy ones and bossy ones. There are shy ones and very timid ones and greedy ones too! Take a good look. You might see the dunnock, hopping quietly along the foot of the hedge, keeping to himself. You’ll hear the house sparrows chattering loudly and cheerfully with one another. Easy to recognise are the colourful little blue tits, full of energy, flitting to and fro. Cutest are the long-tailed tits. You’ll notice that the robin, usually very friendly and not at all shy, will chase off any other robin that dare appear on his patch! Then there is the blackbird that gobbles up all the juicy raisins as fast as he can so he doesn’t have to share. The starlings arrive one after another to form a noisy and boisterous gang, often squabbling with each other over the food at the bird table. If you’re lucky you might see a flash of red and a movement in the tree and the great spotted woodpecker tapping his way jerkily up the tree trunk. It’s fun to watch them and you’ll be entertained!

With spring arriving it’s time for the male birds to sing. They’ll be claiming their territory and finding a female so that the busy nest building season can begin. You can help them by leaving bundles of grass, moss and pet hair for the birds to collect. With babies soon appearing there will be even more to watch from our windows. Happy bird watching!

Happy Spotting!

W	D	D	F	B	S	A	Q	O	P	E	P	T
H	G	R	E	A	T	T	I	T	H	S	I	G
C	X	I	T	I	T	E	U	L	B	T	M	O
N	Y	B	R	Q	O	I	P	O	D	A	W	L
I	D	K	P	O	J	N	C	E	L	R	Q	D
F	K	C	L	N	B	H	L	C	B	L	D	F
F	I	A	Z	E	S	I	D	I	A	I	C	I
A	R	L	C	T	A	P	N	B	S	N	L	N
H	U	B	J	T	L	R	L	Y	R	G	H	C
C	A	R	G	M	Z	O	V	H	M	L	W	H
D	K	N	O	E	G	D	I	P	D	O	O	W
H	O	U	S	E	S	P	A	R	R	O	W	Q
L	S	X	M	C	L	W	O	Y	D	M	R	H



Starling

☐

Chaffinch

☐

Blue tit

☐

House Sparrow

☐

Goldfinch

☐

Blackbird

☐

Woodpigeon

☐

Great tit

☐

Longtailed tit

☐

Robin

☐

Eastwoodhill

Angela Marshall

Since my last report we have celebrated Christmas and New Year (very well at Eastwoodhill I might add!) It hardly seems possible that when you are reading your Focus Magazine we will be well into 2017, and hopefully the worst of the winter is behind us! We have been fortunate here that it has been relatively mild in our area.

The Spring coffee morning run by the Friends Group will be on Saturday morning 8th April from 10am to 12noon. It will be in Giffnock Parish Church Hall, and funds raised will go towards the development of a designated games and activities room for the residents. Stalls include baking and a ‘lucky bag’ stall. This year there will not be a book stall or bric a brac since the space will be reduced. ‘Guess the weight of the cake’ will again be circulating round the event to test your skills.

As usual a quiz will be available to sharpen your wits during the weeks before, during and after the event to swell funds. I will be offering quizzes for a £1 donation after morning worship on most Sundays for the next few weeks. The clues this year relate to the word ‘BELL’. We will be happy to see as many as possible supporting the event.



Drop-In Club

The Drop-In Club is held every Wednesday at 10.00am and provides a warm welcome to all senior residents, with a chance to meet old friends and make new ones over a tea or coffee, with some cake and a chat.

It has become a "must go" for many members of our community, and not just Church members so, if you haven't been before, come along and find out for yourself. but get there early, the scones don't last long!

Send Us Your Photographs

We would welcome your photographs of anything related to our Church or Busby and its surroundings, so that we can publish them in future issues of Focus. Photographs should be digital and high resolution although high resolution printed photographs can also be sent as we can scan them. Please send them to busbyfocus@btinternet.com or hand them in at the Church on Sunday mornings.

We would like to produce a calendar next Christmas, featuring the best 12 pictures

Taivers Debut Album

Top Floor Taivers, who appeared at last year's Ceilidh, launched their debut album at St Andrew's In The Square as part of this year's Celtic Connections Festival.

They are already booked to appear at numerous folk festivals this year and we wish them all the best for the future.

Their album, "A Delicate Game", is available from www.topfloortaivers.com



Letters

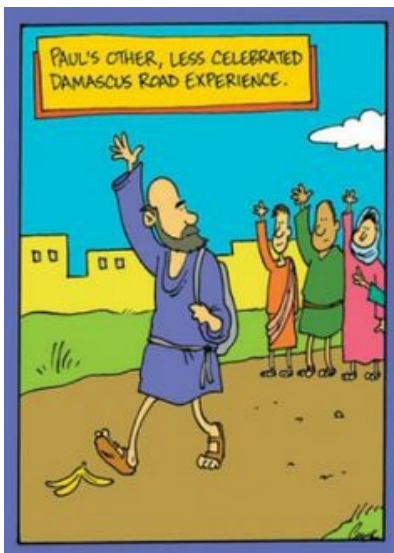
TO CLAP OR NOT TO CLAP - That is the Question

Every Sunday the choir perform an anthem for us. I find this very enjoyable and appreciate the hard work and time involved. Consequently, I always feel the urge to show my appreciation by clapping. There always seems to be an awful silence when they are finished. I see no reason why we shouldn't clap to show our enjoyment. What do others think?

Heather Rutherford

We would welcome your letters on any topic, whether it involves Busby Parish Church, the village of Busby, or anything else.

Have your say by sending your letters to busbyfocus@btinternet.com or by leaving them at the Church vestibule on Sunday mornings.



....and finally

