

## CHURCH NOTICES-Summer 2021

### Deaths

Maureen Robertson	Cooriedoon	16 <sup>th</sup> May
Robert Livingstone	Brodick	25 <sup>th</sup> May
Alison McMillan	Cooriedoon	22 <sup>nd</sup> June

### Change of address

Fiona Brown                      Montrose House

### DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

**Sacrament of the Lord's Supper    28<sup>th</sup> November**

### Treasurer's report at 30<sup>th</sup> June 2021

Income for the first half of the year was as follows;  
Freewill Envelopes - £2,063, Bank Standing Orders - £11,480, Open Plate - £313, Donations, £304 – Gift Aid refunded, £3,284 (this covers the period from October '20 – March '21).

Giving a total income of £17,262.

Expenses for the first half of the year were £17,700.

We have reserves as follows;

General Fund £30,911.

Fabric Fund £20,232.

Organ Fund £5,572.

Flower Fund £584

### **Manse Rebuild Fund**

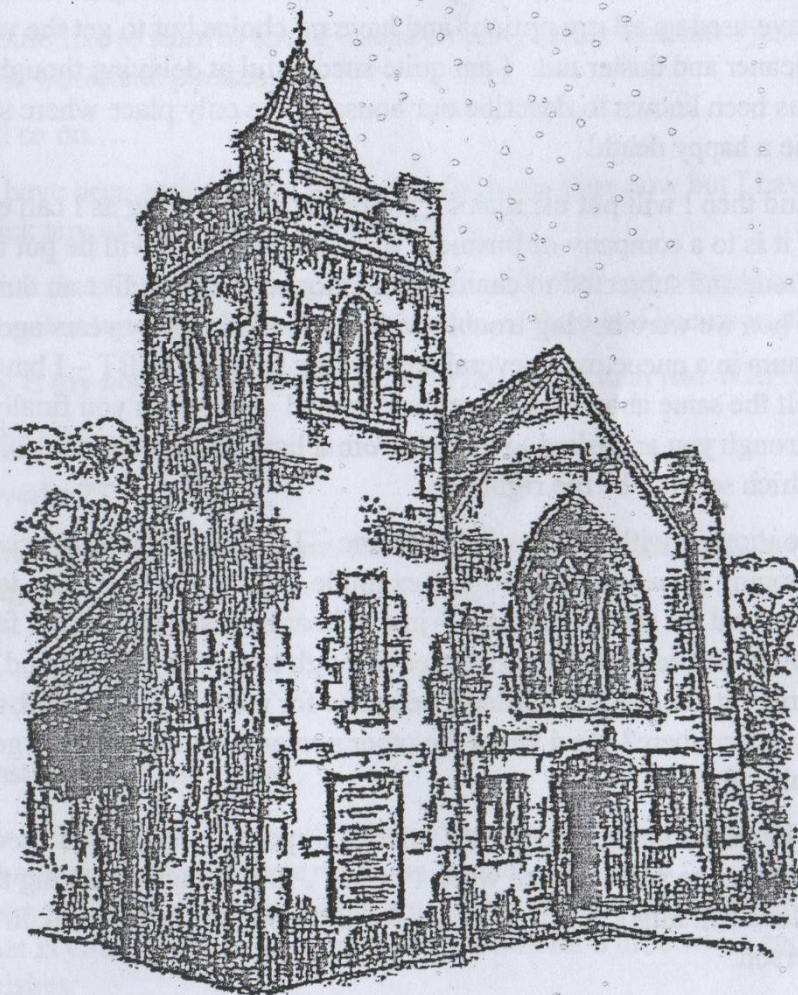
I have received donations, including Gift Aid refunded of £9,097. My thanks to all who contributed so generously.

Brodick's share of the payments made so far towards the building costs was £57,042. The final payment to the contractor, due on completion, plus the costs of new fencing and work required in the garden will come to approximately £35,500. This will be paid from the Fabric and General Reserve funds.

Sylvia Alison

## St Bride's Church Brodick

### August Newsletter



Summer 2021



Hello folks,

I don't know about you but I'm a great one for putting things off – especially when it's something I don't really want to do or don't feel comfortable with.

For example I really don't enjoy cleaning the house! So if I can find something else to do to delay the job I will. Eventually however, I will have used up all my options and have no choice but to get the vacuum cleaner and duster out. I am quite successful at delaying though so John has been known to describe our house as the only place where spiders die a happy death!

And then I will put off making phone calls for as long as I can especially if it is to a company or business when I know that I will be put in a queue and subjected to canned music for what seems like an eternity. When we were having trouble with our landline a few years ago I spent hours in a queue over several days trying to speak to BT – I have never felt the same about Beethoven's 5<sup>th</sup> since! And when you finally get through you are asked to choose from a list of many options none of which seem to be the right one!

Continuing with the phone call theme – I do have difficulty occasionally phoning someone I know. For example, I have been meaning to phone my Aunt for some time now – just to hear how she and all the family are doing. It keeps being transferred through to my “to do” list and the longer it goes on the harder it becomes for me to make the call. Have you been there? And when the other person phones me first I get that guilty feeling.

When some things are put off it is not important – my mum used to say, “The house will be there when I'm not”. But delaying making that phone call might result in losing the last opportunity to speak to that person.

So as Benjamin Franklin said:

“Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today.”

I wonder if you have a Bucket List? For me this is a relatively new phrase, indeed it meant nothing to me the first time I heard it. Now I know what it means and I even have one of my own!

I enjoyed travelling when I was younger but haven't been away much over the last 30 years! So I have places I would still like to visit – our friends in Switzerland, the Lake district, the outer isles and the small isles, not to mention the more exotic ones like Cyprus.

I loved skiing 30 years ago but I've never skied in Scotland so a trip to Aviemore at a suitable time is on the list.

I would like to learn to speak Gaelic properly rather than have just have a few words and phrases.

And so on....

All have been added to my bucket list for some time now but I have yet to tick any of them off as “done that”.

I think that it is a good thing if I leave this life with some things unticked on my list but it would be a shame if none of them had been completed.

So it is my non-New Year resolution to DO rather than just WRITE.

In the bible we can read:

Proverbs 27:1

Do not boast about tomorrow, for you do not know what a day may bring.

and

James 34:13-14

Boasting about tomorrow

<sup>13</sup> Now listen, you who say, ‘Today or tomorrow we will go to this or that city, spend a year there, carry on business and make money.’ <sup>14</sup> Why, you do not even know what will happen tomorrow. What is your life? You are a mist that appears for a little while and then vanishes.

Every blessing,

Liz



## World Vision

An update on the two children we currently support.

Adam from Uganda was 15 years old on the 5th February. We have supported Adam for the past three years, following on from our nearly 10 year sponsorship of the previous child who on turning 16 years old was then classed as an adult. In another year Adam will become an adult and another child will be looking for our support.

Support for Tounkang from Patiana, Senegal began when she was 3 years old, she celebrated her 13<sup>th</sup> birthday on the 12<sup>th</sup> December.

After 17 years World Vision's programme in Patiana is now complete so sadly we have to say goodbye to Tounkang.

Programme Completion means the community are confident enough to stand on their own and continue their development by themselves. World Vision has worked together with the communities to provide adequate water, education and nutrition, among other things, to give children safe places to grow up today and into the future.

We are now being asked to transfer our support to another child, this time in Zambia. His name is Edwin and he is 3 years old and he lives in Keembe, North-West Zambia. World Vision began their work in Keembe in 2005 and hope to see it's completion in 2025.

Our donations to support the two children through World Vision comes from the income raised at the Coffee Mornings, with any surplus being held in the Flower Fund. With no Coffee Mornings since March 2020 there has of course been no income, although there has been a number of donations received. We will therefore have to use the surplus in the Flower Fund to make up the deficit, but without any further income this year this will run out in December.

If you feel you would like to make a contribution, perhaps based on what you would have donated if you had been attending the Coffee Mornings over the past fifteen months, these would be gratefully received.

Please remember Adam, Tounkang and Edwin in your prayers, and on the last Wednesday of each month, even though you are not sitting in the Church Hall having a good old chat and enjoying your coffee and home-made cake, give a thought to what a difference the £3 you would have donated that morning, makes to them and their communities.

Sylvia

## A Family Prayer

My son cries out, laid on the floor  
Wrinkled, aged, a child of four;  
Swollen stomach; my growing fear  
He will not live another year.  
"Ask as you pray," so Jesus said,  
"Give us this day our daily bread."

My hungry girl, thin wail her cries:  
They sound around the earth and skies.  
She'll never walk the path I trod.  
Surely her tears must plead with God!  
"Ask in prayer," so Jesus said;  
"Give us this day our daily bread."

My husband stumbles in his walk  
He has not strength for any talk;  
His eyes are glazed, his hands won't grip.  
A curse on God is on his lip.  
"Ask, when you pray," so Jesus said,  
"Give us this day our daily bread."

My wife is restless in her chair;  
Now in her body she feels there  
New, stirring life; soon greater need!  
A hungry, yelling mouth to feed.  
"Ask in prayer," so Jesus said,  
"Give us this day our daily bread."

No doctor's help; no ease from pain.  
Another day – no food again.  
No farming skill, crops do not grow;  
This must be hell! Does God not know?  
"Pray and ask," so Jesus said,  
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Does God not know? Why then no food?  
Because men have not worked with God!  
By wars, greed, pride, men cannot live  
But bread, prayer, labour others give!  
Thus God will answer when more have said.  
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Alan M Thompson



## Diggin' in t'alottment

It was another bright sunshiny morning  
In the Garden of Eden one day  
That Adam and Eve were out walking-  
It was free – there was nothing to pay.

There were flowers and veg's and apples,  
And trees of every kind.  
The Lord God had made it all for them.  
They said, "Whatever next shall we find?"

God had said, "Eat anything taking your fancy,  
But, think on, beyond that old pine  
There's a tree with some beautiful apples.  
Don't touch them, for that tree is mine."

Now Adam was happily suited.  
He enjoyed the things growing all round.  
But Eve wasn't so happy about it  
To be told, "That tree's out of bound."

It grieved, it teased and it nagged her  
'Til she could think of nowt more.  
The devil said, "Go on, just try one.  
God will never notice the core."

No apple had ever been sweeter!  
Eve ate it right through to the pips.  
Adam asked her what she was eating.  
Eve said, "Shloer has wetted my lips."

Adam tasted one, liked it, and swallowed,  
And Eve was all smiling and bright.  
And ev'rything in't garden seemed lovely,  
But – suddenly it was dark as the night.

Then the Lord came walking through Eden,  
Enjoying the things he had made.  
But Adam and Eve were in hiding,  
For somehow the felt quite afraid.

"Where are you? What have you been doing?  
You've never been hidden before!",  
They heard the Lord God loudly asking,  
And wished they could drop through the floor.

Adam saw Eve had no clothes on.  
Somehow it didn't seem to be quite right.  
And Eve thought Adam looked ugly -  
Perhaps just a trick of the light.

They were frightened to say to each other  
That something quite wrong they had done,  
And so ruined their time in the garden.  
They told God, "We did it for fun."

"For fun?" said God "That wasn't clever!  
You've eaten what I told you was mine."  
Eve answered, "The devil said- "Try one!  
God knows it'll make you feel fine."

But God said, "Don't ever go trusting a liar.  
He'll kid you, and leave you alone  
To face the result of your mischief,  
And laugh when the judgement is done."

Then God looked at his two naughty people,  
And wondered what next he could do.  
He'd never had to deal with rebellion.  
Now this was a right how do you do!

He could have hit them, or shouted, or blustered,  
Because he was God of them all.  
But he spoke to them ever so quietly.  
And Adam and Eve felt so small.

"You'll have to go out from this garden,  
And start to work hard for your food.  
It'll be digging and weeding and waiting,  
And some harvests won't be so good."

"Now Adam, you'll toil all the harder  
To support your missus an' all.  
A grand life in this garden was offered,  
But you've proved unfit for it all."



"I'm putting an angel in t' gateway  
With a sword that is flaming and bright.  
You can't stay in t' garden a day longer.  
You've done wrong, and it can't be put right."

"You didn't heed my plain warning.  
You thought you could do as you please.  
But this time the morn's morning  
There'll be nettles right up to your knees."

So Eve put on her green garden wellies,  
And Adam his old Barbour mac.  
And scowling, Eve said to the angel,  
"We're off, and we're not coming back."

"You can keep all your fancy begonias,  
And all them blooming bright flowers.  
'Cos now we shall dig our allotment,  
And all that we grow shall be ours."

So Adam fenced off a piece of desert,  
And planted a windbreak of trees.  
He set Eve to do the hard digging -  
He was sorting his beans and his peas.

It were grand that first day in t' allotment.  
But by night-time they were both fairly tired.  
And Adam asked Eve how she liked it.  
Her reply was by blisters inspired.

They worked for their food with hard labour,  
As they tried to meet all of their needs.  
But the more they turned over the garden,  
The more it just sprouted with weeds.

So now when YOU're diggin' t' allotment  
And there's club-root, and maggots, and rain,  
You'll know you're a Son of Old Adam;  
So blame Mother Eve for the pain.

Alan M Thompson

## Blythswood Care

### Christmas Shoebox Appeal 2021

The Arran Shoebox Appeal team have had word from Blythswood Care that they will shortly be launching the 2021 Christmas Shoebox appeal. Brodick church will, as usual, be acting as the collection point for filled shoeboxes.

Last year's appeal was very successful with 117 boxes being sent from the island along with £813 in gift aid and donations.

This year there are three ways in which you may wish to participate:

- 1) To fill a shoebox with a selection of the contents listed on the information leaflet (which should be with you by September)
- 2) To donate 'loose' items which can be added to shoeboxes either here or on the mainland
- 3) To make a monetary contribution of any sum

In addition, this year we will provide a collection box in the vestibule of the church to receive any loose donations of goods.

### Calling all Knitters

The team would be grateful for any knitted hats, scarves and gloves for children or adults which can be used to make up extra boxes. This is a very worthwhile cause and every donation – large or small – will be gratefully received.

Last year there were 75,218 filled shoeboxes and bags sent off to Eastern Europe from this country. These made a huge impact on the recipients, many of whom live in such dire poverty that this gift, from an unknown person, not only brings smiles, but greatly impacts their lives.

Further information on this appeal can be found at [blythswood.org/shoeboxappeal](http://blythswood.org/shoeboxappeal)

Thank you once again for your continued support.

The Shoebox Team



## Arran Churches Together Foodbank

Arran Churches Together (ACT) continue to run the foodbank from Brodick Church; shelving in the transept is used for storing stock whilst shelving in the vestibule is kept topped up with non-perishable goods. The vestibule is open 24/7 to allow anyone in financial crisis to help themselves to food without the need for referral. There are four volunteers on the rota who collect food donations from the basket in the big Coop, top up the vestibule shelves on a daily basis, shop for any low stock items and keep the vestibule and transept clean and tidy.

ACT continue to run The Wee Shop on Friday mornings from the small hall at Brodick Church. This is a subsidised shop which is intended to support low income individuals and families; it is intended to provide help towards a weekly shop. Shelving, tables and a fridge freezer are set out 'shop style' in the small hall; customers shop for what they need and pay approx. a third of the retail cost. Customers book a 15-minute slot which gives time for shopping and restocking. The kitchen in Brodick Church Hall is currently used to store non-perishable items. We have five volunteers for this project who take turns shopping for stock and running the shop each week.

ACT are indebted to the volunteers who give their time to keep these projects running smoothly; we are grateful to the Board and Session of Brodick Church for allowing the projects to be run from Brodick; the projects would not be viable if it wasn't for the generosity of those who donate items and money. Thank you to everyone who has supported the projects in any way. Foodbank users and Wee Shop customers have expressed their gratitude for support in their time of need.

The Foodbank Team

### Property Report

There appears to be a woodworm infestation in the hall floor. I have arranged for a specialist company to come and advise us on this but like many they are encountering difficulties getting bookings on the ferry. There have been more instructions from Edinburgh regarding the relaxation of Covid controls but as of yet this will not increase the number allowed at Sunday worship however this may all change from 9th August.

There has been a meeting of the North Arran Manse Committee and a number of issues have come to light. As a result of the reorganisation of Presbytery we will not be given clearance to seek a new minister until December 2022 which means we could now have two vacant manses to pay for and maintain for at least eighteen months. This situation will be reported to presbytery and we await their comments on this.

Colin MacKenzie

## An Obituary printed in the London Times

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as

- Knowing when to come in out of the rain;
- Why the early bird gets the worm;
- Life isn't always fair; and
- Maybe it was my fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge). His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place.

Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition. Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an aspirin to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realise that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death, by his parents, Truth and Trust, by his wife, Discretion, by his daughter, Responsibility, and by his son, Reason.

He is survived by his 4 stepbrothers;

- I Know My Rights
- I Want It Now
- Someone Else Is To Blame
- I'm A Victim

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still remember him, pass this on. If not, join the majority and do nothing.