



St Augustine's Dumbarton

Issue 56 December 2011/ Jan 2012

£1.00



the new look



Augadoon - Sorry if you 'mist' it!



- Rector's Report
Page 2
- Message from the
Bishop
Page 4
- St James the Least
Page 6
- Rotas
Page 7
- Photos
Pages 8-9
- Smile Lines
Page 10
- Wait Till I Tell You
Page 11
- Christmas Greetings
Pages 14-15
- Parish Directory
Page 16

Another night to be put into the annals of history of 'Mad-as-a-Hatter' events at St Augustine's!

Everyone was so under-rehearsed that it actually worked out quite well! Even the Bishop was quite impressed and he's beginning to grow into the lines and parts we tend to throw at him at the last minute.

Some superb performances from David Rowatt who ad-libbed himself to death, Gavin Elder who played a perfect cameo role, as himself, and although the big fairy had her

head still in The Gambia, the little fairies bailed her out!

It's incredible that we do this sort of thing year in and year out, and the standard just gets better and better! Caps off to Janette, who is the real genius behind it all!

Of course, the smoke machine was the ultimate star, which led the Rector to comment that if they can cope with a smoke machine, they can cope with incense too from time to time too!

Some pics in the middle pages!

From Kenny....

It was the morning after the night before, yet our small Mission Core Group got together with our facilitator, Anne Tomlinson, for some serious reflection on our mission and ministry as we struggled to put a plan together for the coming year. We need a strategy which fits right in with the Diocesan Mission Action Plan.



Clearly, we are very strong in some areas and weaker in others.

As we approach Christmas and reflect on the Nativity, it's good to remember what that's all about. It's about God getting his hands dirty, engaging in the world as one of us, part of our suffering humanity, getting involved in God's world. We therefore engage with the world in much the same way, taking care of the least, the last and the lost, and bringing hope to many on the margins. We are true to the Incarnate Christ and what he expects us to be about in our ministries.

Anne wrote in her blog:

Spent a few hours today with the Outreach Group of St Augustine's Dumbarton as they engaged in the MAP-ping process. We met in one of the smaller rooms in their new(ish) Hall complex, the only one available as it happened, such was the level of activity taking place in all the others: coffee being served in the big hall, the Richmond Fellowship meeting in another, people clearing up after the Friends' event last evening ("Augadoon" was a huge success, apparently) – and that was quite apart from anything that was taking place in the Church building itself.

She went on to say:

There was a grounded awareness of the context in the group – West Dunbartonshire has one of the highest rates of child poverty in Scotland, with 14% of children living in 'severe' poverty and an unemployment rate significantly higher than the Scottish average.

What was hugely encouraging was the way in which the members discussed the theological rationale for St Augustine's community ministry, and the level of connectivity between what goes on in worship and what happens in the Hall. And the fact that rather than being complacent about any of this, they were prepared to name the new challenges ahead of them and to think creatively about how to address them.

It was a privilege to be with the group and their priest. I came away encouraged and challenged, hopeful and humbled. Thank you, St Auggie's.

So, we are fine in the "doing" capacity, but there's certainly room for improvement in our prayer and our study.

The Taize/Healing Service which took place the next evening was very powerful, and was attended by many folk who don't normally come to St Augustine's or even to church! I think that this is the sort of thing we need to focus on in the coming year or so, putting on special services which will attract newcomers and help them ease into the life of St Augustine's.

There is a bit more work to be done before we are ready to put our goals forward for the congregation to agree or dismiss, but we are hoping to sign an agreement on January 15th at the main service which will map out our priorities for the coming twelve months. Please try to be in church on that Sunday.

As we start off another church year, I have to record how proud I am of you all, and how proud I am to be your Rector. Your openness and willingness to reach out to others in a non-judgemental, inclusive way makes you a special congregation, and long may that be so, but I'm looking now to boost our numbers and bring a deeply rooted backbone of regular prayer and irregular liturgies into our common life. You will need to support these!

Help with ministry is on its way, with Pat Smith joining us as a Curate in September, but God has also brought us two rather special people recently too. Henriett Cairns Lengyel is a priest of the Hungarian Lutheran Church, who has married Peter and moved to Scotland with him. Peter also has a degree in theology and both are going to be terrific assets to the parish. How much they will be involved is unclear at the moment, but the Bishop will rustle up some papers soon, and they will both be a very important part of the ministry team here.

Meanwhile we have a feast to celebrate, one in which God shows us who and what God is, as we gaze on the babe in the manger. A God of love, a God involved in his creation, a God who is vulnerable, a God who cries with his people in their pain and brokenness and fragility.

The Word became Flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, and in Advent we pray with him for the coming of his Kingdom. Have a magical Christmas!

Kenny

SILENT NIGHT

An Austrian society with this title has been doing a lot of research into the origin and spread of this most popular Christmas Carol. It was translated into more than 300 languages, and hardly any song has been so frequently recorded, and by so many artists as diverse as, among others, Simon and Garfunkel, Elvis, Bing Crosby, Joan Baez, Ella Fitzgerald, Johnny Cash and Susan Boyle.

There are many much loved legends about how it came about, not all exactly accurate, but depicted in sentimental films, in popular literature and also on two stain glass windows in the St Nicholas chapel in Oberndorf, which was built in 1935 on the spot where the original church had been demolished in 1906. On these windows you can read, first next to a picture of the parish church of Arnsdorf, "Teacher Franz Gruber composed here the music on 24 December 1818", and the composer carries a guitar. in his arm, and on another window: "Curate Josef Mohr wrote the text of the song here".

Now the legend goes, that in the Church of St Nicholas in the Parish of Oberndorf by the Salzach river there should have been a Christmas Mass in that year 1818 as it has been every year. But the church mice had gnawed through the organ bellows and so there was no musical accompaniment to the service. So the curate wrote down the text and set off to the neighbouring village of Arnsdorf, where Franz Xaver Gruber was organist and verger. And Gruber wrote the music for two voices and guitar, so that the work could be performed the very night.

It has been quite clear for some time that this is not a true picture. A document was found which indicated that Mohr had written the text two years before that when he worked at the village of Mariapfarr in the Salzburg region. It also was clear that the organ at the St Nicholas church was known to be in need of renovation – without any church mice being involved, and lastly that the Mass was accompanied by the organ, but afterwards at a music making around the crib other instruments were normally involved, and also that the curate, not the composer, had been playing the guitar. And this instrument has been preserved by chance.

Mohr's life was rather varied, since he, born in 1792 in Salzburg and out of wedlock, had to earn his living by singing and playing the violin, until he entered the priesthood in 1811, but was known to have caused offence repeatedly with the church authorities.

Gruber's life was rather more quiet, he was born 1787 and became a teacher and verger in Arnsdorf, a post for which he had to marry the widow of his predecessor. After 1818 the paths of the two men did not seem to have crossed, but their creation spread quickly, especially after 1830.

The organ builder Karl Mauracher, who had the task of rebuilding the organ in Oberndorf, got the manuscript of music and text from Gruber and took it home to Fuegen in the Ziller valley in Tirol.

From there the song was spread by wandering choirs and groups of musicians as an authentic Tirolean folk song. Gruber wrote an article in 1854 in a local paper to explain the origins of the song, by that time Mohr had been dead for a while.

The society dedicated to the research of the song, sifting through old song books, are still hoping that they might find some new material.

An unknown work of a funeral mass by one 'Franz Xaver Gruber' was delivered to them recently. They are trying to find out if it was the composer of Silent Night or his son. If the former, they would regard it as a special Christmas present for the friends of the song.

B Williams.

Based on an article in the FAZ, 19 Dec 2010



"Nice idea, Amelia, but I don't think the Angel of the Lord texting the shepherds would have the same dramatic effect."

Message from the Bishop

ONE of the nicest things that can happen to anyone in the world of work is to be approached about a job, to be 'head-hunted'. It's a very good experience, knowing you're sought after. It makes you feel good about yourself, knowing that you are recognised and valued.

Of course, this kind of experience isn't confined to one's work or career. People may 'seek us out' in all sorts of circumstances – but the point remains that this is usually good news for our sense of worth, our sense of self. However, what I've just described isn't a universal experience. It doesn't happen to everyone, maybe not even to most people; rarely, certainly, to me.

But at Christmas we celebrate something that is for everyone: in his birthday—for that is what the birth of Jesus Christ is, God the Son's human birthday—God head-hunts each and every one of us, seeks for each and every one of us, so that none of us need feel forsaken. God comes among us to assure us that each and every one of us is of huge worth, precious in God's sight from all eternity.

You only head-hunt someone you judge to be worth troubling yourself about, somebody you need. And so it is with God. God's desire to love us and be loved by us is of an overwhelming passion we can hardly conceive. There is a psalm, Psalm 93, long-associated with this Christmas season. It begins, in the Prayer Book version: The Lord is king, and hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on his apparel and girded himself with strength.

In the long Christian tradition of prayer and worship, these words have come to refer to the Word made flesh, to God's sharing in our human life, putting on our life as it were. So they are made to suggest that in that sharing we see just how valuable and esteemed our life is with God. As the poet Anne Ridler says: Christmas declares the glory of the flesh.

Christmas declares the glory of the flesh – the celebration of this season is an affirmation of the preciousness and of the glorious potential of human life in God's sight, and purposes and love. Let us therefore keep the feast, all 12 days of it, with a faithful and unquenchable joy.

+ Gregor

Concrete or Spiritual? Make it Both!

What's your Real Presence up to as a church? asks David Wostenholm, convener of the diocesan Action Group for Spirituality, and priest at St Matthew's Possilpark.

I'VE noticed an increasing number of workshops on the 'spirituality of the body' in recent years.

When this transcends the level of 'self-help therapies', it can bring us to a deeper engagement with our physical presence on this earth. At this deeper level of awareness we often discover unexpected commonality and friendship with those of differing or of no religious conviction and then can speak of a shared spirituality.

This isn't surprising. If our search for God ignores our physicality, then it will remain an abstract exercise – not a spirituality. Our Diocesan prayer is right to include that whatever God's desire is for us, that it will TAKE FLESH. Contrary to the intentions of the liturgical calendar, Advent usually becomes a time when our personal flesh is consistently tempted to increase!

But what about just looking nearby during the Incarnation Season (plenty of time – it's traditionally Advent to Candlemas!) to what your church does physically? What is your Real Presence up to as a church?

I look at St Matthew's, here in Possilpark. At one end of the physical plant, The Place is now taking shape in the former rectory.

After a year of plans, plumbing disasters and redecoration, it is now the exclusive home of Faith in Throughcare: somewhere we can train volunteers as mentors supporting people on release from prison.

It has become a therapeutic place too and a neutral ground where often-fragmented families can begin to reconnect.

We have experienced challenge and transformation, are constantly examining our policies for safety and boundaries and have four times taken the group away to a quiet place in the countryside, to reflect on what the project is doing. At the other end of our grounds, we have reclaimed wasteland and slowly built up volunteers to 'grow' the Concrete Garden.

This previously derelict post-industrial concreted quarter-acre now has more than 20 moveable raised beds, two greenhouses, a strawberry wall, a herb wall, a composting area, two storage sheds and a potting shed.

This has been a very physical exercise, and one could say it's about reconnecting people with the land, so not exactly spiritual.

However, it's also been an arena of transformation for vulnerable individuals and groups. It has provided the context for much celebration in times marked by uncertainty.

I'm told that the economic recession can't affect our sort of area much because here we are so welfare-dependent.

In fact, though, trying to establish transforming projects in such places with decades of historical poverty is an increasingly uphill struggle as we look to dwindling grant-making trusts week after week.

Nonetheless, this little report comes not from a despairing development worker (which is how I feel) but from a priest who is privileged to celebrate the Eucharist in the midst of this muddle of brokenness and transformation, taking it into a 'place' where all things find their fulfilment in Christ.

Thus I have discharged my duty for any writing on the Incarnation Season – I have described Hope!

I can neither understand it nor articulate it. (And there are no boxes for Hope on the funding applications!)

But I see it physically week by week in people's lives and find that nothing less than the Eucharist can express it. A physical response from the Church becomes transforming for people's lives here and now, and gives Hope.

It's a spirituality!

Amnesty International Greetings Cards

This annual event, signing cards for prisoners of conscience, will take place in the church on Saturday December 17th from 10.30 to 1.30.

Cards and information on prisoners of conscience will be available. All you need to do is turn up and sign some!

Town Centre Carols

This is organised by Dumbarton Churches Together in the town centre on Saturday December 17th at 12 noon. You can even sign amnesty cards before or after !

Christian Aid

The recent Coffee Morning raised £450 and the Beetle Drive £ 161.50. Thanks to all who contributed.

The inter-church quiz will be on Friday Feb 10th at St Patrick's hall

Home from Home

Home from Home has a shortage of able-bodied volunteers who can go out on the vans to collect and deliver furniture. If you know anyone who can help even one day a week or less often, contact Home from Home tel 733733 or see Tim Rhead

Cursillo

The first Diocesan Ultreya in 2012 will be in St. John's, Johnstone on Saturday, 14th January, at 12.30 p.m. for a soup and sandwich lunch, followed by the Ultreya in the afternoon. Wilma is providing the lunch so no contributions are required.

Paige hopes to have a get-together over lunch so that we catch up with all the news before we have the Ultreya. She also says that if people do not want to drive in January, Johnstone has a very good rail service and the station is only 10 minutes walk from the church. Trains leave Glasgow Central at 12.00 or 12.15p.m., and either Paige or Wilma will meet you at the station if you do not want to walk. Return trains leave Johnstone at 15.03, 15.18 or 15.35p.m. arriving in Glasgow 15 minutes later. If you have your new diaries, please put this information in, and COME!!!

I wish you all a very special Christmas, And, for the New year, may all your lums aye reek.

Evelyn

Christmas Dinner

Ghislaine and Ricky are putting on Christmas lunch for anyone who will be on their own this Christmas in the Hall. Some of our guests will be found among the folk who are lonely and pop into St Aug's on a regular basis for a blether, some homeless, some just needing some laughter and company.

All are welcome!

Donations of food or wee pressies can be negotiated with Ghislaine. Help us to make sure that everyone knows about it. It should be quite a party!

New Year at The Rectory

As usual we will be bringing in the New Year with some style in the Rectory. The party starts about 8.30pm, with food at 9pm, then singing and dancing and all sorts of nonsense until the bells and afterwards.

Everyone is welcome, but to be safe, bring your own poison!

Christmas Services

Christmas Eve: 11pm Eucharist of the Nativity

Christmas Day: 9am Said Holy Communion

11am: Eucharist & Carols

New Year's Day: Services at the normal times.

(so just like two normal Sundays with Saturday night thrown in!)

Barbara Barnes



Wishes you all the very best
Christmas ever!

St James the Least of All...

Here the elderly Anglo-Catholic Rector, Eustace, continues his correspondence to Darren, his nephew, a low-church curate recently ordained...

The Rectory

St James-the-Least

My dear Nephew Darren

After all these years, I now understand why the non-conformist denominations sit down, rather than kneel, to say their prayers. That way, no decisions have to be taken over the number, size, shape, colour, material and design of kneelers in church.

Our present set was donated by a retired Major-General in 1899 to celebrate the relief of Mafeking and a century of use by the pious and not-so-devout has taken its toll. Like certain members of our congregation, they now look a little worse for wear. Many have sprung leaks, so that when used, a jet of flocking is emitted all over the clothes of their neighbour, who then has to leave Mattins looking like a Yeti.

Other kneelers have been occupied by grateful mice, who find them most congenial for nesting and who leave in high umbrage, creating chaos as Miss Mapp chases them down the aisle with her umbrella; that this provides her with the perfect excuse to leave before the sermon is, I am sure, entirely coincidental. The final straw came when my own, by some quirk in its design, now sounds like a whoopee cushion every time I kneel. It may cause the choirboys much amusement, but lends nothing to the dignity of our worship.

So we have decided to have a completely new set – and therein lies the problem. Who makes them? What will be the designs? Who co-ordinates the whole project? There is enough here to occupy the combined minds of our Vestry for the next Millennium and there will be enough scheming, manoeuvring, signing of non-aggression pacts and formation of tactical truces to make the United Nations look like amateurs. Unfortunately, we do not have the ecclesiastical equivalents of the blue berets to enforce peace.

The more patriotic members of the congregation have suggested they all show the Union Jack – presumably so they can be waved at appropriate moments in our services; one belligerent individual wants to see depictions of St. Michael slaughtering the dragon, John the Baptist's head on a platter and other such tasteful scenes; on the other hand, dear Miss Timmins wants them all to depict doves or small fluffy creatures, which would make the church look more like pets corner.

Cutting through these vital issues, I have suggested that the entire congregation converts to Eastern Orthodox... and then we could stand for our prayers and do without kneelers entirely.

Your annual accounts – all 146 pages, bound in their plastic covers and laid out in faultless detail – are really most impressive. I was rather envious to note you have a clergy 'discretionary fund'; were I given such a thing, my cellar of claret would improve immeasurably – although that is perhaps the reason why I am not given one.

The size of your office expenses makes me wonder if you have a staff rivalling that of the European Community. I suppose that at least you are doing your bit for job creation. Our dear Miss Marigold, who spends two hours a week randomly filing pieces of paper, mistyping rotas and failing to re-order stationery, is only rewarded by being the first to find out who are booking marriages and having their babies baptised – and if they do not happen in that order, that will be another piece of information remembered for future use. All this is information beyond the price of jewels in village communities.

Our accounts have more by way of charm than they do of accuracy, generally consisting of one sheet of handwritten paper. There are only ever three copies for circulation, as that is the limit of Colonel Denster's carbon paper. It seems to be an unalterable tradition that they never balance, until we find the following year that the missing £20 was found months later under the teapot on the mantelpiece. One footnote to this was the occasion when the Colonel suspected an unaccountable £5 had been eaten by his Labrador. Our greatest expenses by far are categorised as 'miscellaneous', which is a catch-all for everything that our treasurer is unable to recall where it really went.

The thousands paid on church maintenance and diocesan fees are nodded through without comment – but if the money spent on Easter lilies or packets of tea for the Summer Fete increases by anything more than 50 pence, there will be much agonised debate and speculation about whether this is an indication of money laundering.

I see that your accounts were professionally audited. Fortunately, it does not matter too much about the accuracy of our own, as I have an arrangement with our auditor who lives in the village: if he refuses to sign them off, then I refuse to baptise his grand-children.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace

Rotas for December 2011/January 2012

Sunday December 4th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Janette Barnes & Fran Walker.
Intercessions: Margaret Hardie.
Chalice: David Rowatt & Maggie Wallace.
Sidespersons: Chrissie Ashman & Margaret Swan.

Sunday December 11th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Ghislaine Kennedy & Evelyn O'Neill.
Intercessions: Margot Rhead.
Chalice: Janette Barnes & Margaret Hardie.
Sidespersons: Gavin Elder & Maggie Wallace.

Sunday December 18th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Peter Cairns & Margot Rhead.
Intercessions: David Rowatt.
Chalice: : Sharon Rowatt & Vernon Perrin.
Sidespersons: Tim Rhead & David Ansell.

Saturday December 24th.

11pm Eucharist of the Nativity

Readers: David Rowatt & Maggie Wallace.
Intercessions: Tim Rhead.
Chalice: Fran Walker & Barbara Barnes.
Sidespersons: L. Jenkinson & Roberta Mailley.

Sunday December 25th.

11am Christmas Day Eucharist & Carols

Readers: Ghislaine Kennedy & Morag O'Neill.
Intercessions: Evelyn O'Neill.
Chalice: Maggie Wallace.
Sidesperson: Roberta Mailley.

Sunday January 1st.

11am New Year's Day Eucharist.

Readers: Linda Macaulay & Janette Barnes.
Intercessions: Maggie Wallace.
Chalice: Tim Rhead.
Sidesperson: Vernon Perrin.

Sunday January 8th.

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Morag O'Neill & Margaret Hardie.
Intercessions: Vernon Perrin:
Chalice: Tim Rhead & David Rowatt.
Sidespersons: Ronnie Blaney & Jean Carr.

Sunday January 15th

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Tim Rhead & Sharon Rowatt,
Intercessions: Peter Cairns.
Chalice: Janette Barnes & Maggie Wallace.
Sidespersons: Margaret Swan & Vernon Perrin.

Sunday January 22nd

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Barbara Barnes & Gavin Elder.
Intercessions: Linda Macaulay.
Chalice: Margaret Hardie & Vernon Perrin.
Sidespersons: C. Ashman & Roberta Mailley.

Sunday January 29th

11am Eucharist.

Readers: Vernon Perrin & Linda Macaulay.
Intercessions: Maggie Wallace.
Chalice: Barbara Barnes & Sharon Rowatt.
Sidespersons: Linda Jenkinson & Gavin Elder.

FLOWERS.

Wk. ending:

December 24th. Maggie Wallace & Moira McGown.
& any WELCOME VOLUNTEERS.

" 31st. Maggie & Moira check & water.

January 7th. Linda Macaulay.

" 14th. B. Barnes & Rosemary McLeay.

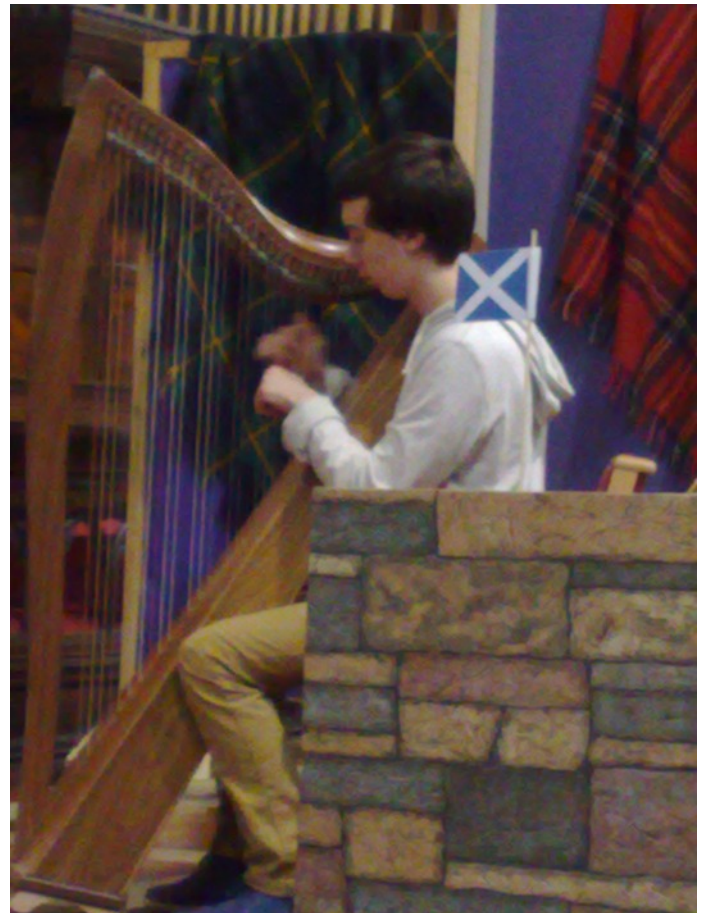
" 21st. Maggie Wallace & Margaret Hardie.

" 28th. Linda Macaulay & Moira McGown.

Vestry Meeting

The Vestry will meet on Wednesday 18th January at 7.30pm, however we may need to have an informal meeting before this date to discuss our response to the Diocesan MAP-ping document that we need to return. This could be done after the 11am one Sunday, so keep your eyes and ears open for this.

Augadoon - 2011





The Bishop looks on appraisingly, as our new-found talent, Charlie Brown, becomes the hero of the night!

Smile Lines

Christmas Cards

A friend of ours waited until the last minute to send Christmas cards. She knew she had 49 people on her list. So she rushed into a store and bought a package of 50 cards without really looking at them. Still in a big hurry, she addressed the 49 and signed them without reading the message inside.

On Christmas Day when things had quieted down somewhat, she happened to come across the one leftover card and finally read the message she had sent to 49 of her friends. Much to her dismay, it read like this: 'This card is just to say a little gift is on the way.' Suddenly she realized that 49 of her friends were expecting a gift from her.

The Name of God....

A little boy died and arrived at the gate of heaven. There he met an angel. "Before you come in, can you tell me God's name?" said the angel. "Oh, that's easy," the little boy replied, "His name is Harold." "What make you think his name is Harold?" the angel asked incredulously. The little boy explained: "Because at Christmas we sing 'Hark while Harold's angels sing...' and also, when we pray, we say: 'Our Father in Heaven, Harold be Thy Name...'"

Camels

In Jane's Christmas drawing, two of the camels were approaching the inn, over which was pictured a huge star. The third camel and its rider were going directly away from it. "Why is the third man going in a different direction?" her mother asked. Jane replied, "Oh, he's looking for a place to park."

Paying for it

By the time we pay off this year's Christmas presents, it will be time to pay for next summer's holiday.

Warning

A local priest and a pastor stood by the side of the road holding up a sign that said, 'The End is Near! Turn yourself around now - before it's too late!' They held up the sign as a car approached. "Leave us alone, you religious nuts!" yelled the driver as he sped by. A moment later, from around the curve, they heard a big splash. "Do you think," said the priest, "we should just put up a sign that says 'bridge down' instead?"

Christmas Presents

Catching her in the act, I confronted our 3-year-old granddaughter. "Are you opening your little sister's presents?" I demanded. "No," she innocently replied, "I'm just helping her share."

Virgin Mother

A ten-year old, under the tutelage of her grandmother, was becoming quite knowledgeable about the Bible.

Then one day she floored her grandmother by asking, "Which Virgin was the mother of Jesus? The Virgin Mary or the King James Virgin?"

Where is the baby?

For weeks, a six-year old lad kept telling his nursery teacher about the baby brother or sister that was expected at his house. One day the mother allowed the boy to feel the movements of the unborn child. The six-year old was obviously impressed, but made no comment. Furthermore, he stopped telling his teacher about the impending event. The teacher finally sat the boy on her lap and said, "Tommy, whatever has become of that baby brother or sister you were expecting at home?" Tommy burst into tears and confessed, "I think Mummy ate it!"

Red

What goes red white red white red white?

Santa rolling down a hill.

Prompting

The boy forgot his lines in the Christmas Sunday School drama presentation. His mother, sitting in the front row tried to prompt him, gesturing and forming the words silently with her lips, but it didn't help. Her son's memory was blank. Finally she leaned forward and whispered the cue, "I am the angel Gabriel!" The child beamed with acknowledgment and in a loud, clear voice so that everyone in the congregation could hear said, "My Mommy is the angel Gabriel!"

Christmas Pageant

My three children were in the Christmas pageant. I was so proud. My daughter was playing Mary. One son was a shepherd. And my other son was a Wise Man. My shepherd son had practised his lines over and over, but when the time came, he was nervous and said, "We found the babe wrapped in wrinkled clothes."

To which Mary replied, "That's not wrinkled clothes, that's dirty rotten clothes!" Giggles from the audience followed, but the play went on. My Wise Man son, wearing his father's bath robe and paper crown knelt by the manger and said, "We are the three Wise Men and we are bringing gifts of gold, common sense and fur."

Christmas turkey

So a gentleman walks into a restaurant and asks the maitre d', "Can you please tell me how you prepare your Christmas turkeys?" To which the maitre d' replies, "Yes. We let them know right up front they're not going to make it."

Wiped out

Just got home and found all the windows and doors open and everything has gone. What kind of sick twisted person does that to someone's advent calendar?



'Wait Till I Tell You.....'

Janette looks back on a hectic November and looks forward to a more peaceful Festive Season.

IT'S ONLY MONEY!

November started badly for the Chief Executive of Lloyds Banking Group. This not so poor sowl had to go on a 'sickie' suffering from stress and fatigue. Well now, if stress is getting to the big powerful bank bosses how do you think we feel - the punters who owe them all the money?

THE FLYBY WAS A NEAR MISS!

At the beginning of November we were alerted to the possibility of a giant asteroid, the size of an aircraft carrier, that was hurtling through space to have a close encounter with planet Earth on the 8th November to be precise. However the Vestry was assured that the chances of it falling on top of our Community Hall were minimal - it was passing 200,000 miles away and the monster rock was not even visible to the naked eye! Talk about making a crisis out of a drama!

This meant we could all get back to worrying about the Euro zone meltdown, closing shops, bankrupt businesses, a double dip recession, the council workers' strike, NHS cuts, Andy Murray's grand slam chances, phone hacking journalists and the Chancellor's depressing Autumn statement. Perhaps it would have been more humane had the asteroid put us all out of our misery!

'AUGADOON'

It's not often that a Church event has to be declared 'full up' and a waiting list drawn up especially one that is priced at £22 per head. But that was 'Augadoon'. Those who were responsible for seating and eating simply said no more. It meant that this Friends' Event was a mammoth feat of organisation for the exec. particularly when menu choices were being offered. Daily phone calls reviewed each day's progress and Maggie and Chrissie had to be called upon to augment the team. Indeed, Roberta, our Minister of Food, spent so much time at the Church Hall she was seriously considering moving her bed in!

And not only was she shopping and cooking, she was acting, designing her costume and persuading her son, Gavin, to construct the mystical bridge that gave access to Augadoon - a town just like Brigadoon without Hollywood! So well done, Roberta and everyone else who participated in the panic of the planning.

The event was scheduled for the 25th November and the kitchen was quickly transformed into the set of Master chef. Maggie and Margaret Swan were on starters, Jean, Connie and Margaret Hardie were Steak Pie and Chicken Balmoral with a wee dish of Macaroni for the veggies. Roberta and Chrissie made delicious trifles and Fran tempted the more adventurous with Crannachan. Fran also took responsibility for the tables and created a marvellous St. Andrew's Night atmosphere with her decoration. Ghislaine, Ray, Ricky and a few helpers ensured the furniture was moved to her satisfaction. And with almost ninety people expected for dinner those who simply volunteered to act as waiters were greatly appreciated.

Then there was the entertainment. Before everyone arrived young James Letwith, the coolest piper in town, was on hand to pipe the guests to their tables. Indeed St. Aug's sounded not unlike the Cowal Games as our tartan extravaganza unfolded. Then there was Ruraidh, our Clarsach player who delightfully changed the tempo for his slot on the programme. By special request he played 'Isle of Mull' and this haunting music was beautifully interpreted in a modern ballet by the girls of the Lomond School of Dancing. We enjoyed excellent performances from all these young people who are so adaptable and a pleasure to have around.

Eventually we came to the Pantodine - 'Augadoon'. To describe the players as being under rehearsed would have been an exaggeration so the unexpected was inevitable. Only the Scotch Mist made an entry on time thanks to Charles Casey who struggled manfully to stage manage this disparate cast. It must have seemed a bit like herding cats! Kenny stepped off the Gambia plane just in time to play the part of the Rev'd Kenny McCanny - an old style 1911 Scottish '*meenister*' hell bent on keeping his flock on the paths of righteousness and misery. You could see that he was enjoying the role since he doesn't get away with such assertiveness on a Sunday morning.

TBag O'Neill played his penitential assistant - an '*auld clype*' who enjoyed noting the names of the sinners and reporting to the Rev'd. Maggie had the best costume, complete with decomposing fox fur, as the Countess of Castlehill and Ghislaine struck just the right note as the '*Wise Wumman*'. There were three gossiping '*auld biddies*' - Roberta, Chrissie and Margaret Swan who 'clumped together' to ensure they knew when they were on! Gavin really

had to act for his part as Sandy McGawky, the shy local yokel in his size 10 kilt! David as the handsome American, enjoyed some hilarious ad libbing while Charlie Brown as his grandson who wins the hand of Bonnie Jean is an actor to be watched for the future. The 'young girls' played by Gillian and Sharon were well received by the audience - Sharon with her humour and Gillian with her song 'The Heather on the Hill' accompanied by Ken Watters. And the magic was provided by the fairies - Linda assisted by young Rachel and Jackie.

Oh, and there was another memorable performance from Bishop Gregor who can now emote his famous lines 'I don't know' without the aid of a script.

So that was 'Augadoon' - good fun, good food, good company and a good laugh. Just the tonic for a gloomy November evening.

'GAUN YERSEL' ANGELA'.

If there's a wee *wumman* in the news these days who epitomises that well known West of Scotland expression 'I widnae like tae go hame tae hur wi' a broken *pey*' it's the German Chancellor Angela (G harsh as in Govan) Merkel. Indeed, if Frau Merkel pre booked a sun bed on a Majorcan package tour as is the custom of her fellow countrymen, I'd think twice about chucking her towel in the pool! Aye, Angela is a '*wumman*' not to be crossed and is worth her weight in euros when defending her ill-fated currency against the profligate spending habits of her skint European neighbours.

She certainly stands up to Messrs Cameron and Sarkozy. But what about Mr Merkel - or Herr Merkel? Oh, he bailed himself out years ago - and not because she was never in to make his tea! She now has a second man - a professor who knows his place and avoids the limelight So 'gaun yersel, Angela' - it takes a *wumman* tae keep the money in order!

SANDBAGS IN SILVERTON.

So November ended in a wash out - unbelievable quantities of rain meant the flat land dwellers of the Newtown had to be issued with sandbags. The town came to a standstill on Tuesday morning with all major roads and train services in confusion. But this deluge was serious since it restricted TBag to her Park Avenue house with her two 'drookit' cats and

there she remained for the entire day. A record amount of tea was consumed during her confinement!

IT'S PARTY TIME!

Sunday 18th December is the date for Friends' Christmas Party and Carol Singing so watch out for details. It's a pity the new must-have party book from Pippa Middleton is not yet available since it would have been invaluable to the Friends' Exec for arranging such functions. She is receiving a six figure sum for her party advice and will include recipes and advice on hosting a wide variety of events.

The Exec have dropped her a line:

Dear Pippa

Great news about the book! Do you think you could include the following topics:

- * *Searching the Supermarkets for Cheap Wine and Irn Bru.*
- * *Dealing with those who want to pay up their dinners.*
 - * *How to get a seat beside your pals.*
- * *Helping guests who've forgotten what they've ordered.*
- * *Creative storing of wet anoraks.*
- * *Where to seat the Bishop.*
- * *Restoring the Church to normal après the event.*

If you need any help with your research, hen, the Friends' Exec from St. Aug's have a lot of experience - they come highly recommended.

Yours tastefully.

P.S. We can supply amusing anecdotes and advice on how to make a great steak pie.

Also Roberta would like to know what Charity Shop you are sending your bridesmaid's dress to as she is always looking for frocks for her dressing up box.

AND NOW FOR CHRISTMAS AND BEYOND.

Looking forward to Christmas, New Year, the Burns Supper Season and the safe arrival of the giant pandas. Doesn't time fly past at an alarming rate! Now if I could just get this shopping started.....

Back next year.

Janette



Letter to the Editor

Dear Ed,

I would like to say a big thank-you to everyone who worked so hard to make such a success of the lovely dinner and entertainment on Friday 26th November. The young piper, the young lad who played the harp, and the lovely young girls who danced were all excellent.

But what can I say about Augadoon? I tell you it was better than watching the telly anyway. You all played your parts well, and the Revd McCanny just brought memories of the hellfire ministries we had when I was a wean.

Well done all of you and I look forward to your next event.

Anna Porterfield (Church Court)

Service of Remembrance

We are putting on a Service of Remembrance for those who have died in West Dunbartonshire as a result of addiction in St Augustine's on Wednesday 7th December, at 7.30pm

Lots of candles, lots of Taize, and lots of emotion as we remember so many young people as well as those a little older.

Various agencies have helped Kenny bring this together, and it should be a dramatic and memorable service. All are very welcome to join us.

Christmas Party and Carols

Don't forget our annual Christmas Party with hall users and all sorts of others joining us in this brilliant event.

Santa, stories, singing from the Allsorts and a young soloist, games and laughter before our Carol Service brings the whole thing to a climax. Don't miss it! We kick off at 4pm on the 18th December.

London Corner School

Kenny, Linda and Fran all had recent trips to The Gambia, and it's great to report that the school is doing so well, and everything is commendable, not least due to Helen's administration, and Sulayman's leadership as Head Teacher.

This is, of course, due to the generosity of many, and we thank you for your continued support. We hope to have some pics in the next magazine!

Fr Jimmy and the folk from St Andrew's Lamin send their love and prayers.



Gowns & Crowns

Dressmaking & Alteration Service

Perfect for Mother-of-the-Bride and Mother-of-the-Groom Outfits.

Personal service and satisfaction is our guarantee!

137 Glasgow Road, Dumbarton

07793 051682

01389 768915

www.gownsandcrowns.co.uk

Why settle for less?

FIRST APPLIANCE CARE

Service and Repair to all makes of Washing machines, Tumble Dryers, Dishwashers, Refridgeration, Cookers, Vacuums (Dyson specialists)

New appliances supplied & installed
Quick call out – fully trained engineers

Call Alan Mailley 07710 327999



Authorised Agents



Happy Christmas and a brilliant New Year to everyone at St. Aug's
Lots of love from Margaret Swan.x



Charles and Margaret Underhill wish all their friends in St Auggie's a very Happy Christmas and a blessed New Year!



Have a great Christmas and a very happy new Year.
Lots of love from Roberta



Christmas greetings from Margaret and John Hardie and all the family
Lots of love x



Happy Christmas and a great New Year from Tam and Linda Jenkinson



Greetings from Chrissie Ashman to all her friends at St. Aug's. Have a wonderful Christmas and New Year. xxxxx



FRAN AND FAYE SEND LOVE AND BEST WISHES TO ALL THEIR FRIENDS AT ST. AUG'S FOR A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS



We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Kenny & Yvonne McAlpine



To all her friends at St. Augustine's
 Janette says
 'Wait till I Tell You'
 to have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Peter and Henriett would like to thank everyone that we have met since coming to St. Augustine's for giving us such a warm welcome to the parish.

*A Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year to you all!*



**Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy
New Year
to all at
St. Augustine's**

from Peggy Gray



*To all at
St. Augustine's*

*Have a wonderful
Christmas and a
Happy New Year*

Love from Cathy McKechnie



**Maggie
sends all her
friends at St.
Augustine's**

.....

**Best wishes for a Merry
Christmas and a very
Happy New Year!**



*Joe and Jean Carr
wish everyone in St
Augustine's a very
Happy Christmas,
and every blessing
for the New Year*



*The Editor, the Rectory Wife
and the beasts of the Rectory
wish all our readers every
blessing that the Christmas
Season brings!*

Gaudate Christus est Natus!

Co-op Taxis

West Dunbartonshire Taxi Drivers Co-operative
76 Main St, Alexandria
24 hour service

01389 753376

GALT TRANSPORT

Bankend Road,
Dumbarton

Tel: 01389 730460

www.galttransport.co.uk

Email: traffic@galttransport.co.uk

Please support our 'supporters' with
your custom

St Augustine's Scottish Episcopal Church

High Street, Dumbarton G82 1LL

01389 734514

www.staugustinesdumbarton.co.uk

Email: staugustinessec@btinternet.com

Rector:- Revd Kenneth Macaulay

54 Helenslee Cres

Dumbarton G82 4HS (frkenny@btinternet.com)

Tel: 01389 602261 Mobile: 07734 187250

Treasurer: David Rowatt (dsrowatt@blueyonder.co.uk)

Tel :- 01389 732341

Secretary to the Vestry: Janette Barnes (01389 761398)

Lay Representative: Tim Rhead (trhead@hotmail.com) (01389 761676)

Alternate Lay Representative: Maggie Wallace (maggiwallace@blueyonder.co.uk)

Fabric Convener: Margaret Hardie and her Team

Project Development: Fran Walker (fran_walker@hotmail.com) Tel:- 01389 761403

Trustees: The Rector, Margaret Wallace (01389 757200), Barbara Barnes

Other Vestry Members: Barbara Barnes (barbarabarnes78@yahoo.co.uk) (01389 755984), Margaret Hardie (mghardie@blueyonder.co.uk) (01389 767983), Janette Barnes (01389 761398), (Janette.Barnes@btinternet.com), , Roberta Mailley (01389 731863), Anne Dyer, Linda Jenkinson (01389 761693), Gavin Elder, Margaret Swan, Shadrach Shame.

Regional Council Representative: Roberta Mailley (01389 731863)

Child Protection Officer: Barbara Barnes

Friends of St Augustine's: Linda Macaulay (01389 602261) (lindamacaulay@btinternet.com)

Forever Remembered



We had our two rather handsome and smart Ex-Servicemen, Derek Barnes and Fraser McMartin laying the wreath on our War Memorial in St Augustine's on Remembrance Sunday.

Meanwhile, our Sunday School got to work on their own creation, a rather fetching vase of poppies!

The Editor understands that there were a good collection of medals present in the congregation on that Sunday, reminding us that war and loss of life is still very much with us.