

The Choir

Angela Marshall

Since the last newsletter, the Choir has reduced the intensity of our meetings. People have been having well earned holidays, and we have supplied a variety of items as an 'interlude' rather than a formal anthem on Sunday mornings. Our members have performed solo or as a duet; and instrumental, spoken word or singing have been used. It certainly gives *us* a change, and the members of the congregation seem to appreciate these variations. Allan and Rosanne have both given up their Tuesday evenings to mastermind these sessions, so that we keep our voices 'oiled' and learn some of the finer points of singing. What is more, we have thoroughly enjoyed the sessions.

In June we had a Dinner at the Eastwood Golf Club in the company of partners. The meal was a great success, and afterwards a few among the company performed 'party pieces' for the rest. It was a very good evening, and no doubt will be repeated in future. Meantime back to full working during September. Thanks to Rosanne and Allan for their support and guidance.

We thank the members of the Congregation for all their support and encouragement!

Christian Aid

Angela Marshall

This year Busby Church was not able to generate the funds for Christian Aid as it has in previous years. The reasons are that those who live in our Parish seem less willing to be canvassed with envelopes asking for donations, and have notices on their doors deterring callers. It is not permitted to 'harass' householders in these circumstances. In addition to that, fewer volunteers are willing to distribute the envelopes, some having experienced verbal abuse in the past.

This year there will be a fundraising lunch in the Church Hall after Worship on 29 October. There will be soup and pudding followed by tea or coffee. Donations are welcome. This date has been chosen to coincide with 'One World Sunday'. We recognise that Christian Aid provides services throughout the world for people of any Faith, or those with none.

Earlier in October the Clarkston and District Christian Aid group will again be having a sponsored swim in Eastwood Baths on the first Saturday of the school half term. More details of this event will be notified at a later date. Anyone is eligible to swim. Please support this, as it usually proves to be a good fundraiser, as well as an opportunity for our younger people ie Guides, Brownies, Scouts etc to earn badges from their organisations' award schemes. Or just Swim for Fun and Fitness!

Busby Brownies

Pamela Mill (District Commissioner)

We are delighted to announce that 3 volunteers have come forward to take the Brownies. They are Carlynn Mckinven, Angela Smyth and Fiona Mcguinness. At present they are planning the programme for the Brownies with the help of Mairi Watson who is the Brownie Advisor for East Renfrewshire

The new session starts on Monday 4th September in the Church Hall between 6.45pm and 8pm. Any girls between the ages of 7 and 10 years will be made very welcome. We are hoping to see all the girls from last year coming back as well as a number of new recruits.



Busby Guides

Pamela Mill

Our first evening of the new session is on Tuesday 5th September between 7pm and 9pm in the Church Hall. Any girls between 10 and 14 years old will be made very welcome. We would also love to have any older girls who would be Young Leaders or Assistant Leaders. We have started planning our evenings for the new session but are hoping to get some good ideas from the Guides themselves.

In March we had a sleepover at the Loch Lomond Sealife Centre but we are hoping to have a weekend camp in our session 2017 to 2018.

Please come along and join us. There is always a lot of fun and laughter during our evening meetings.

Pamela Mill 644 4452



Obituaries

Margaret Douglas (née Bain) (1928 - 2017)

Born in Glasgow in 1928, Margaret attended school in Strathbungo. When war came Margaret and wee sister Nan were briefly evacuated to Maybole. On returning to the Gorbals, the family rode out the war and although nearby houses were bombed Margaret's family home survived.

After the war Margaret worked in London for the Foreign Office. Living in a hostel in Mayfair she led a glamorous life with Stewart Grainger as a neighbour and she had her portrait painted by a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.



Margaret returned to Glasgow to be with her mum when her father died and she lived with Christie, Nan and Nan's husband Fred at a new post-war house in Barmulloch.

It was while working at the Coal Board she met a man who, it was said, looked like Tyrone Power – or John Douglas as we know him! They married in 1958 and settled in the family home in Cartsbridge Road. Andrew and Susan were born and Margaret gave up work to bring them up. When the 6 grandchildren came along she loved them all and was always asking about their progress. She and John tirelessly helped out with love and care. John and Margaret were married for 59 years. They enjoyed winter sun in Spain and returned to Switzerland where they had honeymooned.

Margaret continued to be interested in many things including theatre, opera, reading and did her best to keep up with the latest technologies. She will be missed by John, her family and friends.

Allan Turmeau (1935 – 2017) by Rev Jerry Eve

On Thursday 13 July in St Mungo's Chapel, Linn Park, family members and friends of Allan gathered to say goodbye, remembering how beloved Allan was as a husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, friend and brother too; indeed, it was brother William who led us with his *Eulogy for Allan*. This, of course, highlighted the importance to Allan of the Orkney Islands, and so it was very fitting that our service began with a piece of music by the late Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, a near contemporary of Allan's: *Farewell to Stromness*; that we concluded all William had to say by reciting a poem titled *Shroud* by the famous Orcadian poet, George Mackay Brown; and that Allan's coffin was draped in the colours of Orkney's flag:



God, as we come to worship you today we do so with a focal point for all our prayers, the Orcadian flag which, with its Nordic Cross design – a symbol of our Christian faith, a cross lain on its side – reminds us that, while this world does have its Golgothas it has its gardens too. And places of remembrance where the cross no longer stands proud and threatening but can become prone and overgrown with flowers of the forest instead. The blue reminding us of the waters of Baptism, and the red and the yellow of the wine and the wheat of Holy Communion; and of all the sacraments, and the way you always take that which is ordinary, and make it extraordinary. You take a person's life and render it sacred, Amen.

Roy Birchall (1925 – 2017) by Rev Laurence Whitley

Roy was born in the town of Leigh in Lancashire in 1925. He was one of a family of four which all moved to Preston when he was 11. At the age of only 16 he went off to Glasgow to start an apprenticeship at Weirs of Cathcart. His ultimate intention was to join the Merchant Navy. However, one evening at a youth club party in a house in Partick, he met Jessie Campbell. One thing led to another and eventually they were married in 1949, an event which saw the start of 68 close and very happy years together. They also shared an involvement in the work of Saint Mary's Church in Partick. Roy had been the founder captain of the 253 company of the Boys' Brigade there, and Jessie was the captain of the Girl Guides. Roy's commitment to the BB was lifelong and, across the city and in every walk of life, you will find no shortage of grown men who remember his leadership with both affection and gratitude.

Meanwhile, he and Jessie moved to Sunnybank Grove in 1957. They decided to join a local church, and on visiting Busby West they were given such a warm welcome that they decided that this was to be the Church for them. As well as becoming an elder in 1966 [later receiving the church's long service certificate], before long Roy was teaching the Bible Class and singing in the Choir.

Behind everything he did was his deep Christian Faith; indeed it was while he was still at Weirs that he took part in conducting weekly services. So it was to the great pleasure of everyone when in the early 1980s he was accepted for training as a reader in the Church of Scotland. He took to it as unto the Manor born and was always appreciated and valued wherever he went.

Suffice to say we remember someone who has left a mark for good on countless lives, young and old. Someone who was honest and true and faithful all his days. Someone you could trust with your life. Our thoughts are very much with Jessie at this time.

....and finally

EVERY CLOUD



I wonder if Chris Packham's heard
The news. It seemed to me absurd
When someone said, 'There is a bird
That's green and squawks
In Busby Glen. You have my word.'
'Perhaps it talks

In Lowland Scots,' was my reply.
I thought I'd heard a big fat lie.
Was that a twinkle in his eye?
He said, 'You'll see.
Just go and look. And now good-bye.
It's up a tree.'

And so I went, and sure enough;
I left the path, and in the rough,
On looking up: Bright coloured Ou1.
Oh what a treat.
My smile was broad – rose-ringed – Great Stu1.
A PARAKEET.

But parrots are from warmer climes
Far further south where they grow limes.
I'm worrying if this spells times,
An ideas forming:
One consequence of human crimes
Is Global Warming.

But then I thought: Don't dwell on harm
That's done. Although in need of balm,
This world is still chock-full of charm,
And, who knows? Maybe,
Before too long we could have palm
And 8g trees, Baby!



"Those are the Saints. One day, they just came marching in."

It was a terrible winter- three months of unbroken blizzards.
McTavish hadn't been seen in the village for weeks, so a Red Cross rescue team struggled to his remote croft at the head of the glen. It was completely buried - only the chimney was showing.
'McTavish,' they shouted down the chimney. 'Are you there?'
'Wha's that?' came the answer.
'It's the Red Cross' they called.
'Go away.' shouted McTavish. 'I bought a flag last year!'

Old Sandy was dying. Tenderly his wife Maggie knelt by his bedside and asked: 'Anything I can get you, Sandy?'
No reply.
'Have you no last wish, Sandy?'
Faintly, came the answer. . . 'a wee bit of your boiled ham.'
'Away you go,' said Maggie, 'you know fine that's for the funeral.'

Next weeks preacher will be pinned to the notice board!

CHURCH NOTICES:

The Assistant Minister unveiled the church's new tithing campaign slogan last Sunday.
'I Upped My Pledge - Up Yours'

The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'

QUOTATIONS:

A wise old owl sat in an oak. The more he saw the less he spoke; The less he spoke the more he heard; Why aren't we like that wise old bird?.

Just listen to the still voice within. This is the mind to trust. This is God's consciousness speaking, not the ego that is seeking recognition.

'All major religious traditions carry basically the same message, that is love, compassion and forgiveness... the important thing is they should be part of our daily lives' - Dalai Lama

ATHEIST IN THE WOODS

An atheist was walking through the woods. Suddenly he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to look and saw a 7 foot grizzly bear charge towards him. He ran as fast as he could along the path. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the bear was closing on him.... He looked over his shoulder again and the bear was even closer....and then he tripped and fell. Rolling over to pick himself up, he found the bear was right on top of him...reaching towards him with its left paw and raising the right paw to strike. At that instant the atheist cried out.... OH MY GOD!

Time stopped. The bear froze . The forest was silent. A bright light shone upon the man and a voice came out of the sky.

"You deny my existence for all these years. You teach others I don't exist. Even credit creation to cosmic accident. Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament? Am I to count you as a believer?"

The atheist looked directly into the light. It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as a Christian now but perhaps you could make the bear a Christian? A pause, then "Very well" said the voice.

The light went out. The sounds of the forest resumed. The bear dropped his right arm....brought his paws together....bowed his head and spoke.

"Lord bless this food which I am about to receive." AMEN